

Hell's Delights.

The Rev. J. S. Furniss, a Presbyterian minister, is reported by the Philadelphia *Times* as having recently delivered himself of an extraordinary sermon. This is none of your "milk and water" sermons, such as Spurgeon, Beecher, or Talmage worry through weekly, and, indeed, we doubt if Bob Ingersoll himself could come up to the mark in drawing a picture of such vividness. A pun on the reverend preacher's name and the subject of his discourse would be a cool affair alongside of this wonderful production. The reverend gentleman informed his congregation that hell was in the blazing centre of the earth. "Down in this place," he said, "is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions and millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs and wailing like dragons! There you hear the knocking of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all you hear the roar of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations." He described the inmates of this hell suffering, without a moment's cessation, the most frightful torture. The following is a passage from the sermon: "The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Slip never came on me for a moment. Look at my burnt feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment. O! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment.' The devil answers her question: 'No, not for a single moment shall you ever leave this red-hot floor.'"

Illustrated Almanacs.

We have received from the publishers, The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., of Hartford, Conn., two almanacs for 1881. Each almanac has an alleged "space" or hole in the cover, which is blank. The idea is, if you will order 250,000,000 of the almanacs at three dollars apiece the publishers will insert your name and

business in that square hole. That's what the publishers regard as the square thing. These almanacs have a frontispiece on every page. If you are not satisfied with a carload of the almanacs just as they are, you can order a car load with "extra pages." No almanac is really complete without plenty of pages. These almanacs are lovely, but you cannot reasonably expect to entirely meet the publishers' views unless you order some extra pages. That is wherein the publishers consider the goodness of the thing to be demonstrated. But we are somewhat disgruntled—we confess it—by the proposition to buy advertising space in an almanac published in Connecticut. Could the publishers have left out those "mortised" blanks in the covers of their almanacs we could have still retained for them that reverence which the publishers of almanacs naturally challenge. But that mercenary blank at once and ruthlessly rips the poetic veil from the almanac business. We will hang these on the ears of the Lares and Penates in our kitchen, but we solemnly warn the publishers not to send any more of them to our cook. She is weary and well nigh heart-broken in the continued struggle to neutralize the fiendish propensity of the rotten banana peddler to break the bell-wire; and, though she is normally kind and good, she is not so infernally neutral just after she has answered the seventeen-thousandth pull of the banana black sheep. Every business has its just and proper limits; mark that.—*N. O. Times.*

Paper by the Mile.

The Napanee Mills Paper Company, of Napanee, Ont., is possessed of unusual facilities for the production of paper for web perfecting presses, they having reached the acme of perfection in the manufacture of printing paper. This description of paper is made in webs on rolls containing about as much paper as would make fifteen reams, as ordinarily put up, wound round a core, precisely like ribbon six feet wide would be wound round an immense spool with an iron core passed through it. The sheet rolled on the core is about three miles long, and, being wide enough for two papers, will give six miles of web paper.

An editor and a lawyer fired at each other across a street in Marshfield, Missouri, until their revolvers were emptied, and neither was hit, though two spectators were wounded.