

ALL ETERNITY IS AN ECHO

Spiritual Lessons Drawn From the Law of Sound.

The Resonance of Good Deeds and the Echo of Evil Done Will Fill the Ears of the Assembled Millions the Last Day.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Dr. Talmage gave a new illustration in his sermon this morning of his mastery of the art of drawing spiritual lessons from common natural phenomena. His subject was "Echoes," and his text: Ezekiel vii: 7, "The sounding again of the mountains." At last I have found it. The bible has in it a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbled sea. But the well-known sound that we call the echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text: "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the echo. Ezekiel of the text had heard it again and again. Born among mountains and in his journey to distant exile he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of the wild beasts, but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "the sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood and girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "the sounding again of the mountains." The echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet, it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous echo? Sometimes its response is a repetition. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the echo. Near Coblenz, that which is said has seventeen echoes. In 1776, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one soap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well 210 feet deep at Carisbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well, and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn. But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say or do comes back in recollection of gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

1. Parental teaching and example have their echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no echo, or a distorted echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to querulousness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and there will be a magnificent life that will reverse things and there will be no more cranks among that kindred. In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right; what they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members. You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton, and you ask him: "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh! he has been dead many years." "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh! she died fifteen years ago." "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh! no," says the sexton. "He is up there in the siders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary?" "I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh! no," says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And, when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way

into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says: 'Oh! Lord! with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh! no, you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it.' The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an echo, a glorious echo, a prolonged echo, of parental teaching and example.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said, "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said, "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope, and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years; therefore my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I have never tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother." This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farm house. The statutory of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But, here is a slipshod home. The parents are a Godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did, and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some blanks, and we will trust to luck." Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say: "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously, and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say. 'Is it possible?' you cry out. 'Yes, it is possible.' The family is a complete wreck. My hearses, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the echo, the awful echo, the dreadful echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is what my text calls 'the sounding of the mountains.' Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the circles we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death, named after him; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

So, also, the judgment day will be an echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God give us a judgment day." But, we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison ye visited me." All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world-wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought. On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "the sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax county, Virginia, found that all the

notes were returned, although some of them came in raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all returned, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow. Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm, some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles, and say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right." That one lying utterance against bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in the five ruined lifetimes, and five destroyed eternities. You see the echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and says to the young men, who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after a while. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an over-ruling providence. Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and he has always seen me through. I remember when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is there were two old folks out on the old farm praying for me, and I knew it, and somehow I could not do as some of the clerks did or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Christian association prospering?" About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant, and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian death-beds, and five heavens. From all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "the sounding again of the mountains."

Yes, I take a step further in this subject, and say that our own eternity will be a reverbation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time only is our enlarged time. In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quilliant, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock, it does not pass from brig to schooner, or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world, we will be in the world to come. Oh! God! by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now, that we may be right forever!

"Well," says someone, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this echo?" My answer is: "God can and he only." If it is a cheerful echo, we do not want it stopped; if a baleful echo, we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in this world to do is to stop an echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theaters and music halls have been ruined by an echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the echo and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the echo quiet. Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled into echoes. In state of worryment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of the Smithsonian institute at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this: two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh! this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle echo! There is only one being in the universe who thoroughly understands it—"the sounding again of the mountains."

Oskaloosa proposes to build many new buildings in 1892.

INVESTMENTS IN LAND

A Retrospective View by an Intelligent Observer.

Northwestern Iowa Ten Years Ago the Same as South Dakota and Nebraska Now—The Prospects Hopeful for All.

Mr. Joseph Sampson, of Sioux City, a large investor in western lands and a most competent observer and judge of values, has recently published the following interesting sketch:

In the month of June, 1883, accompanied by a friend, I drove across the country northwest from Storm Lake to Sheldon, in O'Brien county, to attend a land convention being held under the auspices of Geo. D. Perkins, the newly appointed commissioner of immigration for the state of Iowa. The distance between Storm Lake and Sheldon is a straight line across the county is about sixty miles. On this drive we passed over many solid sections of vacant prairie, the late leaving Buena Vista county and getting into the corner of Clay and O'Brien counties we began to note vacated houses and abandoned farms, the number growing quite large as we came near the county seat town of Primghar, where we stopped for refreshments. While we were eating lunch the proprietor of the restaurant begged us to buy his farm, which we had passed on the way. It lay two miles east of town and was mortgaged for about \$500. He wanted \$200 for his equity, but felt that we would not be safe in offering him \$100 for his homestead, subject to the mortgage for fear he would take us up. This would have made the farm cost us less than \$5 per acre. It had a comfortable little house and a nice grove of trees, and about eighty acres under cultivation. We had noted the farm on our way along with special interest on account of the over-supply of dilapidated machinery that we saw scattered around the house and in the grove adjoining. Hundreds of farms we found could be bought on as favorable terms in several of the counties of northwestern Iowa at this time, and the burning questions that were discussed at the land convention were how to attract settlers to our prairies and how to best promote the prosperity of those already settled. We discussed flax growing, dairy business, the grain, timothy, clover, etc. During the convention we heard from Alexander Peddle, representing Scotch colonists, and Close Bros., representing English colonists. L. S. Coffin, of Fort Dodge, made a stirring address, pointing out the necessity of keeping the lands for American farmers who would yet come in by the thousands and appreciate the magnificent opportunities our prairies afforded of founding fine homes. Willis Drummond, jr., of Chicago, was on hand with his lieutenants representing the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul land grant, and other men were on hand representing the land grant departments of other railroad companies. These gentlemen were all perfectly willing to let the land be invaded by the peasant farmers of Europe, or India for that matter, provided the lands were sold at fair prices and a good first cash payment made on the purchase.

Looking back across only the brief period of eleven years and thinking of the really desolate character of northwestern Iowa perfect to a wonderful extent, so that it is impossible for a farmer to get more than ten miles from a railway station. The Northwestern line has been built through from Eagle Grove to Cedar Rapids and Northern line through from Grove to Waterloo, and the Chicago and North Western Central branches from Cherokee to Onawa and Sioux Falls; and last but not least, the Sioux City and Northern, with its great lake outlet for the products of the soil. If someone had predicted at our land convention that within a few years the prairie would be so thickly settled that it would be impossible to find a vacant acre of land in the section referred to than has been made by us in Iowa between the years 1883 and 1892? The soil of the prairies west of us is as fertile as is that of Iowa, perhaps more so, having a larger quantity of lime in the soil, the making sure a better quality and yield of small grain. The climate is the same. The one drawback that has been menacing the people of portions of South Dakota—namely, the lack of moisture—is now in a fair measure being overcome by irrigation. It is clearly shown that the irrigation of immense areas of South Dakota is purely a mechanical question, that is to say, a question of reaching the underground flow of water, and then, when it is found, distributing it properly in the right season over the land in crop. Millions of acres however, that are yet to be brought into cultivation will yield profitable crops without irrigation, so that whether irrigation becomes the commercial success that is hoped for or not, still the state of South Dakota is capable of sustaining an agricultural population ten times greater than it has at present and still not have its first-class lands as compactly settled as are the lands of some of the eastern states.

To give more than a mere hint at the filling up of Dakota and Nebraska that is sure to come within the next ten years would seem to be unnecessary, for our most thoughtful people fully concur in the idea of the rapid settlement of the cheap lands west of us. There is no such body of cheap lands to be found on the globe today having the same climatic conditions and railway facilities. No other section of the country today presents such a field for land investment or speculation. East of us very little unimproved land is left to sell and the improved lands are ranging from \$30 to \$45, while to the west of us the same quality of land with as good market facilities can be bought at from \$10 to \$20 per acre. With the rush of new settlers and the stir and enterprise that will be re-acted upon the smaller towns and villages will be built up. The building up of the towns and villages will in turn affect business in our city and give to our people the opportunity of aiding and fostering further enterprise that will re-act upon and improve the general industrial and commercial development of the country surrounding.

We have entered into a period of good average prices for farm products. This is a happy circumstance, for a number of years without any question. In other words, we will not see the same depression of agricultural products that has kept our farmers behind for the past six or seven years. Aside from the European demand for our breadstuffs we are getting nearer

to the point where the domestic consumption equals the domestic supply. For the next four years, as Erastus Wiman has put it, "the farmer will be on top," that we will all rejoice in the prosperity of the farmer goes without saying, and that this prosperity will incidentally affect us all, and improve our condition on every hand, may serve to fill us with hope as we enter upon the year 1892.

A FEW THOUSAND BUSHELS SHORT, A Spurge in Wheat and What it Suggested to a Visitor.

"70." "70 1-4." The floor was a living hell. A seething, raving torrent of half-crazed men; a babel of clamor; an air rent with wildly flung arms and hands.

The street had gone mad. It was one of those sudden fits of fury that come after a long period of stagnation; the air trembles with the storm for a while; then the tempest, dying, leaves naught behind but the nerve-killing memory of it and the ruined lives that lie behind.

This time it was wheat. The bulls were tossing it up viciously. The bears were grinding their teeth and waiting for the break to come. Would it come? The messenger boys were breathless. The arms that were not flung skyward landed out orders and telegrams so rapidly that the wires could hardly carry it all. Fortunes were hanging on threads, threads of wire; the Western Union was making money, whether it was bull or bear that won.

"Ah! That was a cable, that time. 'London selling.'" "70." "69 3-4." The pit became more like a witch's caldron than ever. Blood-purple faces, blue-swelling veins, hoarse, inarticulate yells, uncouth, joint-loosening gestures—all the animal things in man most patent. Saw you over the tigers fed in the Zoological? Bah—a very gentle sight—to this!

"69 1-2." The bears yelled louder. The market was bending to them. It was, with many of them, a fortune either way. It was the battle for wealth crowded into hours; many drag it through a lifetime. But all the fierceness of a life's struggle was essenced here.

"69 1-2." "69 3-4." "70." The bulls leap in a very frenzy of glee. It was another cable from London. "Strong buying tendency." Then advices of a panic in the West—wheat rising like a kite.

The bears began to waver. The "shorts" trembled. It was the bulls' opportunity—to become rich suddenly. To break there—no matter. "70 1-4." "70 1-2." The climb began. The fractions were despised. The jumps were by cents.

If it had been hell on the floor before it was a greater inferno now. The shorts turned pale. But they still fought. Grim, savage, desperate, bloodless.

It was no use. The price went up steadily as the thermometer towards a summer noon. There was a fever in the West, and it was contagious—by wire.

Now it was "80." Would the clock never strike the closing hour? No; there were fortunes to be made; lives to be ruined. For the wheat itself, who cared? It was the same wheat all the time, but— "90." Still upwards. "\$1.00." Pa! There is a little ring of smoke in one corner, and under there is a dead man, with a fuming pistol hanging to a limp hand. The crowd surges hisward a little.

"Corbridge," says some one, "he was a good many thousand bushels short. It'll be hardish on his family." "\$1.01." And the market closes.—Chicago Tribune.

TEA AS IS TEA. Monkey Brand Tea Is Worth Two Dollars and a Half an Ounce.

"What do you think of that tea?" asked a friend at whose house I was dining a few days ago and whose wife had just poured me a second cup of the inviting liquid.

"Well," I responded, "I'm not much of a judge of tea. This is a little strong, isn't it?" "Strong," said he, "well I should say so. Do you know you are drinking monkey tea, worth \$2.50 an ounce?"

"Now, look here," said I, "you have just returned from China, I know, and I am willing to take most of your marvelous yarns with a grain of salt, but when you attempt to ring in any monkey brand tea at \$2.50 an ounce on me, why, I draw the line."

"I assure you," responded my friend, "that I am perfectly serious. In one of the southern provinces of China there is a variety of the tea plant which grows upon the sides of some high and almost inaccessible cliffs. It is considered to be the best tea grown in China. To gather the leaves the natives have trained monkeys. These animals gather the product, which they put into little baskets strapped on their arms. The tea is very strong and of course, very valuable."

"Why," said he, answering my look of incredulity, "they have birds trained to catch fish over in China. Every schoolboy knows that. It is very hard work to train these monkeys, but the Chinese are great animal trainers."

"Now I'll tell you something else about tea. In the grand courtyard of the Imperial Palace at Peking are two very large tea bushes. These are incased in glass houses and are carefully guarded by attendants appointed for the purpose. For many years the only tea drunk by the imperial family has been plucked from these bushes. One of these plants, by the way, died a few years ago. It is still zealously watched, though, and no one, under penalty of death, save those who guard them, may even touch one of the plants."—N. Y. Herald.

The University of Michigan has determined to add women professors and lecturers to its faculty.

INVENTORS, TAKE HEED.

The Crying Needs of America Today Are Inkwells and Keyholes.

American scientists waste too much time grappling with the mightier problems, and do not devote sufficient attention to smoothing the rocky roads of every day life.

Especially is this error common with the inventors who, in their anxiety to produce something big and complicated neglect the practical walks of humanity, and thereby miss opportunities of acquiring much wealth.

We do not pant so loudly for perpetual motion as we do for non-bagging trousers. Instead of staying awake of nights cogitating over a motor that will not mottle let Keeley produce a turkey composed entirely of white meat. Give us an ink well that sounds an alarm on the approach of a mudslide brush. Above all, devise for us a lock that needs no key—one that will open at the pronouncing of some magical word, for example.

The American citizen who, in the cold, gray dawn, with the mercury chattering zero, has shivered for minutes that seemed centuries, chasing a key hole all over his front door, will rise up and call the inventor of such a lock blessed.

And if there be truth in spiritualism Ezra Tallcott, of Montana, came home after a protracted seance with the flowing bowl. Not being in a frame of mind proper for nice distinctions he attempted to open his door with a revolver.

During the heat of the ensuing debate between the keyhole and the shooting iron the trigger took a hand and a bullet found shelter in Ezra's abdomen. The funeral occurred several days after.

Here is a case which accentuates the crying want of an improved keyhole. Now, then, you inventors, come down out of the clouds and get to work.

Among the natives of Australia notched and carved sticks are used for messages. For instance, a piece of wood carried from one village to another, with straight and curved lines cut upon it means, "There is a fight on hand; fetch your spears and boomerangs." The North American Indians have utilized wampum belts from time immemorial for like purposes, the arrangement of the different colored beads conveying the signification desired.

The authorities of the city of Tambo have printed check books containing each ten to twenty checks. Every baker in the city gives for every check a pound of bread, for which it charges the city two hoeps. The residents of the city were notified not to deal out any money to mendicants, for such money is in most cases spent on drink, but to buy checks at the city hall and to distribute them among the poor.

A comparatively new system of construction, the invention of M. Monier, is being applied to the building of houses, bridges, fortifications, reservoirs, sewers, etc. It consists of a network of iron rods covered with cement concrete, and the most remarkable feature in connection with it is the great strength of the constructed material relatively to its weight.

A few weeks ago there was found in central Missouri a small boulder or nugget of copper weighing twenty-three pounds. It is eleven inches long, six inches wide and three inches thick at the thickest part. It is almost entirely pure copper, but with a thin crust of the green carbonate all over it.

Ethel—I think I shall be safe in marrying George; he should never marry me for my money.

Maud—How do you know?

Ethel—I'm told he doesn't care for money; throwing it away as fast as he gets it.

—There died at the little fishing village of Port au Port, Del., the other day, Shubert Burrows, a brother of Rube Burrows, the outlaw. Shubert was a deserter from the confederate army, and afterward a member of Rube's outlaw gang. For the last twelve years he had lived alone in a cabin on the Delta water shore, and maintained himself by fishing and trapping. He was buried the day after his death, and after the funeral expenses had been paid out of the \$10 realized by the sale of his possessions the rest of his fortune went to charity.

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

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINMAN & MANVIN, Wholesale Drug Lists, Toledo, O. 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.

Cigar ashes are used for medical purposes as a cure for ringworm, epidermal scabs, etc. They are useful on account of the lime and alcoholic properties they contain.

A seamstress recently died of blood poisoning. The mischief resulted from using a dirty metal thimble marked with verdigris.

In twelve years the city of Paris has expended \$270,000 on statues and \$85,000 on ornamental fountains.

BRECHAM'S PILLS enjoy the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world. Made only in St. Helena, England.

A parasite which kills forty grasshoppers an hour is to be imported in large numbers from Australia.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeble peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season of life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves seem strained to their utmost; the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its restorative and tonic power, soon

Cures Indigestion, restores harmony to the system, gives strength of mind, nerves, and body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla which is curative power is Peculiar to itself. Hood's Pills cure liver. Price 25c.