REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "New Ground."

TEXT: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."—Romans xv., 20.

After, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman toil of building a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven, but there is a work which must be done outside of the churches, and to that work I join myself for awhile, "Lest I build on another man's foundation."

The church is a fortress divinely built. Now, a fortress is for defense and for drill, and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemies' country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blessed the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries, or predecessors or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Cornith, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this city is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the Fourteenth Regiment to the Sixty-ninth Regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Inside 6 o'clock this morning at least 80,000 have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the gospel. In England or in Eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old iron clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm hearted and point blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth $200,000, who are not averaging five new converts a year and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candle stuck in wooden socket and a minister who has never seen a college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian: "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them?

At least 3,000,000 people in this cluster of seaboard cities, and not more than 200,000 in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run around's," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea.

It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there and fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No; I cannot go. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to teach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedianism and erastianism and complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned professions 5000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be attained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is. When a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door, "No admittance," and if he goes in over all the pew doors seems written, "No admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this—namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to Him, "Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly He said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion, they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel. When I was a boy in Sunday-school, at one time we had a teacher who, when we were not attentive, struck us over the head with a New Testament, and there is a way of using even the Bible so as to make it offensive.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced, but the President of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said, "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church."

So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are thousands of court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States Government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet a man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world. Neither do I. You say: "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say: "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word which most children learn to utter is: "Papa," or "Mamma," but I think the first word I ever uttered was: "Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds if they possessed them to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days, when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying, "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern Nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong, the church drops him; the social circle drops him; good influence drops him; we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men. We have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around their immortal spirits!

The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help He will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the streets offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. Their condition was well illustrated by what a boy in this city said when he was found under a cart gnawing a bone, and some one said to him, "Where do you live?" and he answered, "Don't live nowhere, sir!" Seventy thousand of the children of New York City can neither read nor write. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grogshops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and infolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. People of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger if you only get into this battle for God, and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation?

I have heard of what was called the "thunder legion." It was in 173, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the Empire. And I would to God that you could be so mighty in prayer and work that you would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell made to tremble. All aboard now on the gospel ship! If you cannot be a captain or a first mate, be a stoker or a deckhand, or ready at command to climb the rattlines. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

CANCELLED-STAMP CRAZE.

A Postoffice Demoralized by a Collecting "Chain," and Prohibition Asked.

The friends of Elna Kane and Mettie Gorman, of Kaneville, Ill., who instituted a "chain" of letters seeking cancelled postage stamps, for the benefit of the latter, a cripple, have at last driven the Postoffice Department into making an investigation.

The scheme has caused great annoyance to the Department, aggravated by a new "chain" inaugurated at El Paso, Texas, in mock sympathy for the Postmaster, whose office has been flooded with mail as a result.

The number of cancelled stamps found in the room of the beneficiary of the system is estimated at 15,000,000 and the report says farmers' boys supplied with sacks have carried off many of the letters.

An inspector reports that the scheme has caused complete demoralization at the El Paso Postoffice and that an immediate remedy is demanded. He recommends a prohibitory order.

HOW $5 GREW TO BE $248.

John H. Folk's Discovery a Good Lesson for the Improvident.

There is a fine object lesson to the improvident in a story told to Surrogate Fitzgerald, of New York City, showing how $5 put in a savings bank grew to $248. Jacob Lowzarder died July 20, 1848, leaving a wife and nothing else that anybody was aware of. The widow married John H. Folk and in her turn died.

In overhauling her belongings Mr. Folk, the widower, came upon a bank book made out in the name of Mrs. Folk's first husband. It showed a credit for a deposit of $5 made March 20, 1820, in the Bleecker Street Savings Bank. Mr. Folk concluded that the $5 would feel just as good to him as it did in the vaults of the bank. He investigated, and to his amazement he found that interest had accumulated until the $5 had grown to $248.

Mrs. Chatty Green celebrated her 103d birthday not long ago in an old lady's home in Boston. She was born a slave.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE French prohibition against American cattle does not include canned or dressed beef.

THE Earl of Cowley is dead in England. He was born in 1824 and succeeded to the title in 1894.

FIRE in Halifax, N. S., destroyed property valued at one million dollars. Several firemen were injured.

THE ironmasters of the midland counties of England have agreed to form an association to regulate the price of iron.

THE Spanish troops are said to be pursuing the Cuban insurgents with great vigor, and it is thought the insurrection will soon be quelled.

SEVERAL Red Sea professional wreckers has been arrested for pillaging the British steamer Yarrowdale, recently wrecked in the Red sea.

THE British steamship Ganges, which had been drifting in the Bay of Biscay for several days with a broken propeller, has reached Havre.

AN excursion train on the Interoceanic Railroad was thrown from the track in the mountains near Mexico City. Five coaches went down in the canyon and forty-two persons were killed and thirty others injured.

THE funeral of Archduke Albrecht occurred in Vienna and was attended by representatives of all the sovereigns and courts of Europe. Emperor William walked beside Emperor Francis Joseph as the cortege entered the Capuchin Church.

Sir Hercules Robinson, formerly Governor of Hong Kong, Ceylon, New South Wales, New Zealand and of the Cape of Good Hope, has been appointed Governor and commander-in-chief of Cape Colony and high commissioners for South Africa.

Prince Lobanoff-Rostoveki, Russian Ambassador to Austria, has been appointed Russian minister of foreign affairs in succession to the late M. de Giers. The Prince was Governor of Bulgaria before the election of Prince Alexander, of Battenberg.

SAVED BY U. S. SAILORS.

Part of Spain Nearly Wiped Out By a Great Fire—Estimated Loss 4,000,000.

A despatch from Port of Spain, Trinidad, says:—

This city narrowly missed total destruction by a great fire which will cause a loss of $4,000,000, the chief business section having been the centre of the conflagration. Nearly 20,000 people would have been homeless if it had not been for the assistance given by the sailors from the United States North Atlantic Squadron and H. M. S. Buzzard in extinguishing the flames.

Soon after the flames began to get headway in the town Rear Admiral Meade signaled from the New York to the Raleigh and the Cincinnati to land as many men as could be spared, and simultaneously the flagship's boats went into the water. There was a lively rivalry among the men from each ship to reach the scene of the fire first, especially as the British cruiser Buzzard, having a nearer anchorage, was also bestirring herself to land a party. From the United States vessels more than 100 men were sent ashore, while the Buzzard landed about fifty.

Each boat's crew was supplied with fire buckets, axes and ropes; chains of bucket passers were formed and a steady stream of water was thus conveyed to the lee side of the fire to prevent its spread as much as possible.

Several of the American seamen had narrow escapes. Everything is in confusion and it will take several days to determine whether there will be any loss of life among the citizens. The blow to the city is overwhelming, and it will be many years before it recovers from it.

MILLIONS IN IT FOR VIRGINIA.

Incorporation of the Chespeake, Shendun and Western Railroad Completed.

A dispatch from Richmond, Va., says:—E. C. Machen, of New York, president of the Old Dominion Construction Company, called at the office of Col. John Bell Bigger, clerk of the House of Delegates, and obtained a certified copy of the charter of the Chesapeake, Shendun and Western Railroad. He paid the charter fee, amounting to $200, and stated that probably some $8,000,000 would be put in Virginia in constructing the road.

The charter of the Chesapeake, Shendun and Western Railroad was granted by the General Assembly at its last session. The corporators are Messrs. Jed Hotchkiss, H. M. Bell, M. Erskine Miller, and J. N. Stubbs, and the proposed route is from some point between the Potomac and the York rivers to the West Virginia line.

The capital stock is not to exceed $10,000,000, and organization may be effected when $100,000 of stock shall have been subscribed.

ROBBERS LED BY A WOMAN.

A Well-Known Widow in Male Attire Plays the Part of Outlaw Chieftain.

Almost nightly recently in Bridgeport, Ala., stores have been robbed. Suspicion fell upon an unknown man as the leader of the gang of thieves, and the police tracked the robber to a hut where a large quantity of stolen goods were found.

The supposed man proved to be Jane Cheek, a well-known widow, dressed in male attire. She was heavily armed. The woman, the officers think, has been the leader of a band of burglars for years. Her sons, Hiram and Bob, were also arrested.

WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

A New York Farmer's Request Obeyed at His Funeral.

In accordance with his own directions Charles Elsworth, a wealthy farmer, of Saratoga, N. Y., who died at the age of 88, was buried with his boots on and his own sleigh was used as a hearse. The sleigh used was a huge box affair, big enough to hold half a dozen coffins, placed upon a heavy pair of bobs, drawn by a pair of large and spirited horses, driven by John Elsworth, nephew of the deceased. As requested, the driver wore his uncle's fur overcoat, cap and gauntlets.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

REV. DR AND MRS HENRY M. FIELD are passing the Winter in Washington to enjoy the near companionship of Justice Field who is said to be ageing rapidly now.

JULES VERNE is 78 years old. His first novel was published when he was 35, and he has been producing them at the rate of two a year ever since. Verne is very fond of English literature, and he thinks Charles Dickens the greatest of all British novelists.

THE Hon Sledge Tatum, of Georgia, could not escape with that name. He is preparing to go west to superintend the survey of a part of the Ute Reservation, a position which was recently given him by the Secretary of the Interior.

JUDGE BOSWORTH, of Middleborough, Ky., has ordered that all gambling machines in that city cease operations, and that any person throwing dice either for drinks or anything else shall be arrested and make or given an opportunity to make an explanation in the City Court.

MRS PLATT, wife of ex-Senator Platt, of New York, while her husband has been concerned over the Gotham patronage is in Florida looking over the devastation which the severe weather of the past month has worked in her orange groves. Out of 3800 boxes only 800 boxes were saved, the others being frozen solid.

The late President Carnot is to be commemorated at Angouleme by a statute, which is the work of M. Raoul Verlet, a clever young sculptor, who carried off the prize at the Salon in 1887, and a medal of honor in 1889. He also did the monument in Maupassant. The Carnot monument is twelve feet high.

W. J. ELY, of New York, who recently returned from an eighteen months' prospecting tour in Venezuela and British Guiana, declares that perils and hardships beset the path of the gold hunter in those regions. Mr. Ely is about thirty years old, tall, well formed and of evident pluck and determination, but he finds the South American El Dorado is not all it is cracked up to be.

Miss Bilgrami, of Hyderabad, the first Mohammedan girl to try a university examination has passed the first examination in arts at the Madras University with honors in Arabic. Not being allowed to leave the zenana, she pursued her studies by herself under very great difficulties, as she could not attend college lectures. She took her examination in a girls' school under the eye of the head mistress.

The President Goes Duck Hunting.

President Cleveland, accompanied by Dr. O'Reilly and others, started from Washington on his trip down the Potomac after ducks, on the lighthouse tender Violet. The Violet is to make her regular tour of inspection in the lighthouse district, including the sounds of North Carolina. The President was accompanied by Dr. O'Reilly, his physician; Commander George De F. Wilde, Naval Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, and Commander Benjamin P. Lamberton, Inspector of the Washington lighthouse district. The trip was planned to last for a week or ten days.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has conferred upon Emperor Francis Joseph the rank of field marshal-general in the German army.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.		@ $	3 85
High Grade Extra			3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55		58
CORN—No. 2 White	48		49
OATS—Southern & Penn.	35		35¼
RYE—No. 2	56		57
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 00		13 50
Good to Prime	12 50		13 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	11 50		11 50
Wheat Blocks	6 00		7 00
Oat Blocks	7 50		8 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3		@ $	65
No. 2			60
PEAS—Standards			1 00
Seconds			95
CORN—Dry Pack			85
Moist			75
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	6½	@ $	7
City Cows	4½		4¾
Southern No. 2	3½		3¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	70	@ $	75
ONIONS	70		75
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shds.		@ $	7
Clear ribsides			7¼
Hams	10¼		10¾
Mess Pork, per bar			14 00
LARD—Crude			6
Best refined			8
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	25	@ $	26
Under fine	23		24
Creamery Rolls	22		23
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	12	@ $	12¼
N. Y. fats	12¼		12½
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	27	@ $	28
North Carolina	20		21
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	12	@ $	14
Ducks, per lb	12		13
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.	1 50	@ $	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	4 75	@ $	5 00
Good to Fair	4 25		4 50
SHEEP	2 00		3 75
Hogs	4 50		4 90
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		1 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	3 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	56⅞		58⅝
RYE—Western	48		50
CORN—No. 2	48½		49⅝
OATS—No. 3	33⅝		33¾
BUTTER—State	11		23
EGGS—State	30½		32½
CHEESE—State	9		11½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57½		57⅝
CORN—No. 3	46¾		47
OATS—N. 2	36		36
BUTTER—State	25		28
EGGS—Penns. ft	30		31

No Such Thing.

The quality of endurance of or indifference to what in other men produces shock or repulsion is said to belong to men without nerves. There is no such thing and cannot be. The finer the physical development the keener perhaps is the sensibility to pain. Let neuralgia put on its harness for a raid and get after such men, the nerves will be found all quivering at once. And so this malady works, a creeping ugly foe to health bent on torture and misery, until it meets its antipathy, St. Jacobs Oil, which cures and conquers, quickly, surely.

Texas live stock men say that the loss of cattle by the cold spell was twenty-five per cent.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Olive crops have failed both in France and Spain.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., 1$.

Five billion June bugs were destroyed in 519 Austrian communities last year.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Washington City has a soup kitchen which is feeding some 2000 poor a day.

Mental Alertness

depends very largely on the physical condition. Sluggish blood dulls the brain. A Ripans Tabule after meals will clear away the fogs in short order.

If the children would stop growing so fast, the rest of us wouldn't feel so old.

It's "agin" a man if there is nothing "agin" him.

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its vaults whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund—we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *wholesome* flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced *below a healthy standard*. What is required is an increase in our *germ-fighting strength*. Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that 68 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be CURED with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. All Dr. Pierce asks is that you make a thorough investigation and satisfy yourself of the truth of his assertion. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

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Why pay 40 to 90c. a rod for fence when you can make the best Woven Wire Fence on earth, horse high, bull strong, pig and chicken tight, for
13 to 20c. A ROD?
A man and boy can make from 40 to 60 Rods a day. Over 50 different styles. Catalogue Free. Address,
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