

The Battlefield Route.
The veterans of '61 and '65 and their friends who are going to attend the thirty-third G. A. R. annual encampment at Philadelphia in September could not select a better nor more historic route than the Big Four and Chesapeake & Ohio, with splendid service from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis on the Big Four, all connecting at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and thence over the picturesque Chesapeake & Ohio, along the Ohio river to Huntington, W. Va., thence through the foothills of the Alleghenies over the mountains, through the famous springs region of Virginia to Staunton, Va., between which point and Washington are many of the most prominent battle-fields—Waynesboro, Gordonsville, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Kettle Run, Manassas, Bull Run, Fairfax and score of others nearly as prominent. Washington is next, and thence via the Pennsylvania Line direct to Philadelphia. There will be three rates in effect for this business—first, continuous passage, with no stop-over privilege; second, going and coming same route, with one stop-over in each direction; third, circuitous route, going one way and back another, with one stop-over in each direction. For full information as to routes, rates, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Altered Since His Play Days.
It was in Malta harbor on a sultry day that a four-foot-eight midshipman came to join his first sea-going ship. Having duly reported himself to his captain—an officer of some six feet two inches—the latter, literally looking down upon the boy, said: "Well, youngster, so you've come to join 'em?" "Yes, if you please, sir," meekly responded the midshipman. "What is it—same old yarn, sent the fool of the family to sea—eh?" "No, sir," ingeniously replied the youngster. "Oh, no; things have altered since your time, sir." "Go away!" roared the captain, and the middy flew below as fast as his little legs would carry him. —Spare Moments.

Chicago Great Western Increase.
The earnings of Chicago Great Western Ry., "Maple Leaf Route," for the second week of July, 1899, show an increase of \$26,509.74. Total increase since beginning of fiscal year (July 1st) to date \$61,355.42.

Circular issued today by S. C. Stickney, General Manager of the Chicago Great Western, announces the appointment of Mr. Tracy Lyon as General Superintendent, vice Mr. Raymond Du Puy designated to accept service with the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. At the same time a circular has been issued by Tracy Lyon, General Superintendent, appointing Mr. David Van Alstine Master Mechanic, vice Tracy Lyon promoted.

B. & O. Railroad Uses Crude Oil.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is now using crude oil on its tracks, though not so extensively as lines which do not use crushed stone for ballast. There are many road crossings, stations, etc., where dust flies after the passage of fast trains, and these places are being heavily coated with oil. So far the results have been gratifying.

Desert Acres Reclaimed.

More than 12,000,000 acres of the Sahara desert have been made useful for raising crops with the aid of artesian wells.

The smile of love becomes a frown when the cupboard is bare.

LIKE BANQUO'S GHOST.
Question of Conductors and Pennies to the Fore Again.

It was in a suburban trolley last Sunday that the question of the conductor's reluctance to receive pennies in change came up again, says the New York Herald. This penny question is like Banquo's ghost and will not down. A woman passenger had given the conductor a nickel and five pennies for two fares. "I would rather change \$5 for you, madam, than take those pennies," the conductor said, in a grumbling yet perfectly respectful tone. "Why?" asked the woman. "Because the company will not take them from us. That is the only objection I have to railroading. We must turn in nickels or silver when our work is done." "But why do you not sometimes give those pennies to men? You always palm them off on women." "Well, the women always seem to keep them specially for us. Now, if the public could only know what a trial they are to us sometimes they might understand our reluctance to take them. For instance, one of the extras, a man who had been out of work for a long time, after making the number of trips required of him, found he had fifteen pennies among his change. He did not have a cent belonging to himself, and there was no money at home, and the pay that was coming to him at the office for his week's work was needed by his wife and children for bread. They would not take the pennies at the office, and he could not draw his pay until his fares were accounted for. When, after considerable trouble, he got three nickels for fifteen pennies and returned to the company's office it was closed, and he had to go home without his pay."

SEWED A BUTTON

On Her Finger with a Machine That Clinged it to the Flesh.

New York Sun: Rosalie Pierre, 16 years old, of 341 Madison street, met with a singular accident in Joseph Klein & Co.'s tailor shop, at 626 Broadway, yesterday. She was putting buttons on trousers, using for that purpose a machine that stamps them on and clinches them on the other side. She got her hand into the machinery. It did not stop. It went right on. The next button was sunk deep into flesh of the last joint of her index finger, and clinched all right on the nail side. With it so fixed she was taken over to police headquarters. The button was fastened as if it were never to come off. An ambulance was sent for, but the surgeon knew of no way to get it off. He took her over to St. Vincent's hospital. The surgeons at the hospital cut the button out. It had been clinched into the flesh, and it was necessary to put the girl under ether to perform the operation.

ARISTOCRATS IN TRADE.

The duke of Northumberland, the heir of all the Percys, with a direct descent from one of William I's favorites, has a reputation for excellent butter, says Tilt-Blits, and the ducal brands is in great demand within a radius of many miles from Lyon House, Brentford.

The most noble the marquis of Ripon has an ideal dairy at his seat, Studley Royal; and its products, yellow butter and delicious cream, are sold in two dairy shops, one in Leeds and the other at Ripon.

Another marquis still better known in the world of trade is Lord Londonderry, whose coal is as unimpeachable as his family escutcheon. Time was when the earl of Hardwicke, as Viscount Royston, was a cigar merchant. He has now transferred his energies to Capel Court and is half stock broker and half newspaper owner.

The earl of Harrington supplements his income from 13,000 acres by the profits of a green grocery shop at Charing Cross, to which the fruits and vegetables grown at his Derby seat, Elvaston Castle, find their way.

The earl of Ranfurly has for many years been an active and successful fruit grower at Moldura, Victoria. His farm there is the envy and pride of the fruit colony, and its condition is due very largely to the earl's own personal work on it.

The seventeenth earl of Caithness has been literally nursed as a farmer, and is prouder of his American ranch, covering over twenty square miles, the fruit of his years of hard work, than of his earl's coronet.

The last earl of Seafield was a bailiff and small farmer in New Zealand, and his successor, the young earl of today, is also engaged in industrial pursuits at Oamaru.

The late Viscountess Hampden, when he was released from the exacting post of speaker of the house of commons, turned his attention to milk and butter, and his Glynde dairy was noted for its excellence.

Lord Rayleigh, the great scientist and brother-in-law to Mr. A. J. Balfour, takes as much interest in milk as in argon and the doings of the Royal society.

But with what burning indignation we think of the iniquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of. A glance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparative stranger in the great city, and, of course, he must be shown around, and it will be the duty of some of our enterprising houses to escort him. The goods he purchases and has plenty of time and money, and it will pay to be very attentive. The evening is spent at a place of doubtful amusement. Then they go back to the hotel. Having just come to town, they must, of course, drink. A friend from the same mercantile establishment drops in, and usage and generosity suggest that they must drink. Business prospects are talked over, and the stranger is warned against certain dilapidated mercantile establishments that are about to fail, and for such kindness and magnanimity of caution against the dishonesty of other business houses, of course it is expected they

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"BUYERS AND SELLERS," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"It Is Naught. It Is Naught Sayeth the Buyer, but When He Is Gone His Way, Then He Boasteth"—Prov. 20: 14.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

Palaces are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only time kings and queens come forth from the royal gates is in procession and gorgeously attended, you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizen's apparel, or the dress of a working woman, they come out and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text, I am sure he must, in disguise, some day have walked into a store of ready made clothing, in Jerusalem, and stood near the counter, and heard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to讨价 (ask for a discount). "Absurd! that coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric! See that spot on the collar! Besides that, it does not fit! Twenty dollars for that? Why, it is not worth more than ten. They have a better article than that, and for lower price, down at Clothe, Fliter & Brother's. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning." "Hold," said the merchant; "do not go off that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come, now, how much will you give for that coat?" "Well," said the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked twenty dollars, and I said ten. Now, I will give you fifteen." "Well," said the merchant, "it is a great sacrifice, but take it at that price." Then the customer with a roll under his arm started to go out and enter his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat say: "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?" "Well," said one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave thirty dollars for it." Another says, "I should think you got it cheap if you gave twenty-five dollars." "No," said the buyer, in triumph. "I got it for fifteen dollars. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections, until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha! Ha!" O, man, you got the goods for less than they are worth by positive falsehood; and no wonder, when Solomon went back to his palace and had put off his disguise, that he sat down at his writing desk and made for all ages a crayon sketch of you. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

There are no higher styles of men in all the world than those now at the head of the mercantile enterprises in the great cities of this continent. Their casual promise is as good as a bond with piles of collaterals. Their reputation for integrity is as well established as that of Petrarch residing in the family of Cardinal Colonna. It is related that when there was great disturbance in the family, the cardinal called all his people together, and put them under oath to tell the truth, except Petrarch; when he came up to swear, the cardinal put away his book and said: "As for you Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Never since the world stood have there been so many merchants whose transactions can stand the test of the ten commandments. Such bargain-makers are all the more to be honored, because they have withstood, year after year, temptations which have flung so many flat, and flung them so hard, they can never recover themselves. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurements which are peculiar to each occupation and profession, and it will be useful to speak of the peculiar temptations of business men.

First, as in the scene of the text, business men are often tempted to let their calling interfere with the interests of the soul. God sends men into the business world to get educated, just as boys are sent to school and college. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic, and blank suspension, are but different lessons in the school. The more business the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panics unharmed. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fiftieth psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.' The store and the counting house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumbs woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the front men in Christ's army, as well as lighthouses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depiction to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspirations, next all conscience, and though he entered his vocation with large heart and noble character, he goes out of it a skeleton enough to scare a ghost.

Men appreciate the importance of having a good business stand, a store on the right side of the street, or in the right block. Yet every place of business is a good stand for spiritual culture. God's angels hover over the world of traffic to sustain and build up those who are trying to do their duty. Tomorrow it in your place of worldly engagement you will listen for it, you may hear a sound louder than the rattle of drays and the shuffle of feet and the chink of the dollars stealing into your soul, saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagems more palpable than any "doge" of the street. They make investments in things, everlasting and low-pair. They put their valuable in a safe not fire-proof. They give full credit to influence that will not be able to pay one cent on the dollar.

They plunge into a labyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two-thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take into their partnership the world, the flesh and the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness will boast through all ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwitted, at last tumbled into spiritual defalcation, and was swindled out of heaven.

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. Aged men tell us that it beggared all description. Some stood on the house-tops of Brooklyn and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a greater conflagration, even the last one. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and government securities, will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The Bourse and the United States mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crash that will make the earth tremble. The flashings of the great light will show the righteous the way to their thrones. Their best treasures in heaven, they will go up and take possession of them. The toils of business life, which racked their brains and rasped their nerves for so many years, will have forever ceased. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

TAXATION IN ITALY.

Poor Pay Twice as Much Proportionately as the Rich.

Not only is everything taxed in Italy, but the taxes are so arranged that in the words of Sig. Goliotti, the poor pay proportion twice as much as the rich, says the Gentleman's Magazine. For in Italy it is the necessities of life—at least we should consider them as such—the bread, the meat and the sugar, which pay, while the luxuries, though greatly taxed, too, bring in a comparatively small amount. One luxury, indeed, is an exception—the Italian state lottery, in which all classes of the community, down to the very poorest, who can scrape 29 centesimi together, take tickets every week. A brilliant Italian novelist, Matilde Serao, has shown in her admirable "Passe di Cuccagna," and in some of her shorter stories, the far-reaching harm this system of state-encouraged gambling causes, the superstitions which it engenders, and the degradations which it sometimes necessitates. But it brings in \$60,000 like a year to the government, and all but the smallest places in Italy have their banco lotto, where tickets for Saturday's draw at the eight "wheels" can be taken, and where, on Sunday, lists of winning numbers, with perhaps a yellow and red rose against those held by local gamblers, may be seen. But after all the lotto is optional, while the taxes are not. So bread and sugar cost about thrice what they do in England, the soprattassa on railway tickets makes traveling in Italy dearer than anywhere else, while salt is heavily mulcted for revenue purposes. Hence genuine discontent arises, though here it is necessary to distinguish. In spite of the assertions of the Secolo and the other advanced papers, the right view appears to be—so Milanese eyewitnesses of last year's riots inform me—that whereas in most other places and especially in the south, the disturbances were really due to want of food and abject poverty, there, on the contrary, where trade is much more flourishing and work much more plentiful than elsewhere, the agitation was industriously fomented for political ends.

Again business men are often tempted to let their calling interfere with the interests of the soul. God sends men into the business world to get educated, just as boys are sent to school and college. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic, and blank suspension, are but different lessons in the school. The more business the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panics unharmed. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fiftieth psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.' The store and the counting house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumbs woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the front men in Christ's army, as well as lighthouses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depiction to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspirations, next all conscience, and though he entered his vocation with large heart and noble character, he goes out of it a skeleton enough to scare a ghost.

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PECULIAR DRESS.

What the Natives in Micronesia Wear to Church.

Miss Elizabeth Baldwin, on her arrival at Ruk, wrote as follows of the native church at that station, which serves also as a school house for the boys. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic, and blank suspension, are but different lessons in the school. The more business the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panics unharmed. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fiftieth psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.' The store and the counting house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumbs woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the front men in Christ's army, as well as lighthouses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depiction to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspirations, next all conscience, and though he entered his vocation with large heart and noble character, he goes out of it a skeleton enough to scare a ghost.

A Strange Bulgarian Custom.

At Galloven, Me., who does not know the Deering Corn Binder? The Deering Corn Binder is a machine for harvesting corn with economy and exactness.

The Deering Corn Binder, when in operation, cuts the stalks at the horizontal principle, as a scythe cuts grass.

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