MEN WHO FIGHT FIRE.

Chiefs of Fire Departments on Prevention of Conflagrations.

A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A Long Branch despatch says: Streamers decorated the roller skating rink in the rear of Leland's Ocean Hotel yesterday when the Convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers was called to order. The Convention was opened on Tuesday, when one hundred chiefs of fire departments in cities all over the country assembled. Yesterday fifty more came to the meeting.

Chief Shay, of New York, said with regard to "The Safe Construction of Heating Apparatus," that much danger arose from steam pipes passing through or near wood.

Ex-Chief Damrell, of Boston, said he knew a case where a pipe three-eighths of an inch in diameter was laid through a pine flooring. The pipe was filled with superheated steam. A small leak in the pipe admitted a little cold air, which, with the steam, ignited the charred wood around the pipe and set fire to the building. He thought many fires originated in this way.

Another fireman said a physician obtained a jet of flame several feet in length by admitting cold air through an aperture in a pipe filled with superheated steam. It was suggested that if the wood next to the pipes was protected by a tin covering it would lessen the danger. It was resolved to request the Legislature to act in this matter.

The next subject discussed was the best measures for the repression of incendiarism. All the speakers agreed that fully nine-tenths of incendiary fires are due to insurance companies which offer premiums to agents, and thus encourage the latter to procure over-insurance. This they thought was offering an inducement to bad men to set fire to their property for the sake of the insurance. The firemen were thus the victims both of fire bugs and of the insurance companies. All the speakers believed a large majority of the fires in this country were of incendiary origin, and that there were few fires due to accident that were not conquered by the firemen.

Then the fire chiefs adjourned to take lunch and to drive over the country. Last night they had a reception at the Ocean House. Gov. Abbett made a speech welcoming them. There were many other speeches, but the feature of the evening was a story told by ex Chief Sexton, of St. Louis. "Phelim O'Toole," said he, "was an Irish sailor, who came into the St. Louis fire department while I was the chief. A better, braver, or hardier worker I never had under me. It was only when he had whiskey on him that he was contrary, and then he was a regular Tartar. But, as a rule, he was as strong as an ox and as gentle as a child. He was promoted for bravery until he became foreman of Skinner's truck. One bitter night, in the winter of 1874, the Southern Hotel caught fire. It was an awful fire. When all but one corner had been consumed we were horror-stricken to find that Prof. Reise, of Washington University, and his wife, were in the sixth story. Phelim at once started up a ladder, taking a rope with him. He was 95 feet above the ground when he found that the ladder was 15 feet short."

"Take some sheets and tie one end up there and then let them drop," he yelled.

"The professor was almost overpowered with smoke, but he did just what he was told. In two minutes the sheets tied together were secured above and the other end lowered to Phelim. The draught kept it out of his reach. He eyed it for a minute. There was a crowd of 20,000 people watching him. Then he jumped for the sheet and caught it and went up hand over hand till he got into the window. Then you would have thought that the people had gone crazy. They cried and shouted and laughed at the same time. Well, to make a long story short, he got them down all right, and got down himself, too, just in time, for we had barely cleared the street when the walls fell.

"Phelim got a medal, of course. He was killed at a $10 fire in a cellar afterward by the explosion of an extinguisher. The whole town turned out at the funeral. Mr. and Mrs. Reise cried like babies over his grave, and they often visit the grave now."

WHOLESALE MURDERERS

Shot in their Tracks by Officers of the Law.

A last (Wednesday) night's Gainesville, Texas, despatch says: About midnight a waggon arrived in this city carrying the bodies of Jim and Pink Lee, noted desperadoes and outlaws, who for two years have been a terror to the people of Delaware, Bond and Cook counties. Their plan of operation was to steal cattle on the Texas side and drive them across the river into Indian Territory, where the three Lee boys had a ranche. Last April, while John and Henry Roff, two respectable cattle owners of this county, with two officers, one of whom was a Deputy United States Marshal, were on a searching expedition in the Chickasaw nation for cattle bearing the Roff Brothers' brand, they came upon the stronghold of the Lee gang and approached the stockade to arrest the cattle thieves. The desperadoes opened fire through the port holes of their fortifications, killing both the Roffs and the two officers, whose bodies lay exposed for several days and were partially eaten by hogs.

Since the massacre large rewards have been offered for the capture of the Lee brothers, dead or alive. Bill Lee, with two members of his gang named Stern, was captured in May and taken to Fort Smith, Ark., for trial. All efforts to locate and capture Jim and Pink Lee proved unavailing until Monday, when Detective Thomas, of Fort Worth, learned that the Lee brothers were somewhere in the vicinity of Dexter, a small village in this county. Taking two officers with him, Thomas started in search of the desperadoes. About 3 p.m. they came upon the outlaws cutting a pasture fence. The officers dismounted and crept up to within forty yards of them, and ordered them to surrender. The outlaws fired for answer, and the officers returned the fire, killing Pink Lee in the first volley and wounding Jim in the neck. Jim fell, but fired ten shots at the officers before he was killed. Thousands of people have viewed the remains. Jim and Bill Lee were the leaders of a gang of about twenty thieves. In the past two years they are said to have committed over forty cold-blooded murders.

Storms in Northern Seas.

A Gloucester, Mass., telegram says: The schooner, David A. Story, the first of the Iceland fleet, arrived home this morning. She reports rough weather and the stormiest season on the inland coast since 1857. All the fleet met with losses of fishing gear, etc. A heavy gale prevailed from July 8th to the 11th, in which the schooner Marguerite of this port lost most of her fishing gear. The schooner Carrier Dove lost two dories and one man.

The lasso commonly used by cowboys made of sixty feet of rope, a third of which forms the loop. When thrown, it is swung over the head and left shoulder and then over the right shoulder, with a peculiar turn of the wrist calculated to keep the loop open until it encircles the object at which it is flung. Expert throwers do not pride themselves on catching a steer by the horns, but try to hurl the noose in front of the beast that he will step into it, thus entangling his legs and throwing him. In a Wyoming exhibition a cowboy repeatedly caught a bull by any leg that the spectators named.

ONE MORE SIR ROGER.

Another Claimant for the Tichborne Estate.

A Washington despatch says: There is a new Tichborne claimant. He lives in California, served in the Federal army and navy during the late war, and has filed an application in the pension office for a pension on account of wounds received while in the army. He has a friend in town who says that with the money which he hopes to obtain as arrears of pension, if he should be granted a pension—some two thousand or twenty-five hundred dollars—he hopes to establish the fact that he is Sir Roger Tichborne. At the request of this friend the claimant's present name and address are withheld.

The story the claimant tells is that on his way to Australia after he left home he was shipwrecked on an island, from which a passing ship took him and his companions to San Francisco. Thence he drifted to New York, but did not attempt to go to England, being half unwilling, half ashamed to go home. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted under an assumed name in the navy. As a man of intelligence and unusual refinement he was well regarded by all the officers, except the captain, of his ship. The latter treated him so badly that he deserted. He then married in New York city a respectable but uneducated girl of the lower class. Feeling still more estranged from his home, he again enlisted, this time in the army, and under another assumed name, which he still bears. He was twice wounded. Once all the fingers of his left hand were shot away and again he was shot in the body. The result of his wounds was a temporary aberration of mind, during which he wandered back to New York, and the war was over before he could return to his regiment, so he stands a technical deserter from the army. After the war he took his wife and went to California. There he hired out as a day laborer on the ranches in Southern California, and there he has been ever since. He is now a laborer, but has charge of the work on a certain ranche. He told nobody his story. He had given up all idea of ever returning to England. His health was shaken; his habits had changed; his wife and his poverty were obstacles. But a few months ago a lady visiting at the ranche learned his secret and urged him to go to England and try to establish his identity. He said that even if no other reason prevented him, his poverty was a barrier. Then she asked whether he had ever procured a pension, and when she learned that he had not, urged him to do so and to use the money to establish his claim to the Tichborne title. This he said he would do.

MISCEGENATION.

South Carolina Young Men Punish Those Guilty of the Crime.

A last (Friday) night's Charleston (S.C.) despatch says: A full account has been published of the recent doings of bands of white regulators in Fairfield county, showing that their motive is a determination to abolish miscegenation. Last July regulators, composed of the best young men of the county, visited a farm near Ridgeway, where lived a white family named Boyle, where one of the daughters was living openly with a negro man. Two others kept a disreputable house for negroes. The regulators whipped Boyle, his wife and two daughters, and warned them to leave the county in ten days. Boyle begged to be allowed to harvest his crop, and on account of his poverty he was given leave to do so, but in the meantime, the original order being disobeyed, the regulators gave the family another whipping. Next the regulators visited parties between Ridgeway and Winnsboro', and whipped them badly. Lloyd Davis, who has a negro mistress, was next visited; he got away, but his household furniture was badly broken up, and his colored family warned to quit. Tom Davis, the richest merchant in Ridgeway, was given ten days to quit because he had a negro mistress and family. He left his business in the hands of his clerks and left for Mississippi. Ross Williams, living with a negro woman, was visited and showed fight, but was severely whipped, as was his mistress, and ordered to leave. About ten families, all mixed, have felt the power of the regulators so far. The excuse the regulators give is that the grand jury do not take cognizance of those living in open adultery because it is so hard to prove the existence of such a fact. These people could not be reached by the law, and so it was determined to reach them outside of the law.

A VOODOO'S REVENGE.

She Frightens a Family to Death.

A Hendersonville (N.C.) despatch says At Brovard lived Henry McCorkle (colored) with his wife and four children, aged 4, 7, 5 and 2 years. Three or four days ago a colored woman named Carver called there, saying she was a Voodoo doctress. They gave her shelter and she remained until yesterday, when she and McCorkle quarrelled, and he ordered her to leave his house. She left in a rage, saying she would conjure the whole family. This frightened McCorkle, who offered to let her come back, but she refused. She went to a stream near by and gathered some mud, which she made into a ball, placing in it several hairs from her head and other things. She then returned to McCorkle's house, and after pronouncing some gibberish fell on her knees and threw the "conjuror ball" against the house, where it adhered. McCorkle was half-crazed with fear, and begged the woman to remove the ball, but she refused and left the place. In a few hours McCorkle complained of feeling ill, and soon afterwards his wife was compelled to take to her bed. Before nightfall all the children were ill and complained of griping pains in the back and stomach. Two physicians were summoned, but when they arrived they found McCorkle dead and his wife dying, and before assistance could be rendered she was dead. Emetics were administered to the children, the physicians suspecting poison, but two died before midnight. The other two recovered before midnight. An autopsy was held, but no trace of poison or disease could be found.

A Nine-Million Book.

By this sketch I see that the Appletons have made $9,000,000 out of their cyclopædia alone; $9,000,000 in the gross, of course, this means; but there is a good margin for profit. Out of their "Picturesque America" they have made $4,000,000. So, if they only published those two books, they would do well. "Webster's Primer," which they still publish, sells at the rate of 1,000,000 a year regularly, sometimes a few more, but never less. I said to Mr. Appleton, one day, that the publisher of three such books ought to be satisfied. Yes, he said, but unfortunately they publish other books, the success of which, or the non-success of which, made an inroad into the profits of the other publications. However, the house of Appleton is rich enough, and the most of its wealth comes through the subscription department. You can imagine that the subscription department does a big business when some of its agents make from $10,000 to $20,000 a year out of it. This is a good income for a book agent.—*New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

Mary Aiken Carlyle, the niece of the late great Thomas, has liberally contributed to a fresh volume of letters by Carlyle showing him in a more lovable light than the collection made by Froude, and the book is artfully advertised to be published in New York because it cannot be brought out in London on account of the exclusive right of editing and publishing given to Froude by Carlyle's will.

A SINGULAR SCENE.

Remarkable Actions of a Dove in Church.

The worshippers in the East Haven Congregational Church on Sunday morning witnessed a scene that will be long remembered. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Clark, was about finishing the prayer immediately preceding the sermon when a dove lit upon the centre gallery in full view of the congregation and began gently cooing. As the clergyman finished his prayer the dove flew to the side gallery and perched on the gallery railing about opposite the clergyman. When the pastor was reading the chapter from which his text was taken the dove cooed when the pastor's tones grew louder and stopped when he paused. The pastor was reading the first chapter of John's gospel, and when he read the thirty-second verse and came to the clause, "I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him," the dove, which had by its motions indicated an intention of flying to the pastor, flew to the desk and perched directly upon the open pages of the sacred volume. The pastor's text was the fourth verse of the chapter. The dove shortly after flew in a circle over the singers' heads in the side seats and settled down upon the platform below the pulpit, and here it remained throughout the sermon, occasionally emitting a "coo" as if in appreciation either of the pastor's words or the share of notice the congregation gave it. At the conclusion of the sermon the pastor stepped down to lead in the sacrament services, and before doing so closed the Bible, whereupon the dove flew up and lit upon the closed book and cooed. The bird thrice stepped off the book and returned to it. It then nestled down by the side of the sacred book and remained there until the sacrament service was closed. The climax here arrived. Mr. Clark finished the service with a few remarks in which, after noting the interruption that the dove had occasioned as having been remarkable in view of the singular coincidences which all had noted, he added that as the Holy Spirit had descended on Christ might not the presence of this winged visitor be taken as emblematical of the presence of the Spirit in this church at this time, whereupon the bird flew and lit directly upon the pastor's head. The effect upon the pastor and audience was electrical, and where before the dove had been regarded with simple curiosity and had caused smiling faces, now many of the ladies were moved to tears and the whole assembly seemed to be deeply and strangely affected. The pastor took the dove down and held it against his breast, and in that position closed the services with the benediction. The dove was Stevy Bradley's pet dove, which had followed him to church. He saw it following him and motioned it back. The dove flew back, but seeing Stevey's sister *en route* to church took heart and followed her and when she entered the church the bird stole in by the gallery stairs and flew into the gallery. There being no one in the galleries the bird had no one near it, and from this vantage ground descended upon the pulpit.—*New Haven Journal and Courier.*

SAILORS' SUFFERINGS.

Rescued From a Wreck in Mid-Ocean.

A Glasgow cable says: John de Winter, master of the barque Stanhope, gives the following story of the loss of the Norwegian barque Rogaland and of the rescue of the four survivors: I sailed from Rockland on August 2nd for the Clyde. About 9 o'clock in the evening of the 12th we ran into a lot of wreckage and fell foul of the top of a ship's house. Two hours later we were startled by the cries of several men. We shouted back and hove to, expecting to see a boat. None appeared, but the cries continued. At last we heard a feeble voice, begging for God's sake to send help. We launched a boat which pulled in the direction from which the cries came. After a short time the boat returned with Svend Helegensen, the second mate of the Rogaland, a seaman Hendrickson, and a boy named Nelson, who had been picked up in the last stage of exhaustion floating on a raft built of deals. They reported that they formed part of the crew of the Rogaland, and with the exception of the steward Kaudt Nelson, whom we picked up after an anxious search on the following morning also floating on some deals, were the only survivors. Helegensen said the Rogaland had capsized in a fearful gale on the 10th. The captain and several of the crew clung to the keel of the boat, but the sea soon swept them off. Helegensen and Nelson were sinking, when, with a last effort, they clutched at a plank that was drifting by, and hanging to it managed to keep their heads above water until several planks and a bit of rope floated in their way. In the morning Hendrickson succeeded in joining them, and the steward, who had also escaped, followed their example and made a second raft. All suffered much from hunger and thirst. On the 11th they sighted a steamer, but she passed by without heading their signals.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

Where the Women Get Ahead of the Men Under the English Law.

The Married Women's Property Act has had a strange, but unavoidable, result. A wife, suing without her husband or a next friend, cannot be compelled to give security for the costs of the action, even though she may have no separate estate, and nothing upon which execution may issue if she fails. This was the decision of Lords Justices Cotton and Lindley *in re* Isaac; Jacob vs. Isaac, on the 4th inst. Some weeks ago, *in re* Robinson; Pindar vs. Robinson, Mr. Justice Pearson expressed a doubt whether two married women who had no separate estate, except that which was the subject of the action, ought to be allowed to sue without giving security for costs. Eventually their husbands were made co-plaintiffs, without prejudice to the wives' claim that the property sought should be their separate estate. *In re* Isaac, however, the Court of Appeal, feeling bound to construe sect. 1 (2) as it stands, and finding that it says in plains words that a married woman shall be capable of suing and being sued, either in contract or in tort, and otherwise in all respects as if she were a *feme sole*, and that her husband need not be joined with her as plaintiff or defendant, were forced to the conclusion that she need not give security for costs. The startling consequence is that a married woman can engage in litigation apart from her husband, and is exposed, when she has no separate estate, to no liability as to costs.—*Law Times.*

Hint to the Other Passenger.

A young man came into the car groping through the aisle for a seat. His left eye was covered with a red handkerchief and his right was swollen nearly shut. A white handkerchief was around his head, tied under his chin. His left arm reclined lazily in a sling and his right was without ambition, though able to be around. His coat was torn, and his trousers looked as if he had made a Chicago slide for third base through a briar patch. He limped in one leg and didn't feel well in the other. "I say," said an inquisitive passenger, "been in a railway accident?" "Naw." Here was a brief pause and then the inquiry: "Runaway?" "Naw." Another pause, but finally the query, "Baseball?" "Naw." "Well, I say," exclaimed the inquisitive passenger, warmly, "will you be kind enough to tell me how in the world you did get banged up in that style?" "Certainly, sir," replied the afflicted individual, swinging his right hand around quite vigorously, and displaying a big muscle, "certainly, sir, certainly; I tried to stick my nose into another man's business."—*Denver Tribune.*

Men respect the religion of those who are ready to lend a helping hand in times of trouble.

THE GREAT ASSIZE.

Talmage Talks of the Gathering Together of all Peoples for the Last Judgment.

A TERRIBLE DAY OF RECKONING.

When the King Shall Stand With the Beggar and the Philosopher with the Boor.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached to an immense audience at the assembly-rooms, Cork, Ireland, on Sunday last. In spite of the rain many people came from a distance to hear him. Shortly after concluding the services Dr. Talmage sailed on the steamship Aurania for home.

The reverend gentleman read his text as follows:

When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.—Matthew xxv. 31, 32.

Half-way between Chamouni, Switzerland, and Martigny, said the preacher, I reined in the horse on which I was riding and looked off upon the most natural amphitheatre of valley and mountain and rock, and I said to my companion: "What an appropriate place this would be for the last judgment! Yonder overhanging rock the place for the judgment seat; these galleries of surrounding hills occupied by attendant angels; this vast valley, sweeping miles this way and miles that, the audience room for all nations." But sacred geography does not point out the place. Yet we know that somewhere, sometime, somehow, an audience will be gathered together, stupendous beyond all statistics, and just as certainly as you and I make up a part of this audience to-day we will make up a part of that audience on that day. A common sense of justice in every man's heart demands that there shall be some great winding-up day, in which that which is now inexplicable shall be explained. Why did that good man suffer and that bad man prosper? You say, "I don't know." But I must know. Why is that good Christian woman dying of what is called a spider cancer, while that daughter of folly sits wrapped in luxuriance, ease and health? You say, "I don't know." But I must know. There are so many wrongs to be righted that if there were not some great righting-up day in the presence of all ages there would be an outcry against God from which His glory would never recover. If God did not at last try the nations, the nations would try Him. We are, therefore, ready for the announcement of the text. The world never saw Christ except in disguise. If once when He was on earth He had let out His glory, instead of the blind eyes being healed, all visions would have been extinguished. No human eye could have endured it. And instead of bringing the dead to life all around about Him would have been slain under that overpowering effulgence. Disguise of human flesh, disguise of seamless robe, disguise of sandal, disguise of voice; from Bethlehem caravansary to mausoleum in the rock, a complete disguise. But on the day of which I speak the Son of Man will come in His glory. No hiding of lustre, no sheathing of strength, no suppression of grandeur, no wrapping out of sight of the Godhead. Any fifty of the most brilliant sunsets that you ever saw on land or sea would be dim as compared with the cerulean appearance on that day when Christ rolls through and rolls on and rolls down in His glory. The air will be all abloom with His presence, and everything from horizon to horizon aflame with His splendor. Elijah rode up the sky-steep in a chariot, the wheels of whirling fire, and the horses of galloping fire, and the charioteer drawing reins of fire on bits of fire! But Christ will need no such equipage, for the law of gravitation will be laid aside, and Christ will descend swiftly enough to make speedy arrival, but slowly enough to allow the gaze of millions of spectators. In His glory! Glory of form, glory of omnipotence, glory of holiness, glory of justice, glory of love. In His glory! An unveiled, an uncovered God, descending to meet the human race in an interview which will be prolonged only for a few hours, and yet which shall settle all the past and all the present and all the future, and be closed before the end of that day, which will close, not with the setting sun, but with the destruction of the planet, as snuffers take off the top of a burned wick. It is a solemn time in a court-room when there is an important case on hand and the judge of the supreme court enters, and he sits down, and with gavel strikes on the desk, commanding bar and jury and witnesses and audience into silence. All voices are hushed, all heads are uncovered. But how much more impressive when Christ shall take the judgment seat on the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of the world's existence, and with gavel of thunderbolt shall smite the mountains, commanding all the land and all the sea into silence. But what is all that commotion and flutter, and surging to and fro above Him and on either side of Him? It is a detailed regiment of heaven, a constabulary angelic, sent forth to take part in the scene, and to execute the mandates that shall be issued. Ten regiments, a hundred regiments, a thousand regiments of angels; for on that day all heaven will be emptied of its inhabitants to let them attend the scene. All the holy angels. From what a centre to what a circumference. Widening out and widening out, and higher up and higher up. Wings interlocking wings. Galleries of cloud above galleries of cloud, all filled with the faces of angels come to listen, and come to watch, and come to help on that day for which all other days were made. Who are those two taller and more conspicuous angels? The one is Michael, who is the commander of all those who came out to destroy sin. The other is Gabriel, who is announced as commander of all those who come forth to help the righteous. Who is that mighty angel near the throne? That is the resurrection angel; his lips still aquiver and his cheek aflush with the blast that shattered the cemeteries and woke the dead. Who is that other great angel, with dark and overshadowing brow? That is the one who, in one night, by one flap of His wing, turned 185,000 of Sennacherib's host into corpses. Who are those bright immortals near the throne, their faces partly turned toward each other as though about to sing? Oh, they are the Bethlehem chanters of the first Christmas night. Who are this other group standing so near the throne? They are the Saviour's especial body guard, which hovered over Him in the wilderness, and administered to Him in the hour of martyrdom, and heaved away the rock of His sarcophagus, and escorted Him upward on ascension day, now appropriately escorting Him down. Divine glory flanked on both sides by angelic radiance. But now lower your eye from the divine and angelic to the human. The entire human race is present. All nations, says my text. Before that time the American Republic, the English Government, the French Republic, all modern modes of government may be obliterated for something better; but all nations, whether dead or alive, will be brought up into that assembly—Thebes, and Tyre, and Babylon, and Greece, and Rome, as wide awake in that assembly as though they had never slumbered amid the dead nations; Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, all the nineteenth century, the eighteenth century, the twelfth century, the tenth century, the fourth century—all centuries present. Not one being that ever drew the breath of life but will be in that assembly. Vast multitude! No other audience a thousandth part as large. No other audience a millionth part as large. No human eye could look across it. Wings of albatross and falcon and eagle not strong enough to fly over it. A congregation, I verily believe, not assembled on any continent, because no continent would be large enough to hold it; but, as the Bible intimated, in the air. The law of gravitation unanchored, the world moved out of its place. As now sometimes on earth a great tent is spread for some great convention, so over that great audience of the judgment shall be lifted the blue tent of the sky, and underneath it for floor the air, made buoyant by the hand of Almighty God. A suspended auditorium. An architecture of atmospheric galleries strong enough to hold up worlds. Surely the two arms of God's almightiness are two pillars strong enough to hold up any auditorium. But that audience is not to remain in session long. Most audiences on earth after an hour or two adjourn. Some times in court-rooms an audience will tarry four or five hours, but then it adjourns. So this audience spoken of in the text will adjourn. My text says: "He will separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." "No," says my friend, "let them all stay together." But the text says: "He shall separate them." "No," say the kings of the world, "let men have their choice, and if they prefer monarchical institutions let them go together, and if they prefer the republican institutions let them go together." "No," says the conventionalities of this world, "let all those who moved in what is called higher circles go together, and all those who on earth moved in low circles go together—the rich together, the poor together, the wise together, the ignorant together." Ah! no. Do you not notice in that assembly the king is without his sceptre, and the soldier is without his uniform, and the bishop without his pontifical ring, and millionaire without his certificates of stock, and the convict without his chain, and the beggar without his rags, and the illiterate without his bad orthography, and all of us without any distinction of earthly inequality? So I take it from that as well as from my text that the mere accident of position in this world will do nothing toward deciding the questions of that very great day. "He will separate them as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." The sheep, the cleanest of creatures, here made a symbol of those who have all sins washed away in the fountain of redeeming mercy. The goat, one of the filthiest of creatures, here a type of those who in the last judgment will be found never to have had any divine ablution. Division according to character. Not only character outside but character inside; character of heart, character of choice, character of allegiance, character of affection, character inside as well as character outside. In many a case it will be a complete and immediate reversal of all earthly conditions. Some who in this world wore patched apparel will take on raiment lustrous as summer noon. Some who occupied a palace will take a dungeon. Division regardless of all earthly caste; and some who were down will be up, and some who were up will be down. Oh! what a shattering of conventionalities! What an upheaval of all social rigidities, what a turning of the wheel of earthly condition, a thousand revolutions in a second! Division of all nations, of all ages, not by the figure 9, nor by the figure 8, nor by the figure 7, nor the figure 6, nor the figure 5, nor the 4, but by the figure 2. Two! Two characters, two destinies, two estates, two dominions, two eternities, a tremendous, an all-comprehensive, all decisive, an everlasting two. I sometimes think that the figure of the book that shall be opened allows us to forget the thing signified by the symbol. Where is the bookbinder that could make a volume large enough to contain the names of all the people who have ever lived? Besides that the calling of such a roll would take more than fifty years, more than a hundred years, and the judgment is to be consummated in less time than passes between sunrise and sunset. Ah! my friends, the leaves of that book of judgment are not made out of paper, but of memory. One leaf in every human heart. You have known persons who were near drowning, but they were afterward resuscitated, and they have told you that in the two or three minutes between the accident and the resuscitation all their past life flashed before them—all they had ever thought, all they had ever done, all they had ever seen in an instant came to them. The memory never loses anything. It is only a folded leaf. It is only a closed book. Though you be an octogenarian, though you be nonogenarian, all the thoughts and acts of your life are in your mind whether you recall them now or not; just as Macaulay's history is in four volumes, although the volumes may be closed and you cannot see a word of them, and will not until they are opened. As in the case of the drowning man, the volume of memory was partly open, or the leaf partly unrolled. In the case of the judgment the entire book will be opened, so that everything will be displayed from preface to appendix. You have seen self-registering instruments which recorded how many revolutions they had made and what work they had done, so the manufacturer could come days after and look at the instrument and find just how many revolutions had been made, or how much work had been accomplished. So the human mind is a self-registering instrument, and it records all past movements. Now that leaf, that all-comprehensive leaf, in your mind and mine this moment, the leaf of judgment, brought out under the flash of the judgment throne, you can easily see how all the past of our lives in an instant will be seen. And so great and so resplendent will be the light of that throne that not only this leaf in my heart and that leaf in your heart will be revealed at a flash, but all the leaves will be opened, and you will read not only your own character and your own history, but the character and history of others. In a military encampment the bugle sounded in one way means one thing, and sounded in another way it means another thing. Bugle sounded in one way means "Prepare for sudden attack." Bugle sounded in another way means "To our tents, and let all lights be put out." I have to tell you, my brother, that the trumpet of the Old Testament, the trumpet that was carried in the armies of olden times, and the trumpet on the walls in olden times, in the last great day will give significant reverberation. Old and worn-out and exhausted time, having marched across decades and centuries and ages, will halt, and the sun and moon and stars will halt with it. The trumpet! the trumpet! Peal the first: Under its power the sea will stretch itself out dead, the white foam on the lip, in its crystal sarcophagus, and the mountains will stagger and reel and stumble and fall into the valley never to rise. Under one puff of that last cyclone all the candles of the sky will be blown out. The trumpet! the trumpet! Peal the second: The alabaster halls of the air will be filled with those who will throng up from all the cemeteries of all the ages—from Greyfriar's churchyard and the Roman catacomb, from Westminster Abbey, and from the coral crypts of oceanic cave—and some will rend off the bandage of Egyptian mummy, and others will remove from their brow the garland of green seaweed. From the north and south and the east and the west they come. The dead! The trumpet! the trumpet! Peal the third: Amid surging clouds and the roar of attendant armies of heaven the Lord comes through and there are lightnings and thunderbolts, and an earthquake, and a hallelujah, and a wailing. The trumpet! the trumpet! Peal the fourth: All the records of human life will be revealed. The leaf containing the pardoned sin, the leaf containing the unpardoned sin. Some clapping hands with joy, some grinding their teeth with rage, and all the forgotten past becomes a vivid [illegible] The trumpet! the trumpet? Peal [illegible] The trumpet! audience breaks up. The g[illegible] The ended. The high court of heaven adjourns. The audience hie themselves to their two termini. They rise, they rise! They sink, they sink! Then the blue tent of the sky will be lifted and folded up and put away. Then the auditorium of atmospheric galleries will be melted. Then the folded wings of attendant angels will be spread for upward flight. The fiery throne of judgment will become a dim and a vanishing cloud. The conflagration of divine and angelic magnificence will roll back and off. The day for which all other days are made has closed, and the world has burned down, and the last cinder has gone out, and an angel flying on errand from world to world will pause long enough over the dead earth to chant the funeral litany as he cries, "Ashes to ashes!" That judgment leaf in your heart I seize hold of this moment for cancellation. In your city halls the great book of mortgages has a large margin, so that when the mortgager has paid the full amount to the mortgagee, the officer of the law comes and he puts down on that margin the payment and the cancellation, and, though that mortgage demanded vast thousands before, now it is null and void. So I have to tell you that that leaf in my heart and in your heart, that leaf of judgment, has a wide margin for cancellation. There is only one hand in all the universe that can touch that margin. That hand this moment is lifted to make the record null and void forever. It may be a trembling hand, for it is a wounded hand. The nerves were cut and the muscles were lacerated. That record on that leaf was made in the black ink of condemnation; but if cancellation takes place, it will be made in the red ink of sacrifice. O judgment bound brother and sister, let Christ this moment bring to that record complete and glorious cancellation. This moment in an outburst of impassioned prayer, ask for it. You think it is the fluttering of your heart. O no! It is the fluttering of that leaf, that judgment leaf. I ask you not to take from your iron safe your last will and testament, but I ask for something of more importance than that. I ask you not to take from your private papers that letter so sacred that you have put it away from all human eyesight, but I ask you for something of more meaning than that. That leaf, that judgment leaf in my heart, that judgment leaf in your heart, which will decide our condition after this world shall have five thousand million years been swept out of the heavens, an extinct planet, and time itself will be so long past that on the ocean of eternity it will seem only as now seems a ripple on the Atlantic. When the goats in vile herd start for the barren mountains of death, and the sheep in fleece of snowy whiteness, and bleating with joy, move up the terraced hills to join the lambs already playing in the high pastures of celestial altitude, oh! may you and I be close by the Shepherd's crook! "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." Oh, that leaf, that one leaf in my heart; that leaf in your heart. That leaf of judgment. Oh, those two tremendous words at the last! "Come!" "Go!" As though the overhanging heavens were the cup of a great bell, and the stars were welded into a silvery tongue and swung from side to side until it struck, "Come!" As though all the great guns of eternal disaster were discharged at once, and they boomed forth in one resounding cannonade of "Go." Arithmetical sum in simple division. Eternity the dividend. The figure two the divisor. Your unalterable destiny the quotient.

Pointed Personal Paragraphs.

Jean Claude Bognet, mathematician, is dead.

The Archbishop of Aix has died from cholera.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris arrived in London on Thursday.

Emory A. Storrs, the distinguished lawyer, died at Ottawa, Ill., last week.

Archdeacon Farrar was among the passengers on the Sardinian, which arrived at Rimouski on Saturday.

Rev. W. Fletcher, of Shedden, and his whole family, except one child, are seriously ill with fever.

Sir Thomas Bateson, M.P., who acted as chairman of the Reception Committee in the recent Vice-Regal tour of Ireland, has been raised to the peerage.

Lord St. Leonards, who figured so prominently in a recent scandal, has gone to Australia on a purse raised by his friends on condition that he remains absent from the country.

The Queen has just restocked the royal free library at Balmoral with new books. The library is open to the inhabitants of Crathie Parish, and to all persons employed on the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates.

The Bishop of Gloucester, who is making a tour of Switzerland, while on his way to one of the churches in the mountains recently, slipped and fell into a chasm. He saved himself by catching hold of some brush, and was rescued unhurt.

Strength of Englishwomen.

I was looking at a number of English tourists in Broadway, the other day, while standing alongside of ex-Governor Osborn, of Kansas, who has just returned from the position of Minister to Brazil, and had observed the apparent strength and free movements of the women of the party, when he said: "Englishmen as a rule are magnificent types of physical strength. They develop in that direction by cultivating the habit and fashion of exercise. Their women walk a great deal, when ours sit in close parlors and take little exercise. The English women travel a great deal. Scarcely a steamer comes to Rio Janeiro that does not land great parties of travellers, both men and women. They start off over the mountains on long pedestrian journeys to get views of the beautiful Bay of Rio and of the mountain scenery. I saw a criticism in a New York paper a day or two ago on an English lord who had a party of ladies on a trip somewhere in this State, twelve miles from their hotel, who missed the last train and could only get back by rail by paying $25 for a special train, but let them walk back rather than pay so much. I thought, on seeing that, it was an even chance that the women insisted on walking back, that distance being nothing to an Englishwoman.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Carluke Presbyterians.

Paris Presbytery, at its last meeting, spent considerable time in regard to the proposed union of the Onondaga congregation with that of Carluke in the Presbytery of Hamilton. Dr. Cochrane presented a petition from the Onondaga Church asking the Presbytery to unite them with the First Church in Brantford. As, however, the Hamilton Presbytery were still negotiating for a union between Carluke and the Onondaga Church, further consideration of this proposal was deferred until 20th October next.

* * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

In France all the cows are milked on the left hand side, and the off-horse is always called the nigh one.

Take all a-all.

—*Take* all the Kidneys and Liver *Medicines.*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indigestion *cures,*

—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics.*

—Take all the [illegible] and Nerve force [illegible]

—Take all the *Great* health [illegible]

In short, take all the best qualities [illegible] these and the—*best,*

Qualities of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them,

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined.* Fail!!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MORRY. Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doct ring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it.'

—A WORKINGMAN

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

There is a great deal of cattle stealing in Ireland at present. A special says this is preferred to hamstringing by the moonlighters, as for cattle stolen the owners get no paying under a recent decision on the Malicious Injuries Act.

"Love Sees No Faults,"

it has been said; but, when a woman is dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow of her former self, with never a cheerful word, she can be no longer beautiful or lovable. Nature may have been generous in her gifts, and endowed her with all the charms of her sex, but disease has crept in unawares and stolen the roses from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the sunshine from her heart. But to be well again lies in your own power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," it will cure you; thousands have been cured by it. Nothing equals it for all the painful maladies and weaknesses peculiar to women. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

It is hard to satisfy some people. An admirer recently gave the editor of the Pioneer (Fla.) *Eagle* a present of a cow and a calf; and the week after he had a leader in his paper, beginning, "Now who will give us a horse?" He probably wants to look a gift horse in the mouth.

What It Will Do.

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, never fails to give prompt relief in the following complaints—Sprains, bruises, cuts, tic douloureux, rheumatism, spin