

GLADSTONE AT TWENTY-NINE.

In an old Parliamentary Sketch Book of 1838, we have the following portrait of the rising statesman, in the House of Commons:

"Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manner are much in his favor. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick; his eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truffet would call a 'fine head of jet black hair.' It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded; his features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health. Mr. Gladstone's gesture is varied but not violent. When he rises he generally puts both his hands behind his back; and having suffered them there to embrace each other for a short time, he unclasps them and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in the locality before you see them closed together and hanging down before him. Their reunion is not suffered to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat, and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put in motion; and in a few seconds they are to be seen resting vis-a-vis on his breast. He moves his face and body from one direction to another, not forgetting to show a liberal share of attention on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits; of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-Secretary for the Colonies, during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel."

GLADSTONE AT SEVENTY.

Henry W. Lucy, in his sketch of the Premier, in Harper's "Half-Hour Series," after quoting the above portrait, gives the following view of him at seventy:

"It is curious to know that some of these mannerisms of forty years ago are preserved by the great statesman we know to-day. It is particularly noticeable that to this day when Gladstone rises and begins what he intended to be a great oration, he has a tendency to clasp his hands behind his back. This attitude, however, like the subdued mood of which it is an indication, prevails only during the opening sentences. Age has fired rather than dulled his oratorical energy. He has even, during the existence of the present Parliament, increased in rapidity of gesture almost to the point of fury. The jet black hair of forty years ago has faded and fallen, leaving only a few thin wisps of gray carefully disposed over the grandly formed head with which he told a Scotch deputation the other day, London haters had had so much trouble. The rounded cheeks are sunken and their bloom has given place to pallor; the full brow is uncrinkled; the dark eyes, bright and flashing still, are under-set with innumerable wrinkles; the 'good figure' is somewhat rounded at the shoulders; and the sprightly step is growing deliberate. But the intellectual fire of forty years ago is rather quickened than quenched, and the promise of health has been abundantly fulfilled in a maintenance of physical strength that seems phenomenal. Mr. Gladstone will out-act the youngest member of the House if the issue at stake claims his vote in the pending division. He will speak three hours at a stretch, and he will put in the three hours as much mental and physical energy as judiciously distributed would suffice for the whole debate. His magnificent voice is as true in tone and as insensible to fatigue as when it was first heard within the walls of the House. By comparison he is far more emphatic in gesture when addressing the House of Commons than when standing before a public meeting. Trembling through every nerve with the intensity of conviction and the wrath of battle, he almost literally smites his opponent hip and thigh. Taking the brass-bound box upon the table as representative of the right honorable gentleman or noble lord opposite, he will beat it violently with his right hand, creating a resounding noise that sometimes makes it difficult to catch the words he desires to emphasize; or, standing with his heels closely pressed together and feet spread out as far as possible, so that he may turn on a pivot to watch the effect of his speech on either side of the house, he will assume that the palm of his left hand is his adversary of the moment and straightway he beats upon it with his right hand with a ferocity that causes to curdle the blood of the occupants of the ladies' gallery. At this stage will

be noted the most marked retention of the early House of Commons habit, in the way the orator continually turns round to address his own followers, to the outraging a fundamental point of etiquette which requires that all speeches should be directed to the chair."

WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Across the island of New York, in 1585, a wall made of stone and earth, and cannon mounted, was built to keep off the savages. Along by that wall a street was laid out, and as the street followed the line of the wall, it was appropriately called Wall Street. It is narrow, it is short, it is unarchitectural, and yet its history is unique. Excepting Lombard Street, London, it is the mightiest street on this planet. There the government of the United States was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and Cardwell and Knox and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There Witherson and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield sometimes preached. There Dr. Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution of the United States without any God in it. There negroes were sold in the slave market. There criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows, and, like beasts of burden, compelled to draw or were lashed through the streets behind carts to which they were fastened.

There fortunes have come to coronation or burial, since the day when reckless speculators, in powdered hair and silver shoe buckles, dodged Dugan, the Governor General of his Majesty, clear down to yesterday at 3 o'clock. The history of Wall Street is to a certain extent the financial, commercial, agricultural, mining, literary, artistic, moral and religious history of this country. Only a few blocks long, it has reached from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from San Francisco to Bangkok. There are the best men in this country, and there are the worst. Everything, from unswerving integrity to tip-top scoundrelism, everything from heaven-born charity to bloodless Shylockism.

ALMOST ASTRAYING.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked, "You don't want to hire a man in your store do you?" "Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?" "Do," said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?" "Well, if I were to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down." "There, now, captain," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that can suit you?" "I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder that sack and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down I will hire you for a year at 100 dollars per month." "Done," said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store went quietly to the large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up turned to the merchant and said, "There, now, it may hang there till Doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and 100 dollars per month, and it's all right." The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement; and to this day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

The Committee on Solar Physics of the British Committee of Council on Education have made a report recommending a careful study of the sun for the next three or four years. They attach the greatest importance to the return of the sun spot cycle in its relation to the meteorological conditions of the earth, and intimate that the study of solar phenomena may prove of much practical use in forecasting the character of the seasons. It would be unfortunate if amateurs in astronomy should think this a study too abstruse for them. A small astronomical telescope, and a little skill in handling it, are all that anyone needs to enable him to view the action of those tremendous forces in the sun whose disturbing power is felt in the climates of the earth. And such observations may often prove of as much practical value as the more exact scientific operations conducted in the observatories.

TRANSATLANTIC.

A telegram from London, referring to the famine in Kurdistan, Armenia and Western Persia, states that 40,000 persons must be fed for two months if they are to be kept alive. The telegram implores for money to purchase the grain which is still kept in store at Moush. One hundred and thirty-eight persons have died of starvation at Baskaleh. Twenty-six villages are utterly destitute. One hundred and seven persons have died of starvation at Alashgerd.

M. de Lesseps, in a speech before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, on the 1st inst., expressed himself as being very confident in the success of the Panama Canal enterprise. He said he proposed to offer to the British public £166,000 worth of shares of the stock; but did not care whether they were taken or not, as he could get plenty of funds.

The Constantinople correspondent of the Manchester (England) Guardian says that the Turkish newspapers have been instructed to raise the bugbear of a religious war and wholesale massacre of Christians as likely to follow any attempt at coercion in the direction of reforms, to give color to the idea of resistance.

The master of a vessel which has arrived at Queenstown from Demerara reports having passed on the 30th of April, a raft, well bolted together, and having afterward seen several bodies in white clothing. They are supposed to have been members of the crew of the missing "Atalanta."

The minimum salary now paid to ministers in the English Presbyterian Church is \$1,000. In consequence the Synod receives many applications for admission from other denominations.

"Sanctuary shoes" are advertised in the Church Times and other English ecclesiastical journals. This reminds one of the minister who kept a pair of "litany boots."

At the Mexican mission annual meeting it was voted to petition the General Conference to organize a Conference in Mexico.

A Universalist minister in New York State has gained a suit against an estate for preaching three funeral sermons. He was awarded \$50.

Prof. Jett of the Sackville Academy, after enjoying a brief stay at the residence of Alex. Grosvenor Esq., of Maryland, left for his home in Philadelphia last week.

Rev. Joseph McKay of the Irish Wesleyan Conference, was honored by Victoria University with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He is to take Dr. Robinson Scott's place at the head of Belfast College, Ireland.

It is stated that the bottom of James River, Virginia, for twenty miles from its mouth is one enormous oyster bed. An idea of the magnitude of this industry, the growing of oysters, may be obtained from the assestion that during two months of the season just closed a half million bushel of oyster "plants" were taken from a single five hundred acre shoal of the same, or an average of one thousand bushels to the acre. These plants are mostly deposited in the Chincoteague Bay, where it is understood they remain for about eighteen months. Then, ready for the market, they are taken up and shipped not all over the country, but to Europe as well. And these Chincoteague beds are only a small part of the oyster industry of the United States.

In recently referring to the theories of some astronomers about the sun's disturbing influence upon the earth's atmosphere, we called attention to the coincidence in time between a very remarkable chain of sun-spots that were visible in the last days of April, and the terrible tornadoes that wrecked the Missouri town of Marshfield, and carried destruction into other Western towns. Last week we directed attention to the appearance of another group of sun-spots, not so remarkable or so numerous as those of April, and suggested that it would be well to note whether any remarkable atmospheric disturbances followed. These spots have not yet disappeared, and yesterday news came of the loss of life and property by cyclones in Illinois. Of course we do not jump to the conclusion that the forces that made these sun-spots caused the cyclones. Hurricanes probably often occur when no sun-spots are visible. But since there seems to be no doubt that the sun does in some respects directly influence the meteorological conditions of the earth, there can be no harm in recording coincidences of this kind, as they certainly will help in attaining a knowledge of what are the real relations of our earth to the luminary, without which the human race could not exist, and by whose agency the Day of Wrath, foretold in Scripture, may be brought about.

The more a man knows about a subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own.

(For Our Young People.) CAT FIGHTING A RATTLE-SNAKE.

The following tale of an encounter between a cat and a rattlesnake is told by a correspondent of the American (Ga) Republican:

About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we have had which induced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start of Spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house get a gun, and kill it. But looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed the chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake.

The cat crawled upon its stomach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake.

When about eight or ten feet off, the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its rattle, faced the cat, and darted its forked tongue out rapidly.

The cat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could scarcely keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but through providential reasons went high above the snake which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil.

The cat went too far, and by the time it turned to face its foe, the reptile was again coiled ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on for four or five times, occupying at least half an hour.

The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death.

At the sixth assault they met, and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect.

The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not uncoil its coil around its victim.

The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake enwrapping the cat in its coils.

The snake measured four feet eight inches, and had thirteen rattles.

LOST IN THE SKY.

When Mr John Wise of this city was lost in his balloon, called the "The Pathfinder," several months ago, the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made in the air, some by brave men and some by foolish ones.

A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, in the state of Illinois, said nothing until all the rest were through talking. Then she told the editor of the St. Louis Republican to look into the number of your paper that was printed on the twenty-first day of September, 1858. The editor looked, and found an account of how two little children took a trip in a balloon all by themselves. On that day an aeronaut and sailor of the air, named Brooks, filled his iron ship with gas on the farm of a Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail in the afternoon. About noontime Mr. Harvey put his two children into the basket of the balloon, just to please them, not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes and the balloon shot up into the sky, with nobody but the two children in the basket. Mr Harvey wild with grief, and shouted aloud, "They're lost! they're lost!" All the neighbors ran to the spot, only to see the balloon drifting off to the north, and more than a mile high.

One of the children was a girl, Nettie, eight years old, and the other was her little brother, Willie, four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nettie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked smaller than babies, and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up, up, up all the time. "I expect we are going to heaven, Willie," said Nettie. Willie thought it would be very cold in heaven, then, for the higher they went the colder it grew. Nettie wrapped Willie in her apron and held his head in her lap until he cried himself fast asleep. Then Nettie folded her hands and waited. She said, "I think we must be near the gate now." She meant the gate of heaven, that she had heard about in Sunday-School. But Nettie fell asleep too. When she awoke she found that some strange man was lifting her from the basket. The strange man was a farmer in Northern Illinois, who had seen a balloon drifting low across his field. The rope was dragging, and so he caught it and landed the children safely. The balloon had floated all night. Nettie and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found, and took them home two days afterward. Nettie is now a woman—the very same one who told the Republican to look back in its files for the story.—Philadelphia Times.

VEGETINE.

HER OWN WORDS.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—Since several years I have got a sore and very painful foot. I had some physicians, but they all failed to cure me. Now I have been cured by using one bottle of Vegetine; and after I used one bottle the pains left me, and it began to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and your kind and willing every attention may pay attention to it. It is a blessing for health. Mrs. C. KRABE, 628 West Baltimore Street.

VEGETINE SAFE AND SURE.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: In 1873 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasion of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, and was unable to work. I was rapidly losing weight, and my health was in a very precarious condition. I was advised to take your Vegetine, and I did so. I gained more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified endorsement, as being a safe, pure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better one. Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, 230 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for Scrophula or Cancerous Humors, Rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled, and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. You cheerfully recommend it, and I say one word in such a medicine. Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. A. DIMMICK, 15 Russell Street.

VEGETINE WHAT IS NEEDED.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS, Esq.: Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a delicate condition from general debility. I was very weak, and unable to do any kind of work. I was advised to take your Vegetine, and I did so. I gained more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified endorsement, as being a safe, pure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better one. Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, 230 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS, Esq.: Dear Sir—I had been afflicted by my worst form of Rheumatism for several years, and was unable to do any kind of work. I was advised to take your Vegetine, and I did so. I gained more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified endorsement, as being a safe, pure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better one. Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, 230 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

RHEUMATISM.

I had for some years been very much troubled with Rheumatic pain, and weakness in my knees, so that it was with great difficulty that I could walk about; and from the failure of every thing I had tried, I had despaired of ever finding any thing that could cure me; but, by the advice of a friend, I gave GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR a trial, one bottle of which have completely cured me, as I have not felt any return of that complaint since using this medicine, more than seventeen years ago. GUILFORD COX, J P Canning, N. S., Dec. 6, 1879.

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. MEDICAL MEN APPROVE.

FROM A. H. PECK, M.D., Peticodiac, N.E. Messrs. T. Graham & Son,—Dear Sirs:—I have tried your "CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY" in several cases of Neuralgia with marked effect. I have used it for Chronic Lumbago that has troubled me more or less for several years; I took two or three doses (large ones), and applied your PAIN ERADICATOR externally, and I am in hopes they have made a permanent cure; at all events, I have not had any return of that complaint since using this medicine, more than nine months ago. I have had many opportunities of observing the good effects of your PAIN ERADICATOR in the past ten or twelve years in Rheumatism and other complaints. From what I have learned of their efficacy, and from what you have told me of the ingredients composing them, and the evident skill with which they are prepared, that their combined use constitutes a very valuable remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia complaints. You are at liberty to make use of this, as you see fit. A. W. PECK.

LAME BACK, WEAK BACK. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL OTHER PAINS. Overwhelming evidence of their superiority over all other remedies. It is everywhere recommended by Physicians, Druggists and the Press. The manufacturers received a special award and the only medal given for superior merit at the Centennial Exposition, 1876, at the Paris Exposition, 1878. Their great merit lies in the fact that they are the only remedies which relieve pain at once. Every one suffering from Rheumatism or Lameness of the Back, Neck, Head, or any other part, or who should use Graham's Pain Eradicator, should be relieved at once. Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

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Hint No. 1. If you wish to save self, your family, and friends a world of pain, which at they endure needlessly, also save many dollars Doctor's bills, go at the nearest store, and buy a few bottles of PAIN-KILLER.

Hint No. 2. Ask your Druggist, or Shopkeeper, for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER. If he is down without carrying them while conducting the war dollar from your pocket, of this is the genuine one. FERRY DAVIS & SON, a time until the express has been sent. If you are in any doubt, also examine the bottle yourself.

Hint No. 3. When you ask for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER, make it doubly sure, by saying "I want the genuine one, the one that is made in the U.S.A., and is sold by FERRY DAVIS & SON, and is the only one that will cure your health or happiness."

Hint No. 4. Beware of all the who ministers, and clergy, and combinations which are not yours, and which are not the genuine one. These are the only ones that will cure your health or happiness.

The

is recommended by Factories, Workmen, and every body. TAKEN INTER. Pain in the Stomach, or Indigestion, Sudden USED INTER. Old Sores and Sprains, and Rheumatism. The PAIN-KILLER cures respectively.—L. PERRY DAVIS & SON.