DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DEPLORABLE RESULTS OF INDOLENCE PORTRAYED.

Solomon's Satire and Denunciation of the Sluggard—Some Are Born Lazy, Some Achieve Laziness and Some Have Laziness Forced on Them.

Good Came Wasted.

Dr. Talmage's text was Proverbs xii, 27, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

David and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah and Solomon of the text showed that some time they had been out on a hunting expedition. Spears, lances, swords and nets were employed in this service. A deep pitfall would be digged. In the center of it there was some raised ground with a pole on which a lamb, would be fastened, and the wild beast not seeing the pitfall, but only seeing the lamb would plunge for its prey and dash down, itself captured. Birds were caught in gins or pierced with arrows. The hunters in olden time had two missions—one to clear the land of ferocious beasts, and the other to obtain meat for themselves and their families. The occupation and habit of the hunters are a favorite Bible simile. David said he was hunted by his enemy like a partridge upon the mountain. My text is a hunting scene.

A sportsman arrayed in a garb appropriate to the wild chase lets slip the bloodthirsty hounds from their kennels, and mounting his fleet horse, with a halloo and the yell of a greyhound pack they are off and away, through brake and dell, over marsh and moor, across chasms where a misstep would hurl horse and rider to death, plunging into mire, up to the haunches or into swift streams up to the bit, till the game is tracked by dripping foam and blood, and the antlers crack on the rocks, and the hunter has just time to be in at the death. Yet, after all the haste and peril of the chase, my text represents this sportsman as being too indolent to dress the game and prepare it for food. He lets it lie in the dooryard of his home and become a portion for vermin and beaks of prey. Thus by one master stroke Solomon gives a picture of laziness, when he says, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." The most of hunters have the game they shot or entrapped cooked the same evening or the next day, but not so with this laggard of the text. Too lazy to flay off the hide. Too lazy to kindle the fire and put the gridiron on the coals.

The first picture I ever bought was an engraving of Thorwaldsen's "Autumn." The clusters of grapes are ripe on the vine of the homestead, and the returned hounds, panting from the chase, are lying on the doorsill and the hunter is unshouldering the game, while the housewife is about to take a portion of it and prepare it for the evening meal. Unlike the person of the text, she was enough industrious to roast that which had been taken in hunting. But the world has had many a specimen since Solomon's time of those whose lassitude and improvidence and ability are described in my text. The most of those who have made a dead failure of life can look back and see a time when a great opportunity opened, but they did not know it.

They were not as wise as George Stephenson, "the father of railways," who, when at 16 years of age he received an appointment to work as a pumping engine for twelve shillings a week, cried out, "Now, I am a made man for life." God gives to most men at least one good opportunity. A great Grecian general was met by a group of beggars, and he said to them: "If you want beasts to plow your land I will lend you some. If you want land I will give you some. If you want seed to sow your land, I will see that you get it. But I will encourage none in idleness." So God gives to most people an opportunity of extrication from depressed circumstances. As if to create in us a hatred for indolence, God has made those animals which are sluggish to appear loathsome in our eyes, while those which are fleet and active he has clothed with attractiveness.

The tortoise, the sloth, the snail, the crocodile repel us, while the deer and the gazelle are as pleasing as they are fleet, and from the swift wings of innumerable birds God has spared no purple or gold or jet or crimson or snowy whiteness. Besides all this, the Bible is constantly assaulting the vice of laziness. Solomon seems to order the idler out of his sight as being beyond all human instruction when he says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And Paul seems to drive him up from his dining table before he gets through with the first course of food with the assertion, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Now, what are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I knew a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner, and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from the natural temperament. It do not know that there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may generally be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or treading on their heels.

You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and lounging within doors while his brothers and sisters are at play, or if he join them he is behind in every race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is so stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and active only when he cannot digest what he has eaten. It requires as much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a slow sailing vessel, a heavy hulk and an insufficient cutwater. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be shaken to pieces in one day. Every law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His great duty is resistance.

When I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a warship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and would have destroyed the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a handspike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too slow, too nervous or too lymphatic. God help him for God only can.

Furthermore, indolence is often the result of easy circumstances. Rough experience in earlier life seems to be necessary in order to make a man active and enterprising. Mountaineers are nearly always swarthy, and those who have toiled among mountains of trouble get the most nerve and muscle and brain. Those from whom have become the deliverers of nations, once had not where to lay their heads. Locusts and wild honey have been the fare of many a John the Baptist, while those who have been fondled of fortune and petted and praised have often grown up lethargic.

They have symptoms of that heroism which comes from fighting one's own battles. The warm summer sun of prosperity has weakened and relaxed them. Born among the luxuries of life exertion has been unnecessary, and therefore they spend their time in taking it easy. They may enter into business, but they are unfitted for its appliction, for its hardships, for its repulses, and after having lost the most of that which they have invested, go back to thorough inaction. This costly yacht may do well enough on the smooth, glassy bay, but cannot live an hour amid a chopped sea.

Another cause of indolence is severe discouragement. There are those around us who started life with the most sanguine expectation. Their enterprise excited the remarks of all compeers. But some sudden and overwhelming misfortune met them, and henceforth they have been inactive. Trouble, instead of making them more determined, has overthrown them. They have lost all self reliance. They imagine that all men and all occurrences are against them. They hang their heads where once they walked upright. They never look you up in the eyes. They become misanthropic and pronounce all men liars and scoundrels. They go melancholic and threadbare to their graves. They cannot rouse them to action by the most glittering offer.

In most cases these persons have been honorable and upright all their lives, for rogues never get discouraged, as there is always some other plot they have not laid and some other trap they have not sprung. There are but few sadder sights than a man of talent and tact and undoubted capacity giving up life as a failure, like a line of magnificent steamers rotting against wharves, from which they ought to have been carrying the exportations of a nation. Every great financial panic produces a large crop of such men. In the great establishments where they were partners in business they are now weighers or draymen or clerks on small salary.

Reverie is also a cause of indolence. There are multitudes of men who expect to achieve great success in life, who are entirely unwilling to put forth any physical, moral or intellectual effort. They have a great many eloquent theories of life. They are all the while building something to turn up. They pass their life in dreaming. They have read in light literature how men suddenly and unexpectedly came to large estates, or found a pot of buried gold at the foot of the rainbow of Good Luck, or had some great offer made them. They have passed their life in reverie.

Notwithstanding he is pinched with poverty and any other man would be downcast at the forlorn prospect, he is always cheerful and sanguine and jovial, for he does not know but that he may be within a day or two of astounding success. You cannot but be entertained with his cheerfulness of temper. All the world wishes him well, for he never did anybody any harm. At last he dies in just the same condition in which he lived, sorrowful only because he must leave the world just at the time when his long thought of plans were about to be successful.

Let no young man begin life with reverie. There is nothing accomplished without hard work. Let no man for one expect something to turn up. It will turn down. Indolence and wickedness always make bad luck. These people of reverie are always about to begin. They say, "Wait a little." So with the child who had a cage containing a beautiful canary and the door of the cage was open and a cat was in the room. "Better shut the door of the cage," said the mother. "Wait a minute," said the boy. While he was waiting the feline creature with one spring took the canary. The way that many lose the opportunity of a lifetime is by the same principle. They say, "Wait a minute." They need not to wait at all.

Again, bad habits are a fruitful source of indolence. Sinful indulgences shut a man's shop and dull his tools and steal his profits. Dissoluteness is generally the end of industry. There are those who have the rare faculty of devoting occasional days or a week to their indulgences, and at the expiration of that time go back with bleared eyes and tremulous hands and bloated cheeks to the faithful and successful performance of their duties. Indeed their employers and neighbors expect this amusement or occasional season of frolic and wassail.

Some of the best workmen and most skillful artisans have this mode of conducting themselves, but as the time rolls on the season of dissipation becomes more protracted and the season of steadiness and sobriety more limited, employers become disgusted and the man is given up to a continual and ruinous idleness. When that point has arrived he rushes to destruction with astonishing velocity. When a man with wrong proclivities of appetite has nothing to do, no former self respect or moral principle to keep him straight, the kindred can save him. The only safety for a man who feels himself under the fascination of any form of temptation is an employment which affords neither recreation nor holiday.

Nothing can be more unfortunate for a man of such inclination than an occupation which keeps him exceedingly busy during a part of the year and then leaves him for weeks and months entirely unemployed. There are many men who cannot endure protracted leisure. They are like fractious steeds that must constantly be kept to the load, for a week's quiet makes them intractable and uncontrollable. Bad habits produce idleness, and idleness produces bad habits. The "probability is that you will either have to give up your loose indulgences or else give up your occupation. Sin will take all enthusiasm out of your work and make you sick of life's drudgery, and though now and then between your seasons of dissipation you may rouse up to a sudden activity and start again in the chase of some high and noble end, even though you catch the game you will sink back into slothfulness before you have roasted that which you took in hunting. Bad habits unfit a man for everything but politics.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiness of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains, and scooping out death damps from the caves, and blasting the miasma of swamps, and hurling back the field of scorching sand, these are healthy just because of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But, after awhile, the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long, then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead.

The fountain, born far up in the wild wood of the mountain, comes down brighter for every obstacle against which its driven, and singing a new song on every shelf of rock over which it bounds, till it rolls over the water-wheels in the valley, not ashamed to grind corn, and runs through the long grass of the meadow, where boys reach down to dip their branches, and the unyoked oxen come at eventide to cool. Healthy water! Bright water! Happy water! While some stream, too lazy any more to run, gathers itself into a wayside pool, where the swine wallow, and filthy insects hop over the surface, and reptiles crawl among the ooze, and frogs utter their hideous croak, and by day and night there rises from the foul mire and green scum fever and ague and death. There is an endless activity underfoot and overhead.

Not one four o'clock in the flower-bed, not one fly on the window-pane, not one squirrel gathering food from the cones of the white pine, not one rabbit feeding on clover tops, not one drop falling in a shower, not one minnow glancing in the sea, not one quail whistling from the grass, not one hawk cawing in the sky but is busy now and is busy always, fulfilling its mission as certainly as any monarch on earth or any angel in Heaven. You hear the shout of the plowboys busy in the field and the rattle of the whiffletrees on the harrow, but you do not know that there is more industry in the earth upturned and in the dumb vegetation underfoot than in all that you see.

Furthermore, notice that indolence endangers the soul. Satan makes his chief requests over men who are doing nothing to do, or, if they have, refuse to do it. There is a legend that St. Thomas, years after Christ's resurrection, began again to doubt, and he went to the Apostles and told them about his doubts. Each Apostle looked at him with surprise and then said he must be excused, for he had no time to listen to any one. Then St. Thomas went to the devout women of his time and expressed his doubts. They said they were sorry, but they had no time to listen. Then St. Thomas concluded that it was because they were so busy that the Apostles and the devout women had no doubts.

Idleness not only leads men into associations which harm his morals, but often thrusts upon him the worst kind of skepticism. Loafers are almost always infidels, or fast getting to be. Consummate idlers never read the Bible, and if they appear in church can be distinguished in an audience of a thousand by their listlessness. They are too lazy to hear. It is not so much among occupied merchants, industrious mechanics and professional men always busy that you hear the religion of Jesus maligned, as in public lounging places, given up to profanity and dissoluteness. They have no sympathy with the Book that says, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

I never knew a man given up to thorough idleness that was converted. Simon and Andrew were converted while fishing, and Lydia while selling purple, and the shepherds at Bethlehem watching their flocks heard the voice of angels, and Gideon was thrashing on the thrashing floor, but no one was ever converted with his hands in his pockets. Let me tell the idler that there is no hope for him either in this world or in the world which is to come. If the Son of God, who owns the whole universe, worked in the carpenter shop of Joseph, surely we, who own so little, yet want so much, ought to be busy. The redeemed in Heaven are never idle. What exciting songs they sing!

On what message of love they fly through all the universe, fulfilling God's high behests and taking worlds in one circuit; rushing with infinite fierceness against sin, cruelty and oppression, and making the gates of hell to quake at the overthrow of the principalities of darkness, and in the same twinkle of an eye speeding back to their thrones with the news of sinners repentant. The River of Life is ever flowing, and the palms ever waving, and the harps ever sounding, and the temple always open, and the golden streets always a rush with chariots of salvation, and the last place which you ought ever to want to go to is Heaven, unless you want to be busy.

Alas, my hearers, that in this world there should be so many loungers and so few workers. We go into the vineyard of the church and we hear the arbor groan under the heft of the vines and the clusters hanging down, large and thick and ripe, cluster against cluster, fairer than the land of Eshcol and the Augusta, and at a touch they will turn into wine more ruddy than that of Libanus and Helbon. But where are the men to gather the vintage and tread the wine press? There comes to your ear a sound of a thousand wheat fields ready for the sickle. The grain is bending its head, for it is full, it is golden. It waves in the sunlight. It rustles in the wind. It would fill the barns. It would crowd the garners. After awhile it will lodge, or the mildew and the rust will smite it.

Oh, where are the reapers to bind the sheaves? The empty sickles of God are polished. You see the glitter of their bucklers. You hear the pawing of their chargers, and all along the line of battle is heard the shout of their great captain, and at the armies of the living God they hurl their defiance. They come, not by cumbers like the hosts of Sennacherib, but their multitude is like the leaves of the forest, and the sound of their voices like the thunder of the sea. Mailed in hell's impenetrable armor, they advance with the waving of their banners and the dancing of their plumes. Their ranks are not easily to be broken, for the batteries of hell will open to help them and ten thousand angels of darkness mingle in the fight. Where are the chosen few who will throw themselves into the jaws of this conflict?

King James gave to Sir John Scott, for his courage, a charter of arms with a number of spears for the crest and the motto, "Ready! aye, ready!" And yet, when God calls us to the work and the cause demands our espousal and interests dreadful as the judgment and solemn as eternity tremble in the balance, how few of us are willing to throw ourselves into the breach, crying, "Ready! aye, ready!"

Oh, I should like to see God arise for the defense of His own cause and the disenthralment of a world in bondage! How the fetters would snap and how the darkness would fly, and how Heaven would sing. You have never seen an army like that which God shall gather from the four winds of Heaven to fight His battles. They shall cover every hilltop and stretch through every valley and man the vessels on every sea. There shall neither be uproar nor wrath nor smoke nor bloodshed. Harvests shall not lie waste in the track nor cities be consumed. Instead of the groans of captives shall come the song of those redeemed.

Yet the conquest shall be none the less complete, for if in that hour when all should be vigilant the church of God should neglect to seize the prize and the cause should seem to fail, from the graveyards and cemeteries of all Christendom the good and faithful of the past would spring to their feet in time to save the cause, and though the sun might not again stand still above Gibeon, or the moon in the valley of Ajalon, the day would be long enough to gain a decisive victory for God and the truth.

But my text is descriptive also of those who hunt for opportunities, and when they get them, do not use them. The rabbit they overcome by an early morning tramp lies for weeks uncooked in the dooryard. The deer that they brought down after long and exhausting pursuit in the Adirondacks lies on the doorsill undressed and the savory venison becomes a malodorous carcass. They roast not that which they took in hunting. Opportunities laboriously captured, yet useless, and that which came in invitingly, like a string of plover and quail and wild duck hung over a hunter's shoulder, turns to something worse than nothing.

So with Agrippa when almost persuaded to be a Christian. So with the lovely young man who went away from Christ very sorrowful. So with tens of thousands who have whole hands full of golden sands full of sacred opportunities which profit them nothing at all, because they roast not that which they took in hunting. Oh, make out of this captured moment a banquet for eternity. The greatest prize in the universe to be won is the love and pardon of Christ. Win that and you can say:

> Now I have a friend
> Whose love shall never end.
> Jesus is mine!

Weather Predictions.

Shall we ever be able to forecast the weather? This inquiry is certainly one of great interest, not only as a matter of curiosity but also as a question of practical importance. The many problems involved in its discussion have hitherto baffled all efforts at solution. All we can do in such cases is to wait, not only for facts and observations, but also for their patient scientific discussion. As yet astronomerl are the only modern prophets whose predictions can be implicitly relied upon. The eclipses of the twentieth century or the positions of the planets 500 years hence can be foretold with unerring certainty. But let us remember that in the time of Copernicus even this would have been impossible. Dr. Halley was the first to predict the return of a comet—a prediction not verified till 1759. Within the memory of persons now living the appearance of meteoric showers could no more have been foretold than can rain-storms and tornadoes now. But changes of the weather are as much within the domain of law as the motions of comets and planets. He would be a rash man, therefore, who should affirm that the limit of our knowledge in this direction has already been reached. At the same time it must be confessed that the question is entangled with perplexing difficulties. There are a number of factors to be combined in the calculation. (1.) The influence of the sun, the great source of our heat; the state of its surface, its magnetic condition, its spots, etc., all of which, more or less, affect the terrestrial atmosphere. (2.) Other possible influences from without, as the passage of the earth through meteoric streams like those, for instance, of August and November. (3.) Terrestrial magnetism, the aurora borealis, the influence of mountain ranges, ocean currents, etc., etc. In view of all these facts it seems obvious that meteorology as a science can have no rapid advancement. We must wait, and work and hope, and indulge the Vennors, the Tices, the Hazens, and even the Wigginses. Like the organist out West they are doing the best they can.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

As a law, metals are poisonous in proportion to the elevation of their atomic weight, or the low degree of their specific heat. This law is the result of comparatively recent and certainly most interesting investigations. Thus, in comparing cadmium and zinc, it was found that the former was much more active than zinc, the two having the relations indicated; barium, again, was more poisonous than strontium, and the latter than calcium. This law has also been verified by comparison of the groups of tellurites; thus, the latter and selenites are extremely poisonous—much more so than the sulphides, which are scarcely dangerous. Finally, oxygen, which belongs to the group of sulphur, selenium and tellurium, is only poisonous when animals are exposed to the compressed gas, so that their blood is made to contain about double the normal quantity.

MASSACHUSETTS fisheries employ 25,117 persons, and at least 100,000 persons are supported by this industry, which has just passed through an unusually prosperous year in 1882.

THE nearer some people are to being nobody, the oftener they assert that they are as good as anybody.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Edward T. Oliver, the Springfield Real Estate Merchant, Shoots Himself—A Mob Make a Weak Attempt at Lynching at Quincy—Two Drownings.

From Far and Near.

THOMAS POTTS, a young farmer, residing several miles from Carlyle, was drowned in Flat Branch while trying to wade the stream. He leaves a wife and children.

JOHN SAVAGE, an inmate of the Scott County Poor House, has had the remarkable good fortune to fall heir to a fabulous sum of money, left him by relatives in England.

THREE men and a woman were badly injured by the collapse of a one and one-half story brick cottage at 43 West Fullerton avenue, Chicago. One of the men and the woman will probably die.

THE Kaskaskia River is again upon the rampage at Queen's Lake, ten miles east of Mascoutah. The water is within a few inches of the high-water mark of two weeks ago, and it is still rising rapidly. The lowlands south are again submerged.

AT a mass meeting at Benton to nominate members of the board of education W. W. McFall, C. Moore, Henry Hudson, E. P. Harrison and J. M. Jones were selected. The question at issue is for or against the erection of a new school building.

THE Illinois Auditor of Public Accounts has issued a permit to C. Wendell, J. W. Musgrave, C. Van Gespen, J. C. Skinner, H. Kromming, Philip Seville, E. Musgrave and James N. Longen to organize the Hartsburg State Bank at Hartsburg, Logan County, with a capital stock of $25,000.

AT Quincy, Ill., an attempt was made at midnight to lynch W. J. Jamison, the murderer of Charles Aaron. Joseph Schlottman was chosen as leader and a mob of about thirty made a determined rush upon the county jail. When the doors were reached, however, they were weakened and failed to stand by Schlottman and the murderer still lives.

EVER since the municipal election Nashville has been in a state of turmoil on account of saloon licenses. All but three licenses ran out, and all closed their doors save two. One of these procured a year's license from the city clerk immediately after the election, and proposes to fight it out on that line. Threats have been made on both sides, and the settlement of the question may lead to violence.

IN a little room in a dingy one-story structure at No. 106 23d street, Chicago, lies the body of Noah L. Smith. He was known by few of the people in the neighborhood, and his death caused little or no comment. But twenty-five years ago he was one of the wealthiest men of Illinois—Associate in business of J. Russell Jones, B. H. Campbell, Henry Corwith, and George S. Blanchard. He was 62 years old and died of heart-disease.

EDWARD T. OLIVER, of the Springfield real estate firm of Brinkerhoff & Oliver, committed suicide. Mr. Oliver went down to his office, and after exchanging a few words with parties in the office he retired to a rear room and shot himself through the heart. Friends attributed the rash act to mental depression, caused by an attack of the grip. Mr. Oliver went to Springfield a few years ago from Virginia, Ill. He was about 45 years of age and leaves a widow and three children. His oldest son is attending Princeton College. He has a brother at Jacksonville, Ill., another at Kansas City, and a sister at Kellogg, Iowa. He was well-to-do financially, and owned one of the most pleasant homes in the city.

CHARLES AARON, of Chloia Township, near Quincy, was brutally murdered Tuesday morning by a negro doctor named Smith, alias Jamisen, who had been attending Aaron's mother for cancer. Aaron had agreed to give the negro $500 for curing his mother, Jamison demanded his money. Aaron refused, saying his mother was not yet cured. Jamison pulled a 44-caliber Colt revolver and shot Aaron in the head. His victim died within a few moments. Jamison then pointed the revolver at Aaron's father and made him sign a check for $300. Then he grabbed his valise and started down the railroad track for Quincy. The neighbors were called, and in a few moments a half-dozen were following the negro down the track with shotguns. Jamison fired at them steadily and with the coolness. When his revolver was emptied he would sit down on the bank and deliberately reload it, thus keeping his pursuers at a distance. Two trains, a passenger and a freight, came along, going toward Quincy. Jamisor tried to flag them with his red handkerchief. The conductors saw the armed men after him and refused to stop. After he had gone three miles a deputy sheriff appeared with a Winchester rifle and shot the murderer in the hip and through the fingers of his left hand, and Jamison threw away his weapon and surrendered.

AT Leadwood City, Miss Graybill, while lighting a lamp, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

TWO THOUSAND acres are submerged near Whitehall, and further damage is threatened. Roads and bridges at Ramsey have suffered, and serious damage is reported from Jerseyville.

CHIT FLEMING, who is charged with starting the fire which burned down part of the town of Waverly, was arraigned in Jacksonville. Evidence against him was circumstantial, but he was held for trial. He furnished $1,000 bail.

PETE BOGARDUS, son of Captain A. H. Bozardus, the champion wing shot, was badly injured by a powder explosion at his shooting gallery in Lincoln. The sight of one eye, not both of his eyes, was destroyed. The explosion was caused by a spark from a cigarette falling into a powder can.

GERRY VAN FRANK, formerly in the ice business at Quincy, and a farm hand named Leidig were drowned in the Fabius River, in Marion County, Mis souri, Saturday night, while attempting to cross the swollen stream.

BUCK DICKERSON and Tom Davis, the two negroes on trial for the murder of Marcus Deitsch, a Russian peddler at Richview, on Dec. 26 last, were found guilty of murder in the first degree. Since the verdict has been known undoubted evidence has been made public that the negroes would have been lynched had the verdict been other than it is.

Price of Tea.

The cost of common tea is about 1 cents per pound. The cost of manufacture, export duty, packing, etc., about double the price; so that the cost on board ship amounts to about 5½ cents a pound. About 300 or 400 pounds of brick tea go to a "basket," made of light bamboo. Two baskets form a camel-load. Brick tea is in bulk about one-sixth of ordinary tea. In Mongolia, where the nomad population of herdsmen live little use for money, their tents, clothing, food and temples being supplied by their flocks, brick tea forms a standard of value and a convenient medium of exchange, as it is in universal demand for food. A brick or half a brick of the tea is placed in a copper vessel and boiled up with mutton fat and butter, and the food is eaten hot in a liquid condition. Lately a new commodity has come on the Hankow market, to which is given the name of log tea. It is an inferior tea, with stalks, packed in the shape of logs, which weigh from eight to eighty pounds each log. The tea is wrapped in the leaves of the Bambusa latifolia, and then reduced in bulk by binding round the log with lengths of split bamboo. This log tea is sent to the Chinese ports for consumption, and is packed thus from motives of economy, both of packing and of freight.

SPRING MEDICINE

Needed by Nearly Everybody.

In the spring months the necessity of a good blood-purifying, strengthening medicine is felt by the large majority of people. During the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, as a consequence of close confinement in poorly ventilated tenements, stores and work-shops, or too high living. Therefore, when the milder weather comes, the blood is unable to sustain the various organs of the body, and a need additional strength, and the consequence is what tired feeling, biliousness, sick headache, possibly dyspepsia, or the appearance of some blood disease. So popular has *Hood's Sarsaparilla* become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be *The Standard Spring Medicine.* It thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, overcomes that tired feeling, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparted to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

Australia's Size.

The size of Australia is not generally appreciated. The seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, including Alaska. New South Wales alone is as large as the thirteen States. Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that State, with New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts added; Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is as large as Great Britain. Queensland surpasses the united areas of Austria, France and Germany. South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as Western Australia, which has nearly four times the extent of Texas. The total population is close upon four millions.

A MAN who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

MESSRS F. J. CHENEY & CO.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practical experience I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

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Both are true and not true; the first is prudent—one cannot begin too early.

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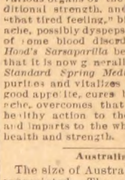

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