

Jackson County Items.

At last the Jackson county board of supervisors have made a move toward securing a new county house and jail.

The fellow who sat behind us at church last Sabbath can have a good clean pair of socks at our expense if he agrees to wear them when in the house of the Lord on Sunday.—Grass Lake News.

About 3 o'clock Thursday morning the barn and granary on the farm of Uriah Hatt, in Napoleon, was burned to the ground with all their contents of hay and grain. The loss amounted to about \$1,500, insured in the Farmers' Mutual for \$800. There had been no fire about the barn and Mr. Hatt believes the fire to have been of incendiary origin.—Citizen.

A number of leading citizens of Jackson secured an option on two tracts of land, had it platted and put it on sale last Monday at \$150 a lot, \$10 down and \$10 a month until paid for. The working men bought but the wealthy people failed to respond. Had the whole 2,000 lots been sold the company agreed to expend a certain sum in improving the addition, laying out parks, etc., and giving large sums to induce manufacturers to locate. It is the proper method of booming a town and ought to succeed. The wealthiest are now taking hold.

Washtenaw County.

The oldest supervisor in the county is 74, the youngest 27 years, average 47 years.

A crazy man named Weurthner attempted to kill a lady with whom he was stopping over Sunday at Ann Arbor.

Miss Kittie Savery, a normal student at Ypsilanti, slipped on the school steps on Tuesday and fell causing concussion of the brain.

Judge Jacob Krapp of Freedom was in the city yesterday on business. He said to the Times reporter, "If we only had a motor line from Ann Arbor to Saline and Manchester would it not be convenient? If it was running I would be in Ann Arbor very often."

The women say, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Feed him well and he is captured. The board of supervisors send around to the poor house keeper that they are going to inspect his place. He prepares a big dinner, feeds the sups, and they go away believing the county house the best public house in the country.

Yesterday a rather comical sight was seen on a Packard street car. A colored man was on board who had too often sipped of the cup that inebriates. When the conductor asked him for his fare he became indignant at the idea that he had no money to pay it, and therefore proceeded to take off his rubber boot. His stocking showed a big hole in the heel and out of this he pulled a dollar bill. "Do use, tink I hab no money?" he said, as he shook the bill under the conductor's nose. "I'll show youons." He pulled off the other boot, and out of a hole in the heel of the stocking, he pulled another bill. This display of money, or rather the way of reaching it, was embarrassing to the ladies in the car.—Washtenaw Times.

Lenawée County

Amasa Carpenter of Adrian, aged 81 years, died in his chair on Tuesday.

Clinton has been partially redeemed by a temperance lecturer named Woodford.

Editor Blanchard of the Clinton Local is receiving congratulations now on the advent of a son in his household.

Adrian people feel proud of their two year-old fillet, "Quickstep," who did up the best in the county at Lexington, Ky., last week in 2:27.

The proposition to enlarge the Clinton town hall is again being discussed. They certainly ought to have a larger hall and it could be made so at little expense.

C. B. Ackley of Adrian, aged 60 years, has been sentenced to hard labor in Jackson prison for 18 months for undue familiarity with a little ten-year-old girl.

Frank Divins of Clinton fell from a scaffold in James Haladay's barn and was hurt. He has employed A. F. Freeman of Manchester to see where the blame lies.

News: Mrs. D. S. Alvord and daughter returned from Chicago Saturday accompanied by Mrs. Case of Chicago, a sister of Mrs. Alvord, who makes a three or four weeks' visit in Clinton.

A lady in Madison attempted to bite a piece of celery on Tuesday when a sudden, sharp explosion took place, blowing the stalk from her mouth and causing blood to run from her mouth and a sickness at the stomach. It is supposed that a cap from a toy pistol must have been hidden in the stalk of celery.

Supervisor James is in Adrian attending the meeting of the board of supervisors which is in session there this week and next. Mr. James goes back and forth on his bicycle. We doubt if there is another supervisor in the state of his age who rides 20 miles a day on a wheel and then performs his duties on the board during its session.—Decatur News.

OUR POSSIBILITIES ARE GREAT

YOUR OPPORTUNITIES ARE CORRESPONDING.

We are in position to clothe one-half of Washtenaw County at the

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, ANN ARBOR.

We have the goods. We can name the right prices. When visiting the Eastern Market we had great success in buying goods upon our own terms. Wholesalers were overloaded. We relieved them.

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24,

We propose to open the Greatest Overcoat Sale in the County or State. **As a Flyer at 9 a. m.** Twenty (20) overcoats for men and boys at \$1.00 each.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS,

From the Wagner purchase at one-quarter off from the regular price. Everybody remembers our June Cyclone.

Look Out Now for Our October and November Whirlwind!

We are offering splendid inducements in suits at \$10, \$12 and \$15, but **As a Second Flyer** we have selected **100 Suits** good value at marked prices.

BUT IN THEY GO AT \$8.67,

This may cover cost of cloth and trimmings. These are in part from the Wagner purchase, winter weights, goods laid aside after the June rush, and just opened to

Create a Clothing Sensation, but Our Chief Pride Is the Tailor Made Suits and Overcoats.

These surpass the best merchant tailoring in style and workmanship.

IN THE CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT!

We will mention only one leader in each line. Childrens' suits, \$1.79; boys' suits, \$2.50; both worth two or three times as much.

A Case of Underwear Worth 50 cents a garment closed out at less than one-third of original cost, reduced during this sale to 29 cents. **Another Drive**

Is our \$1.00 white shirts, selling rapidly at only 69 cents.

EVERY DEPARTMENT CROWDED TO SUFFICATION AND ACHING TO BE UNLOADED.

Come to headquarters and gather the ripe fruit of choice goods and rare bargains.

A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier and Hatter,
Ann Arbor.

35 South Main St.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor on Wednesday the 21st day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.
Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Pauline Helena Babbitt, deceased.
Christian Geiger, the administrator of said estate comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render the final account of such administrator.
Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the 17th day of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at session of said court then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.
And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise*, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy)
WM. G. DORR, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday the 19th day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.
Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Anna Maria Schell, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of the petitioner, it appeared that the same was presented now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate and that administration of said estate may be granted to himself, the executor in said will named, or to some other suitable person.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th day of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.
And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise*, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy)
WM. G. DORR, Probate Register.

Real Estate for Sale.
STATE OF MICHIGAN—COUNTY OF JACKSON, ss. In the matter of the estate of Anna Walker, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrator of the estate of said Anna Walker, deceased, by the honorable judge of probate for the county of Jackson, on the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1891, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the premises hereinafter particularly described, in the county of Washtenaw, in said state, on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Manchester, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: The north half of lot B or middle subdivision of the northwest fractional quarter of section (20) third and the south part of said lot B or middle subdivision of the northwest fractional quarter of section (20) third, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of said lot B, thence along the line of lots north of said lot B, (15) fifteen chains and (82) eighty-two links, thence east two chains and (25) twenty-five links to the highway, thence along said highway south (44) forty-four degrees, east (75) seventy-five links, thence south (78) seventy-eight degrees, east (30) thirty chains and (43) forty-three links, thence south (44) forty-four degrees, east four chains and (58) fifty-eight links, thence south (80) eighty degrees and thirty links, thence north (85) eighty-five degrees, east (2) two chains and (33) thirty-three links, thence along the line of lots one degree, east (100) eighty chains and (82) eighty-two links, to the place of beginning, all in township number four (4) south of range number (3) three east, state of Michigan, and containing seventy-three and 84/100ths acres of land, more or less. Dated October 21st, 1891.
JONAH CRABR, Administrator of the estate of Anna Walker, deceased.

HERE WE ARE AT THE
MONTAGUE
BAZAAR!

And ready for business. We carry

a full line of

NOVELTY GOODS!

Also

STATIONERY!

China Cups and Saucers, Fruit Plates
Vases, Lamps.

TOYS & C.

Come and see our

5c & 10c COUNTERS!

No trouble to show Goods.

W. T. GEROW

Manchester.

One Dozen Denslow's
Tourist's Tags!
For attaching to
Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c.
10c.

Without strings ready to tie on

Sent by mail on receipt of six 2c stamps

or sold at the

Enterprise Office.

MILLINERY.

—Latest Fall styles in—

HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS.

—Ribbons—

German town and Saxony Yarns.

MISS L. PFISTER.

NOW IS THE TIME.
DON'T DELAY.
BUY
FALL HOUSE-CLEANING!
Is at hand. To make room for new
WALL PAPER

Gieske & Dresselhouse.

Also

STATIONERY!

China Cups and Saucers, Fruit Plates

Vases, Lamps.

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MISS L. PFISTER.

YOUR
SCHOOL SHOES
—Of us. The best fitting—
Cheapest and Most Durable Line
—Anywhere in the town—

ROLLER & BLUM

WE NEVER HAD

Such a Fine Line of

BED ROOM SUITS!

And other Furniture as We have now, and We have something new

for Manchester, in

Folding Beds, Side Boards, Fancy

Writing Desks, and Book Cases

Combined; Fancy Antique Oak Rockers, High Back Antique Oak Dining

Chairs, and a score of articles in as full assortment as any city store.

We now have a stock of

LATEST STYLES CARPETS!

At Low Prices. We are making a special cut in prices of Marble Top Goods

Picture Framing and Ordered Work a specialty.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

MANCHESTER.

CLARK BROTHERS.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings

of all kinds With our new

Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on

short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

Scroll Sawing, Etc.

—In—

First-Class Style

Mills at Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake

Shore Depot.

Manchester, - Mich.

F. STEINKOHL.

Very Respectfully,

in Manchester or vicinity.

NICEST LINE

—at a—

WALL PAPER

As I have got to make room for other

goods I will sell

BARGAINS IN

WALL PAPER.

White and Brown blanks.

Geo. J. Haessler.

SPECIAL PRICES!

on papers in stock for a short time.

FALL HOUSE-CLEANING!

Is at hand. To make room for new

WALL PAPER

YOUR

SCHOOL SHOES

—Of us. The best fitting—

Cheapest and Most Durable Line

—Anywhere in the town—

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JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

MANCHESTER.

WRITING ON THE SANDS.

I paused at early morn to trace
My name upon the sand;
Nor cared to think how soon the race
Of lapsing waters might efface
The record of my hand.
But now, alas, that human pride
So slight a thing may quell!
With words that were beneath the tide
I feel that all I've wrought beside
May disappear as well.
And dare I deem that all this strife
Of thoughts within my soul—
These hopes with which my heart is rife:
These longings for a glorious life—
Will find a better goal?
Oh, coward! when the trumpet's call
Is sounding in thy heart,
Pause not to basely reckon all
The risks to triumph, or to fall;
But forth—and act thy part!
I know not if the learned grain:
Oh barren stalks await
Mine autumn hours. Yet not in vain
My toil though I find the fruit restrain
Or grant the harvest life.
Oh, love that arteth but to be!
Oh, Faith that will not die!
Life, courage, strength, ye are to me
While all things change or fade or flee
In ocean, earth and sky.
—William Henry Hurbert in the Home Journal.

THOMPSON OF OURS.

The colonel blew on his fingers,
howled for fresh wood to be piled up
on the fire, and fell to the contempla-
tion of his thumb, which was frost-
bitten.
Before him upon the table lay the
loathsome sheets of foolscap known as
the "Annual Confidential Reports." Some
of these were already filled in, some
blank as yet. Each was headed by
the name of an officer, and fringed by
the impertinent personal riddle set
yearly for commandants to answer.

Now even when forced to look from
the point of view of disapproval upon
any one of his "boys" this honorable
kindly English gentleman held the
system of confidential disparagement
in horror.

He hated these grim skeleton
sketches in white and black. It was
always the same thing—the same
weary struggle to combine strict truth
with fair words; to put "Yes" where it
ought to be "No" and "No" where it
ought to be "Yes." For were they
indeed—these youths—zealous in
well-doing, all talented, all tactful,
all of equable temper? Had they every
one of them been endowed from their
cradles with unusual sagacity and
aptitude for command? Were they, in
short, ready-made generals from the
moment they entered the service?
Alas no! The colonel's eye wandered
to the crippled thumb again and then
to these under his other hand, and
presently fell upon a certain name
heading one of them. Whereupon he
curled the authorities in his heart for
a pack of fools and sighed. It was
Thompson—Lieut. William Thompson—
known by the name of "Billy."

He glanced down the list. Why
that very morning he had spent a bad
half hour in wiggling the youngster for
shortcomings in almost every item.
Late again for parade. Violent with
a Sepoy. Hadn't the faintest notion
of his drill and so on.

"What on earth am I to say for you,
sir?" he had asked, angrily, tapping
the bundle of uncompromising papers
at which Billy glanced with rueful dis-
pair in his honest eyes. "You are
distinctly careless, wanting in tact,
useless in office work—what's the use
of complaining of your writers, sir?
Inattentive and unargumentative. Ride?
Of course, and that's about all you're
fit for. That and tennis; but unluckily
these won't advance you in your
profession, nor gain you respect, nor
fit you for a command."

Then, the colonel had stolen a look
at the frank, bright face, and thought
for the millionth time how ridiculous
it all was. The lad was honorable
and brave. Why not trust to time
and training to do the rest? He
wanted a tight hand over him of
course; but why be forced to send up
a nasty, disparaging report of him to
headquarters?

Somewhat the colonel could not find
it in his heart to do it, and was still
worrying over it when a telegram
was brought in addressed "To the Of-
ficer Commanding." This was fol-
lowed shortly by a knock at the rough
door opening outward on to the cold,
wind-swept inclosure, a struggle to
shut the same, and a tall, smart-looking
officer entered, helmet in hand.

"Oh, that's you, Hamerton! I was
just going to send for you. There's a
row up Khunaz way. James, of the
police, wounded. Ghazis again killed
a lot of people. I'm ordered to send
an intelligent officer to investigate the
thing and report. You'll have a tick-
lish job, but I can rely upon you. I've
been thinking whom you had better
take. You see I can only spare one
or two, either Bates or Thompson.
Bates the longest head, and yet Thomp-
son—well, if it came to blows, some-
how I should prefer Thompson. But
do as you like."

"It shall be little Billy," said Maj.
Hamerton to himself, and proceeded to
the discussion of further details con-
cerning escort and commissariat ar-
rangements for the small expedition.

A little before midnight they started,
a party of fifteen in all; the two English
officers—Billy in a state of wildest joy,
and bursting with importance—a duf-
fedar, and twelve Sowars of the Khunaz
Horse. A second telegram had been
received soon after the first saying
that the Ghazis, who were few in num-
ber, had taken themselves off; that a
native hospital assistant was in charge
of James the wounded police officer,
and that he was to be brought back
here, because there was no other Eu-
ropean doctor nearer than Quetta.

"Hope we come across the beggars,"
Billy said, gleefully.

But the colonel, who had ridden out
a little way with the party and had
wished them "good luck," found him-
self saying something like a prayer in
his heart for the safe return of the
two men, who were, in his opinion, the
very pick of the regiment.

In times of peace these inglorious
little brushes with sneaking little
Ghazis are not among the pleasantest
features of service in Afghanistan.
Upon the third day after the depart-
ure of the expedition the colonel rode
out to reconnoiter along with the doc-
tor, who was always game for a ride.
The commanding officer was more
anxious than he allowed to appear.
Somehow a two years' sojourn in those
freaky wilds draws men very close to-
gether when they are made of good

stuff. The party ought to have re-
turned long ere this, and the colonel's
heart was disquieted within him. He
was scanning the horizon carefully,
when suddenly he pulled up and shaded
his eyes.

"What's that little cloud of dust,
doctor? Is it a devil or a couple of
horsemen?"

The doctor, whose eyes were
younger, answered that it was no
"devil" but horsemen, and that they
were making for camp.

"By jove!" exclaimed the colonel
with his field-glasses up, "it is—it's
Thompson and a Sowar!"

In another moment they were cut-
ting across to meet them.

Billy was riding a length or two in
front, and his jaded horse pulled
up of its own accord as he neared the
approaching riders. The Sowar sal-
uted, and remained stolidly immova-
ble in the back ground. Both men
and horses were caked with dust, and
wore a weary, dejected air.

"We're bringing in James all right,
sir," answered Billy in response to the
colonel's questioning gesture. "But
we had a fight—(Ghazis this side Khun-
naz, Hamerton's badly wounded—
I've come on for the doctor; his only
chance. The black fellow bolted who
was looking after James. Can the
doctor go at once, sir? This Sowar
wants a fresh horse, that's all."

After a word or two with the com-
mandant, the doctor sped toward camp
with the Sowar at his heels. He
paused for a moment by the side of
Billy, and looked him in the face.

"I shall be under way in ten min-
utes," he said. "Look here, old fel-
low, you've had about enough; go
home and turn in." He was struck by
the look of agony and mental strain
on the boy's face.

Once within camp limits the colonel
dismounted, giving his horse
over to a syce, walked beside the young
officer's horse with his hand on its
neck. Several fellows came up with
greetings and congratulations.

"Come straight to mess and have
something to drink before you tell us
anything," said the colonel, taking
hold of the horse's bridle as he spoke.
At the same moment he felt it slacken
within his grasp, and looking up he
saw that Billy was reeling in his
saddle, and that his lips were blood-
less.

"I—I think I'm done," he muttered
feebly, and fell sideways off his horse
into the colonel's arms.

They carried him over to the mess
and began taking off his military
great coat. Then something made
him open his eyes, and his face took
a little brave distorted smile.

"Hold hard!" he gasped; "I think
I've got a bullet somewhere, and—and
—my arm's smashed!"

"Why, do you snarl?" groaned the colonel,
laying him gently down, and looking
round upon the circle of horror-stricken
faces. "He knew this, and he has sent
away the doctor!"

It was some weeks before Maj.
Hamerton was able to tell the story of
Lieut. Thompson's heroic conduct—
how when he himself was wounded
and at the mercy of the murderers,
the young officer defended him single-
handed; how afterward he pushed on
into Khunaz and brought out James,
of the police more dead than alive,
and how, finally, while concealing the
fact that he had been shot in the right
arm, he rode forty miles in to get the
doctor, and thus for the second time
saved the major's life.

It was longer still though before
Billy was out of danger. The wound
looked up and down, and fever
from over exertion, and the long time
that had of necessity elapsed before
skilled care could be bestowed upon
it, and for weeks it was feared it would
go hard with Billy.

But in the end the harum-scarum
young devil got well, and the colonel
had the pleasure of sending up a "Con-
fidential Report" of a very superior
kind, together with a very brilliant
pendant which has resulted in the be-
stowal of the much coveted Victoria
Cross upon Lieut. William Thompson,
of Ours—Vanity Fair.

WILL SUPPLANT DYNAMITE.

Experiments with Ammonite Show that
It can be Made Safer.

Additional coal experiments and observa-
tions upon ammonite seem to confirm
the first opinions regarding its safety
and its power. Direct application of
heat or concussion fails to explode it.
Atmospheric changes exert no influ-
ence upon it whatever. It has been
tried in a large number of the most
dangerous coal mines in England
without igniting the gases which were
known to be present at that time. A
mixture of coal gas and coal dust was
not exploded by it, even when no more
than two inches of tamping was used.
Satisfactory that the railroads of the
United Kingdom accept ammonite as
freight, without the usual restrictions
placed upon explosives, and it even
meets the requirements of Sir George
Elliot for perfect security, which is
saying a great deal. Ammonite con-
sists of an intimate mixture of 81 per
cent of ammonium nitrate and 81 per
cent of mononitro-naphthalene. The
manufacture is extremely simple and
practically unattended with danger.
Being free from chlorates it is not li-
able to decomposition or spontaneous
combustion. Having no picric acid
or chlorinated derivatives of hydro-
carbons in its constitution it yields no
inflammatory or corrosive fumes among its
products of combustion.

Tests made in England on July 9,
showed that it has great strength, a
pile of twenty-nine pounds weight
being thrown from a mortar, elevated
45 degrees, to a distance of 820 feet
from the muzzle by a five-grain
charge, as against 289 feet by a similar
charge of No. 1 dynamite and 136 feet
by an equal weight of gunpowder.

Notwithstanding this, ammonite has
been proved of value in comparatively
soft material. Experiments are in
progress, however, to secure if pos-
sible a high efficiency with this ex-
plosive in hard rock work. While the
security claimed for ammonite is high-
ly encouraging, it should be remem-
bered that it is commonly "the unex-
pected that happens." It would seem
that ammonite possessed a special vir-
tue in the absolute safety of its separate
ingredients, and in the great ease of
its manufacture, which would enable it
to be made upon the spot where it
was needed by any one having even
a meager knowledge of chemistry, and
with a very inexpensive plant.—New
York Railroad Gazette.

GOSPEL OF PYRAMIDS.

DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE AT
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

The First of a Series of Sermons on
His Eastern Tour—"What I Saw
in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory
of the Scriptures."

BROOKLYN, Oct. 18.—At the Brooklyn
tabernacle this morning Dr. Talmage's
sermon was the first of a series he in-
tended preaching on his eastern tour,
entitled "What I Saw in Egypt and
Greece confirmatory of the scriptures."
His text was Isaiah 19: 19, 20: "In that
day shall there be an altar to the Lord
in the midst of the land of Egypt, and
a pillar at the border thereof to the
Lord. And it shall be for a sign and
for a witness."

Isaiah no doubt here refers to the
great pyramid at Gizeh, the chief
pyramid in Egypt, and this is the
great pillar of life; and the
text says it is to be at the border of
the land, and this pyramid is at the
border of the land; and the text says
it shall be for a witness, and the ob-
ject of this sermon is to tell what this
pyramid witnessed.

We had, on a morning of December,
1889, landed in Africa. Amid the
howling boatmen at Alexandria we
had come ashore and taken the rail-
road for Cairo. Egypt, along the
banks of the Nile, the most thoroughly har-
nessed river of all the world—the river
Nile. We had, at eventide, entered the
city of Cairo, the city where
Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt
during the Merodite persecution. It
was our first night in Egypt.

But how can I describe the thrill of
expectation for to-day we are to see
what all the world has seen or wants
to see—the pyramids. We are mounted
for an hour and a half ride. Though
there are six or seven pyramids still
standing, the pyramid of Gizeh is the
monument of pyramids.

We stand under the shadow of a
structure that shuts out all the earth
and all the sky and we look up and
strain our vision to appreciate the dis-
tant top, and are overwhelmed while
we cry, "The pyramid! The pyramid!"
Four thousand years old at least.

I had started that morning with the
determination of ascending the pyramid.
One of my chief objects in going
to Egypt was not only to see the base
of the pyramid, but to stand on the
top of it. Yet the nearer I
came to this eternity in stone the more
my determination was shaken. Its
altitude to me was simply appalling.

A great height has always been to me
a most disagreeable sensation. As we
descended the last of the pyramid
I said, "Others may go
up it, but not I. I will
satisfy myself with a view from
the base. The ascent of it would be to
me a foolhardy undertaking."

After I had given up all idea of ascend-
ing, I found my daughter was de-
termined to go, and I could not let her
go with strangers, and I changed my
mind and we started with guides. It
cannot be done without these helpers.
Two or three times I had seen them
have attempted it alone, but their
bodies came tumbling down unrecog-
nizable and lifeless. Each person in
our party had two or three guides or
helpers.

One of them unrolled his turban
and tied it around his waist, and he
held the other end of the turban
as a matter of safety. Many
of the blocks of stone are four
or five feet high and beyond any
ordinary human stride unless assisted.
But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs
to push, I found myself rapidly ascend-
ing from height to height, and on, to
altitudes terrific, and at last at the tip
top we found ourselves on a level
space of about thirty feet square.

Through the clearest atmosphere we
looked out upon the desert, and down
upon the winding Nile, and off upon
the sphinx with its features of ever-
lasting stone, and yonder upon the
minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun,
and yonder upon Memphis in ruins,
and off upon the endless sea of sand,
the battle-fields of ages, radius of
view enough to fill the mind and shake
the nerves and overwhelm one's entire
being.

After looking around for awhile, and
a kodak had been pictured the group,
we descended the pyramid, and I was
trying to see the depths beneath,
but coming down it was impossible not
to see the abasms below. But two
Arabs ahead to help us down, and two
Arabs to hold us back, we were lower-
ed, hand below hand, until the
ground was invitingly near, and amid
the jargon of the Arabs we were safe-
ly landed. Then came one of the most
wonderful feats of daring and agility.
One of the Arabs solicited a dollar,
saying he would run up and down the
pyramid in seven minutes. We would
rather have given him a dollar not to
go, but this ascent and descent in seven
minutes he was determined on, and so
he went, and in seven minutes he was
back to the top and was back again at the
base.

What an antiquity! It was at least
2,000 years old when the baby Christ
was carried within sight of it by his
fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary.
The stones of the pyramid were
drenched, bombarded, it shadowed,
fashed upon it, but there it stands
ready to take another forty centurie
of atmospheric attack if the world
should continue to exist. The oldest
buildings of the earth are juniors to
this great pyramid. The great
pyramid is said to be ten years prepa-
rations were being made for the
building of this pyramid. It has
82,111,000 cubic feet of masonry. One
hundred thousand workmen at one
time toiled in its construction. To bring
the stone from the quarries, cases and
ways 60 feet wide was built. The
stones were lifted by machinery such
as the world knows nothing of to-day.
It is 746 feet each side of the base.
The structure is 140 feet high, higher
than the cathedral of Cologne, St. Pe-
tersburg, Rouen, St. Peter's, and St.
Paul's. No surprise to me that it was
put at the head of the seven wonders of
the world.

I wonder not that this mountain of
lime and stone and rest and been
the fascination of scholars, of scientists,
of intelligent Christians in all ages.
Well, of what is this Cyclopean ma-
sonry a sign and a witness? Among
other things of the prolongation of
human work compared with the brevity
of human life. In the 4,000 years this
pyramid has only lost eighteen
feet in width, one side of its square at
the base changed only from 76 feet to
74 feet and the most of that, eighteen
feet taken off by architects to furnish
stone for building in the city of Cairo.
The men who constructed the pyramid
worked at it only a few years and then
put down the trowel and the compass
and the square and lowered the derrick
which had lifted the ponderous weight;
but forty centuries have their work
done, and it will be good for forty
centuries more. All Egypt has been
shaken in terrible earthquakes and
cities have been prostrated or swal-
lowed, but that Pyramid has defied all
volcanic paroxysms. It has looked
down upon some of the greatest battles
ever fought since the world stood. Where
are the men who built it? Their bodies

gone to dust and even the dust
scattered. Even the sarcophagus in
which the king's mummy may have
lain is empty.

To mend it but their work lives on.
We are building pyramids not to last
four thousand years, but forty thou-
sand, forty million, forty trillion, forty
quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a
man will build a trowel or a pen or
with the hammer or measure with the
yard-stick or write with the pen, or
experiment with the scientific battery,
or plan with the brain, and for a while
the foot walks and the eye sees, and
the ear hears and the tongue speaks.
All the good words or bad words we
speak are spread out into one layer for
a pyramid. All the kind deeds or
malevolent deeds we do are spread out
into another layer. All the Christian
or unchristian example we set is spread
out in another layer. All the indirect
influences of our lives are spread out
in another layer. Then the time soon
comes when we put down the imple-
ment of toil and pass away, but the
pyramid stands.

Our business and mine is not to
build a pyramid but to be one of the
hundreds of thousands who shall ring
a trowel, or pull a rope or turn a crank
of a derrick, or cry "O heaven!" while
lifting another brick to its elevation.
Though it be seemingly a small work
and a brief work, it is a work that
shall last forever in the last day
many a man and woman whose
work has never been recognized on
earth will come to a special honor.
The Ecumenical council, now in ses-
sion at Washington, its delegates
honored representatives of fifty mil-
lion Methodists in all parts of
the earth, will at every session
do honor to the memory of John
Wesley, but I wonder if any of them
will think to twist a garland for the
memory of his little helper, the
Moravian, who brought John Wesley
into the Kingdom of God. I rejoice
that all the thousands who have been
toiling on the pyramid of righteous-
ness will at last be recognized and re-
warded, the mother who brought her
children to Christ, the Sabbath school
teacher who brought her class to the
knowledge of the truth, the unpre-
tending man who saved a soul.

Then the trowel will be more honored
than the scepter.

Further, carrying out the idea of my
text, the Pyramid is a sign and a wit-
ness that big tombstones are not the
best way of keeping one's self affect-
ionately remembered. This Pyramid
and the sixty-nine other pyramids
standing were built for sepulchral
use, but this great pile of granite and
limestone by which we stand to-day,
to cover the memory of a dead king,
it was the great Westminster Abbey
of the ancients.

While there seems to be no practical
use for it, mortem consideration later
than that of one's great grand-
children, yet no one wants to be
gotten as soon as the obsequies are
over. This pyramid which Isaiah says
is a sign and a witness demonstrates
that neither limestone nor red granite
are competent to keep one's self af-
fectionately remembered. A man
neither can Parian marble, neither can
Aberdeen granite do the work. But
there is something out of which to
build an everlasting monument and
that will keep one's self remembered
for four thousand years, for ever and
ever. It does not stand in marble
yards. It is not to be purchased at
mourning stores. Yet it is to be found
in every neighborhood, plenty of it,
inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the
greatest stuff in the universe to build
a monument, under the name of mar-
ble, memories of those to whom we can
do a kindness, the memories of those
whose struggles we may alleviate, the
memories of those whose souls we may
save. All around Cairo and Memphis
have gone down the remains of pyramids
that have gone down, wearing the
away of time, and this great Pyramid
of which Isaiah in the text speaks will
vanish if the world lasts long enough;
and if the world does not last, then
with the earth's dissolution the Pyra-
mid will also dissolve. The pyramids
of those with whom we associate
are indestructible. They will be more
visible the other side of the grave than
this side. It is possible for me to do
you a good and for you to do me a good
that will be a vivid memory as many
years as the world is burned up as
all the sands of the seashore and all
the leaves of the forest and all the
grass blades of the field and all the
stars of heaven added together, and
that aggregate multiplied by all the
leaves of the forest, the grass blades
of the field, the stars of heaven, all
time ever exists.

That desire to be remembered after
we are gone is a divinely implanted
idea and not to be crushed out, but I
implore you, seek something better
than the immortality of rock, or
bronze, or book. Put yourself into
the lives of those whom you help
for both worlds, this and the next.

As in Egypt that December afternoon,
1889, exhausted in body, mind
and soul, we mounted to return to
Cairo, we took our last look of the
Pyramid at Gizeh. And you know
there is something in the air toward
the end of the world, the end of
solitude and tender emotion, and that
great Pyramid seemed to be humanized
and with lips of stone it seemed to
speak and cry out: "Hear me, man,
mortal and immortal! My voice is the
voice of God. He designed me, Isaiah
said I would be a witness. I saw
Moses when he was a lad. I wit-
nessed the long procession of the Is-
raelites as they started to cross
the Red sea and Pharaoh's
host in pursuit of them. The
great spirit of the world, the great
spirits have brushed my brow. I stood
here when Cleopatra's barge landed
with her sorceries and Hypatia for her
virtues was slain in yonder streets.
Alexander the Great, Sesostris and
Herodotus and Ptolemy and many
praise. I am old, I am very old. For
thousands of years I have watched the
coming and going of generations.
They carry only a little while, but they
make everlasting impression. I bear
on my forehead the marks of the trowel and
chisel of those who more than four
thousand years ago expired. Beware
what you do, Oh man! for what you do
will last long after you are dead! If
you would be affectionately remem-
bered after you are gone, trust not to
your earthly memory monuments, but
not one word to say about any astron-
omer who studied the heavens from my
heights or any king who was sepulchred
in my bosom. I am slowly
passing away. I am a dying pyramid.
I shall yet lie down in the dust of the
plain and the sands of the desert shall
cover me, or when the earth goes I
will go. But you are immortal. The
feet with which you climbed my sides
to-day will turn to dust, but you
have a soul that will outlast
me and all my brotherhood of
pyramids. Live for eternity!
Live for God! With the shadows
of the evening now falling from
my side, I pronounce upon you a ben-
ediction. Take it with you as you
go. I shall be good for forty cen-
turies more. God only knows how
long. Let all the earth keep silent before him.
Amen!" And then the lips of granite
hushed, and the great giant of Ma-
sonry, wrapped himself again in the
silence of ages, and as I rode away in
the fading twilight, this course of
sermons was projected.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV.—OCT. 25.—CHRIST
COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

Golden Text: I Will Pray the Father, and
He Shall Give You Another Comforter,
or That He Will Abide With You
Forever.—John 14: 1-3, 15-27.

I. Comfort Through Faith.—Ver. 1.
"Let not your heart be troubled." Jesus
saw that his disciples were troubled by
the treachery of one of their number, by
the foretold fall of another, by the num-
ber and hatred of their enemies, by the
knowledge that their Master would soon
be taken away, by their disappointment
that the Kingdom of God was not set up
in the open and glorious way they expect-
ed, and by their dread of an unknown
future. "Ye believe in God, believe also
in me." Faith in Jesus is the only medi-
cine of a troubled heart. The disciples of
course believed in God and in Jesus; but
they needed a firmer hold on the hand of
God as they walked through the terrible
darkness just before them.

II. Comfort from the Assurance of a
Heavenly Home.—Vers. 2, 3, 23. "In my
Father's house." Both a place and a
state; the whole kingdom of
God as realized in heaven. "In my
Father's house are many mansions." This
does not mean many separate houses,
but the image is of separate rooms in one
great house. The idea here is plenty of
room in the Father's house for all his chil-
dren. "If it were not so I would have
told you." If our separation was to be an
eternal one, I would have forewarned you.
I would not have waited until this last
minute to declare it unto you.
"Godet." "I go to prepare a place for
you." There is prepared a place not
merely for all, but for you, a personal
preparation in glory for each child, as by
grace in each child.—Abbott. Heaven is
a prepared place for a prepared people.—
Van Doren.

8. "And if," or since, "I will come
again and," the effect will be to "receive
you unto myself." This coming is his re-
turn to the earthly living by his resurrec-
tion; the beginning of his kingdom on the
day of Pentecost, when he came through
the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the
day of our death when Christ comes to
take our souls to his own home; the final
coming of Christ when all his people will
be received unto himself in the glorious
manifestation of his kingdom. "There
where I am, ye may be also." Jesus
assures them that their separation is but
for a little time.

III. Comfort from the Promise of the
Comforter.—Vers. 15-17. 15. "If ye love
me, keep my commandments." The test
and proof of love is in obedience to the
teachings of the Master.

16. "And I will pray the Father," in
behalf of those who prove their love
"And he shall give you another Comforter."
The Holy Spirit was to take his place.

17. "Even the spirit of truth." The
Holy Spirit does his work in the hearts of
men by means of truth. "There is no
such thing as false truth." "Whom the
world cannot receive." Because they
shut their hearts to him; they will not do
what he tells them to do; it seeth him not.
Does not really believe in him. "But ye
know him, for he dwelleth with you."
He has been working in your hearts all
these years. "And shall be in you," in
decreasing the progressive development of
the Christian life.

IV. Comfort from the Abiding Pres-
ence and Love of Jesus.—Vers. 18-24. 18.
"I will not leave you comfortless." Liter-
ally orphans. "I will come to you."
Lest they should think the spirit was ex-
clusively to take his place.

19. "The world seeth me no more." At
his resurrection Jesus did not appear to
the world. "But ye see me." In his
spiritual presence. "Because I live, ye
shall live also." Jesus is the source of
all life.

20. "At that day." The day when he
comes. "Ye shall know." They had
very little knowledge of Jesus in his
bodily presence. "That I am the
Father." One with him in essence, power
and glory. "Ye in me, I in you." Ye
sharing my purposes, strengthening your
hope.

21. "He that hath my commandments"
has received them into his heart in their
spirit. "And keepeth them, he it is that
loveth me." See ver. 15. "He that lov-
eth me shall be loved of my Father, and
I will love him." Every disciple
may thus become a "beloved-disciple."
"And, will manifest himself to him."
Show him clearly his nature, his love, and
his personal spiritual presence.

22. "Judas saith." not Iscariot.
Jude, the writer of the epistle and brother
of James. "How is it," etc. This is a
natural question if Jude understood the
manifestation of Jesus to be one visible,
to the bodily eyes.

23. "If a man love me, he will keep my
words." The Gospel message in its unity
and make our abode with him. He
shall be a temple in which his Lord
shall constantly dwell.

24. "Keepeth not my sayings." The
test of obedience is again emphasized by
being put in the negative form. "Is not
mine," of my own devising in which case
it might have been rejected with impunity.
"But the Father's which send me, so
that in rejecting my word ye reject me,"
—Whitehead.

V. Comfort from Teaching and Guide-
ance of the Holy Spirit.—Vers. 25, 26.
25. "These things have I spoken unto you
before ye depart, that ye may not be
led astray by present deceits." As far as
this I am able to carry my instructions.

26. "But the Comforter which is the
Holy Ghost." The Spirit who is holy
"Send in my name." To speak of Christ
and for Christ. "He shall teach you all
things." He shall teach you the mean-
ing of all I have said.

VI. The Comfort of Peace.—Ver. 27.
"Peace I leave with you." The custom-
ary salutation of one departing. "My
peace I give to you." A peace like
Christ's. "Not as the world giveth."
Not in promise, but in reality.

VERY VARIOUS.

A seventy-year old Hartford man
learning to ride the bicycle.

A cooking school is a part of the public
school system of Milwaukee.

A Philadelphia barber announces that
he is "shaving with vasoline."

The daily average of passengers carried
over the Brooklyn bridge is 104,695.

