

SOLACE IN ADVERSITY

Encouragement and Consolation for Those in Trouble.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson from a Process Familiar to the Farmer—Triumph of the End of Misfortunes.

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From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah 28: 27, 28: "For the fitches are not thrashed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

Misfortune of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the great need of 99 people out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this neglected allegory of our text.

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we go through some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good, long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his quarter, was caricatured in one of the daily reviews as "Babbetongue Macaulay."

Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligning in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he would shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism. If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a coup of aloes to your face. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one thrashing floor might look over to the corn in another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn! We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The heft of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the ankles skinned by the painful stocks, and the flogging of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development. It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer. It was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear—the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he had known that you could not bear it. You trembled and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too deep or from your lungs one throb too sharp. The perplexities of

your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are thrashing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of merchandise that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need of talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles, I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be healthlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household where they are unwelcome and are beaten and bawled about when I would have taken them in the arms of my affection?" You say: "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disgraced countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say: "I could endure anything if only I was good looking."

And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say: "If it were rheumatism, or neuralgia, or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, sharp, snappy and cross about the house and raising a small riot because a button is off. How could you know the button is off? Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence one, now she is careless, because, she says, her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger nails until they are a sight to behold.

Again, my subject teaches that God keeps trials on us until we let go. The former shouts "Whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly thrashed. So God, smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world, with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knees are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some thrashing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many miles in circumference, and we said: "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in one part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world and in some estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off, 50 per cent. off, and there are those who would not give ten cents for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charming thing! But does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you mere money. We thought a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip, but we still hold on. God smites with a staff, but we hold on. And he strikes us with another staff to hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on the world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids, coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment to life, drinking to their eternal doom to life. In going and go down. Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in Heaven. There are no ascending cashiers from that bank, no falling in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail! Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not ever be thrashing it!" Now, the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet, but after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding. They never cry in Heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there

are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no spint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches and the rod that beat the cummin and the iron wheel that went over the corn! Daniel will describe the lions and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was it a day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smother of the flame and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky steeps and Christ of the numbness and the paroxysms and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God—on one elevation all those who were struck of the rod, on the highest elevation and amid the highest altitudes of Heaven all those who were under the wheel. They will not ever be thrashing it.

Is there not enough solace in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when he embosoms all our trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will weep black you will wear white; cypresses for them, palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this Heaven? Am I so pure now? I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so and are emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why have I not been here? Why have I not been here? I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunnier. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of Heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look thousands of miles down upon the battered procession, a river of shimmering splendor, and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say: "Do you not know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or thrashing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

Would that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to the nerves and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile, all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in Heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of Heaven. You say: "Are you sure that you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say Heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is, but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpur, and 250 women and children had been put into a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpur they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting hopelessly, when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir I. Bird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—buzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while the cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there, in front of the king's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and weariness and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted: "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!" Yes, that was an exciting scene! But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into Heaven from the conflicts and incarceration of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of Heaven, and there will be illuminations in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no! I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of sun, for the Lord giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

Big British Estates. The 34 biggest estates in Britain average 183,000 acres apiece.

MONTH OF BLUSTER.

March Musings of the Sage of Bar-tow.

Bill Arp Writes of How the Month Came by Their Name—Wonderful Story of the Old Scandinavian Goddess Heia.

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March has no friends. It is a disagreeable, uncertain, blustering month. It was named for Mars, the God of War, who was the son of Jupiter and was always hunting around for a fight. He was believed to be the father of Romulus, the founder of the Roman Empire, and hence was held in great reverence by the Romans. Mars was named for him. Those old Greeks and Romans had no weeks—no days of the week—no Sundays or Mondays or any other day, but they divided time by the Calends and Ides. The Calends were the first days of the month and the Ides were the fifteenth. All the intermediate days were designated by these, as for instance the third day after the Calends or May or the fifth day before the Ides of March. The Roman senate always began its sessions on the Ides of the month, except that after Julius Caesar was murdered the anniversary of that day of March were observed as a sacred day, of want the young people to know and remember that we got our months from Roman mythology and the days of our weeks from the Scandinavian mythology. Now listen to a part of this wonderful story, for it is classic and more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. Two thousand years ago it was the faith and religion of millions of people. Jupiter was the god of the Greeks and the Romans and Woden was the god of the Norsemen and each had a son who was a god of war. Thor was the son of Woden and it was originally Woden's day. Thursday was named for Thor and Friday for his mother. Each of these mythologists had a hodge or infernal region for bad people and evil spirits. Pluto presided over the one and a woman named Heia over the other. That is where the world hell came from. It seems an awful thing to put hell in charge of a woman, but they said that no man was as bad as a bad woman. Her father was named Loki and she had two brothers. One was a serpent so big and so long that it wrapped around the world and then swallowed its own tail. The other was a wolf so strong that he broke the strongest chains just like they were cobwebs. Then Woden got the mountain spirits to make another chain and they made it of six things. The noise made by a cat walking, the beard of a woman, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the smiles of bears and the spittle of birds. When the chain was finished it was as small and smooth and soft as a silken string, but no power on earth could break it. And so they chained him and killed him. But listen that kind of a home Miss Heia had. Hunger was her dining table. Starvation was her knife. Delay was her man servant—Sloth her maid servant. A precipice was her doorstep. Care her bed, and Anguish the curtains to her bed chamber. No wonder she was cruel and always wore a stern, unhappy and forbidding countenance.

This is just a sample of their mythology. It fills up several books. Now, where in the world did that people get all these wonderful stories. Away back in the ages they must have had poets more imaginative than Homer. Some of our most learned men say they got the foundation of most of them from the Bible. For the story goes that away back in the ages the people got so bad that Jupiter got dreadful mad with them and resolved to destroy them. So he summoned all the gods to come to him, and they came from all parts of the heavens, traveling on the milky way, which is the street of the gods, and after taking counsel together they determined to destroy all mankind and start with a new pair. So Jupiter was about to launch a red-hot thunderbolt at the earth and turn it up, but one of the gods told him that he had better not, for he might burn up heaven, too. So he concluded to use water instead of fire, and then came the flood which drowned every human being except Deucalion and his wife, who were good people. They escaped to the top of a mountain called Parnassus and were saved. That is very much like the Bible story of the flood and of Noah and Mount Ararat. And just so they got Hercules from Samson and Vulcan and Apollo from Jubal and Jubal (ain, ain, ain) and the Dragon from the serpent that tempted Eve, and the giants who tried to scale the walls of heaven from Nimrod and his tower. Every great heathen god had a favorite son, just as our Christian God has a Son. There is something sublime and comforting in even believing or imagining that a great and good being is somewhere in the heavens overlooking the earth and its people, prospering the good and punishing the evil. The fact that this all powerful being is invisible makes His existence the more impressive. Jupiter sat enthroned on Mount Olympus. Woden had a beautiful palace of gold and silver at Valhalla and could only be reached by walking on a rainbow. And we pray to our God, saying: "Oh, Thou who dwellest in the heavens," and not in the temples made with hands. History gives no account of any people who did not put their trust in some God, and this proves our confession of weakness and our need of strength from some supernatural divinity. The more cultured and enlightened we become the more conscious we are of our weakness. Children depend absolutely on their parents until after up in their teens. They do not fear any other God, but by and by the parents pass away or fail to supply their increasing wants and then comes that feeling of helplessness and the want of a protector. Reflection comes with age and the more reflective a man becomes and the more intelligent from study and culture, the more he must realize his ignorance and dependence. Therefore, I cannot understand how such a cultured gentleman as Ingersoll can be so irreverent, so careless and prayerless about his own existence, for he cannot tell by what power he raises his hand or closes his eyes when

PITH AND POINT.

"He is in the springtime of life."

"Shouldn't wonder. He gives one that tired feeling."—Puck.

An egotist is a man who insists on telling you the things about himself that you want to tell him about your self.—Chicago Daily News.

"Slobs"—She's a remarkable woman. "Slobs" always gains her point. "Slobs"—Even when she sharpens a pencil?—Philadelphia Record.

When a man's wife dies, he has an uneasy feeling that, from the looks of the neighbors, he is not rising to the occasion in the demonstrations of his grief.—Acheson Globe.

"The Boy"—That isn't what she ordered. "The Grocer"—I know it. Just tell her this is more expensive, but we'll let her have it for the same price.—Indianapolis News.

Warning to Drinkers.—Judge—"Did drink make you shoot at your mother-in-law?" Prisoner—"No, your honor, it was the drink that made me miss her."—Baltimore World.

Holden—"Tedium seems to be quite a bright fellow." Grant—"I should think so! He is about as smart a chap as you'll find in a day's travel. Why, he's had the appendicitis, and he isn't 22 yet!"—Boston Transcript.

Why He Wept.—"Why are you crying, little boy?" "One of them artists paid me a dime to sit on the fence while he sketched me." "Well, is there any harm in that?" "Yes, sir; it was a barb wire fence."—Philadelphia Record.

"Poor man! He was so out up yesterday. He got a telephone message that his wife's pet dog had been run over and killed. 'Why should the death of a dog make him feel so badly?' 'That wasn't it. He felt badly when he got home and found it was all a mistake.'"—Philadelphia Press.

AN EXHIBITION OF NERVE.

Anecdote of a Bad Man Who Saved His Life by Keeping Marvellously Cool.

Albert E. Hyde, writing in Century of "The Old Regime in the Southwest," tells the following anecdote of the reign of the Colt's revolver in New Mexico:

"At the switch I met Territory Bill, a white man, tall, angular, with small grayish-blue eyes, a pronounced hooked nose, and scattering sandy whiskers. Territory's business, when he was not engaged in 'killing' or playing cards, was stealing crosses. He had the habit of 'snaking off' two sticks from the cut and inspected them. While the occupation proved lucrative and pleasant enough to Territory, his attempt to earn an honest living in this way was looked upon with disfavor by the contractors. They therefore promptly 'sicked the dog' on him.

"One morning, after a particularly satisfactory haul, Territory was drinking at Dad's saloon, where I had been listening to accounts of his 'hairbreadth escapes.' There was not a soul in the saloon but Dad, Territory and myself.

Suddenly the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs was heard, a horseman drew up with a sharp clatter at the platform in front, and, swinging from the saddle, came dashing through the door. He had a deadly Colt's 45 pushed to the front, and I could catch the gleam of a pair of cold, determined eyes behind the barrel. This was the 'dog,' no doubt of it.

"The moment he found himself advanced and master of the situation, he advanced to within a few paces of territory Bill, who was leaning carelessly with one elbow on the bar, one hand to his cheek, while the other toyed with his whisky glass. Bill made no move, the hand upon the whisky glass growing quiet. He knew he was 'up against it.' Death stared him in the face; there was no escape. Not a muscle moved. His eyes glared calmly, the threatening revolver gazed into the eyes behind. In quiet, even tones, which scarcely moved a facial muscle, he said: 'You've got the drop, Charley. It's all right if you don't pull the trigger.'

"There was probably ten seconds of agonizing suspense. Dad and myself were speechless. To me, unused to such scenes, these terrible seconds seemed like minutes. Every moment I expected to see the brains of Territory scattered over the rough bar.

"Yielding to the spell of Bill's wonderful nerve, Charley muttered: 'By—', I can't shoot a brave man down, like a dog; then quickly retreating to the door, he threw the weapon into its holster, and with a vicious dig of his spurs galloped away.

"We stood there looking at one another in eloquent silence, first broken by Territory's remark: 'Close call, Dad; give us a drink.'

"It was a victory for nerve."

An Unfortunate Habit. There is a young man down-town who has the trick, or habit, of saying: "Since you press me." On being offered a cigar he answers smilingly: "Well, since you press me, I will, thanks," and to an invitation to luncheon to the theater or to a drink his answer is always the same: "Since you press me, I believe I will."

It happens that he is engaged to be married, and that his fiancée has a little brother. This lad has heard often and with much wonderment the phrase: "Since you press me," used on all sorts of occasions, and the other night at a dinner party in his house, when, unfortunately, there were some strangers present, he pointed his knife at the young man and said in a loud, childish treble to his father: "Papa, why is Mr. Blank always a-sayin' to sister, 'Since you squeeze me?'"—Los Angeles Herald.

Request for Cure of Cancer. A citizen of Frankfort, Germany has been authorized to that city of some 500,000 marks, the interest upon it to be used in researches respecting the cause of cancer. It is probable that more work in laboratories and elsewhere has that purpose in view than at any previous time. The triumphs of the quiet laboratory are in contrast with the victories of the thunderous battlefield, but who shall say that the conqueror of pitiless disease is not worthy to be ranked with the world's greatest generals?—Youth's Companion.

A FAMOUS PEARL ISLAND.

Supposed to Have Been Discovered by Lady Penrhyn in the Year 1788.

The famous Pearl Island was supposed to have been discovered by the ship Lady Penrhyn in 1788. Since then it has been changed. Lieut. Niguel, of the Porpoise, who visited it in 1841, stated that its inhabitants were the wildest and most savage-looking beings he had ever seen. In 1854 a gentleman who had been Queen Victoria's commissioner at Port Phillip, New South Wales, and had visited the island, urged the government to send a warship to destroy the tribe of savages, who were becoming a nest of pirates. However, the missionaries were well treated when they visited the place, as was also a crew of a California brig wrecked there. The island was subsequently visited by traders, and in 1888 was formally annexed to Great Britain.

Penrhyn is one of the most famous pearl islands of the Pacific, and its divers are as famous as its pearls. They will dive to a depth of 20 fathoms, or 120 feet. The pearl shell grows to a very large size in the lagoon, and the picked shell is worth \$1,000 a ton in the home market. Formerly pearls were more plentiful. On one occasion Messrs. Godfrey, the famous German firm, shipped to Europe in one parcel pearls to the value of \$20,000, the product of a few months' collection amongst the islands; and in the early days the beach-combers who were daring enough to land on those remote islands, and who managed to escape the ovens of the cannibals, often realized great sums of money by the sale of parcels of these gems.

THE ABYSSINIAN CALENDAR.

Names of the Days and Years Are Those of Saints—Method of Reckoning Time.

A fearful and wonderful thing is the Abyssinian calendar. Nearly every day is a saint's day, and is known by its proper name, and not by its date. For instance, if you ask an Abyssinian whether a certain thing happened on the 14th of Hadar (the equivalent of our November 23), he will not understand what you mean; but if you say: "Was it on Abuna Aragawe (the name for that day) that you stole that sheep?" a comprehending smile will spread on his handsome and intelligent features.

The year is divided into 12 months of 30 days each, and at the end of the year, to make up the 365 days, are added five days, called "Quagme." Each year in succession is called Matthews, Markos, Lukos, Johannis, Matthews, Markos and Johannis have each a "Quagme" of five days, but Lukos, or leap year, has a "Quagme" of six days. The Abyssinian year begins on our September 11, and, although dating as we do from the birth of Christ, they are nearly eight years behind us in time—September 11, 1900, was in their calendar 1st Maskaram, 1893. Their method of reckoning the hours of the day is also peculiar, to our notions. They count the day as beginning at sunrise, and not at midnight, as we do. Thus our seven a. m. is their 12 o'clock day; eight p. m. is their one o'clock day, and our six p. m. with us would be two o'clock night with them, and our four a. m. would be their ten o'clock night.

Of Course They Is. Editor—What do you mean by saying "lots of people think?" Reporter—Why not? Editor—Don't you know that a plural-substantive cannot take a singular verb? Reporter—Oh! but you must admit that lots of people are singular.—Philadelphia News.

No Time Lost. Mrs. Seldom-Holme—Do you know anything about these people that moved into the house next door to you yesterday? Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—I know all about them. They haven't put any blinds on their windows yet.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Meant. House Agent—Have you any children? House Hunter—Yes; but they are very quiet and well-behaved. House Agent—Oh, but I mean have you any children living, ma'am?—Judge.

The Disgruntled Father. "My tastes," said the extravagant son, "are inherited." "Yes," retorted the angry father, "everything you have is inherited. You haven't got anything enough to acquire even a taste," by individual effort.—Chicago Post.

The Older the Kisser. Ella—That fellow is a soft mark. Stella—Yes, men are like shoes; the older they get the easier they are.—N. Y. Herald.

The Rifle Supplants the Sword.

A half century ago the sword was considered the best known weapon in warfare, but it is now being discarded by the British soldier and the modern rifle is substituted. Many people throughout the country are also discarding the old method of trying to cure headache, nervousness, insomnia, indigestion and dyspepsia, and are using Hostetler's Stomach Bitters, the old reliable remedy for these ailments. It is also recommended by physicians, and a trial will convince you of its value.

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Legend. Lady (to woman whose husband has just been sent to jail for wife-beating)—"Why do you think your husband will miss you?" Woman—"He'll miss me because he can't hit me."—Judge.

Sneers are the weapons of a helpless fool.—Chicago Daily News.

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