

# WE HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

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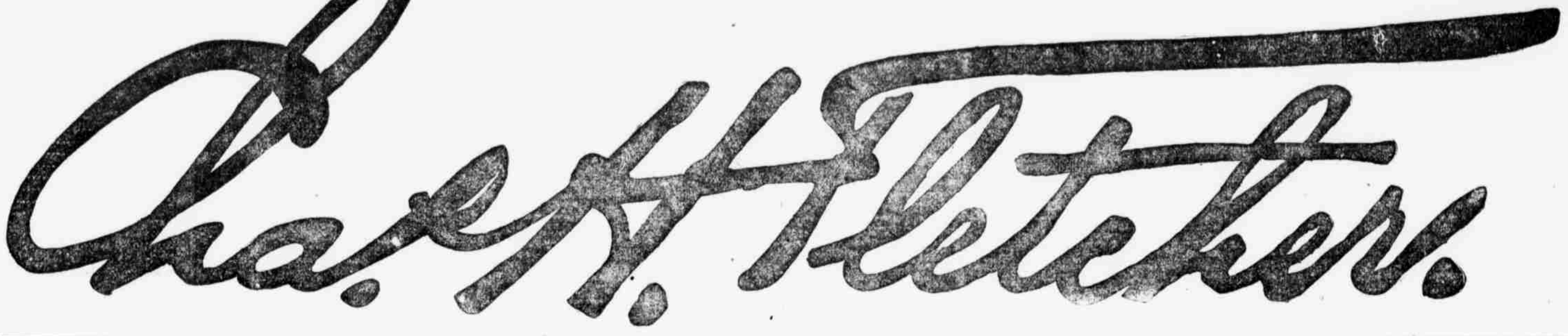
# CASIORA

### For Infants and Children

### BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

**900 DROPS**  
**CASIORA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS—CHILDREN  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Prescribed by Dr. SAMUEL PITCHELL  
*Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. Samuel Pitcheil*  
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. Samuel Pitcheil*  
**NEW YORK.**  
At 6 months old  
**35 Doses—35 CENTS**  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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## HOW ANTHRACITE COAL WAS FORMED

### A VIVID READING FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

Text of an Exceedingly Interesting Sermon Preached in This City Twenty-four Years Ago by Rev. Dr. I. P. Warren, a Congregational Minister of Massachusetts—Science and Religion Harmonized.

In the summer of 1875 Major Everett Warren's uncle, Rev. Dr. I. P. Warren, then a Congregational minister in Massachusetts, preached in the Second Presbyterian church in this city a most interesting sermon in which he touched upon and explained the anthracite deposits in this valley, and also the petroleum deposits in Western Pennsylvania. A copy of this having recently come into our possession, we deem it of sufficient merit to justify reproduction. The speaker took as his text, Exodus, xxxii-16, "And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables;" and after a brief reference to the stone tablets given to Moses at Mt. Sinai, he went on:

These tablets, sacred beyond all works of human art, so fashioned and engraved by the hand of Himself, have perished. But, my friends, there are other tablets made and inscribed by the same divine hand long before those which have been preserved to the present day, and which may read, wonderfully and adorably, and which should be to us tables of testimony to the Being, the power, and the goodness of their Author. I refer, of course, to those which are deposited in the archives of the earth, mountain and valley—among the most remarkable of which is the locality in which you live. To me, who have been permitted to come here a few times, it is a region of the deepest interest and instruction, and it has occurred to me that probably, I might in no way more profitably occupy your thoughts this evening than by taking my text out of these stone tablets of testimony and reading from them some of the lessons which they impart.

#### RECORDS OF LIFE.

Let me observe, then, in the first place, that upon these tables of stone God has written His name. Here is a valley many miles long and broad, set like a gem in the green mountain ranges that enclose it. The luxuriant vegetation which now covers it is but a faint suggestion of the richer and more abundant vegetation that has hurried beneath. And vegetation is the product of life, that which is the gift of the ever-living, self-existent Creator alone. Believe it or not, that matter is eternal, that chemical forces and operations are inherent in it, but you cannot say that life, vegetable or animal, is or can be without a Creator. Science can indeed do wonders! the laboratory of the artisan and the chemist bring forth products new and strange, but no art, or invention, or skillful combination of elements or forces, ever yet, without a pre-existent germ, produced a living thing.

Yet the records of the buried past beneath you are the records of life, in a million-fold profusion and variety. Here once grew forests and thickets of strange ferns and luxuriant foliage, mosses, reeds, ferns and trees, of species and families having not a solitary representative on earth. Century after century they flourished, germinating, growing, maturing, decaying—one generation giving place to another until they had formed beds many feet thick. Here they are now preserved in the great herbarium of nature, their roots, their stems, their branches, their fruits, and you who live here see them every day, and they

tell you that once they were alive, as the strata and the strata and the strata are now, that that life came from the all-ubiquitous Life-giver whose name is God. And with all this comes the suggestion of almighty power, and inexhaustible resources, and immeasurable duration, and infinite goodness, which this planned and provided for the wants of man, who long ages after should dwell in this valley—and all these omnipotence and omniscience and eternity and beneficence are only names of God.

#### A WONDERFUL HISTORY.

Second—God has recorded in these written tablets a wonderful history. Time was when all this vegetation and the superimposed mass of rock and soil were not there; when the rugged granite strata underlying it constituted the surface of the earth, at least of this portion of it. Nay, time was of vast and not distant date, when the whole earth was covered with the most luxuriant and varied vegetation, and the elements were deposited in primordial oceans on the enlarged bosom of the granite, the common mother of them. But we need not go back to that. It will be enough to open at the middle pages of the book, lifted by majestic internal forces of the earth, the ancient strata from the ocean depths, till that had been its greatest bottom, and the sedimentary mud that had gathered upon it, emerged into air and light. This, after being dried and mellowed and partially decomposed, afforded the material for a soil, and the Great Hand-brother made and plants in it seeds and roots of a vegetation such as was never before or since. The sun poured down upon it his genial rays, and the humid clouds afforded it abundant moisture. Probably the climate was then hotter than the hottest of the present tropics, and the atmosphere was filled with carbonic gases most stimulating to vegetable life. A luxuriant growth was the result, lasting probably for centuries or ages. Then the eternal forces which had raised up the dry land relaxed, and the whole sank again beneath the waves. Slow and gentle must have been the motion, for the intruding waters committed no violence. The most delicate fern leaf was enveloped in the soft mud, and laid away as tenderly as a mother could cradle her baby in its bed of down. There it reposed—how long we know not—till these had been deposited upon it great beds of mud and gravel; and then at the word of the Creator, the giant forces roused themselves again, and lifted the whole a second time into light, and this new deposit became dry land, and received a new adornment of vegetable life. And so the forces went on, through periods of inconceivable duration, each emergence being followed by a fourth new vegetable growth which should be the future coal, each subsidence beneath the waves bringing upon it the sands and the sediments which should be the interlying sandstones and slates. You can see for yourselves how many times the process was repeated, by descending any of these cliffs, and counting the alternating beds, provided only the shaft reaches down to the bottom of the series. You can see, too, approximately, what was the relative length of time employed in the production of each, by the thickness of the different strata, the thinnest indicating comparatively a brief period, though possibly long as measured by any human standards of time, the thickest marking the longest.

#### FERMENTATION.

At last the series of alternations ended. That age of the earth's history was completed. The granitic and the light for the supply of its future inhabitants were full, and the world passed on to new stages necessary in their turn. Deeper than ever sank the buried strata of vegetation. Higher and higher were piled upon them the sand and the sediment. till they became, as you see them in the shafts and along yonder mountain

sides, many hundreds of feet in thickness. Meanwhile fermentation had begun in the vegetable masses, intense heat was generated, increased potency by the internal fire of the earth. Combed under enormous pressure, the sands and the mud consolidated into stone. The impetuous vegetation is charred, the resinous, gummy substances being driven off by the heat, as in the distillation of a story, and lodged in the pores and cavities of the rocks to become the petroleum and gases of after ages. The residuum, compressed and semi-crystallized, becomes coal, of various qualities according to the completeness of these transforming processes. Where the heat and the pressure and the duration have been greatest, and the volatile elements most thoroughly expelled, the result is anthracite; where portions of those elements remain, the coal is bituminous, and generally the oils and the gases are found more or less retained in the network of pores and cavities.

And even their most admired achievements are but faint reproductions of the original. It is the complaint of some always, that the hand and the eye are so inadequate to give forth the creations of the imagination. What, then, must be the beauties of the Divine Art, which in these dark chambers of the earth shows to us such wonders of skill and taste? What infinity of resources that could sow such beauties broadcast over the ancient fields, and make them live in the mosses and blossoms over all the tree-trunks, and give grace to the waving foliage, and then lock them up and lay them away so carefully, where thousands of ages thence may light our lamps and go down into these chambers and see them for ourselves and wonder and adore.

#### BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

Observe, too, that God did not make this beauty merely to be seen. Man is wont to spend little care on what is to be hidden, but the four is often left unsightly. We dress to appear in public; elsewhere we indulge in deshabille. The artist paints the face of his picture with care, the back he does not touch. But it is not so with God. He does no more showy work every thing he makes is to be hidden. He is a God of order, not of show. There was not a human eye in existence when these primal forces were growing, yet the types of ornament were all so carefully revealed and so carefully wrought out, as if the whole world had been summoned to be looking on. Not one fern leaf in a thousand millions of these buried in the rocks will ever be seen by man, yet not one, for that reason, was neglected in its finish. What we do not see, it is because God loved beauty for its own sake. If the whole world were to see it, yet His would see it and delight in it. And does it not win our hearts to Him in whom dwell such beauties? He could not have been so pleased to Him—to have His holy complacency fixed upon us, as the most beautiful things which His hands have made in all this lower world.

#### MODES OF WORKING.

Fourth, God has recorded in His handwriting of the rocks not only what He has done, but how He did it. He has His method to work out of sight, He gave Moses the written tablets of the law, but He did not let him see the writing performed. All the treasures of your mine were, as I have said, wrought out and laid up there when there was no human eye to see it. Even had man explored to the bottom of the earth, he would see the roots and the flowers that grow now, after new patterns of beauty, but the worker in them is invisible, the processes themselves cannot be detected by the sharpest scrutiny. "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter." Just so it is in the moral world. He made us and rules us, but we do not see Him. He presides in the affairs of nations, He rewards and punishes men, but He does not show Himself to light. Will you, therefore, say there is no God? As well might you say there was nobody who wrought all that marvelous history which we have been reading in the stony now running in spirals round it, now forming a sort of checker work, and covering the entire surface from the root to the extremest branches. There were doubtless nails, or screw-heads, or leaves or spines which clothed the stems with feathery verdure, waving and rustling in the passing breeze. You can see now in some of the galleries these ancient trees imbedded in the stony roofs, sometimes still in an erect position, as if they had been enveloped by the sand while standing as they grew. Imagine what must have been the beauty of the forest where grew these sculptured shafts, like piled Corinthian columns; where the tall tree ferns, crowned with thin drooping fronds, made dense shade; where rich mosses carpeted the earth and innumerable plants of unknown species luxuriated in Nature's primeval solitudes. Now all this beauty of form and arrangement is but the expression of the beauty which before existed in the mind of Him who made them. The painter and sculptor must have the ideals of their work in their conception before they can give them outward visibility,

and in His wisdom and goodness He decided to make such a world as this to be the scene of human adobe and probation, and to make it in such a method as He did. It did not appeal Him that it would take so long to effect it. Our thoughts strain themselves to conceive the time that must have been required for the production through the ordinary method of growth of a single bed of coal, and much more of the whole series. But even that we make every reason to believe was but an infinitesimal portion of the whole lapse of duration. So in His moral kingdom. He is going to make goodness triumph over evil. Do you say that four years are not long enough for that? Do we say that Christ died eighteen centuries ago, and the majority of mankind to this day have never heard of Him? Do you say that you have lived in sin your three score years and He has not punished you yet? But what of that? Is the sin, and the less certain because it is delayed? What is delay to Him whose hand breadth spans eternity?

#### NO RETREAT.

God's work, again, never goes backward. If there are apparent pauses or failures in it, we may be sure they are not pauses, but they are failures. It is the great stultification of our nature which induces us to think that we can step back. We could have seen the testimony of the Holy Spirit working through moral causes and through man himself, causing him to fulfill his original commission to replenish and subdue the earth, and so restore the Eden which by transgression he had lost. I will not say, but the result is exactly Science and Revelation on this point speak the same language. Each points to a blessed era in the future surpassing all that has gone before it. It shall be as glorious a day coming down from God out of Heaven. And as each of the past stages of the earth had inhabitants of higher order than the preceding, so into this glad new world shall in no wise enter anything that doleth or worketh abomination or maketh a lie. There, in the future, shall the angels come down to dwell with men and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away.

#### INDIANA'S ERRATIC RIVER.

Crossed by Railroads Other Than Any Stream in the World. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "What is the name of that river?" asked a traveler on one of the trains on the Louisville division of the P. C. C. and St. L. the other day, as he was swiftly going north. "White river." Silence and the smoke of cigars prevailed for a little while until another bridge and apparently another river were crossed. Once more the query came: "What river is this?" "White river." "See here, neighbor," and the man, evidently a Kentuckian, sat up straight in his seat, "is every river in this state called White river?" To the uninitiated traveler it certainly seems as if there were no less than a few hundred White rivers in Indiana for this otherwise rather insignificant stream is crossed by more railroads and often than any other river in the world. The Louisville, the Indianapolis and various other divisions of the P. C. C. and St. L. cross some of them as often as three times. The Monon, the Indianapolis and Vincennes, the B. and O. S. W., the Big Four, the Lake Erie and Western among the north and south roads, not to mention a score of east and west roads and divisions, are compelled to span it with their bridges, and have trouble enough with it, for it is a turbulent stream, although it is neither

very long nor very wide, and in the summer months far from imposing. Not many months ago it took a notion to get out of its banks, and the result was that almost the entire railroad system of Indiana suffered, and hundreds of thousands of dollars of damage was done to embankments and tracks, not to mention wrecks and loss of life. It is usually supposed that mountain torrents are dangerous, but White river can give any mountain stream odds and take the trick, even though it flows through an almost level country, across the entire width of Indiana, from the Ohio line to the Wabash, the Wabash, Indiana's chief river, is celebrated in song and poetry, but in this respect it does not compare with the little White river.

#### STORIES.

White river tries to keep up its reputation from season to season by taking along a bridge now and then or dumping a train from an embankment and making the crew take swimming lessons. Incidentally it gathers in such trifles as an occasional cow, a sheep, a horse, a pig, or manages to put down a gravel bank in a wheat field. It is full of fun. White river is almost exclusively a southern Indiana institution, since it does not extend its meanderings much north of Anderson.

#### SIX BY SEVEN.

They had thought love in a cottage would be fine; it will help you wash the dishes, My diving, And we two will just be happy, Bath or shine. She, entranced, enraptured, heard him. And was glad. She had read a lot of novels, So she knew love in a cottage wasn't bad. So they stood before the preacher, He and she; Then they hunted for a cottage. There was none they'd live in, even Though 'twere free! She had given up her novels. And all that. She has formed out both her parrot And her cat— They are living in a six by seven flat. —Cleveland Leader.

How many stories in that new block of yours? "Two—a snake story and a bare story." "Oh!" "Salon on the first floor and the second floor is still empty."—Indianapolis Journal.

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