REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Pompeii and Its Lessons."

TEXT: "*Thou hast made of a defensed city a ruin.*"—Isaiah xxv., 2.

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscence of what it has done and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles and dropped in Constantinople, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements.

At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. Of those walls, at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted.

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seashore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Æsculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting.

Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills, and glorified with pictured walls, and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms, for captivated and applauditory audiences seated or standing in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and ceilings of all skilfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge.

Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and Senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place in the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by doric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionaires, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found 1800 years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and satins of arabesque, and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds clasping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn farreaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peace—last slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the days roll on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, and, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery, darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights enterwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stabiæ, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.

Out of the houses and temples and theatres and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sallcloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the cursing of that Apollyon of mountains subsided. For 1700 years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after 1700 years of obliteration a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of basilica and temple and amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after 1700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them.

There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1700 years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again onto the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? Go that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and cross that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and uncleanness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disentombed Pompeii, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe with which more than eighteen centuries ago it submerged Pompeii, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain proclaimed at the burial, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept in the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries.

Those Pompeiian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and scoriæ for 1700 years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers 150 years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeiian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Diomed.

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city pure and clean. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing.

Peking and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yes, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgment of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the epidemic are no sign in every case that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities.

I get down on my knees and read the epitaphology of a long line of them. Herodias Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and wrecked brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isaiah xiii, 21), "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their house shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down, and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph (Zephaniah ii., 14) "Now is Nineveh becoming a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the Nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot and a hyena laugh.

The next entombed city I pass has a monument of fifty prostrate columns of gray and red granite, and it is Tyre. The next sepulcher of a great capital is covered with scattered columns and defaced sphinxes and the sands of the desert, and it is Thebes. As I pass on I find the resting place of Mycenæ, a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth, which rejected Paul and depended upon her fortress, Acrocorinthus, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis and Smyrna and Persepolis and Memphis and Baalbek and Carthage, and here are the cities of the plain and Herculaneum and Stabiæ and Pompeii. Some of them have mighty sarcophagus and hieroglyphic entablature, but they are dead and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then and has at His command all the armament of destruction with which He whelmed their iniquitous predecessors.

It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake [illegible] that sent the people affrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial interests of Pompeii. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club For Smashing the Human Visage."

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the pugilists and the pickpockets, and the blouts reorganized from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbruting scene. Against this infraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one think it cannot be stopped, and that the confabulatory would be overborne? Then let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of state militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christrian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politicians to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks obstultification enacted at Washington by our American senate.

American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the gospel machinery in its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and prodigacies balked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the "Misereres" of complaint and despondency with "Te Deums" and "Jubilates of moral and religious victory." Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I hai the advancing morn.

I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town.

Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grogshops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii!

Heating by Electricity.

In some of the hotels in the West a ystem of heat regultion which is certainly novel is carried out. For instance, a guest occupying Room 156 asks for heat. The order is transmitted to a peculiar person, the typewriter of the hotel generally. She goes to a switchboard and connection is given electrically with that room, allowing heat to pass into it. The occupant of the room is, perhaps, particular. A hot-blooded person wishes merely to keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his wish, for a thermostat with a pointer is on the wall, and the room will keep itself automatically as desired. The regulation is seventy degrees, but it can be departed from as stated.—Hardware.

His Dog Stopped the Leak.

One of the few dogs worth having is owned by Silas Holbrook, of East Harpswell. Starting out from the wharf in a boat with his master the other day the dog noticed that the plug was out of the bottom of the boat and the water was coming in. After calling attention to the trouble he placed his paw over the hole and kept the water out until his master found the plug and replaced it.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

This Is a Real Good Joke.

The would-be funny summer boarder—"I read an account of how a girl fell over forty feet without killing herself."

"Good gracious! How did she do it?"

"Tried to get out of a moving street car with exactly twenty men in it."

Agents of Death.

Breech-loading rifles were invented in 1811, but did not come into general use for many years. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 are now in actual service in the European armies, while 3,000,000 are reserved in the arsenals for one genocee.

Don't Kiss Cats.

It must be a terrifying revelation to those ladies who kiss their cats that has been made by Prof. Flocci, the Italian chemist. He found by experiment that when a cat licks its lips it spreads over them a saliva in which there are swarms of minute bacilli not free from danger to human beings. When he inoculated rabbits and guinea pigs with this noxious substance they died within 24 hours.

Horrible Punishment.

Mrs. Wickwire—"They say that the words we have spoken in life go on echoing through space forever. What do you think of it?"

Mr. Wickwire—"Great Scott! I'll just bet that is the way future punishment is meted out. I'll be compelled to travel through space and catch up with all the fool things I said to you when I was courting, and be forced to listen to them all again."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some Good Superstitions.

A curious popular belief among the Mexicans relates to the so-called gold snake. Wherever it makes its nest there is sure to be a ledge containing the precious metal, and many miners will locate at once if they chance upon a serpent of this species. People who dig for metals are full of superstitions. Mines are always haunted by demons and hobgoblins, some of them malicious and others benevolent. Nickel and Kobold are the names of two gnomes who infest underground workings in Germany. From them are derived the words "nickel" and "cobalt."

Odd Echoes.

In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a twelve-pound cannon. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.

He that loseth wealth, loseth much; he that loseth friends, loseth more; but he that loseth his spirits, loseth all.

The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the best prudence is not to be a coward.

Let him who neglect to raise the fallen fear lest, when he falls, no one will stretch out his hands to lift him up.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

The great quality of dullness is to be unalterably contended with itself.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

Sometimes we lose friends for whose loss our regret is greater than our grief, and others from whom our grief is greater than our regret.

A woman to remain beautiful in age should put cosmetics on her soul, not on her face.

HIS LAST ACT.

Lost His Life While Trying to Serve a Comrade.

In his "Personal Recollections of Two Visits to Gettysburg," Mr. A. H. Nickerson gives his experience in the terrible battle where he was shot through one arm and through the lungs. By a strange piece of luck, he says, one of the hospital attendants picked up and brought to him his young servant, Jerry, "a mite of a fellow, whom it would be slander to mention as a colored boy." He was the blackest of negroes, and about as broad as he was long.

His duties had heretofore been confined to blacking my shoes when in camp, and carrying my haversack and rubber coat when on the march. To these last mentioned articles he still clung, so that when it began to rain the little rubber coat was used to cover me. It covered only a small part of my person, but inadequate as it was, it was more than many of my comrades had.

The rain poured in torrents, saturating the exposed portions of my clothing until, with the aid of a shallow pool that formed where I lay, it permeated the whole, and I was thoroughly drenched. At times I became unconscious, but I recovered sufficiently to miss the little cover which the rubber coat had afforded.

I felt around for it in the darkness, and could not imagine where it had gone. The next day the mystery was explained. Little Jerry had visited me during one of my unconscious spells and, believing that I was dead, had constituted himself my executor and sole administrator, and taken charge of my effects, consisting of the haversack and the aforesaid rubber coat.

To add to my distress I was seized toward morning with an awful thirst. Though the rain was pouring down my face and over my now totally unprotected body, I wanted water as I had never wanted it before. I called again and again, but no one came. Those who were not disabled were sleeping too soundly for one feeble voice to awaken them.

Finally a sergeant of my regiment who was lying near, answered and said he would try and get some water for me. I heard the rattling of his canteen as he started toward the creek, but he did not return.

He had been badly wounded himself, and daylight showed that in his effort to succor his fellow-soldier he had fallen near the banks of the stream and there bled to death. "Greater love hath no man" than was here shown by Sergt. Tracy.

Too Precious to Lose.

He was only a barefooted urchin, with a tin pail, and as he trudged along down Riverside drive he was laboriously whistling "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," but he stopped short to look at a bicycle rider in a gay suit who went whizzing past.

Suddenly a horse and surry went dashing by and the small boy made a quick jump to get out of he way. The next moment he saw the bicycle rider pick up the driver, a young lady, who had been thrown to the ground, and carry her to one of the near-by benches. The young man looked around as if for help and hailed the barefooted boy.

"Let me have your pail, bub, quick," he exclaimed, "I must have some water. The young lady is hurt."

But the barfooted "bub" thrust his pail obstinately behind him.

"Let me have that pail, I say. Can't you see, you little idiot, that the young lady has been hurt?" and he made a grab for the pail. But the boy dodged.

"Y'e ain't a goin' to take my pail not much," exclaimed "bub" eyeing him closely. "It's got sometning in it."

"Well, empty it, you young block head, you infernal rat. I'll empty it for you," and again he tried to snatch the pail.

"Oh, no, yer don't!" cried the urchin as he started to run. "Them's crawfish."—New York Herald.

In the Tolls.

The burglar stepped lightly into the room.

He moved forward in the dark, with a pistol in one hand and a bottle of chloroform in the other. He was desperate and ready for anything.

Suddenly his foot struck something, and the next second an indefinable body hurled itself upon him. With a muffed shriek of fear he dropped his weapons and grappled with the monster. He fought and tore; he struck savagely at it in the darkness; but all to no purpose.

He was as a child in the awful grasp of a giant. Only for a moment the unequal battle raged; then he sank upon the floor, conquered.

They found him the next morning cold and stiff; but they were too late. And as the head of the house disentangled the wires of his wife's hoop skirt from about the unfortunate burglar's neck, he said softly: "Poor fellow! Set it again, Maria!"—London Truth.

The sea contains a solution of 2,000,000 tons of salt.

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ON SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Praise Is Good

For any medicine you hear about, but to be made well by its use is still better. My only regret is that I did not take Hood's Sarsaparilla earlier. I have for many years suffered with an irritable itching all over my body and my left leg swelled and became so sore I had to give up work. Physicians prescribed for me for scrofula, but did not cure me. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me immediate relief, when I began to take it, and I am confident it has driven all disease out of my blood and given me

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

a perfect cure. In the future Hood's Sarsaparilla will be my only medicine." W. O. DUNN, 21 Lampson Court, Kansas City, Mo.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation. 25c.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

WITH Hamilton Fish dead, only three members of the Grant Cabinet survive. They are George M. Robeson of New Jersey, who was Secretary of the Navy; Benjamin H. Bristow of New York, Secretary of the Treasury, and J. N. Tyner of Indiana, who filled out Marshall Jewell's unexpired term as Postmaster General.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is said to be the most laborious writer. He rewrites his manuscript to such an extent that at the end of the day scarcely one of the original sentences remains unchanged. Occasionally he spends three weeks on a single chapter, and then throws it away. Some of his recent work seems to have escaped his vigilance in this direction.

ALBERT S. WILLIS, our new minister to Hawaii, has had no experience in diplomacy, but is said to possess the wisdom and discretion necessary for his duties at Hon lula. He is a Kentuckian by birth, breeding and education, and was born in Shelby County in 1843. He was in Congress four terms and could have been there now if he had not declined a renomination. He is a lawyer by profession.

MISS EUGENIA DE FORREST, an actress of San Jose, Cal., has received the sanction of the authorities of that city to wear trousers, and proposes to obtain a legal right to appear in the same garb all over the country. Being an unmarried lady, Miss de Forrest is, of course, doubtful of her rights. Thousands of married ladies are wearing the trousers, whether the constituted authorities like it or not.

THE Marchioness of Waterford is a woman of action. It is related that looking through the window of her house on Charles street, London, the other day, she saw a cabman ill-using his horse. Raising the window, she commanded the man to desist, and upon his refusal she gathered up her skirts, opened the front door, and, letting go her aristocratic left, she blacked the fellow's eye and then had a policeman take him into custody on the charge of cruelty to animals. The cabman hasn't recovered from his astonishment yet.

ONE Dr. Macgowan is said to have discovered that the Manchoorian monkeys of China store up wine in earthen vessels, the wine being of two kinds, pink and green. Possibly the doctor may be right, yet there is room for the belief that he has got things mixed. Gentlemen who are addicted to overindulgence in wine not infrequently have visions of pink and green monkeys, not to mention cardinal-red elephants and Prussian-blue boa constrictors, and the doctor probably confused his facts in making up his statement. He very likely means that he has seen pink and green monkeys.

NEARLY every printer in the country has heard "Dictionary" Brown, who died in Washington recently. He was a proofreader in the Government printing office and his knowledge of English orthography was little short of marvelous. It was useless to argue with him. Compositors would challenge his marking of proofs, and bring the dictionary to him to sustain their position. Mr. Brown would take the dictionary and remark: "Well, well: that is a remarkable error to creep into a dictionary. We will correct it," and taking a pen he would note the proper spelling on the margin of the book, and then he handed the disputed proof back to the compositor to correct. He was always right, too.

Orders From Korea's King

The Korean Repository, a monthly magazine published at Korea, prints in its latest number some extracts from the Daily Official Gazette, which reports the doings of the court and Government. Here are some extracts which will impress the Western reader as rather quaint: "July 3—His majesty orders the remission of taxes to the shop people for two months and to the butchers for ten days, in memory of the late queen dowager's kindness of heart. He orders that the royal body guard may put on rain coats, as may suit their convenience, in going to the grave of the late queen dowager. July 7—His majesty orders that, as the weather is very hot, the royal guard shall be allowed to remove their iron helmets on the way back from the late queen dowager's grave. Shin Sun Tak and four other officers of the court have returned to Seoul, after examining the grass of late queen dowager's grave. July 9, the office of Chong Won announces the presence of their excellencies, the ex-ministers and ministers, at the gate seeking audience. July 27, the Board of Ceremony asks that an officer of the third rank be sent to Yong San at the river to pray again for rain." Detailing an officer to pray for rain is in advance of the United States Government in the matter of spending large sums of money to shoot the clouds on the Dyrenforth plan

Long Way Off.

"Let me see," said Brown to Jones, "isn't this Jones that we were just talking about a relative of yours?"

"A distant relative," said Jones.

"Very distant?"

"I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children, and I'm the youngest."

THE better a woman knows men, the less attractive she is to them, unless she is able to conceal her knowledge.

Dogs and Words.

There are many learned men who maintain that while dogs often understand our meaning it is not our words but our tones, looks and gestures that they comprehend.

But almost every child who loves a dog could bring some story to contradict this theory.

Here is a true story on the subject that will please all tony masters of bright dogs:

A traveler in Portugal purchased a native dog which soon became much attached to him. When spoken to in English, even accompanied by the most expressive looks and gestures the master could command, the dog seemed puzzled, and he seldom found out what was required of him. But when his master addressed him in Portuguese — badly as his master spoke it, the dog joyfully executed his wishes.

After a time, by repeating the words alternately in Portuguese and in English, the dog learned the latter as well as the former, and would obey as readily. But the same command given in French reduced him to a state of despair again.

Afterward the dog was carried to France. After residing there some time he became so familiar with the language that he understood directions given to him though—perhaps because he had grown older and a new language was harder to acquire—he never responded quite so readily as to commands in Portuguese and English.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WHEN NATURE

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Poison ivy is considered less poisonous when the sun is shining on it, while at night or in the shadow it is especially dangerous.

Shortage in Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Owing to the recent money stringency all the Rubber Shoe factories stopped work for several weeks, the only exception being the Colchester Co., the demand for the Colchester Spading Boot obliging them to run continuously. This general shut down will cause considerable scarcity of Rubbers this winter. The Colchester Spading Boot is already sold ahead and is pronounced the best Rubber Boot in the market for all around wear.

At Selma, Ala., there is an artesian well provided with two tubes, one of which spouts pure cold water, the other warm water strongly impregnated with iron.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A petrified whale, 216 feet long, has been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

Simultaneous telephoning and telegraphing on the same wire has been successfully tested in Germany on a line 120 miles long.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.15.

In the northern hemisphere all storms revolve from right to left; in the southern hemisphere they revolve from left to right.

POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1893

Containing all the post offices arranged alphabetically, in States and Counties, with all other matters relating to Post office affairs can be ordered from B. SALINGER, P. O. Box, 1182, Philadelphia, Pa. No business man should be without it. Price $2.00 paper cover with monthly; $2.50 cloth cover with monthly.

A scientist has discovered that women live longer than men because they talk more.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary of Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a, $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

A porcupine fish, having thorns instead of scales, was caught a few days ago in St. Andrew's Bay, Florida.

Mediocrity *always* copies *superiority*. Dobbins' Electric Soap, first made in 1868, has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for *Dobbins'* Electric Soap, all other Electrics, Electricity, Magnetics, etc., are imitations.

New Ilium or Troy had a State bank in the Second Century, B. C. that borrowed money for the State and paid ten per cent.

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

It is said that policemen in citizens' clothes are recognized by their shoes by New York sharpers.

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

A woman at Spring Hill, Mo., has just baked a loaf of bread from yeast thirty years old.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME

Of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Inflammation of the Bladder.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—"It affords me pleasure to give you a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, of which I have taken 3 small bottles. It has nearly removed the effect of the RHEUMATISM of about 7 years standing, also a severe weakness of my back and kidneys of about 10 years' standing and has helped a severe attack of INFLAMMATION of the bladder, which I am sure SWAMP-ROOT will entirely cure me of in a short time. I purchased the medicine of S. G. Stone, the Druggist here in Butler, Ind." W. R. Chilson. March, 7, '93.

W. R. CHILSON.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" Free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS Are the Best. 42 Pills, 25 cents. — All Druggists.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

CURES PAIN. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

THE P