REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Plague of Crime."

TEXT: *"All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood."*—Exodus vii., 20.

Among all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. Its fish the food, its waters the irrigation of garden and fields. Its condition decides the prosperity or the doom of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is incarnadined. It is a red gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the rivers into blood. But my text is not a poetic license. It was a fact, a great crimson, appalling condition described. The Nile rolling deep of blood. Can you imagine a more awful plague?

The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It baits not for bloodshed. It shrinks from no carnage. It bruises and cuts and strikes down and destroys. It revels in the blood of body and soul, this plague of crime rampant for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now.

The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me more suggestive than Dante's Inferno, and all Christ an people as well as reformers need to awaken to a present and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come into our own port. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very dispositions of society, oozing into the slums of our city, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats.

There are in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn—five thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit suicide. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza and rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is idle to talk to them about crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there are a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft, and ten thousand for assault and battery, and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

Ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year! Your cloak, your watches, be independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars' worth of taxes a year to arraign, try and support the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the meek thief that matches a spool of cotton up to some man who swamps a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there is such a great multitude of the depraved without somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We encircle around the howling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets to prison what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hopples; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hopples come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villains, go in there and rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look and live."

Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prison; but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before.

The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York says a lad fifteen years of age had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged.'" That was all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day living in the prison dunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability.

"Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you, and left you to consort with vagabonds and wherever rate—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that sensitive delicacy which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

In some of the city prisons the air is like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the wicket, it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw in one prison a woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in the prison slept on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people crowded and wan and wasted and half suffocated and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man, "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out. Where they burned down one house they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries.

Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cutthroats. Yale College is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians, as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that those men do not know of crime after they have been in that dungeon for some time, Satanic machination cannot teach them. In the insufferable stench and sickening surroundings of such places there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind, and death for the soul. Stifled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man.

We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone and women like Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Dr. Wines and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform, but we want something more radical before will come the blessing of him who said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Again, in your effort to arrest this plague of crime you need to consider untrustworthy officials. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning." It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city at that time for the most part were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. Those were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had all kinds of rings. There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief, and at a great price handling over the goods to the owner to whom they belonged. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who hover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go and sit down and mourn with families and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a dead child in the house and want to bury it, when they never had a home or family; or they want to go to England and get a large property there, and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the Rogues' Gallery, yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished it is putting a high premium upon vice and saying to the young criminals of this country, "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal!" Let the law swoop upon them. Let it be known in this country crime will have no quarter; that the detectives are after it; that the police club is being brandished; that the iron door of the prison is being opened; that the judge is ready to call on the case. Too great tendency to criminals is too great severity to society.

Again in your effort to arrest this plague of crime, you need to consider the idle population. Of course I do not refer to people who are getting old, or to the sick or to those who cannot get work, but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said, "I keep on engraving so I may not hang myself." I do not care who the man is, you cannot afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the criminal classes are made up. Character, like water, gets putrid if it stands still too long. Who can wonder that in this world, where there is so much to do, and all the hosts of earth and heaven and hell are plunging into the conflict and angels are flying and God is at work and the universe is a-quake with the marching and countermarching, that God lets His indignation fall upon a man who chooses idleness.

I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard and retouching their toilet and criticising industrious people, and pass their days and nights in barrooms and club houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and cardplaying. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours! Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while away an hour, what will they do when they have all eternity on their hands? These men for a while smoke the best cigars and wear the best clothes and move in the highest spheres, but I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse, or stop at the gallows.

The police stations of this cluster of cities furnish annually between two and three hundred thousand lodgings. For the most part these two and three hundred thousand lodgings are furnished to able bodied men and women—people as able to work as you and I are. When they are received no longer at one police station because they are "repeaters" they go to some other station and so they keep moving around. They get their food at house doors, stealing what they can lay their hands on in the front basement while the servant is spreading the bread in the back basement. They will not work. Time and again, in the country districts, they have wasted hundreds and thousands of laborers. These men will not go. They do not want to work. I have tried them. I have set them to sawing wood in my cellar to see whether they wanted to work. I offered to pay them well for it. I have heard the saw going for about three minutes, and then I went down and lo! the wood, but no saw! They are the pest of society, and they stand in the way of the Lord's poor who who ought to be helped, and must be helped, and will be helped.

While there are thousands of industrious men who cannot get any work, these men who do not want any work come in and make that plea. I am in favor of the restoration of the old fashioned whipping post for just this one class of men who will not work—sleeping at night at public expense in the station house; during the day getting their food at your doorstep. Imprisonment does not scare them. They would like it. Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing would be a comfortable home for them. They would have no objection to the almshouse, for they like slim soup, if they cannot get mock turtle.

I propose this for them: On one side of them put some healthy work; on the other side put a rawhide, and let them take their choice. I like for that class of people the exact bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers, "If any work not, neither should he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain gets numb, and then be called upon to support what in the United States are about two million loafers. They are a very dangerous class. Let the public authorities keep their eyes on them.

Again, among the uprooting classes I place the oppressed poor. Poverty to a certain extent is chastening, but after that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears his children cry for bread, it sometimes makes him desperate. I think that there are thousands of honest men lacerated into vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half paid. While there is no excuse for criminality, even in oppression, I state it as a simple fact that much of the scoundrelism of the community is consequent upon ill-treatment. There are many men and women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, to fight the hounds.

There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims on the floor, cold, sick, three-fourths dead, slinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of fresh air in that room for five years, literally. The broken sewer empties its contents upon them, and they lie at night in the swimming filth. There they are, men, women, children; black, whites; Mary Magdalen without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God. These are "the dives" into which the pickpockets and the thieves go, as well as a great many who would like a different life but cannot get it.

These places are the sores of the city, which bleed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caracca earthquake. It rolls and roars and surges and heaves and rocks and blasphemes and dies, and there are only two outlets for it—the police court and the Potter's field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. Oh, you never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on the day when those staggering wretches shall come up in the light of the judgment throne, and while all hearts are being revealed, God will ask you what you did to help them.

There is another layer of poverty and destitution not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear the incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheek bones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of the charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead and the gay laughter of men and maidens and wonder why God gave to others so much and to them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No; no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

In this cluster of cities whose cry of want I interpret there are said to be, as far as I can figure it up from the reports, about three hundred thousand honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and State charities. If all their voices could come up at once it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them, some extra garment which might have made them comfortable in cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices to an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of Him who "came to seek that which was lost."

Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door step! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The fifty thousand sewing women in these three cities, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lips.

How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am down hearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly; and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are not getting nearer to God, but floating away from Him. Oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die."

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say: "Come and take the highest seats. You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorified with Me in heaven." Oh, thou weeping One of Bethany! Oh, thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities!

I have preached this sermon for four or five practical reasons: Because I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. Because I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. Because I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. Because I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all children's aid societies, and Dorcas societies, under the skillful manipulation of wives and mothers and sisters and daughters; let the spare garments of your wardrobes be fitted to the limbs of the wan and shivering. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jewel in your crown, or that garment that you hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day He would run His hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed Me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

But more than that, I have preached the sermon because I thought in the contrast you would see how very kindly God had dealt with you, and I thought that thousands of you would go to your comfortable homes and sit at your well-filled tables and at the warm registers, and look at the round faces of your children, and that then you would burst into tears at the review of God's goodness to you, and that you would go to your room and lock the door and kneel down and say:

"O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me Thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day, I thank Thee that all my life Thou hast taken such good care of me. O, Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children to-day, I thank Thee mine are well—some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"For sinners, Lord, Thou can'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed:
Lord, I believe Thy grace in free,
O magnify that grace to me."

Mr. Chugwater Assists.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph.

"Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment."

He came back, made a slight change in the head-rest, and then stood off and inspected the result.

"Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post, and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the——"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, darn you! Smile!"

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—the old-fashioned pill. Too reckless in its way of doing business, too. It cleans you out, but it uses you up, and your outraged system rises up against it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have a better way. They do just what is needed—no more. Nothing can be more thorough—nothing is as mild and gentle. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated granule's a gentle laxative—three to four are cathartic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The great Lick telescope, of California, reveals about 100,000,000 of stars.

The greatest ocean depth ever found by measurement was in the Atlantic near Puerto Rico, 4651 fathoms.

Aluminum bronze is rapidly superseding manganese bronze for screw propellers in high-speed vessels.

By a new device pieces of metal may be shaped with rapidity by being forced under dies while rendered soft or plastic by an electric current.

It is stated that uncleaned tin plates will give an electric current in common water when one is exposed to the light and the other screened.

A new roofing paper is made by applying to the paper a composition of boiled linseed oil and pulverized charcoal. The paper so prepared is said to be perfectly air and water proof under all circumstances.

The residuum of petroleum distillation, which at one time was a by-product of little value, has now, owing to the increased demands for lubricating oils and wax, become more valuable than the first product.

It is proposed doing away with the old system of lightning rod protection and replacing the rods with narrow ribbons of copper, which will use up the energy of the lightning and save the building from destruction.

An English engineer has designed, and is now manufacturing, a portable cross cut saw; that is, a large two-man saw that can be folded up into small compass. It is really a flexible chain of saw teeth riveted together.

The ratio to the circumference to the diameter of the circle was computed by Archimedes as 22.7, and P. Metius made it 355.113. After a tedious calculation Shanks has now fixed it as far as 530 decimals, and Rutherford has verified the result up to the 440th decimal.

According to the latest observations which Dr. Finsterwalder has published, as stated in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, the region occupied by advancing glaciers is extending from west to east, and has lately crossed the limits of the eastern Alps. The glaciers in this region have been receding during the last thirty years, but now there is undeniable proof that those of the Ortler group, at any rate, are in a state of progression.

A physician has hit upon an excellent way of utilizing rubber in the treatment of wounds. He places one end of the strip of rubber upon one lip of the wound and then stretches the rubber to fasten the other end to the opposite lip. In this way he draws the several parts closely together, and the elastic rubber continuously holds them there. The efficiency of the sheet rubber used was increased by painting it over with a thin gutta-percha cement.

Professor Keyes notes a remarkable effect of gravitation in the form of some shells belonging to the genus Capulus. When the creature existed in situations to cause an attachment beneath, so as to be inverted, as it were, the shells would assume an elongated form. The same species when found where they had to be "right side up," or on the top of a flat surface, had wide, depressed shells. Some would consider these forms as requiring new specific names. Professor Keyes contends that a true description of the species should be so drawn as to allow for such variations.

A $20,000 Necktie.

His necktie was worth $20,000. A plain, black, ordinary looking, every-day, four-in-hand, but worth $20,000. He was a traveler who had just come in on the Sante Fe route direct from Arizona, and he removed his coat and vest preparatory to cleaning his cinder-speckled face in the lavatory of a prominent Michigan avenue hotel.

With the carelessness of a Western man he flung his coat and vest on a contiguous chair, but his necktie, his four-in-hand, he carefully rolled up in a small compass and trust deep into his trousers pocket.

The unusual exhibition of caution excited the curiosity of a friend, and the natural query, "Wherefore?" developed a most ingenius device.

"That necktie is worth $20,000, plus the cost price of the article itself, Sabe?"

The smile of incredulity brought the valuable piece of black silk to view again. With his penknife the traveler opened the seam, and unfolding the ripped portions, dazzled the eyes of the skeptic with ten crisp, clean $1000 bills. "Ten thousand dollars on this end and the same amount on the other. Beats a money belt all hollow. I was held up by the James and Younger boys in Blue Clay Cut one day, and Jim Younger ran his hand over my body and felt the money belt, and I handed over just $1200. But what thief would look twice at a fifty-cent necktie? They might corral it if it was red or yellow, or even sky-blue, but plain black is too unobtrusive, for those chaps run to high color. This plan is better than the porous-plaster scheme, too. Never heard of it? Well, next time you travel with more ready cash than you care to have obtainable, step into a drug store and buy two porous-plasters. Fold your wad neatly and flat, wrap around it a piece of oiled silk, and stick a plaster over it and on to the outside of the other plaster. Then slap the double-deck plaster on your chest, and no one's the wiser.

"But the four-in-hand racket's the best," and the man with the $20,000 necktie gave it a final twist as he tied it around his collar, slipped on his vest, and coat, and walked out, serene and secure with twenty $1000 bills snugly hid away in his queer safety-deposit vault.—*Chicago News.*

Yellow Pine the Peer of Any Wood.

A Chicago paper says workers in ornamental wood now assert that yellow pine, hard finished in oils, is the rival in beauty of any wood that grows, not excepting the costliest of the hard species, it being susceptible of receiving and maintaining as high a degree of polish as any known wood, while, when impregnated with oil, it is almost indestructible. In such a condition it is impervious to even hot grease and other substances that leave an ineffaceable stain upon white pine, maple and various other woods. The yellow pine referred to is the long leaf pine growing so abundantly in East Texas. Trees can be found in this species with a curled grain a little on the plan of "curly maple." No other wood can be made into more beautiful cabinet work. There are a few small mills in the long-leaf pine regions further east that cut this character of pine exclusively, shipping the product to Northern cities.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bore Three Names in Twelve Hours.

At Springfield, Ohio, Lizzie Ryder, sweet sixteen, loved Barton Tavenner. Being under age, she was adopted by Mr. Osborn, with whom she had lived from babyhood, and her name was changed to Osborn. In the evening she became Mrs. Tavenner—bearing three distinct family names in twelve hours.—*New York Witness.*

Transactions at the Stamp Exchange.

In Paris there is a stamp exchange where transactions are carried on from 2 to 7 o'clock of every Thursday and Sunday. It is the Champs Elysees, under the chestnut trees at the corner of the Avenue Marigny and the Avenue Gabriel, just behind the Guignols and in front of an aristocratic mansion inhabited by one of the Rothschilds. By 3 o'clock the exchange is in full go, and all ages and all conditions of society are represented. There is very little trading carried on at this petite bourse, most of the transactions being buying and selling. Men and boys, wearing sachels slung by a strap over their shoulder, and in which postage stamps are piled like coins in the scrips of cashiers, shout what they have to sell, their albums are looked through, philatelistic papers read, discussions held and bartering takes place amid lively vociferations. "I have sixty blue Kopecks," "Who wants any 1872 Uruguays?" "I will take 1873 Ceylons at thirty centimes." "I will sell 1862 Turks, paper peelings." "Who'll take 1866 Peruvians at forty-centimes?" "I want 1849 presidents." "I have an emperor with laurel and an emperor without laurel." "How much for Columbians?" "Who wants Cape of Good Hopes?" "Here are 1500 for twenty-five centimes," a fellow cries. "Show them," others shout, and then it is his turn to detail the merchandise. Packets of ordinary stamps are usually sold without being opened, but sometimes the buyer unseals the envelope, then cries: "Thief! blackguard! old cheat!" and the crowd laughs heartily.—*Chicago Herald.*

Greenland Ice Sailing.

Dr. Nansen, the intrepid explorer, in his account of his adventurous journey across Greenland, tells how his party carried all their stores on two light sledges drawn by hand. Each sledge with its load weighed about 200 pounds.

On the inland ice, when the wind was favorable, they could, by rigging up sails for the sledges out of the wall-pieces and roofs of their tents, get their loads transported without labor and sometimes with great swiftness.

The explorer speaks with much enthusiasm of the Norwegian "skis," which he wore on all his snow journeys.

The "ski" is a wooden footgear eight feet long, three and three-fourth inches wide at its broadest part, curving upward toward the front. The "skilober" puts his toes into a leather receptacle like the fore part of a boot, and buckles a strap round the back of the heel, allowing the heel to rise freely.

With a pair of "skis" he can skid over moderately [illegible] at the speed of seven, eight or [illegible] miles an hour on level ground, and fears not to rush down steep hills with amazing swiftness or to perform amazing leaps.—*New York Journal.*

Telling the Age of Horned Cattle.

G. L. Hamilton, of South Bend, Ind., who is an extensive breeder of Shorthorn cattle, in conversation with a *Star-Sayings* reporter said: "The ages of horned cattle may generally be known by the rings on the horn till their tenth year, but after that time they give no indication of age further than that the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appears on the horn after the animal is two years old—soon after, as a general rule, though sometime before that age.

During the third year the ring gradually increases, and at three years of age it is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the end of the fifth year it is complete. After this period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain, and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. The cow with three rings is six years old, with four rings she is seven years old. No new ring are formed after the tenth year, the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indication of old age."—*St. Louis Star Sayings.*

The Moon Flower.

Arnold Brinkworth, who owns, perhaps, the finest private botanical collection in the country, and whose greenhouses near Mount Sterling, Ky., are filled with the rarest and most delicate plants of all nations, is exhibiting with much pride a specimen of the fleur de lune, the existence of which has often been doubted, but which was sent Mr. Brinkworth a few months ago by a friend residing near Obydos, Brazil. It was obtained for him from an Indian, who found it growing in a swamp in the depths of the Amazonian forests, and is the only specimen which has ever reached this country alive. Those who have been favored by a glimpse of the curiosity say it is a delicate, tenacious vine, covered with small, glossy leaves of a bright and very tender green, climbing to a height of four or five feet, bearing here and there a milk-white blossom of a disk-like shape.

When the moon is at its first quarter a distinct shadow or stain of a deep yellow, which seems rather in than out of the flower, and corresponding to the shape of the moon, makes its appearance on this disk, and grows as the planet does, until, when at its full size, the yellow stain covers the entire flower. As the moon begins to wane again this retreats in the same ratio, and finally disappears altogether, to return once more as the new moon is seen to come back.

When the planet sets the flower closes, and does not unfold until the moon rises on the following night. It pursues this course month after month, whether placed in the open air or kept in a hothouse, though under the latter circumstances the yellow tint is much paler and more undecided, while the white surface takes on a dingy, unhealthy tinge. The plant subsists almost entirely on air, its roots being barely covered with a little moist gravel.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Florida Phosphate Beds.

"The phosphate beds of Florida have since their discovery about one year ago given employment to thirty-two millions of capital. And," continued Commissioner R. Turnbull, a guest of the Palmer House from that State, "many more millions will be invested there before the close of the present year. Moreover, good, substantial returns are being had on the money. Phosphate mining is not like gold and silver mining—you don't have to spend thousands of dollars before you learn where there is anything in the ground worth digging for. The phosphate lies in flat beds, the top of which is only a few feet under ground, and one man can in a short time figure pretty close to the actual amount of phosphate obtainable from any particular plot of ground. So that an investor can put in his money and be sure of getting it and something beside back. That is the kind of a State Florida is."—*Chicago Post.*

The Poor Flower Makers.

Flower making is one of the starving industries of New York City. It takes from two to six years to learn the business. Roses, leaves, violets and clusters like lilacs are the popular branches and all are paid by the piece. The first year the learner averages $1 a week; the second year $2.50; the third $3; the fourth $4, and after that eighty cents a day is considered fair pay, for the reason that first class work is not abundant, the buyers preferring imported flowers for the same money to the home product. Strong chemicals are used in the work and have a deleterious influence on the health of the girls. These rose-makers and foliage-branchers are very nice girls as a class. Taste is required in the work, which has a refining influence on those called upon to exert it.—*New York World.*

There are 3985 paper mills in the world.

There are people using Dobbins's Electric Soap to-day who commenced its use in 1865. Would this be the case were it not the purest and most economical soap made? Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. *Dobbins's.*

A MILLION oranges were used in constructing a pavilion at the California fair.

Spring Medicine

Is so important that great care should be used to get THE BEST. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its superior merit by its many remarkable cures, and the fact that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier shows the great confidence the people have in it. In fact

The Standard Spring Medicine

Is now generally admitted to be Hood's Sarsaparilla. It speedily cures all blood diseases and imparts such strength to the whole system that, as one lady puts it, "I seem to be made anew." Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Proclaim the Victory

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against *Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial values.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CALIFORNIA'S gold production last year was $30,000,000.

Light Hearts and Plenty Money.
I have completed my first week with my Plater, and have $24.25 clear money. I am charmed with the business. I bought my Plater from the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., for $3, and feel confident if people knew how cheap they could get a Plater, and how much money they could make, we would see many more happy homes. It is surprising the amount of tableware and jewelry there is to plate, and if persons now idle would get a Plater, they would soon have light hearts and plenty money.

The Mother's Delight.
A remedy that will cure croup in a few moments, prevents pneumonia and diphtheria like Dr. Boxsie's Certain Croup Cure. No opium. Sold by druggists or mailed for 50 cts. Address A. P. Boxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash [illegible] matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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