

COUNTING TIME.

WHY SIXTY SECONDS MAKE A MINUTE—THE DIVISION OF TIME.

Why is our hour divided into 60 minutes, each minute into 60 seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants.

There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonian divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was divided into 60 minutes. A parasang is a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the 24 equinoctial hours was fixed at 25 parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees.

The system was handed on to the Greeks and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the middle ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about 100 arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.—Max Muller in Fortnightly Review.

Shall We Know Each Other There?

We often read and hear discussions on the question "whether we shall recognize our friends hereafter?" How can we ever doubt it? If love abides, are we not to know those whom we love? What would immortality be if we were to go there alone, separated from all the loved ones, the knowledge of whom has made the very essence and sweetness of our human life? Would that be immortality if we left behind us the richest part of our souls? Am I to go into the other world poor, lonely, homesick, alone? Am I to console myself by being an unembodied spirit, wandering solitary among the stars or filling space, with no home, no society, no brotherhood? I do not so understand the lessons of experience or the facts of observation. When all other memory fades from the mind of the dying, when his other thoughts are bewildered, the other impressions of time effaced, he still shows by a faint pressure of the hand, by a feeble sign of his heart, that his love remains. The last look of the dim eyes seeks the faces of those he loves. The last faint whisper of the failing voice is a murmur of blessing on those dear ones. Love is stronger than death; will it not survive the grave? Yes; when I open my eyes on a new world, I expect to come once more into the company of those who have been my inspiration, my comfort, my joy in this life. I shall learn what these years have been teaching them, and they shall be again my friendly companions and helpers. I shall see again the parents and the dear children whose love has sweetened my life. I shall be a little child once more myself. Yes, and I hope to come very near to my Master, Jesus, and to have my errors corrected, and be taught the higher language of truth. Not all at once, perhaps, for the laws of gradation and limitation will apply there as here. But if faith and hope and love

abide, then there will be always more of knowledge, more of work, and more of love in that divine beyond. With such views as these, we can be better consoled for the loss of those who leave our side. We can be more ready to go ourselves when the time comes.—Rev. James Freeman Clark.

SEWING ON BUTTONS.

"When I get a bright idea, I always want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away and thus beginning the loosening process."

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread draw out your pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button-hole."

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure your's won't if you use my method of sewing."—Youth's Companion.

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, ex-congressman &c., is now in Europe, where he will remain until the 3d of August. He was interviewed in London and says that he is now studying the process of manufacturing basic steel.

"I am convinced," he says, "that America will make iron and steel for mankind in the long future. We have the coal, iron, capital, skill and energy necessary to do it."

He is opposed to the tariff and says that it alone prevents the United States from being the "greatest exporting country on the earth, and it ought to be. The sooner duties are abolished, the sooner it will become so. Now

that food, cotton and petroleum form the bulk of our exports, we ought to export very largely of manufactured articles."

"By removing the duty on iron," he says, "we would simply be compelled to make our iron where facilities are favorable, and stop making it where they are not. We would have to shut up some of our mills, which are now where they have no business to be. The iron and steel manufacture would be confined chiefly to the territory lying between Ohio and Lake Superior, to Tennessee and Alabama, and there is where it ought to be."

There are said to be 9,000 women doctors in the United States.

The men of the Revolution suffered hardships. General Green, in his dispatches after the battle of Eutaw, says: "Hundreds of my men were naked as they were born." Judge Johnson, in his "Life of Green," says: "Posterity will scarcely believe that the 'loins' of many men who carried death into the enemy's ranks at Eutaw, were galled by their oartouch boxes, while a fold of rag or tuft of moss protected the shoulder from the same injury from the musket." General Green says, in his letter to the Secretary of War: "We have three hundred men without arms, and more than one thousand so naked that they can not be put on duty only in the most desperate cases. Our difficulties are so enormous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties. I have more embarrassments than it is proper to disclose to the world."

EUPESY.

This is what you ought to have in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all: We guarantee the Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and ease the demon Dyspepsia and install Eupesya. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle by F. B. Meyer, druggist.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutriment constituents as eight quarts of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

The little prayer beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep" was written by John Rogers, the martyr.

It Makes You Hungry!



Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fails! Always sure!

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves all fagged out. The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—the Spring medicine of to-day—does all this, as nothing else can. Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.

A MEDICAL journal states that the average Chinese baby weighs but five pounds. The journal did not state whether the Chinese baby's capacity for squalling was less, in proportion to weight, than that of any other baby, but if they howl in the Chinese language as loud as the American kid does in the United States language, how the poor mother must suffer. If any one has ever heard two Chinamen holding a convention in their native tongue, they can readily see that a child who is just learning to lip a few syllables in the Chinese language would make Rome howl.—Pack's Sun.

BEATTY'S

CELEBRATED Organs and Pianos.

For Catalogue, address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

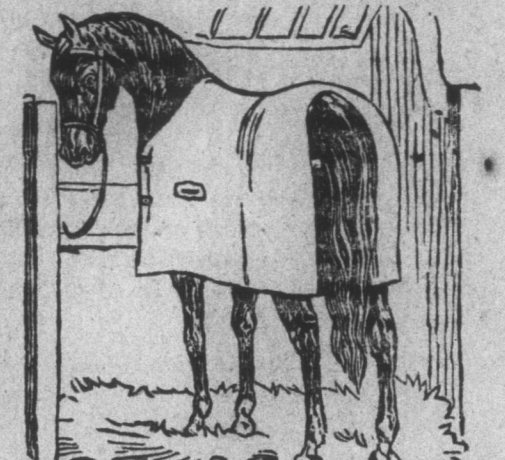
\$500.00.—BEATTY'S Organs at regains. For particulars, catalogue, address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

BEATTY'S ORGANS. Are the Best. Write for catalogue, address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

BEATTY'S PIANOS. In use Everywhere. Write for catalogue, address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

LADIES! Do Your Own DYEING, AT HOME, WITH Peerless Dyes

They will dye everything. They are sold every where. Price 10c a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or smut.—For sale by FRANK B. MEYER, Rensselaer, Ind. March 23, 1888.—lv.



The owner of this horse uses the 5/A Ironsides Sheet for the stable. It keeps the horse clean and ready for driving and saves an hour's work each day.

5/A Lap Dusters. Closely Woven, 100 Beautiful Patterns.

5/A Ironsides Sheet. Keeps Dirt and Filth from Horses in Stable.

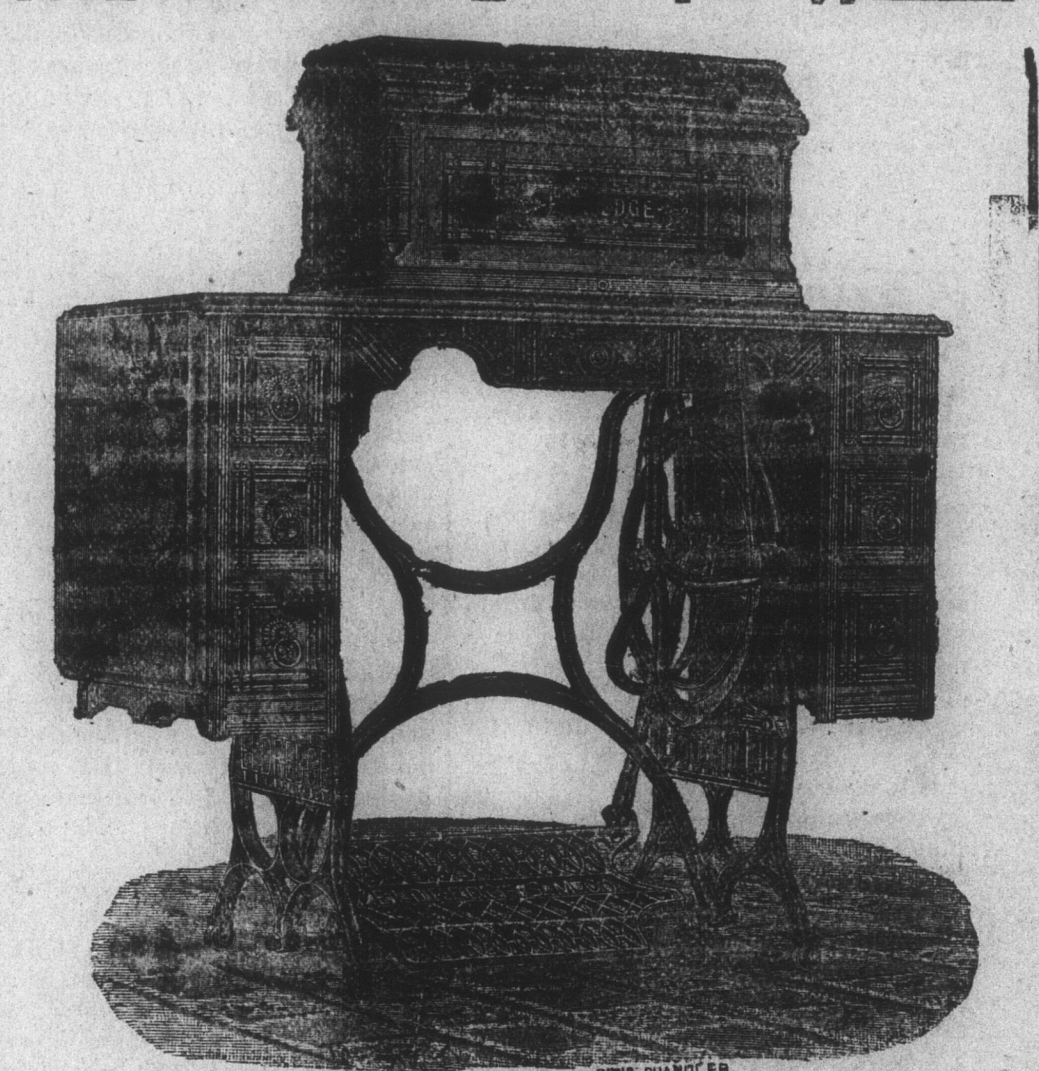
5/A Clipper Fly Nets. For Farmers and Teamsters. Equal to Leather at Half the Cost.

100 other styles of 5/A Horse Sheets and Fly Nets, at prices to suit everybody. For sale by all dealers. If you can't get them, write us.

5/A HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE 5/A LABEL. Manufactured by WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia, who make the famous Horse Brand Baker Blankets.

THE ELDREDGE LEADS THE WORLD!



MRS. JAS. W. McEWEN, Agent, Rensselaer, Ind.

THE WRIGHT UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.



WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

MAMMOTH FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.

Parlor Sets, All Kinds of Furniture. Bed-Room Sets, All Kinds of Prices. At Bottom Prices.

JAY W. WILLIAMS

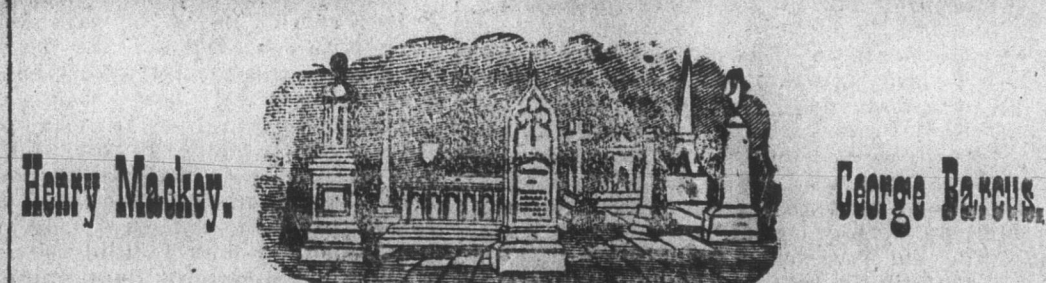
—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE

WILLIAMS-STOCKTON BLOCK,

THIRD DOOR WEST OF MAKEEVER HOUSE, RENSSELAER, INDR

Rensselaer Marble House



MACKEY & BARCUS,

—Dealers In—

American and Italian Marble, MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, SLABS, SLATE AND MARBLE MANTELS, URNS AND BASES.

Front Street, Rensselaer, Indiana.