NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Long wraps are in vogue for general wear.

A new salad bowl is shaped like an open rose.

Ribbons are used as freely as ever for trimming.

Buttons at $20 a dozen will find many purchasers this winter.

Lady Eva Wyndham Quin, an English lady has been tiger hunting at Nepaul, Northern India.

Richard Burton, of Denver, Col., wants a divorce from his wife on the ground that she squints.

The Empress Augusta gave $200 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Antwerp explosion.

The new carmelite wools have silk-woven borders which closely resemble Kensington embroidery.

Miss Sanger, President Harrison's type-writer, is a rapid worker, and often copies on her machine 120 letters a day.

Mrs. Harriet A. Ketchum has been awarded the first prize ($500) for a design for the Iowa soldiers' monument.

Five hundred dollars will keep a fashionable woman in millinery goods and $300 will shoe her for twelve months.

Tho father of the late Bishop Kimball of the Mormon Church had fifteen wives, and he use to refer to them as "heroes."

Never wear the waist of a good dress with a cloak which rubs and defaces the bodice, but keep a plain wool jersey to wear under wraps.

Miss Beaumont, the American aeronaut, was recently fished out of the River Tyne, England, after descending from the clouds in a parachute.

The Princess Christian, daughter of Queen Victoria, has prepared three illustrated articles for the forthcoming volume of an English magazine.

The new winter goods are cashmeres, cloths, cheviots and diagonals, in divers designs, of which the large plaids, disks, and broad stripes are most favored.

Genuine green acorns in their tiny cups, and surrounded by shining dark green oak leaves, appear upon some of the large Directoire hats for early autumn wear.

A high, wired collar and small hood are effective additions to seal plush mantles, and smaller collars of plush or fur are very stylish upon Directoire capes of cloth.

A big mellow, yellow apple stuck full of cloves and set on a saucer is one of the sweetest things to be found on the dressing table of the guest's chamber for a bit of fragrance.

Miss Mary Louise Worley, the young English woman who was graduated with honors at Cambridge in 1888, has received an offer to teach the languages in a Boston private school.

There is a fancy just now for ribbon trimming on the plain straw hat. Masses of loops and ends are piled on the crown, entirely concealing it, while the brim is left undecorated.

Astrachan is likely to be considerably worn during the winter, in both gray and black, and the warm brown mink fur, so popular a generation ago, is again a candidate for popular favor.

Apple green and primrose yellow are used in combination for evening gowns. Another favorite mixture that sounds impossible and looks more than well is deep cream with clear glistening white.

A very popular arrangement for gowns of woolen fabrics is the double vest, the upper one simulating a low cut, double breasted waistcoat, the under one, of silk or some light fabric, reaching to the throat.

Only dress skirts of a very heavy fabric require steels; and the limit is fixed at two short ones. Pad bustles are entirely eliminated, and the skirt hangs perfectly in back, being also entirely plain in front and at the sides.

The favorite furs for the winter will be the Russian sable, which, by reason of its cost, is always a leading choice; the mink or Hudson Bay sable, the ever-popular sealskin, astrackan, black Persian lamb, Russian lamb and gray Krimmer.

English bridesmaids are wearing Directoire costumes of white watered silk with redingotes which have deep rolling collars of orange velvet, and soft vests of yellow crepe du chine fastene d at th belt with long loops and ends of yellow moire ribbon.

A new feature is the kid crown which adorns some of the most elegant hats and bonnets. One little turban has a crown of white kid and a brim composed of tiny black wings. Kid of different shades is employed. The effect is delicate and unique.

The late Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, left a fortune of $100,000, all earned by her pen. Miss Booth was a prolific and patient writer, and her success, as most successes are, was earned by steadfast, patient endeavors rather than impulsive genius.

Miss Grace Howard, oldest daughter of Joe Howard, the well-known newspaper correspondent, is engaged in mission work among the Indians at Crow Creek, Dakota. Because of her many charitable deeds, she has been named "the good-hearted woman" by the Indians.

An attempt is being made to introduce three-quarter-length coats, and Louise Quinze coats of cloth or velvet are shown. These are fitted to the waist, and the fronts slope away to show an elaborate vest, also with revers and Incroyable cravat. These garments are embroidered all over in elaborate patterns.

Paying Your Funeral Expenses.

A novel idea in the way of paying one's funeral expenses has been introduced in New York city by a company recently organized for the purpose of furnishing cheap funerals. The new method consists of paying for your funeral in advance. Thus a man is enabled to decide just what kind of a funeral he is going to have, and he will also know what it costs. The trade is done mostly among the poorer classes, and the average funeral, paid for in advance, costs about $50. According to the plan, a man can make small payments of $5 per month, until the full amount is paid. And then, if he is taken sick, he can die happy in the knowledge that his taking off isn't going to pinch the pocket book of any of his friends. If, however, he should happen to die before the full amount is paid, his nearest relatives has to give a bond or guarantee that the full amount that the contract calls for will be paid. If, after paying the full amount, the patron should live for many years, the company would be away ahead on the deal, by reason of the interest that would accumulate on the original $50 invested.—*New York World.*

Feeding regularly and liberally we all know is absolutely necessary to the well being of fowls, though there seems to be some doubt on the subject of watering regularly, judging from the carelessness often manifested in this respect.

A good sire counts largely in the stock, but he can't do everything. Good dams are needed to make the stock as it should be. Thriftiness in both parents is also necessary if the best stock is expected.

THE SULTAN'S CITY.

AN AMERICAN WRITER'S VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Narrow Streets of the Turkish Capital—The Baggage Carriers—A Multitude of Dogs—Oriental Frauds.

CONSTANTINOPLE as a city is quite different from any other I have seen, writes Oliver Optic. As travelers have remarked, from a distance it presents a beautiful appearance, and from this aspect one might expect to realize there some of the dreams of Oriental magnificence. But as soon as the visitor lands, the illusion begins to dissolve, for one could hardly find a more dirty or disagreeable place on the face of the earth.

Most of the streets are not more than eight feet wide, which affords only about space enough for the mud and the dogs. Carriages and omnibuses are not to be obtained in Constantinople, and the only way to get to the hotel is on foot. Pera is the quarter where foreigners reside, and the hotels are to be found there. From the landing place on the Golden Horn, the mouth of the stream flowing into the Bosphoreus, on each side of which the city is built, the narrow street seems to lead to the top of the hill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It is slippery with mud and offal, and it is a "hard road to travel."

A DONKEY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Baggage is carried by porters, who have a sort of backboard with a shelf, upon which the trunks rests. The traveler follows him as well as he can. He has not gone far before he encounters a Turk leading a donkey or a mule with a pair of panniers across his back, each of them filled with cordwood or some other commodity. There is only space enough for that beast of burden and his load, and the only thing the walkist can do is to dodge into the first convenient doorway, or break into the midst of a family of Moslems squatting on the floor.

The Rue de Pera is wider, but hardly broad enough to permit two loaded mules to pass abreast of each other. I reached it in safety by great fortune, but I had hardly touched its pavement before a a mule loaded with joists, twenty feet long or more, put in a claim for possession of the entire thoroughfare. The sticks were crossed at his shoulders, one end projecting beyond his head and the other dragging on the pavement behind him. The mule had it all his own way, and was as independent as a "pig on ice." But the wayfarer may drop into a store on this street, and if he don't "talk Turkey" he may resist the importunate appeals of the salesman to purchase.

I have not the least idea how many dogs there are in Constantinople, but I should think they could compete with the human inhabitants of the city. They are not noted for their beauty, and no dog fancier would be likely to go there to replenish his stock. In fact they are all "yellow dogs," rather diminutive in size, covered with filth, mangy and ill-favored to the last degree.

The Turks have some sort of a superstition in regard to them, and though they do not feed or care for them, they protect them from destruction. Doubtless they are an important factor in whatever degree of health the city may enjoy, for they appear to be the only scavengers that are tolerated. They belong to no owners, and they have to pick up their living from the offal thrown into the streets.

DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Ordinarily the dogs are peaceable citizens, and make the best of their hard lot. It is said that the canines have certain quarters where they belong, and where they claim certain inherent rights and privileges, and are at all times ready to defend them in a pitched dog fight. In going about the city one occasionally hears the barks, yells and growls of such a conflict.

One night I was waked from my sleep by a most hideous din not far from the hotel. It sounded as though the entire million, more or less, of dogs in the city had come together in a general engagement. They seemed to be all yelping and growling in concert. Now and then the sounds indicated a sharp encounter, and one might suppose the brutes were tearing each other to pieces. They fought for a long time, though peace was made in the end and the racket ceased. I called upon my man Dimetri the next morning for an explanation. The territory of certain clans of canines near the hotel had been invaded by guerillas from another region, and this had caused the fight. He was unable to inform me whether or not the victory was with the invaders, but thought not, for the dogs of any quarter were generally strong enough to maintain their rights against all outsiders.

The Turks are too stoical to take any interest in these dog fights, which would be even better than candy and ice-cream to the gamins of our large cities, and they take no notice of them.

One morning I found the courier of Lord Somebody feeding a couple of yellow puppies in front of the hotel. They were cleaner and better favored in every respect than the multitude of dogs, though they were of some low breed. The courier told me he had found them in the street the day after his arrival, and had bought a couple of rolls for them every morning since. He introduced them to me, and I found them very friendly and pleasant.

Their kind friend left that day for England, and when I found the two puppies at the door the next morning I bought the bread and fed them, and we became intimate friends. I had to drive off the other dogs that insisted upon sharing the banquet, and this was no easy task. I continued to feed them as long as I remained in the city. It was sad to think what became of them after I left, for doubtless they were absorbed in the general miserable dogdom of the place.


THE TWO ORPHANS.

My companion was an elderly gentleman, and neither of us was inclined to travel long distances on foot. About the streets are saddle-horses in charge of Arabs. When the man finds a customer he mounts him on his steed and walks after him, urging forward the animal as occasion may require, for he is never one of the fancy barbs of the desert. We do not fancy this style of riding and we appealed to Dimetri for something more to our taste. The next morning he brought up a very handsome hooded phaeton and I suspected he had borrowed it of the Sultan; but he assured us he had procured it at a stable kept by a foreigner.

We passed through the Rue de Pera, occasionally causing a tremendous commotion among the foot passengers when we encountered another vehicle, or a donkey loaded with rocks, cordwood or lumber. We descended the hill, passing through a cemetery where the ruthless hand of improvement had made a road over the dead, till we came to a wide street near the Sultan's new palace. Beyond this we had to take to the fields for the want of a road. The Palace of the Sweet Waters was our objective point, and we got there. We had expected to gaze in wonder upon a scene of Oriental magnificence. The name of the place was certainly pretty enough to lead us to anticipate something rich and elegant.

The palace, however, was not equal to many a manufactory we had seen at home. There were a number of trenches stoned up to contain the "sweet waters," but there was none in them, sweet or otherwise. We looked upon it as a fraud. We fancy that the Sultan would open his eyes if he could sail up the Hudson or ride through any of the great cities of the United States.

The reader has had his palate tickled in imagination by the sherbets and confections of the Orient. I had, and I wanted to taste some of them. I asked Dimetri about sherbet. He took me to a shop and I drank sherbet, expecting to be thrilled as with the nectar of the gods. What do you think it was? Nothing but what the old ladies of New England call "raspberry shrub." It is very good for those who like it; but sherbet comes down from its seventh heaven after you have tasted it.

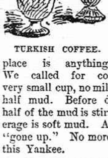
At the door of the monastery of dervishes Dimetri brought me a quantity of confections—fig paste, candy and other things of this sort. Not one of them was eatable; in fact the smell of these delicacies was more than enough. I threw them into the street when I went out, and the Moslem gamins scampered for them.

I had some curiosity to learn how the Turks lived, and Dimetri took me into a cafe near the mosque of St. Sophie. The first dish was made up from the fire before me. In a copper saucepan, like half a globe, was a large quantity of mutton fat, with bits of meat in it. In another kettle of the same kind was some rice, having a pinkish tint. On a small tea plate the attendant put a portion of this rice, spread it out, with a cavity in the middle. Then he emptied a ladeful of the mutton grease and two bits of meat into the middle of it. The odor was not pleasant, and a single taste of the compound was enough for this deponent. It smelled bad and tasted worse.

The next dish was pancakes, round balls of dough fried in fat. They were soaked with grease, and rancid grease at that. Press them a little and the fat flowed out in streams. These two dishes exhausted the bill of fare. I resorted to fruit.

An Armenian gentleman on the Bosphorus had told we that I had come in season for the best grapes of the year. I called for some of them, and up to the present moment they were the finest, the most delicious I ever tasted. The Turks sell them from great baskets all over the city for next to nothing. They look like the common Malaga grape, but the skins were hardly perceptible. The flavor was a little spicy, sweet, and rich enough to be the food of divinities. Though my worthy California companion insisted that they had better in his State, I have never tasted any that were equal to them.

Coffee is classed as an original Oriental dainty, and all have read about it in their story books of the East. We have all come to the belief that coffee in the land of its origin is another name for nectar. I went into a cafe in Scrutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bos-phorus. Half a dozen Turks were smoking chibouks, owned by the cafe and leased by the smokers. The implement is a pipe consisting of a glass urn, filled with water through which the smoke is drawn. The water is bubbling all the time, and the odor of the place is anything but agreeable. We called for coffee. It was a very small cup, no milk or sugar. It was half mud. Before drinking, the solid half of the mud is stirred up and the beverage is soft mud. Another illusion had "gone up." No more Turkish coffee for this Yankee.


TURKISH COFFEE.

A Sacrifice.

"Do you sell postage-stamps here, Bub?" asked old Mrs. Bargin, entering the drug store.

"No, 'm," returned the boy: "we just give 'em away at cost."—*Puck.*

The new steel practice vessel that is to be built for the cadets at the Annapolis Naval Academy will be of 800 tons displacement, and will be fitted with triple expansion engines that will develop 1200 horse-power with a speed of twelve and a half knots.

A man was turned out of a New York lodging-house the other night for snoring too vigorously.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8000 I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a $100,000 if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it will be done.

TEXT: "*God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*"—Rev. vii., 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine: and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation: but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelations is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country into which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted and mansions built.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said: "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children: and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man

pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautifully tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe.

Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women thirty, forty, fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age. O man, praise God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tip of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven: the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child?

If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphial march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah," their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Britons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

Killed by the Odor of Paint.

A sad and peculiar accident occurred at a Milwaukee tannery recently, resulting in the death of one man and the narrow escape of two others. A local paper gives this account: William H. Krueger, Emil Loder and Charles Schendel were engaged in painting the interior of a large water-tank, when they were overcome by the noxious fumes that emanated from an imported brand of black paint which they were applying to the iron surface of the reservoir. Their fellow-workmen, who were standing at the top of the tank, at once took steps to recover their companions, but before the rescue could be effected, Krueger was dead. The accident is a most peculiar one, and is without a parallel in the history of Milwaukee. The doctors say that the paint used contained poison, and was a very dangerous article to use. When the men were taken out of the tank their faces were greatly discolored, Krueger's countenance being almost blue.

Nature's Underground Statuary.

A magnificent stalactite grotto has been found in Carniola, near the famous Adelsberg Caves. The new grotto contains innumerable caves filled with curious stony formations resembling animals, trees, plants, draperies, and so forth, the largest hall, or "ball-room," being adorned with myriads of stalactite curtains and flags. The stalactites are pure white, and very transparent, not having wet become yellowish and blackened by the lamp-smoke of many visitors, as at the Cheddar Cliffs, Adelsberg, or the Han Grottoes in Belgium. In Central France, also, two explorers have just discovered a series of grottoes near Miers, at the Causse de Gramat, where a subterranean stream passes for miles through the caves, apparently to join the Dordogne. So far as it has yet been traced, the river forms seven lakes and thirty-three cascades.

Tortoises in the South Sea.

There are tortoises in the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, but their shell is of little value, and on the Gallipagos Islands a species exists which sometimes attains a weight of half a ton. A seaman of a New Bedford whaleship some years ago was missed by his companions on these islands. They sought for him for several days without success, and were about to leave without him, when they were surprised to see him coming down from the mountains driving one of these huge brutes with a club. This was the largest specimen ever heard of, and was probably hundreds of years old. The sailor had spent several days and nights, with true Yankee pertinacity, in guiding the clumsy brute from the mountains to the seashore. These tortoises and multitudes of hideous iguanas seem to be the only inhabitants of the Gallipagos, which are a mass of extinct and barren volconoes.

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If you have frequent headaches, dizziness and fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice.—*Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.*

A Graveyard for Horses.

One of the most unique cemeteries in the United States is that of Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, the burial ground for noted horses. It was established two years ago, and by the end of the first year three noted racers had found a resting place within its quiet precincts. As heretofore, the common brutes-which live out their allotted days and die without making a better record than 2:20, will be given over to the tender mercies of the equine potters' field boss on Barren Island, which is in the immediate vicinity. The racer burial-ground is beautifully decorated with flowers and shrubbery, and suitable headstones mark the last resting places of the kings and queens of the turf.—*Chicago Herald.*

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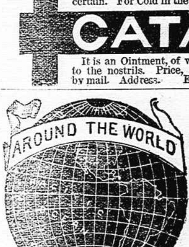

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