

BAD WORK OF VOLCANOES.

What an Active One Can Do When Fully Aroused.

The Philadelphia Press says: Few people in this country imagine what terrible work a volcano of the regulation size can do when it once gets fully aroused. In 1838 Cotopaxi threw its fiery rockets more than 3,000 feet above the crater and in 1837, when the blazing mass confined in the same mountain was struggling for an outlet, it roared so loud that the awful noise was heard for a distance of 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tungurahua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, dug out torrents of mud and lava which dammed up a great river, opened new lakes, besides making a deposit of seething mud, ashes and lava 600 feet deep over the whole area of a valley which was twenty miles long and averaged 1,000 feet in width. The stream of lava which flowed from Vesuvius in 1837 and passed through the Valley of the Tere del Greco is estimated to have contained 333,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter. In 1700 Etna poured out a flood of melted stones and ashes which covered eighty-four square miles of fertile country to a depth of from ten to forty feet. On this occasion the sand, scoria, lava, etc., from the burning mountain formed Mount Rosini, a peak two miles in circumference and over 4,000 feet high.

In the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D., the time of the destruction of Pompeii, the scoria, ashes, sand, and lava vomited forth far exceeded the dimensions of the volcano itself, while in 1660 Etna disgorged over twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes into Syria, Egypt, and Turkey. It hurled stones of 800 pounds weight to Pompeii, a distance of six English miles, during the eruption of 79 A. D. Cotopaxi once projected a block of stone containing over 100 cubic yards a distance of nine and a half miles.

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

We Cure Rapture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatment, testimonials, etc., to J. J. Hollenworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.10.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a fool twice.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enrich the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion, acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

A baby is a blossom on which there are a few thorns.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists.

Discover your false friends; your true one will discover you.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the tongue tells the tune.

Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water. Beecham's No. 6 others. 2 cents a box.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

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

While one woman is quiet the other ninety-nine are asking her why she is.

SUFFERED EVERY MINUTE

Since I came out of the war, with enteric fever, chronic diarrhoea and rheumatism," says Mr. J. G. Anderson, of Scotland, Pa. "I had pains all over me, my sight was dim, and there seemed to be floating specks before my eyes. The food I ate seemed to me as if it were lead in my stomach. The rheumatism was in my right hip and shoulder. Hood's Pills did me more good than anything else. After my first bottle the symptoms have gone." HOOD'S PILLS

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the great and terrible body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in middle to the grave. They find the Wall Street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life is dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their back. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by curving cares, they are so many suicides.

Oh, wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles! It is time for you to begin to take life a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the love of the air—they always have robes. Behold the birds—they always have wings. Take a long breath. Botherk betimes that God did not make you a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy sun, say to yourself, "I will give to the winds my fears, and my fretfulness, and my distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content."

The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined!" His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Dad! I am here." The aged grandmother said in the room said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said, "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

It is calculated that the loss to Mexico through the depreciation of silver is \$5,000,000 annually to from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Such loss will partly arise in connection with the interest on the gold bonds and partly through decreased duties on imports.

REV. DR. T. M. GAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Comfort for Business Men."

Text: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." Isaiah xl. 2.

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted styles of business for three months and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain makers at their wits' end. Some of the best men in the land have failed—men whose names are mentioned in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them their sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer.

Where such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and benevolent institutions they have fostered, will their eulogy long after their banking institutions put out beyond the light of sun?

Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our National legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be reached as shall restore confidence and revive trade and multiply prosperities! Yet not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be neat profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men and when they have put themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction.

The temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together, at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer, they blenched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as a hero in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the vendicid.

Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trading along. I have been trying to do honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break."

The small craft that could have stood the lean is put out beyond the lightning rod of the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some men at the east living on a fat home-stead meet the gambler of fortune and are persuaded to trade off his estate here for lots in a western city with large avenues and costly palaces and lake steamers smoking at the wharves and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And this is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated.

I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and encourage them when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this wrong notion of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of ministers of religion and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and an opportunity of accumulation is neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flashed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldly-wise dashes clear over the church and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the great and terrible body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in middle to the grave. They find the Wall Street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life is dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their back. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by curving cares, they are so many suicides.

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FEEDING OCEAN PASSENGERS.

What it Takes to Satisfy the Appetite of Travellers.

Of the hundreds of thousands of people who cross the ocean probably not one realizes what an enormous cost these Leviathan steamships are maintained. Take one of the big liners plying between New York and Southampton, or Havre, or Bremen. One would naturally think that the steward would make some allowance for that terror to women and bilious men, mal de mer, but he doesn't. He is given the number of passengers and provides for a healthy lot. If they are not healthy the canned stuff is kept over, but the perishable matter is lost or else distributed freely. Sometimes it happens that nearly a shipload is seasick, but O my! what fearful inroads they do make into the steward's stores when they get their sea legs and stomachs on! It is truly wonderful what appetites can be developed by one smooth sea day.

Sometimes the steward, when his commissary department bids fair to be overstocked, or when there is an unusual waste at the table, sends the remnants of the delicacies to the steerage and intermediate tables, where it is hailed with expressions of delight.

The cuisine of the first cabin of most of these steamships is as variable and expensive as that of the best Chicago hotels. That of the intermediate is on a par with a third-class hotel in the backwoods of Wisconsin, and that of the steerage is prejudicial to good behavior, for any "hash-house" in the United States that would "set up such grub" would be looked by the boarders, but as John Cavanaugh, the oldest purser who crosses the sea, says, "What can they expect for 3,000 miles of travel and three meals a day for \$30."

As to the cost of a trip, said Chief Steward Allan McLeod, of the Inman Line: "Such ships as the Etruria, City of Rome, Majestic and the big Inman liners, can carry 1,000 saloon passengers, to say nothing of the 2,000 intermediate and steerage, though some of the lines during the rush do not carry any steerage passengers."

"If I were stocking the ship I would store away 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of fresh meat, just as you see it hanging in front of butcher shops in America. Then 5,000 pounds of mutton and lamb—it all comes off the same piece, you know—1,000 pounds of corned beef, 200 smoked hams, 1,500 dressed chickens or hens, as the case might be, 3,000 pounds of fish, and 600 pounds of bacon. Now we stock to the delicacies. Big sacks of smoked tongue, dried beef, dried and smoked fish, salmon and halibut principally. Of the fresh fruits we have 30,000 pounds of tomatoes, pears, oranges, peaches, bananas, watermelons, plums, cherries, grapes and all other dainties, which may be found in any strictly first-class hotel. Now comes the tinned (canned) goods. We have enough in stock always to furnish a grocery store in a respectable-sized town. Several tons of canned sardines, potted meats of all descriptions, peaches, apricots, pears, apples, Boston baked beans—in fact, everything under the sun that is preserved in cans can be found in my store-room. Then we come to all descriptions of sauces and pickles of all descriptions, to celery, radishes, etc. Thousands of pounds of coffee, tea, chocolate and cocoa, together with say 5,000 bottles of ale, 2,000 bottles of champagne, 1,000 bottles of claret and sour wines, 200 bottles of brandy and whiskies, and 4,000 bottles of table waters, and there you have the liquid part of the stores."

"I'm not through yet. We can use up three carloads of potatoes, beets, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, etc. Now we will add 1,000 dozens of eggs, twenty barrels of sugar, more or less; two tons of butter, half a ton of lard, and condensed milk enough to make a pond big enough to float the ship. Barrel after barrel of flour has its head knocked in on the trip, and there are numerous other small stores which are indispensable."

It is remarkable with what celerity the cooks and bakers, cramped for space as they are, can arrange a meal. They are always on time.

A question has been raised whether these big ocean racers couldn't save money on coal account by not rushing ahead full steam. Each day saved in port is from \$2,500 to \$3,000 cleared by the company on meals alone. To give an idea of this saving, it has been estimated that during a busy season forty pounds of meats are consumed every minute from dock to dock.—(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

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Disappearance of the Duster.

Where has the duster gone? It is still worn in the West. It still appears on longer lines of travel. Its manifest and sensible convenience endears it to middle-aged men. But on a short line like that between this city and New York the duster has disappeared as completely as last winter's snowflakes. The clothing stores keep them on the back shelves. Few are sold. The big wholesale dealers do not sell a dozen where they once disposed of a bale. In a few short years this convenient garment has been relegated to the country districts and the provinces. Yet in our climate, with our hot, dry summers, our abundant dust and long railroad journeys, the duster ought to have become a permanent article of clothing for all travelers.—Philadelphia Press.

A friend was visiting Mr. Oscar Wilde one day recently, and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two; "what right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?"

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