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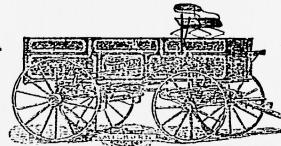
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A SONG OF WAITING. have waited for your coming as the blos-

In the blighted buds of winter wait the spring:

As the robins, with the red upon their bosoms, Await the sweet and lovely time to sing.

have listened for your footsteps as the meadows Low-listen for the dewfall in the night; s the parehed plains droop and dream to-

ward the shadows-As the leaves in darkness listen for the

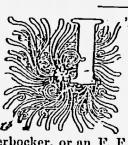
There is never any rose without the kisses Of the spring upon its leaves of red and

There is never any meadow if it misses The dewfall on its bosom in the night. There is never any robin's breast that, gleam-

Shall feel the thrill and flutter of a wing, And set the world to loving and to dreaming. If there never comes a sunny time to sing! Lef the dew the meadow's violets discover! Let the robin sing his sweetest to the

There is never any love without a lover-You are coming, and the world blooms -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Bench in Central Park.



I should in be- tention to poor, dear Gabriella, I ing an old Knick- should now be free to-But no matter.

of that sort. It was rather a sunny, glaring sort parted. of a place when I first planted my legs here, but that is quite altered now.

riages, and my blessed little path, are and her mamma. Miss Crump came, ever so many bushes green and fresh, too. Sometimes the minister came through which one can just catch himself, and crossed his legs and conglimpses of the ladies' dresses. Farther on, you go down some steps, and come to a little winding path, can lose one's self in the most charm- ranged, he would buy the handsome ingly natural manner, just as though

ever lost myself there. But I heard folks say so. The men often stalk by, paying no ittention to me, but women generally stop and try me.

I have plenty of acquaintances, and ome dear friends. There are the two girls, twins, always dressed alike; the erumbs and skins on me in a paper. And my married couple-my oldest they waiked so slowly, and why that

A stout lady and a stout gentleman sat down on me one bright summer evening, making me creak dreadfully, and the stout gentleman said to the stout lady:

"Gabriella is an idiot!" "Gabriella is a girl," said the stout

"It is all the same thing," said the zentleman. "I was a girl once," said the lady reproachfully. "Bless my soul! so you were," said

the gentleman; "and I was a boy. Dear, dear! And precious fools we made of ourselves.' After that neither of them said much for a while.

"The Rev. Mr. Spinner is one of the best men that ever lived," said the old gentleman. "But just a little older than Gabri-

ella," said the old lady. "A very young man yet; not eight and forty," said the old gentleman. "And Gabriella is just eighteen," said the old lady, "and Charles is

three and twenty, and so hand-"Stuff and nonsense! What's hand-

"I thought a good deal of it once," said the old lady. "So did I; and look at us now," said the old gentleman. "I tell you, Spinner is just the man for Gabriella;

Charles Baldwin." Then the old lady got up and trot-

ted away, and the old gentleman trotted after her. And half an hour went

"Sit down and rest, Gabriella," said the young man. "Oh, if papa and mamma should be up here," said the girl.

"The last place where we need fear should not deceive her parents. Go to meet them. Now, tell me all, love!"

"There's not much to tell," said Cabrielle. "Pa is determined that I him again. I have promised, Mr. shall accept Mr. Spinner, and 1'm Spinner, and I am of age to-night." afraid the dear, good man will be brought to propose, and I know he ry you," said Mr. Spinner. And there, doesn't love me one bit. All the con- Mis Crump playing the part of bridesgregation expect it, and aunt and un- maid, he pronounced them man and cle, and-Oh, what shall I do?" "You know what I have always

irged you to do." though I'll never marry anyone else, I can't marry even you clandestinely. Don't be cross with me, Charlie."

"If you loved me as I love you," began Charlie. "Somebody is coming," she said. News.

"Oh, dear! it's ma and pa!" And in a moment more the shadows of those stout parents fell upon me as they walked past arm in arm, the old of Middletown, Penn., lost her wedgentleman talking emphatically, the ding ring by throwing it with some old lady shaking her head, and neith-dishwater into the garden. A dillier of them looking toward my young gent search failed to discover the ring. lovers. When they were gone, Charlie The other day Mrs. Pippert dug some gave his arm to Cabriella, and away potatoes in her garden, and while they went in the opposite direction.
Then I was left alone, and alone I remained for an hour. At the end of her astonishment, on cutting into the that time there came up the path a potato, she found her lost wedding lady of forty, very prim, very plain, ring. As evidence of this strange tale and very neat, who dusted me off with the ring, the potato, the garden spot,

"It seems so suitable," she said to herself. "Mr. Spinner is a good age for me. I respect and admire him; we have congenial tastes. I could make his parsonage all it ought to be. was made for a minister's wife, and I should have been one if that flossyuaired little flirt of a Gabriella Thompson hadn't gone into the Bible class. Such a wife for a clergyman as she'd be! Ob, dear! Ilike himso. Well, it's my cross, I suppose. I'll try not to think about it—but it's so absurd for him. Bless me! there's a bug of some kind coming down the tree, and two men up the path. What will they think of me here all alone!" And off

she hurried. About moonrise I saw coming up the path a man. He had a thin face, with very small blue eyes, a very long nose, a very long chin, a very wide mouth, and no whiskers or mustache whatever; but a face with a mild, pleasant expression, for all that. As ie sat down, he laid a book upon me, and I read upon its cover the name Adoniram Spinner.

This, then, was the clergyman.

"I can't say that I see my way very clearly," he said. "It is plain that I am expected by the congragation to offer my hand to Thompson's daughter, Gabriella. Her father plainly desires it. They believe that I have been paying attention to her. I suppose I have. I mustn't do anything wrong. Especially I must not awaken hopes in an innocent young heart to crush them. I merely thought her a child. Still, since I have seemed to pleasantest feel more, I must fulfil the promises benches in the of my actions. I fear I shall not park; that's make her happy, and she is not the about what I am, woman I need. There is Miss Crump and I take more pride in it than I should in heart tention to prove door Colorielle.

erbocker, or an F. F. V., or anything Duty first. Heigho." And the Rev. Mr. Spinner took up his book ad de-"What fools people are!" I said to myself. I knew they'd all come back The shadow of a great tree falls over again, and so they did. One day Game, and other trees lie beyond; and briella and Charles would talk, as lovbetween the road, with its rolling car- ers do, on me. Another, Gabriella

soled himself with the thought that he was doing his duty to Gabriella. Once old Thompson came with him, where there is a spring, and where one and told him how, matters once arstone house next, th one were in the country. Not that I daughter. And Adoniram inquired whether Gabriella was really happy in the prospective union; and Thompson -old sinner-said, "Very, only sha

was shy." I tried my best to shake him off. I'd been willing to be smashed up, just to have hurt him a little. At last I knew that the day was

mother and her four children; the old fixed. One evening Miss Crump came lady who brings her knitting; a plump to sit on me and weep, and wandered young woman who always eats ba- away in the wrong direction in her nanas and sponge cake, and leaves the agitation. And there followed her as far as my post Spinner, who did not weep, but groaned. And the moon friends. I used to wonder at first why went up, and he sat there still with his forehead on his umbrella handle, broad shouldered fellow took that lit- when a shrick was heard, and there tle woman's arm. Now I know. He down the path a lady, who cried: "Oh, dear! what shall I do? What

shall I do? I've lost my way, and it's night!" And it was Miss Crump. And Mr. Spinner ran to her and said: "Dear Miss Crump, don't be afraid.

And Miss Crump sat down upon me "Oh, Mr. Spinner, I was so terrified! I couldn't find my way, and there was a drunken man in the arbor. It is dreadful to have no one to

ake care of you." And he said-not meaning to speak so, but doing it involuntarily: "If it were in my power you should never be without some one to take

care of you again." And she started to her feet, and he tood away from her. And she said: "You are engaged to Miss Gabrilla." And he said: "Forgive me. My heart spoke. I must crush it, and do my duty. Only you know my secret now.

And Miss Crump burst into tears, and said: "We must both forget this. Poor Gabriella!" And just then two more ligures came into the moonlight, and Gabriella's voice cried:

"It is Mr. Spinner." And then she came up, leaning on Charlie's arm, and said: "Kind friend, forgive me." And he said: "For what, my child?" And she said: "I've promised to marry you, and I won't hear another word about but I can't. I love you, but not that way. I wouldn't make you a good wife. Pa knows I feel so. And please let me off, Mr. Spinner. Charlie and I are going away with by, when just the loveliest girl I ever each other to-night. And before we saw, with the handsomest young go you will bless us, and-and-marman by her side, stopped just before ry us, Mr. Spinner, and tell pa. know you are not in love with me. and I guess-" And then she looked

at Miss Crump. "This is all very wrong, I'm afraid," said Mr. Spinner. "A child home, my dear."

"Never," said Gabriella. "I will be Charlie's wife, and never part from "Then it is clearly my duty to mar-

Then Gabriella gave him a note for her parents, and they parted. And "And I have always said that, then Mr. Spinner took Miss Crump's hand.

"Dare I hope?" he said. And she answered: "Oh, Mr. Spinner, I hardly know. This is so sudden-but-" And then-don't But just then Gabrielle began to tell of it-Mr. Spinner kis ed her and hey went away together.—New York

In a Potato.

Five years ago Mrs. John Pippert her handkerchief—not that that offended me—before she would sit down, and then shook her head and sighed.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Striking manners are bad manners, -Robert Hall.

Talent is a cistern; genius, a fountain.—Whipple. I love prudence very iittle if it is not moral. -- Joubert. No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge. —Ruskin.

Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich. —Tacitus. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.—Shakespeare.

Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—T. Adam. As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. -Whately. Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life. -Auer-

The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other. - Gold

smith. An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.—Shakes-

What destiny sends, bear! Whoever perseveres will be crowned. One of the poets-which is it?-

peaks of an everlasting now. -Southey. We can do more good by being

good than in any other way. -Row-Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pemp of em-

perors. - Emerson. The best way to make our poverty espectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil. —Bovee.

Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion. -Swift, He is armed without that is innocent

rithin; be this thy screen and this thy wall of brass.—Horace. Be not familiar with the idea of wrong, for sin in fancy mothers many

in ugly act.—Theodore Parker. As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor. - Hosea Ballon. It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow, that is vowed true. -Shakespeare.

The Moon's Power Over the Weather. Fallacies about the moon are numerous, such as that the full moon, clears away the clouds; that you should only sow beans or cut down trees in the wane of the moon; that it is a bad sign if she changes on a Saturday or Sunday: that two full moons in a month will cause a flood; that to see the old moon in the arms of the new brings on rain, and many others, of which a catalogue alone would take up a good deal of space. M. Flammarion says that "the moon's influence on the weather is negligible. The heat reaching us from the moon would only affect our temperature by twelve millionths of a degree; and the atmospheric tides caused by the moon would only affect the barometric pressure a few hundredths of an inch--a quantity far less than the changes which are always taking place from other causes." On the whole we are disposed to agree with the rhyme which thus

sums up the subject: The moon and fhe weather May change together;

But change of the moon. Does not change the weather. Even the halo round the moon has been discredited, for Mr. Lowe found that it was as often followed by fine weather as by rain, and Messrs. Marriott and Abercromby found that the lunar halo immediately preceded rain in thirty-four cases out of sixty-one. We always have a lingering hope that some future meteorologist will disentangle the overlapping influences, and arrive some day at a definite proof that our satellite after all has something to do with our weather .- Na-

Was His Brother.

"Had it not been for the cooler udgment of another soldier," said Turnkey Alf. Davis the other day, "my brother would have been shot by my order. I was a member of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry and our command was stationed at Jonesboro. Ga., after the fall of Atlanta. My brother was a member of the Third Kentucky Cavalry and I had not seen him since the beginning of the war. A number of Confederate soldiers were still around us, and when they would get a chance they would fire into our picket line.

"One day while I was doing picket duty I saw a mounted soldier ride swiftly out of the woods from the place where the Confederate soldiers had been. I yelled to the picket nearest him to fire, but as it happened he was cooler than I was and he said that it would be better to wait and see what he wanted, as one man could do no harm. The man rode up and soon the picket called out and said that the man said he was my brother. I looked closely, and sure enough it was he. While out scouting my brother had got lost and was locking for camp. He had passed directly past the Confederate soldiers, but they had failed to see him or he them."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

2400 Earthquakes.

A catalogue of 2400 earthquakes which have occurred from 596 B. C. to 1887 A. D. in 560 different localities is given in the memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society. Of these, 710 took place in China, 549 in East Siberia, 36 in West Siberia, 20 in Central Asia, 590 in Caucasia, 121 in blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made Asia Minor and North Persia, and 188 in European Russia. In Siberia and Central Asia certhorogeness and the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as He cried. (If it be possible, let this Central Asia earthquakes are more frequent in autumn and winter than in spring and summer, while in China and Caucasia the opposite is the case.

Peculiar Epitaph.

A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph:

Wife of David Gregory, Died August 12, 1821, Aged 66 years.

Here lies the woman, the first, saveone, That settled on the Miami, above Fort Hamilton; ster table was spread, and that of the best, And Anthony Wayne was often her guest,

The Eminent New York Divine's Sug day Sermon.

TEXT: "Is thine heart right?"-II kings With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving. Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more approximate for the

financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, anole appare¹, large storehouse and comfortable residence, and I might ask, I3 your business right, your income ask, 13 your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity: as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long credit system of the soul? I have known credit system of the soul? I have known

material universe. The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your manus. I make no inquiry about your integrity or your chastity or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the belt, but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, and with the expressions of a man that must and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work I cry out, Oh, man, oh, woman immortal, is thine heart

hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed ind on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly deoured the soul. Repent, the voice celestial cries,

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies And meets a flery day. the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned, they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spat on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick. His sight giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast, silenced not the rewrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stu-penduous interests of an unending eternity! cup pass from Me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have per-ished? I believe it. On, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when He brought them together again they might embraces the world. Oh, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring or the flaming foliage of the autumn make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the grade goald having in one galaway, where

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Subject: "A Point Blank Question."

text-words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and

hour and that place than for this hour and place, "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well, and so might ask. Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your langs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-lay taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smokestack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a foot. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Your constitutions with our rouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible. A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all enton bave been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace, and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will

The Bible account of us is not exaggerate! when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor! The wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind! Why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such after darkness as we. Naked! Why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick! Why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the eet, and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some But the meanest thing for a man to do is

o discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the hirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crys snow you the fiving stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages and pours a river of cladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardroba now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the fluest wheat that grows on the celestial hills and baked in the flres of the cross, and one growth of which would be apposed to one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you ga ome, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right. First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty or forty years of life we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends, we are glal to apologize. Gol is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black mon-ster. It polluted Elen. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this sound shut them up in his partor. Dut this foul dog of sin and these herds of transgression we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet de-stroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After awhile, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian, the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying

Nor longer dare delay.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs mercy to the outcast, silenced not the re renge of the world. His prayers and benedicions were lost in that whirlwind of execu-ion: "Away with Him! Away with Him!" All, it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the No wonder His back bent. No wonder the There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm?

earthly music might in one anthem speak His praise' But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven? What were arches of earthly ma-

sonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were all earthly music to Him when the hand sold follows to the work of the hand sold follows. the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side and cherubim and seraphim and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilec—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the halleluiah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb? In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop, harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. O my Lord Jesus, it will not hurk Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither. when Thou goest back again. Come hither,

when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let the Father's house ring with the music and the dance. They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the bayerage and say: "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was s more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the winepress alone. When such gravious sin-ners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of heaven cries out to the servants:
"This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white robed guests drink to the immortal health of those newborn sons and daughters of the Lord Al-mighty." 'There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that re-penteth," and God grant that that one may

Again, to have a right heart it must be forgiving heart. An old writer says, "Fo return good for evil is Godlike; good for good is manlike; evil for good devillike." Which of these natures have we? Christ will Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace they would say: "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They do not understand us. Unsanctified human nature says: "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of repulation. Jumpon him with betirag of reputation. Jumpon him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, seorn for seorn, abuse for abuse." But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And toward us as we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is someone who says: "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling. If a man lie to ne once I am not called to trust him again If a man betray me once I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincero prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meannesse and outrage they have inflicted upon me. It you want to get your heart right, strike a natch and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the baske's and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully, but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said: "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black he called her mother, and said: "Forgive mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to evercome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not. Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the nir. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is \$3 or \$4 per day because or \$10.000 a year because you expect to have after awhile \$10 per day, or \$10.000 a year because you expect it to be \$20,000 a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. have a deed of them in our possession. like to see a man all full of heaven. Ho talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white norses on which victors rode, and the clap-

ping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And

while in our sleep we were glad that all our

sorrows were over and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter and whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoy ances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands tatue of the good but broken hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could e smitten into such tenderness. It seems not ifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be lisentabernacled, the soul of the empress has laken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the oress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robes, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embreidery of the satin, the cluster of lil and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise ier body asshe seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautifu' but yet sad-attest the genius of the sculp tor and the beauty of the heroine he cele brates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow. could see the sky beyond, the great heaven where all woman's wrongs shall be righted. and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. Believe not the recent slanders upon her memory. The children o God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. O heaven, sweet heaven, at thy gate we set cown all our burdens and griefs! The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns al worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were n very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cush-

oned seats all by themselves and sing osalms to all eternity. No. no! "I saw n great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was 12,000 furlongs"-that is, 1500 miles—in circumference. Ah! heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment! The first time I crossed the Atlantic th roughest time we had was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrive at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a

he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise is his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store, that you will soon have to resign that partnership, that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are

struggle. He is almost through the voyage.

The waves of temptation toss his soul, but

cashier should abscord and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave, compared with the question that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be whole-saling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so alti-

store is so broad at the pase, and so atte-tudinous, and so overwhelming as the ques-tion, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it some-thing about father or mother or companion or son or daughter, that you think is com-parable with this question in importance? Do or son or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone, and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude or sweep its vast circles. or sweep its vast circles.

What difference now does it make to Na-

what difference now does it make to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chisolhurs, whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference, whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of every moment of the great future, and burning in all the splendor or grief, and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity, is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting hear, an expectant heart? If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by window glass, brought them an to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls. "One thing thou lackest!"

CURIOUS FACTS.

Five States have pecan tree planta-

Blue and purple flowers are pre-ferred by bees and butterflies. The size of the Turkish turban formerly indicated the rank of the wearer. Silk is so cheap in Madagascar that the poorest people wear clothing made

Church bells are tuned by chipping he edge until the proper tained.

A Chinaman doesn't have to keep his pigtail, if he expects to go back to China. It's simply a fashion, and not obligatory. The steamship Bostonian, from Liverpool, for Boston, struck a sperm

gave the ship a terrible shock. L. W. Palmer of London, England, had one room of his house papered with canceled one penny stamps. It took 70,000 to complete the job. Richard has been corrupted into Richards, Richardson, Rickson, Rixon,

whale and cut it completely in two. It

Ritson, Rickards, Ricketts, Dicks, Dickson, Dixon, Dickens and Dicken-Glencoe, in Scotland, where, according to local legends, when it is not raining, it is snowing, the annual rain-

fall is 127 inches, or nearly as much as Sitka, in Alaska. A man in the East, who owns a ranch in California, saves the expense of going to see it in person by having

photographs of whatever is going on made and sent to him.

Growth of a Midget. Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the celebrated English dwarf of the seventeenth century, was doubtless the most widely known human curiosity of his time. says the St. Louis Republic. He was bern of parents of the normal size at Rutlandshire in 1619. At birth he weighed less than a pound and a half. and was only eight inches in length. He did not begin to walk until after the end of his third year, his height at that time being less than a foot. At the end of his seventh year he was taken into the family of the Duke of Buckingham, having, between the ages of three and seven years, added but four inches to his stature. With Buckingham he lived until thirty years old, at which time he was only eighteen inches in height when

equipped in fashionable high-heeled At the age of thirty, however, a remarkable change came over the midget, and in the next five years his growth was as remarkable for its rapidity as it had previously been for its backwardness. At the age of thirty his height had been scant one and a half feet; at thirty-five it was three feet and nine inches! How or why this remarkable change was brought about was a question too deep for the Society of Royal Surgeons, who, time and again, discussed the phenomenon without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Hudson lived to be sixtythree, which is three times the average

length of life among giants.

A Lost Letter. A well-known wholesale dry goods merchant doing business on Worth street, this city, complained recently of the loss of a letter issued from his office containing a certified check for \$5000. Finally an expert from the Post Office Department called upon

him, at his request. "Believe me, sir," the expert said, "I have an object in what I ask. Will you kindly sit at your desk and recall each operation in connection with the

missing letter?" "With pleasure. I sit here. I take a sheet of note paper and one of these envelopes. Then I write my letter and fold it up, so. Next I go to my safe and take out the notes, enter their numbers, fold them, put them in in the letter and the letter into the envelope. Then I seal them all up,

as vou see me do now." "Just so; and what next?" "Why my clerk comes in and clears off my desk for the post." "But you wrote this one at noon,

and the post does not go out before night." "Oh, yes; of course! I quite forgot to say that a money letter, for greater security, I put in a left-hand drawer. '

"Which one?" soms of the spring or the flaming foliage of the autumn make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be sung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come int Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of all the harps and trumpets and organs of the would not disturb you; that soon, if eyery would not disturb you; that soon, if eyery would not disturb you; that soon, if eyery New York Press.