OLD TIMES RECALLED.

THE BLESSINGS OF MEMORY

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says We Should Indulge More in Reminiscences. The Dear Old Home and Mother.

TEXT: *"While I was musing the fire burned."*—Psalm xxxix., 3.

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate. I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were 10,000 memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation. You mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontended with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean to-day, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with 10,000 obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear that his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forgetmenots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburned from the fields and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father. Thank God for a Christian mother. Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel. Thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own houshold. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. Your twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most significant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier.

One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker. But out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them. A gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who in addition to her own pangs has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart! Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and though those hands have all withered away that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I bind them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought mortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago; you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble.

And when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright, clear oar, you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" And you halted. You grew pale. You confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread, but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, it you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched the child from the destroyer!

You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cup to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head, and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven and you felt an irresistable drawing heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa. Good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbs you. Through the long, weary days you counted the figures on the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness and exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better—perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but at heart as earnest and loving—watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave.

People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a chasm down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and give it a palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scenes of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is only one more point of tremendous reminiscences, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena—the same island—20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium as he exclaimed, "Head of the army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And, then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing."

Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the roof of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

An Emperor at the Plow.

In order to emphasize the importance of the cultivation of the soil and to encourage his subjects to follow agricultural pursuits, the Emperor of China sometimes performs certain rites at the "Emperor's Field" and goes through the form of plowing and other work of the husbandman. One day recently the Emperor set out at daybreak from his palace, with a numerous and magnificent train of courtiers and others. Before breakfast the Emperor arrived at the shrines of the deity presiding over agriculture, and his majesty stopped to offer up his thanksgiving and sacrifices. After changing his dress, the morning repast was served, at the end of which the Emperor proceeded to the field, at the four corners of which were erected four pavilions, where the seeds of wheat and other cereals were placed.

In the center were numbers of magnificently attired courtiers, each holding aloft a many-colored flag, while on the side of the passage were scores of aged and white-haired farmers, each having in his hand some agricultural implement. Placing his left hand on the plow and holding the whip in his right hand the Emperor began the ceremony of the occasion. By prearrangement the officers did their allotted share, some wielding the agricultural implements, while others scattered seeds out of the baskets as if sowing, while the Emperor was busied with the plow, which was hitched to a richly caparisoned bullock draped in yellow and led by two of the Emperor's body guards. On the Emperor finishing his round at the plow the three princes were ordered to go through the performonce, and after them nine high courtiers had their turn.—Pall Mall Budget.

Hardships of Life in the Polar Region.

The whole region is one of severe cold, and the sea is frozen for the greater part of the year, land and water becoming almost indistinguishable, but for the incessant movement and drift of the sea ice, says McClue's Magazine. In summer the sea ice breaks up into floes which may drift away by the wind against the shores of continents or islands, leaving lanes of open water which a shift of wind may change and close in an hour.

Icebergs launched from the glaciers of the land also drift with the tide, current and wind through the more or less open water. Possibly at some times the pack may open and a clear waterway run through to the pole, and old whalers tell of many a year, when they believed that a few days' steaming would carry them to the end of the world, if they could have seized the opportunity.

At other times routes traversed in safety time after time may be effectively closed for years, and all advance barred.

Food in the form of seals or walrus in the open water, reindeer, musk ox, polar bears or birds on the land, may often be procured, but these sources cannot be relied upon. Advance northward may be made by water in a ship, or by dog-sledge, or on foot, over the frozen snow or ice.

Each method has great drawbacks. Advance by sea is stopped when the young ice forms in autumn, and land advance is hampered by the long Arctic night which enforces months of inaction, more trying to health and spirits than the severest exertion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 20

"Paul Before Felix," Acts xxiv., 10-25 Golden Text: I Cor. xvi., 13. Commentary.

10. "Then Paul, after that the governor had beckoned unto him to speak, answered." Last week we left Paul about to address the people from the castle stairs just after his arrest. The next day he is brought before the Jewish council, but both the address from the stairs and his words before the council caused such an uproar that the chief captain had to rescue and care for him. The next night the Lord stood by him and strengthened him (chapter xxiii., 11). Then because of a plot to kill him he is sent under a strong escort to Cæsarea. In this lesson he is before the governor Felix, and also the high priest and elders who have come from Jerusalem to appear against him. They have just accused him, and now he is about to answer for himself.

11. "There are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship." The story of this book then from chapter xxi., 15, to this event occupied but 12 days, but how full they were for Paul? Consider the last 12 hours of the Lord Jesus ere He was nailed to the cross, how much they meant to Him, and how large a portion of each gospel is taken up with the record. Whether our hours or days mean much or little let all be for Him.

12. "And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city." So that their accusations, even though made by Orator Tertullus, were all lies. It is very trying to be publicly accused of things of which you are perfectly innocent, but it is very glorifying to God if one can be patient under such circumstances (I Pet. ii., 19-21; iv., 14).

13 "Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me." Only lies and not a particle of foundation. But so it was with Jesus Himself, and He answered nothing (Mark xv., 3-5), giving us an example as to how we ought to act. It is well sometimes to be as deaf and dumb (Ps. xxxviii., 13, 14).

14. "So worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets." And yet that was counted heresy because he believed the word of God rather than man's interpretation of that word. In some quarters it is counted a kind of heresy to so believe in these days, but we are surely safe in following Him who said, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Me."

15. "And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." Some of the most important Old Testament texts on the resurrection are Job xix., 25-27, margin; Isa. xxvi., 19; Hos. vi., 2, and Dan. xii., 2.

16. "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men." Believing and teaching that all the saints shall meet the Lord in the air and be at the judgment seat of Christ (I Thess. iv., 16, 17; Rom. xiv., 10; II Cor. v., 10) to be judged for their works. Paul sought so to live that in that day his works might not be burned up or disapproved (I Cor. iii., 15; ix., 27, R. V).

17. "Now after many years I came to bring alms to my Nation and offerings." As from Antioch (chapter xi., 29, 30), so from other places the saints sent thank offerings to Jerusalem, for if Jerusalem sent them the good news of Jesus, the Messiah, it was but right that they should remember the saints there in temporal gifts.

18. "Whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude nor with tumult." There was no ground for his arrest except their hatred of the man and his teaching. His teaching was strictly Scriptural and heartily indorsed by the Lord Jesus Himself (chapters xviii., 9, 10; xxiii., 11), so that their hatred was really a hatred of God and His truth. Our comfort is that, if faithful to Him, we must expect fellowship in His sufferings (Luke x., 16; John xv., 20).

19. "Who ought to have been here before thee and object if they had aught against me." Knowing they could prove nothing they thought best not to appear. In view of eternity and the judgment seat, what solid comfort there is in the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect" (Rom. viii., 31, 33)?

20 "Or else let these same here say if they have found any evil doing in me while I stood before the council." His appearance before the council and the happenings there are recorded in chapter xxiii., 1-10. It was that same night that the Lord appeared to him and strengthened him (verse 11) so there could have been nothing displeasing to the Lord in his conduct.

21 "Except it be for this one voice, that I cried, standing among them. Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day." See chapter xxiii., 6. It was this saying before the council which set Pharisees and Sadducees against each other, so that the chief captain had to rescue Paul from them. How a great truth like the two resurrections or the coming of the Lord will set religious people against each other.

22. "When Lysias, the chief captain, shall come down, I will know the uttermost of your matters." It is a great comfort to the true child of God to know that God is thoroughly acquainted with the uttermost of all His matters. He knows us even to the imaginations of the thoughts of our hearts (Gen. vi., 5; I Chron. xxviii., 9). He also sees the end from the beginning and will perfect all that concerneth us (Isa. xlvi., 10; Ps. cxxxviii. 8).

23. "And he commanded a centurion to keep Paul and to let him have liberty." So it was with Paul repeatedly (chapters xxvii., 3; xxviii., 10). See in this the power of God that His servant might have greater opportunity to testify of Him. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong on behalf of those whose hearts are perfect toward Him."

24. "He sent for Paul and heard him concerning the faith in Christ." This opportunity was perhaps given for the sake of Drusilla, but anyway Paul must have rejoiced in the privilege of telling again the story of the Christ who met him on the way to Damascus and gave him forgiveness of sins and eternal redemption (Acts xiii., 38, 39; Heb. ix., 12).

25. "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." In the power of the spirit Paul spoke of Jesus as the only righteousness for the sinner (Rom. x., 3, 4) the manifestation of that righteousness in the life of the believer (Rom. viii., 4; Titus ii., 12), and the certainty of our appearing before Jesus Christ as our Judge (Acts xvii., 31). Felix was evidently moved, but said: "Not now."—Lesson Helper.

The Difference.

The son of a former slave-owner lately met one of the colored "boys" of the old plantation, and stopped to have a chat about "matters and things." "Well, John," said he, "and what are you doing these days?"

"I'se a zorter, Massa Bob."

"An exhorter, you mean?"

"Yas, sir, a zorter; dat's it!"

"I thought you were a preacher. What is the difference between a preacher an exhorter?"

"Diff'rence 'twixt a zorter an' a preacher is zackly this: preacher he stick to de tex', but zorter he hit all round!"

THE government of Russia has excluded "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the theaters of that country, yet they call it despotic and inconsiderate.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.

OIL CITY—Two dogs killed eight sheep outright and mangled twenty-three more in less than an hour in Canal township Saturday night. These dogs travel together only at night, and then only on sheep killing raids, never having been seen together in the day time. They have cost the farmers of this part of the county hundreds of dollars. The sheep last killed belonged to James Singleton and Sherman Deets.

MORE COKE OVENS SHUT DOWN.

UNIONTOWN—Seventy more ovens were closed down at the Redstone works of the H.C. Frick Coke Company. Two months ago the entire 40 ovens at this works were in blast Now but 200 are burning, and these are liable to be blown out at any time.

SOME time ago the Bellefonte council decided that cows could no longer roam the streets. Since then, according to the "Watchman," pedestrianism is much pleasanter. The only trouble now is that persons can hardly get along on account of the crowds of pretty girls. The intimation is plain that the girls were afraid of the cows.

A HOMESTEAD man drew his savings $690 from the First National Bank of Homestead when a run was started there by some Hungarians. He kept the money at home until a thief found it. The thief has it now and the bank is still sound.

CATHERINE SHANNON was buried last week in Bald Eagle cemetery, Blair county. She passed her 90th birthday about two months ago. For years she had been using her third set of teeth.

NEAR Huntingdon, a team ran a way with a reaper after striking a hornets' nest. The aged driver, John G. Smith, was thrown in front of the machine, beheaded and horribly mutilated.

FRANK MILLER, a young farmer of Brush Valley township, Indiana county, was killed by the explosion of a gun while he was lying in wait for some dogs which had killed his sheep.

THERE is any amount of building going on in Johnstown this summer, and among other structures are four handsome business blocks that will cost $200,000.

CALVIN HARMIN and Reuben Campbell, of Stahlstown, Westmoreland county, claim to have the record on cradling oats. They cut a 10-acre field in one day.

JAMES THORPE, an employe of the Leetonia Rolling mill, Greensburg, was grinding a link, when the emery wheel burst, killing him instantly.

ETHEL JONES, aged 11 years, was drowned in Pymatuning creek, at Orangeville, near Sharon, while bathing with some young girl companions.

IN digging a well at Connellsville, employes of the Columbia Brick Company, discovered a human body and a canoe both petrified.

ROBERT ATKINSON'S barn near West Overton, was burned with all his crop, aggregating a loss of $1,500 with no insurance.

BURGLARS broke into the home of Frederick Long in Mechanicsburg and after ransacking burned it to the ground.

THE mother of negro West, who murdered the Crouch family in Washington county, was found dead in bed.

THE Lebanon Trust and Safe Deposit Bank failed. It is a State institution with a capital of $50,000.

THE Scranton lace factory has temporarily suspended operations, throwing out about 400 people.

OFFICIAL CROP REPORT.

Condition of All Cereals, Potatoes, Tobacco and Fruit.

The August report of the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture shows that the condition of corn has declined a little over six points during the past month, the average for the entire breadth being 87 as against 93.2 for the month of July. This decline is due in the main to the drought, which has proved both extensive and persistent. While in some parts of the country the continued dry weather has injured the crop beyond recovery, it is nevertheless true, as to the larger portion of the area devoted thereto, that improvement is not only possible, but with a sufficient rainfall through the month of August, will be assured. The averages in the principal States are: Ohio, 85; Indiana, 79, Illinois, 81; Iowa, 102; Missouri, 95; Kansas, 82; Nebraska, 84.

There has been a considerable falling off in the condition of spring wheat since last month, amounting to something over 10 points, the average condition the present month being 67, as against 77.4 for the month of July. The condition by States is as follows: Wisconsin, 70; Minnesota, 67; Iowa, 87; Nebraska, 78; South Dakota, 63; North Dakota, 66. This decline of 10 points is the result of the too high temperature and deficient rainfall in the spring wheat States.

The condition of spring rye in August is 78.5 as against 89 in the month of July. The condition of oats has fallen 10 points since the July report, being 78.3 as compared with 88.8 last month, while in August, 1892, it stood at 86.2. It is the lowest condition reported in August for many years, and is due to a cold, wet spring, succeeded by continuous dry, hot weather, during the latter part of June and the whole of July.

The August returns for barley show a slight decline in condition from that of last month, being 84.6 against 85.3 in July, and precisely the same as it was in the month of June.

The acreage of buckwheat is reported at 96.3 as compared with 1892, and condition at 88.8.

The condition of potatoes has declined nearly nine points in the last month, and now stands at 86. Condition in August has only been lower twice in the last decade. The general drought has been the cause of this falling off, and rain is needed badly to prevent further disastrous losses.

The condition of the timothy crop is 89.6, as compared with 93.2 in 1892. The hay crop on the whole is large, and has generally been secured in good condition, although in some important regions unfavorable condition caused a reduction of the crop.

The general average of tobacco fell from 93 on July 1 to 82.2 on August 1.

A still further decline in the condition of apples is made evident by the returns of August. The indication that the commercial crop would be very light is confirmed at this date. In many of the States a complete failure is reported.

The drought has done some damage to peaches in the Atlantic peach belt. Complaints are frequent of premature ripening. The conditions still point to a large crop in this section, however, and local showers have benefited some localities. A further decline is noted in Michigan, where fruit has dropped severely. California has a good crop of excellent quality. An abundant crop of grapes is promised at this date.

The percentages of July have been generally well maintained. Dry weather has tended to check the spread of rot and mildew.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL says that kissing ruins the complexion. Lady Colin ought to try shellac on her complexion, and then it wouldn't come off when kissed.

THE LABOR WORLD.

NEW YORK cigar factories employ 20,000 persons.

NATIONAL shoe workers met recently at Lynn, Mass.

BOSTON hotel porters get eighty-three cents a day.

TORONTO (Canada) unemployed teamsters held a parade.

BUILDING trades workers in Michigan average $1.50 per day.

IN Germany during 1892 there were 839 men killed in the mines.

ITALIAN laborers at Portland, Me., get from $1.40 to $1.75 a day.

A NEWARK (N. J.) mucilage and ink house has adopted profit sharing.

CINCINNATI tin roofers say the slaters are crowding them out of work.

READING (Penn.) bricklayers have been granted $3.25 and ten hours.

A YOUNG woman printer is State organizer of the Federation in Indiana.

AN Indianapolis brakesman got $1000 from the union for a lost arm.

ST. PAUL (Minn.) tailors will be assessed fifty cents per capita to aid strikers in other cities.

AT Lowell, Mass., men who did not join a strike were granted seven per cent. in wages.

PITTSBURG organizations have called a conference to discuss a proposition to build a labor temple.

ENGLISH coal miners to the number of 350,000 are striking against a twenty-five per cent. cut in their wages.

STRIKING bricklayers at Lowell, Mass., have organized a stock company with $5000, and are ready to take contracts.

THE Mount Pleasant Working Girls' Association in Rhode Island has a membership of 250. It also owns a $3000 club house.

AT the help bureaus it is asserted that there are over 50,000 unemployed men in New York who are willing to work at almost anything.

THE Attorney-General of Montana has decided in favor of the City Council of Butte City, which ordered city employes to boycott Chinamen.

An Anæsthetic Made from Frogs.

A curious anæsthetic used in China has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which forms a paste with the flour. This paste, when dissolved in water, has well-marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.		
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	$ 61 @	$ 62
No. 2 Red	59	60
CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear	51	52
High Mixed ear	48	49
No. 2 Yellow Shelled	47	48
Shelled Mixed	45	46
OATS—No. 1 White	32	33
No. 2 White	31	32
No. 3 White	31	32
Mixed	30	31
RYE—No. 1	52	55
No. 2 Western, New	48	53
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat'	4 00	4 25
Fancy Spring patents	4 20	4 45
Fancy Straight winter	3 65	3 90
XXX Bakers	3 00	3 25
Rye Flour	3 50	3 75
HAY—Baled No. 1 Tim'y	15 50	16 00
Baled No. 2 Timothy	14 00	14 50
Mixed Clover	13 00	14 00
Timothy from country	20 00	22 00
STRAW—Wheat	6 50	7 00
Oats	7 50	8 00
FEED—No. 1 Wh Md ₱ T	17 50	18 00
Brown Middlings	14 50	15 50
Bran, bulk	14 50	15 00
DAIRY PRODUCTS.		
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	25	27
Fancy Creamery	22	23
Fancy country roll	18	20
Low grade & cooking	10	12
CHEESE—Ohio full make	9	10
New York Goshen	10	11
Wisconsin Swiss	14	15
Limburger (Full make)	12	13
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.		
APPLES—Fancy, ₱ bbl	2 50	3 00
Fair to choice, ₱ bbl	2 00	2 50
PEACHES, per bu—	1 25	1 50
PEARS per bbl	5 00	5 50
BEANS—		
N Y & M(new)Beans ₱ bbl	2 00	2 10
Lima Beans		4
POTATOES—		
Fancy Rose	2 90	3 25
Choice Rose	2 00	2 25
Sweet, per bb	4 50	5 00
POULTRY ETC.		
DRESSED CHICKENS—		
Spring chickens ₱ lb	16	17
Dressed ducks ₱ lb	10	11
Dressed turkeys ₱ lb	15	16
LIVE CHICKENS—		
Spring chickens	30	50
Live chickens ₱ pr	70	75
Live Ducks ₱ pr	45	50
Live Turkeys ₱ lb	6	7
EGGS—Pa & Ohio fresh	13	14
FEATHERS—		
Extra live Geese ₱ lb	55	60
No 1 Extra live geese ₱ lb	48	50
Mixed	25	35
MISCELLANIOUS.		
TALLOW—Country, ₱ lb	4	5
City	4	5
SEEDS—Clover	8 25	8 50
Timothy prime	2 10	2 20
Blue grass	1 40	1 70
RAGS—Country mixed	1	
HONEY—White clover	17	18
Buckwheat	10	12
MAPLE SYRUP, new crop	60	1 00
CIDER—country sweet ₱ bbl	5 00	5 50
BERRIES—per quart		
Blackberries	9	10
Huckleberries	10	11
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—	$2 20@	$3 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55	56
RYE—No. 2	49	50
CORN—Mixed	44	45
OATS	24	25
EGGS		9
BUTTER	19	22
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—	$2 70@	$4 25
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	65	66
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	47	48
OATS—No. 2, White	33	35
BUTTER—Creamery Extra	21	22
EGGS—Pa., Firsts	15	16
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Patents	2 00	4 60
WHEAT—No 2 Red	67	68
RYE—Western	55	56
CORN—No. 2	47	48
OATS—Mixed Western	31	32
BUTTER—Creamery	14	22
EGGS—State and Penn	15	16

LIVE-STOCK REPORT.

EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURG STOCK YARDS.

CATTLE.		
Prime Steers $	4 75 to	5 00
Good butcher	3 75 to	4 35
Common	3 00 to	3 50
Bulls and dry cows	2 00 to	3 50
Veal Calves	4 50 to	6 50
Fresh cows, per head	20 00 to	40 00
SHEEP.		
Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep $	4 50 to	4 75
Good mixed	4 00 to	4 25
Common 70 to 75 lb sheep	2 00 to	2 50
Choice Lambs	3 50 to	5 25
HOGS.		
Good Yorkers	6 00 to	6 25
Common Yorkers	4 75 to	5 00
Roughs	4 50 to	5 00
Pigs	4 50 to	5 50