BE CHEERFUL.

An Optimistic Discourse By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Christians Should Wear a Glad Countenance—A Cheerful View of the Future of Nations—Bright Days Coming—Christian Sunlight.

The Sunday after returning from his Western tour Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached at Brooklyn, N. Y., his subject being "The Sunrise," and his text, "The day is at hand. Romans xiii. 12. He said:

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunamite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with thy child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can not tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It is said that John Moffatt the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

In all of our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them and test them and analyze them and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railway center where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switchtender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, can not the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way?

Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning about half past five, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows or off the Mersey? By the Gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over and telegraph to Washington and London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay any thing." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England today? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South: "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men and a national debt which might have ground this Nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars and the South pay four billion seven hundred million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many homes all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as to vanquished, and that almost any thing bought with blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this Nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave General Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservations.

A General of the United States army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest. I inherit a large estate and the waters are rich with fish and the woods are songful with birds and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father lies. An invader comes and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on and crowds me into a closer corner until after awhile I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blindly say: "O, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back, and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One man was a barbarian and a savage and never pretended to be any thing but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representative of a Christian Nation.

I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication? But now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the Church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5,652 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,830 years before it even guessed that there was any practicable use that might be made of this subtle and might element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it any thing marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Chtist will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose He should present His Gospel in a few words saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now?"

Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities, or even improbalities, that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholera. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have some new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astonishing good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung and rope within reach that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning clouds, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is any thing in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer passed by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible and rejoice.

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may, after awhile, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist, but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after awhile, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however, that the vail between this and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. O, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war, bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire heath and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on the thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branches for weapons, and come down out of the King's gallery into the arena, crying, "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your face. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, arch-angelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, He who hath the moon under His feet and all the armies of Heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O, Christ! how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or no wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God. I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth we can not glorify with Him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Intelligence of Swallows.

France is threatened with a peculiar calamity, and it has been warned thereof by the Zoological Society. It seems that the fancy for using swallows as a millinery garniture has led to a line of campaign against them which the intelligent little migrators have noticed. Wires connected with electric batteries have been laid along the coast of the department of the Bouches du Rhone, which is one of the great landing places for swallows coming from Africa, and the birds, wearied with their flight across the Mediterranean, perch upon the wires and are struck dead. Their bodies are then prepared for the milliner and sent by cratefuls to Paris. Thousands of swallows have been yearly disposed of in this way for some years; but this last spring the swallows demurred against this wholesale manner of electrocution, and landed further east and west. The gnats and other flying insects on which they live did not join in the boycott, however, and the loss to agriculturists threatens to be very serious unless the swallows again take up their summer quarters in France. — Demorest's Monthly.

CONGRESSMAN COX DEAD.

Death Closes the Career of the Well-Known Statesman and Wit—Biographical Sketch.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Congressman S. S. Cox died at 8:35 o'clock yesterday evening. The end was quiet and the dying man breathed his last as peacefully as if falling into a light sleep. Mrs. Cox, who had scarcely been away from her husband's bedside for the past two days and nights, held his left hand, while his old friend, Douglass Taylor, held the other. He was conscious up to about a quarter of an hour before the end. Dr. Lockwood was in attendance at the time, and Nicholas Kearney, William Hirschfield, two nurses and two servants were in the room. All knelt about the bed.

Mr. Cox's last conversation was about the four Territories whose Statehood he hoped to father. He mentioned New Mexico and Arizona, and said something about making a great effort in their behalf at the coming session. Two hours before he died his colored servant, who had just come on from Washington, went to his bed and Mrs. Cox asked her husband if he recognized him. He looked at him and patted him on the shoulder. The colored man's eyes filled with tears while all were deeply affected.

In the afternoon while Dr. Lockwood was talking to him Mr. Cox made some witty remark which completely upset the doctor's dignity.

Late in the afternoon telegrams were sent to Mr. Cox's sisters, two of whom live in Zanesville, O., and the other in St. Louis. Mr. Cox's nephew, who is superintendent of the Smithsonian Institution, was also telegraphed for.

Dr. Lockwood said the immediate cause of death was heart failure.

Drs. Wynkoop, Scudder and Wood held an informal consultation yesterday morning at ten o'clock with regard to the condition of Mr. Cox. The result was that they found their patient in a lower condition than Monday. They, however, said that there was no reason why Mr. Cox should grow any worse during the day unless indeed there should be a return of an attack of heart failure, which they did not anticipate.

That Mr. Cox's condition was precarious was established by the fact that it was determined that at no time during the day should he be without a physician at his bedside. Dr. Lockwood remained in charge until noon at which hour Dr. Scudder assumed care of the sick chamber.

At 11:25 o'clock a message was sent from the sick chamber of Mr. Cox to Deputy Commissioner of Public Works Bernard Martin to the effect that Mr. Cox was sinking fast.

Dr. Wynkoop left Mr. Cox's residence shortly before two o'clock and announced that the patient was slowly sinking. This, he said, was the opinion of Dr. Metcalf and himself.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Samuel Sullivan Cox, the son of Hon. Ezekiel Taylor Cox, of Ohio, and grandson of James Cox, a soldier of prominence, was born in Zanesville, O., September 30, 1824. After a season at the Athens University he entered Brown College, from which institution he graduated in 1846. While in college he met all of his expenses by outside literary work and succeeded in securing first prizes in political economy, classics, history and literary criticism. He chose law as a profession, but after practicing a short time in his native State he threw it up and went abroad. He returned in 1853 and became editor of the Columbus, O., Statesman, and from that year his attention was turned to political questions. It was while editor of the Statesman that he prepared and published a gorgeous descriptive article which won for him the sobriquet of "Sunset," an appellation that had since clung to him tenaciously.

Mr. Cox declined the legation secretaryship at London in 1855, but shortly after that went to Lima, Peru, in a similar capacity. He remained there only a year and returned in time to be chosen as a Representative in Congress. He served continuously from December 7, 1857, to March 3, 1865, and during the entire six years was chairman of the Committee on Revolutionary Claims.

In 1866 Mr. Cox went to New York and in 1868 was sent to Congress from that State. Here he served four terms, having been on the committees on foreign affairs, banking, rules and Centennial exhibition. In 1877 he was a candidate for the Speakership, but failed in election. He was, however, subsequently called upon to serve as Speaker pro tem. It was in this session that he took, by his own special resolution, the work of the new census law.

Mr. Cox was the author of the apportionment plan adopted by the House. In the life-saving service he was also an active worker and through his efforts a bill finally gained passage. He also worked for better pay for the letter carriers of the country and finally secured an appropriation of $96,000 to grant them a vacation without loss of pay. He also served on the committee to investigate Black Friday doings, Federal election in cities, kuklux difficulties and the New York post-office.

Mr. Cox was for years a regent of the Smithsonian Institute. In 1869 he journeyed again through Europe and visited Africa.

In 1872 Mr. Cox was defeated as candidate-at-large for his State, but his successful competitor died and at the election necessitated he got his seat. He went back to Congress in 1874, 1876, 1878 and 1880, making a total of twenty years of Congressional service. His last effort resulted in the passage by the House of a law uniting all jurisdictions in the Federal jurisdiction so as to preserve New York harbor and its tributaries from destruction. The bill failed, however, in the Senate. In the summer of 1881 he made a tour of Norway, Sweden, Turkey, Russia and Greece. In 1885 Mr. Cox went to Turkey as United States Minister, remaining there in that capacity one year, when he was again sent to Congress.

Mr. Cox wrote a number of books, including "The Buckeye Abroad," "Puritanism in Politics," "Eight Years in Congress," "A Search for Winter Sunbeams," "Why We Laugh," "Free Hand and Free Trade," "Arctic Sunbeams," "Orient Sunbeams," and "Three Decades of Federal Legislation."

Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The President has made the following appointments: George W. Lynn, of New York City, to be surveyor of customs of the port of New York; Theodore B. Willis, of Brooklyn, to be naval officer of customs in the district of New York; Ernest Nathan, to be collector of internal revenue for the First district of New York.

The London Strike.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—At a meeting of the striking workmen at Tower Hill yesterday, Mr. Tillett, who founded the dock laborer's union, said that he believed that the mediation of Cardinal Manning would result in an early settlement of the strike. John Burns announced the receipt of a number of subscriptions from Australia for the strikers. He said that the workmen of America had forwarded sentiment and sympathy enough to encircle the globe if committed, to paper, but not a single cent to relieve the wants of their fellow workmen. He was ashamed of the organization of workmen of America.

A Strange Story.

VERSAILLES, Mo., Sept. 11.—While Rev. S. S. Hyronimous, a Methodist country preacher, living several miles south of here, was away from home with his wife and small children yesterday, a daughter fifteen years old being left at home, two strangers rode up to the house and claimed to be cousins of Mr. Hyronimous. The girl invited them in and served dinner for them, after which they drew their revolvers on the girl, bound her hand and foot and carried her into the yard. They then removed every thing from the house, even to the cook stove and carpets, set the house on fire, and rode into the woods, taking only a few things of little value. No violence was offered the girl.

MOUNT ATHOS MONKS.

A Religious Community Into Which Women Are Not Allowed to Penetrate.

Nothing is more curious than to study the effects upon a large society of the total exclusion of the female sex. It is commonly thought that men by themselves must grow rude and savage; that it is to women we owe all the graces and refinements of social intercourse. Nothing can be further from the truth. I venture to say that in all the world there is not so perfectly polite and orderly a society as that of Athos. As regards hospitality and gracious manners the monks and their servants put to shame the most polished Western people. Disorder, tumult, confusion seem impossible in this land of peace. If they have differences and squabbles about the rights of property, these things are referred to law courts and determined by argument of advocates, not by disputing and high words among the claimants. While life and property are still unsafe on the mainland and on the sister peninsula of Cassandra and Longos, Athos has been for centuries as secure as any county in England. So far, then, all the evidence is in favor of the restriction. Many of the monks, being carried to the peninsula in early youth, have completely forgotton what a woman is like except for the brown, smoky pictures of the Papagia with her infant, in all the churches, which the strict iconography of the Orthodox Church has made as unlovely and non-human as it is possible for a picture to be.

So far, so well. But if the monks imagined they could simply expunge the other sex from their life without any but the obvious consequences they were mistaken. What strikes the traveler is not the rudeness, the untidiness, the discomfort of a purely male society; it is rather its dullness and depression. Some of the older monks were indeed jolly enough; they drank their wine and cracked their jokes freely. But the novices who attended at the table, the men and boys who had come from the mainland to work as servants, muleteers, laborers, seemed all suffering under a permanent depression and sadness. The town of Karyes is the most somber and gloomy place I ever saw. There are no laughing groups, no singing, no games among the boys. Every one looked serious, solemn, listless, vacant, as the case may be, but devoid of keenness and interest in life. At first one might suspect that the monks were hard task-masters, ruling their servants as slaves; but this is not the real solution. It is that the main source of interest and cause of quarrel in all these animals, human and other, does not occur. For the dullness was not confined to the young monks or laity; it had invaded even the lower animals. The tom-cats, which were there in crowds, passed one another in moody silence along the roofs. They seemed permanently dumb. And if the cocks had not lost their voice and crowed frequently in the small hours of the morning their note seemed to me a wail, not a challenge—the clear though unconscious expression of a just want in their lives. —Murray's Magazine.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of *positive guarantee* that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

PENNSYLVANIA has a big trout farm near Emans station, on the East Pennsylvania railroad. There are eight ponds at the farm "which number by actual count 24,700 brook trout and 2,500 California trout from one to four years of age."

WILL be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

ATHENS, Ga., has a cow that walked on the cross ties over a trestle sixty-five feet high and 150 yards long.

A BOX wind matches free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York State.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 16.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 20	@	4 25
Butcher steers	3 00	@	4 30
Native cows	1 50	@	2 25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	63	@	64
No. 2 soft	65½	@	66
CORN—No. 2	24¼	@	24½
OATS—No. 2	16	@	17
RYE—No. 2	31	@	32
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 00	@	2 10
HAY—Baled	4 00	@	5 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	10	@	14
CHEESE—Full cream	6	@	7
EGGS—Choice	15	@	16
BACON Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6¾
POTATOES	20	@	30
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 40
Butchers' steers	3 75	@	4 30
HOGS—Packing	3 75	@	4 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 60	@	4 40
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77	@	77¼
CORN—No. 2	29	@	29¾
OATS—No. 2	18	@	18¼
RYE—No. 2	38	@	38¾
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	17
PORK	10 50	@	10 60
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 60	@	4 30
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00	@	4 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	4 40
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77	@	77¼
CORN—No. 2	33	@	33½
OATS—No. 2	19	@	19¼
RYE—No. 2	41½	@	42
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	19
PORK	10 70	@	10 75
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	4 15
HOGS—Good to choice	4 00	@	4 75
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	83½	@	84
CORN—No. 2	42	@	42¼
OATS—Western mixed	25	@	27
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	17
PORK	12 25	@	12 50

Mere Bundles of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bundles of nerves. The least sound agitate their sensoriums and ruffles their tempers. No doubt they are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionably, and with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with this admirable corrective, they will experience a speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

LORD TENNYSON devotes the pension of $1,000 a year which he receives as poet laureate to the relief of the members of the literary profession who are in pecuniary distress.

DID you read what was said in this paper last week by the business manager of the *Herald of Faith*, St. Louis, about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria? No one can have Malaria in the system and enjoy one hour of perfect health. A few doses of the Antidote will cure you *immediately*. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for one dollar, by Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Penna.

MADAGASCAR is about as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina combined.

IF not *above* being taught by a *man*, take this *good* advice. Try *Dobbins'* Electric Soap next *Monday*. It won't cost much, and you will then know for *yourself* just how good it *is*. Be sure to get no imitation.

UPWARD of twenty-eight large bales of human hair were brought to France in a steamer that arrived the other day from the Orient.

"THE best thing yet!" That is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

IT is suggested that the most probable means of propelling the air-ship of the future will be by electricity.

IT is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

THERE is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate.

THE effects produced by sulphur baths are accomplished by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THE Caspian Sea would stretch from St. Louis to Kansas City.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

HINDOSTAN is about twenty-five times larger than the State of New York.

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Is a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious, the nerves seem overworked, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

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