THE CLARION.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1887.

JUBILEE OF SOULS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

A Memorable Day in the Church's History—Three Hundred and Eight New Members Received—Christ the Soul's Only Shelter.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 23.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon to-day was preached at the reception of 308 new members, making the communicant membership of the Brooklyn tabernacle 3,650. It was a day memorable in the history of this church. The reverend doctor's text was Isaiah, lx, 8: "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" He preached as follows:

When God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree; when He would put it afloat He fashions it into a fish; when He would have it glide into the air He molds it into a bird. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. The blackbird floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow lark with head of fawn and throat of velvet and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the southern swamps like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican white and black, morning and night tangled in its wings. They seem not more of earth than heaven, ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities.

Musicians have with clefs and bars tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and the robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snowbirds. The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings to the peacock?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch, and am as a sparrow upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord," so says Jeremiah. And in the text Isaiah looks ahead and sees the gathering of many people unto Christ and the church, and it makes him think of a flock of pigeons alighting on their coop, and all at once trying to get in at the window of the coop, and he cries out: "Who are these that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?"

This is one of the memorable days of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On other Sundays we drop the net; to-day we haul it in. On other days we send out the invitations for a king's party; to-day we sit at the banquet. On other days we fight the battle; now we claim victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Ye who have toiled and contributed and prayed for the success of this institution, take unto your souls the grand satisfaction of this hour. To you, O, men and women, is fulfilled the promise: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Wake up, O, Church of God! and bring garlands and music and let us celebrate our "harvest home."

Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing crafts, with compass and charts and choice rigging and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas and sail 10,000 years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach: "Have you found the shore?" And they answer: "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For 1,000,000 years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne and cry: "No shore! No shore to God's mercy!" Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it cannot scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass.

When persons apply for membership into any society, the question is asked: "Who are they, and where do they come from?" and as this multitude of people to-day present themselves for membership in the church we should ask: "Who are these that come as doves to their windows?" They are captives, whose chains have been broken; they are soldiers, who have enlisted for a thirty years' war; they are heirs of heaven.

They come as doves to the windows, first, because they fly low. The eagle darts up, as if to strike its beak into the sun. There are birds that seem to dwell under the eaves of Heaven; you see them as little specks against the sky, so far off that you cannot guess the style of their plumage or the shape of their bodies. They float so far away that if the hunter's gun be discharged at them they do not change their course. Not so with the doves or pigeons, they never take any high excursions. They fly around your roof and alight on the fence and seem to dislike great altitudes. So these souls who come to Christ and to his church to-day fly low. They ask no great things; they seek an humble place at the feet of Christ. They are not ashamed to be called beggars for mercy, they are willing to get down on their knees, and to crawl under the table, and to pick up the crumbs of gospel provision. There were days when they were proud and punctilious and inexorable and puffed up; but not now. The highest throne on earth could not tempt Mary away from Jesus' feet. Stoop, O pardoned soul, if thou wouldst enter heaven. A high look and a proud heart God hates. Fly low. It is a mercy that thou canst fly at all. Remember all the years of thy sin; thy days of youthful wandering; thy days of manhood transgressions; thy sins—dark, brooding, dreadful sins—against thy soul, against thy Bible, against thy God.

In one of the benevolent institutions of Europe where the destitute are provided for, the new comers have their photographs taken while in rags before they are washed, so that they may always have in the picture a reminder of the degradation from which they were lifted; so, in this book, God keeps before thee a picture of thy former destitution and raggedness of soul. Fly low.

It is an offended God before whom thou comest. Thou deservest His wrath. He scattered the 185,000 of Sennacherib's host in a night. He abhors sin. He will judge the nations. Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty. Fly low.

A thousand years ago an emperor planted a rose bush from which roses are plucked to-day. At the foot of the cross nearly nineteen centuries ago a rose was planted which blooms to-day; stoop down, if thou would'st pluck it. O for more of the childlike spirit! I rejoice in the belief that those who come to Christ to-day, come aware of their sins and their wants, and have learned how to fly low.

Again: These persons who come to-day are like doves on their way to the dove cot, because they fly for shelter. The albatross makes a throne of the tempest: the sea gulls find their grandest frolic in the storm—their merriest hour seems to be that in which the surf of the sea piles most high. Not so with doves. At the first blow of the northeaster they fly to the coop. Eagle contends with eagle in mid air, and vulture fights vulture on the bosom of the carcass, but doves at the first dash of the bird of prey speed for shelter from fiery eye and iron beak and loathsome talon. So to-day these souls come here for shelter. Every one has a besetting sin; that sin is always after you. The robber watches you when you come out of the bank, sees in what pocket you put the money, follows you down the street, notices where you go to dine, and where you sleep, and what kind of a lock you have on your door; so there is some sin ever on a man's track. It goes with him to the store, it sits on the money safe, it looks over his shoulder while he makes out the bill of lading, it goes out with him to dine, it walks home with him at night. As to some dog that you do not want to follow you but persists, you say to it: "Back home with you!" You stone it away and start on. After a while, casually turning your eye, you find it close after you with a sneaking look. Wherever you go, sin goes; where you stay, sin stays. You have watched the hawk above the barnyard; it sails around and around over the brood of chickens—around and around, now almost down to the flock, then back again, until at last it drops and seizes its prey. There is a hawk ready to pounce on every dove, and that is the reason that these doves come, day to the windows—they want shelter in the grace of God and in Christian associations. They say: "If there is any power in your prayers, let me have them; if there be any virtue in good counsels, give them to me; if there be anything elevating in Christian associations, let me feel their influence." "Where thou dwellest I will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God." Open your doors, oh, church of God! and let them come in "as doves to their windows."

Christ is the only shelter of the soul in trouble. What can you do without him when sorrow comes? Perhaps at first you take painkiller to quiet your nerves, or alcohol to revive your spirits; but have you found anything in the medicines or physical elements to comfort? Perhaps you have exercised of company merriment or in the emoryemaking of the club you have sought relief. This world has no balsam for a wounded soul, no shelter for a bruised spirit. The dove in the time of the deluge flew north and it was all water, in which were tossed the carcasses of the dead world, and the first solid thing the dove's feet touched was the window of the ark. So the soul in trouble goes out in one direction and finds nothing substantial to rest upon, and in another direction and every whither, but there is no rest for the dove save the ark.

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joys are found,
And there alone.

You lost a parent; some one said that it was in the regular course of nature that your father should expire. Did that comfort you? You lost a child; somebody said if that child had lived it might have turned out badly. Did that comfort you? You lost your property; they told you that riches were very uncertain. You knew that before. You were sick; they explained to you that the difficulty was in the secretions or in the sciatic nerve. Did that soothe you? O, the despicable quackery of earthly comfort! But when Christ comes to the soul and says: "I took your estate because I wanted to give you more valuable treasures; I made you sick in body that your soul might be brought up to eternal health; I took your loved ones away because I have a better and brighter place for them in my own presence;" then the wound heals, then the tears dry off the face, then God has become the everlasting portion of the soul. Oh, the air is full of black wings and ravens' beaks. They join their wings of darkness until they shut out the light of the sun. They have fattened on the carcasses of men. Their clangor is horrible to the ear. Trouble and disease and death coming down on the wind. No wonder these souls have come for shelter "as doves to their windows." What does the pigeon in the coop care for the hawk in the sky?

Safe in Christ, safe forever. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but Thy loving kindness shall never fail.

Again: These souls, like doves, fly home. Most of the winged denizens have no home; now they are at the north and now at the south, as the climate indicates. This year a nest in one tree, next year a nest in another tree. The golden oriole remains but three months of the year in Germany, and is then gone. The linnet of Norway crosses the ocean to find rest from the winter's blast. The heron, the goldfinch and the grossbeak are migratory. The cranes call each other together several days before going, choose their leader, arrange themselves in two lines, forming an angle, and are gone. But the pigeons alighted to in the text, summer and winter and always, have a home to the dove cot. And so Christ is the home of those who come to him. He is a warm home; they rest under the "feathers of the Almighty." Christ tells us that chickens find not a warmer place under the wing of the hen than we in Him. He is a safe home; our fortunes may go down ten degrees below zero, the snows of trouble may fall, the winds of persecution may howl, the jackals of death may stalk forth—all is well, for "great peace have they who trust in God." From this home we shall never be driven out. The sheriff may sell us out of our earthly house or the fires may burn it down, or the winds carry it away, but that home shall always be ours.

Men talk as though starting for God were putting out on a trackless moor, or wandering through the sands of a great Sahara. No, no; it is coming to the warmest and best of homes, "as doves to the windows."

Again: These souls to-day gathering for membership, are like doves, because they come in flocks. The buzzard, with dripping beak, fluttering up from the carrion, is alone. You occasionally look up against the wintry sky and see a solitary bird winging past. But doves or pigeons are in flocks; by scores and hundreds do they fly. You hear the loud whirr of their wings as they pass. So to-day we see a great flock coming into the kingdom. It is not a straggler, trying to catch up with his regiment; it is a solid phalanx, taking the kingdom. It is not a drop on your hand or cheek that tells you to doubt whether it rains or not, but the rush of an unmistakable shower.

There are all ages in this flock. Some of them are young, and the very first use they make of their wings is to fly into the kingdom. Some of them are old, and their wings have been torn with shot and ruffled with the tempest, and they had almost dropped into the sea. Some of them have been making a very crooked course. They dipped their wings in fountains of sin—they wandered near the gulf of perdition; but they saw their danger—they changed their course. They have come at last "as doves to the windows."

I thank God that I have lived to see this day; to my dying hour I shall not cease to praise Him for this manifestation of His grace. Praise to Him, sun and moon and stars! Praise Him, church militant on earth! Praise Him, church triumphant in heaven! Let the church beneath raise up its right hand of gratulation, and the church above reach down its right hand of joy, and while the two are clasped let the elders of the church put to our lips the wine of earthly celebration, and the cupbearers of heaven bring up out of the vaults of eternity the oldest wine, prepared by Him who trod the wine press alone, and so let two worlds at once keep jubilee!

Who are these who come to us to-day? Many are young. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spent all of our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steep at the first jump, for when he gets full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop.

I was through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, her father could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mother was fearing with grief. I said: "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh," she says, "happy, happy, Mr. Talmage; tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief, I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. O! I wish that to-day my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow.

But while a great flock this day comes to the dove cot of mercy, the largest flock is going the other way. It is a very easy thing to tame doves. Go out with a handful of corn to feed pigeons and they will fly on your shoulders and your hands, so tame are they. God has fed those who are before me with "the finest of wheat," and yet you have flown from Him all your lives long. You have taken your clothes out of His wardrobe and your bread out of His hands. God's spirit will not always strive. In the morning, after a severe night, you have gone out and seen the birds dead on the snow; so, after awhile, God's mercy will cease, and the earth will be covered with the bodies of those who perished in the storm. That storm is coming. It will shiver the mast of pride—it will drive into the white reefs of death every cargo of sin. The cedars of the mountain will split in the hurricane, and the islands shall be moved out of their places, and the continents shall be rent asunder, and the hemisphere shall whirl like a top in the fury of that day. The mountains will be blasted and the beasts, in affright, be pitched from the cliffs in an avalanche of terror. The dead shall rush forth from their sepulchres to see what is the matter, and all those who despise God shall horribly perish.

Now do you suppose that I can stand here and know that that day is coming without telling you about it? My last resting place will probably be near yours. What if, when I get up in the resurrection day, I should see you rushing at me across the lots of the cemetery, and hear you cry: "Why did you not tell me of this! If it had not been for your neglect I should have been on the way to glory." I cannot prepare myself for such a consternation.

"Can you tell me how far it is to hell?" said a young man as, on Sunday, on horseback, he dashed past a good Christian deacon. At the next turn in the road the horse threw the scoffing rider, and he was dead. He wanted to know how far it was to hell and found out without the deacon's telling him.

So thou art mounted on a swift steed, whose hoofs strike fire from the pavement as he dashes past, and you cry out: "How far is it to ruin?" I answer: "Near, very near!"

Perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Oh that my Lord God would bring you now to see your sin and to fly from it; and your duty, and help you to do it, so that when the last great terror of earth shall spread its two black wings, and clutch with its bloody talons for thy soul, it cannot hurt thee, for that thou art safe in the warm dove cot of a Saviour's mercy!

Come in! come in!
Eternal glory shall thou win.

Ex-Senator Thurman's wife always sets his shoes before he goes out.

An orange tree over 400 years old, in the orangerie of Versailles, was first planted by Eleonora de Castille, the wife of Charles III.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY LENSES.

A Brief Account of Their Unpacking. Precious Pieces of Property.

The large lenses for the Lick observatory have at last reached their destination, Mt. Hamilton, in safety. These glasses have been prepared at immense cost of time and money by the Messrs. Clark, of Cambridge, and after being securely packed were placed in a special car for transportation across the continent, under the guardianship of Capt. Frazer. The San Francisco Chronicle gives a brief account of the unpacking:

The outer boxes were first removed, and then the boxes containing the lenses were taken to the south room of the observatory, where a fire had been started hours before to produce the proper temperature. When the covers of the boxes were removed it was found that the glasses had not moved out of place in the slightest degree. The wrappings of cotton flannel, forty yards to each glass, were then carefully cut away, and the glasses brushed and wiped with the utmost delicacy by Mr. Frazer, in accordance with the instructions given him by Alvan Clark. This done, the glasses, set on edge on steel rollers, were put in a cast iron cell inlaid with silver, with a space of six and a half inches between them.

The next move was to transport the cell, with its valuable attachment, weighing altogether 600 pounds, to the vault in the north room under the pier which supports the twelve-inch equatorial. Here every precaution had been taken to prevent moisture, and here the glasses will remain until the time comes for mounting them. Investigation shows that neither the flint nor the crown glasses had been injured at all. Each was in as good a condition as when it left the hands of the Clarks.—Exchange.

SOUTH AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The People Doing Their Best to Keep Up With the Procession.

We hear very little about and seem to care as little for South American affairs. But the people down there are doing their best to keep up with the world's progression. Thus The Buenos Ayres Standard calls attention to the wonderful development of the southern territories of the Argentine Republic that has taken place during the last six years, consequent upon the successful campaign which swept the Indians off the fertile plains beyond the Alvina frontier.

Five years ago, it is remarked, the valley of the Rio Negro was a mere geographical expression; to-day it is thickly stocked and settled, from the mouth of the river up to the meeting of the water of the Limay and the Nauquen. Patagones and Viedma were then mere straggling villages; now they are flourishing settlements supplying the wants of a rich territory.

The government has ordered the measurement and subdivision of 1,000 square leagues of land near the colony, and new expeditions are talked of to explore the neighboring territories. The Welsh colonists are said to be eager to settle at the foot of the Andes, where there is an abundance of fertile land for a large population. Great progress has been made in the means of communication now regularly established both by land and by water for 300 miles up the Rio Negro valley as far as Roca.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Piutes' Christmas Stew. Cartoons in Colored Chalk.

There are perhaps a dozen men in this city who make a living by getting up cartoons for cigar stores and eating houses in colored chalk. The figures on these pictures are generally life size, executed in colored crayons and portraying some subject of local interest. A leading politician is represented before and after lunching at such and such a restaurant, or in the act of executing a war dance while smoking a certain brand of cigar. In some cases the portraits are very good, though the manner of execution and coloring are rude and faulty. The class of men who do this kind of work are often very well paid and find regular employment. They are usually broken down artists or those who have made a failure in the legitimate branches of art and still have a hankering to use a pencil and color. In the holiday season they reap the largest returns and are able to make a handsome sum of money for the few weeks preceding Christmas.—New York Journal.

Intelligence of Two Dogs.

John Schier, the aged watchman of a Louisville furniture factory, fell on the ice on a recent cold night and broke his thigh. He tired himself out shouting, but no one came, and he was in a fair way to freeze to death, when J. L. Eshman's two Newfoundland dogs ran up. Schier had played with them since they were puppies, and they were glad to see him and were ready for a frolic; but when their friend didn't get up they at once knew something was wrong. First they howled long and mournfully; then they dashed away, ran to their master's house, and awakened him by their barking and scratching. He knew their intelligence, and followed them to where the old man lay insensible. He carried him to the factory office, summoned a surgeon by telephone, and while the doctor reduced the fracture the two dogs stood on the outside of the office with their fore feet on the window sill and watched him through the window.—New York Sun.

Counterfeit Silver Dollars Afloat.

Comparatively new in counterfeit silver dollars, dated 1882, are in circulation in Chicago. They are so nearly perfect as almost to defy detection and any one not an expert would take them without question, and even an expert would be deceived unless he made a critical examination. They are nearly up to the standard weight. The milling, on which so many counterfeiters fail, is admirably done. The ring is almost genuine and the general impression good. They are, however, lacking in the rich silver color or appearance, but look like tin in light colored brickdust water. They are supposed to have come here in quantities during the holidays.—Chicago Herald.

Henry George's Legacy.

The widow of George Hutchins, of New Jersey, has recently written to Henry George with reference to the legacy of $7,000 left by her deceased husband for the purpose of being applied to the gratuitous distribution of Mr. George's book. Mrs. Hutchins explains that her share of her husband's estate was very much less than she had supposed; in fact, that it was totally insufficient for her support. In reply Henry George told her that under the circumstances he would ascertain what legal action must be taken with the view of transferring to her the money left to him. The money was left to him absolutely.—Chicago Times.

Unique Game of Polo.

A game of polo, supplemented with an original and unique feature, was played with great success at Wooster, O., a few evenings ago. Seven contestants on rollers were given charge over as many large, fat turkeys, to be driven through the usual goal. The birds were to be shown the greatest possible kindness, and nothing allowed in propelling them to the goal but a gentle "Shoo!" or a slight tension of the tender rope which connected them with the contestants. After twenty minutes' careful coaching one of the fowls suddenly grasped the idea and boldly stalked through, amid storms of applause.

Walk Tip-Toes Through the Mud.

Have you ever noticed how careless the men down town are about crossing the muddy streets? I often think with pity of their poor wives or whoever has to brush off the mud. They splash right into the thickest part and not only spatter themselves, but every one in their neighborhood. Now, if they would only go on their tip-toes their heels would have no chance to spatter their trousers or the people behind them. Such a practice for one day, I estimate, would make a thousand hours' less work for the women at home.—Cor. New York Journal.

Concerning Centenarians.

The Wilmington Star recently said that nearly all the centenarians are negroes, and that that was suspicious, for the negro was not always certain about his age, the writer having known one who said that he remembered well when Columbus discovered America. This lead The Philadelphia Ledger, an undoubted obituary authority, to say that of the ten centenarians who died in Philadelphia in 1886 but one was a colored person.—New York Sun.

The Belled Buzzard Killed.

The belled buzzard that has been spoken of in the south for years was shot the other day by J. C. Corrington at Tunis, Tex. The bird was well toned, of brass, and about two and a half inches across the base. It was hung to the bird by a copper wire twisted around the neck. There was no chafing, the skin being protected by an abundance of down; 1879 was scratched on the narrow, flat top of the bell.—New York Sun.

One of the Inconsistencies.

One of the abominable inconsistencies of the dictionaries, says the editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal, is the spelling of nog in eggnog with one g. While they were about it why didn't they drop one of the g's from egg and make the word egnog? Most people would look upon "egnog," however, as rather weak. Those who use it at all in the holidays want four g's in it. Eggnogg is the word.

A Novel Library.

T. J. Murray, the well known New York chef, has a library made up of cook books and books on the culinary art, gathered together during the past quarter of a century, and which forms one of the most novel libraries in the city.—Detroit Free Press.

Founding a Mineral Well.

A Wisconsin farmer revenged himself on his neighbor by throwing ten pounds of Epsom salts into his well. As soon as the water began to taste the report went out that it was a mineral well, and a dozen people rushed to buy the farm.—Detroit Free Press.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Harriet Lane Johnson is at Dresden for the winter.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has a dress with diamond buttons.

Secretary Lamar is the best swordsman in Washington.

Gov. Lee, of Virginia, is credited with being the champion checker player of the south.

A custom with P. T. Barnum is to advise every man who has a wife to give her a signed temperance pledge as a New Year's gift.

The man who composed "The Arkansaw Traveler" is dead. His name was Joseph Tosso. He died at Covington, Ky., and he was 85 years old.

Miss Mabel Wright is the latest discovered professional beauty in New York. She is described as the fairest blonde imaginable, with light hair, blue eyes and exquisite color.

Queen Victoria will give away 2,000 titles and decorations in connection with the celebration of her jubilee. This lavish generosity will not cost her majesty a cent, but it will be expensive to the recipients of her favors.

Gladstone received $1,250 for his article in The Nineteenth Century Review on Tennyson's poem. This is said to be the largest price ever paid in England for so short an essay. It was written in three days, and critics say it bears evidence of hasty composition.

The Hard Worked Queen of Spain.

The queen regent of Spain is probably the most overworked woman in her dominions. She rises at 7, and as soon as she has made her toilet she sends for her little son and the members of the royal family, and spends an hour or so with them. At 9 she attends to her household affairs, goes over her accounts, gives her orders for the day, reads her letters, glances through the newspapers, and is ready by 10 or a little after to receive the report of the captain general of the garrison. He is succeeded by the prime minister, who has a long interview with the queen on the affairs of state every day but Monday, when she presides at a cabinet council instead.

At 12 the royal family sit down to dejeuner, at which meal the little king always assists—though only as a spectator, of course. At 2 one of the ministers presents himself with the decrees and state papers of different kinds which await her signature. Twice a week she holds a levee, and it is rarely over before 6. The other days she takes a drive without an escort or any other show of state. After dinner the royal party amuse themselves with cards or talk literature and art with Count Morphy, who is an accomplished musician, and at 11 the queen retires to seek the rest to which she is so well entitled after her fatiguing day's work.—St. James' Gazette.

Felling the California Redwoods.

"Now she takes it; keep clear!" shouted Jim Lane, a muscular Sonoma "bullwhacker," in warning to the group of woodchoppers in the redwood forest at the northern end of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, as the death rattle of a California giant was heard. After hours of undercutting and cross sawing they had cut through all but one and a half inches of the monstrous trunk, fifteen feet in diameter, and the crackling of the wood announced that the monarch was about to fall. Its lofty top, 275 feet above the ground, wavered a moment and bowed gracefully and with stately air, like a grand lady courtesying; then gathering impetus as it left the perpendicular the great trunk rushed to the earth with terrific force.

Keeping to the course marked for it by the woodsmen, it tore the foliage from the protruding limbs, filled the air with flying branches and bits of bark, swept away every article in its path, and descending with tremendous force struck the ground with a thud to be heard a mile. Clouds of dust shot up sixty feet; the earth shook and rumbled. The prostrate giant trembled once and all was over. It was a death scene of awful grandeur and solemnity. Even the lumbermen, accustomed to the sight daily, dropped their sledges, double bitted axes, mauls, goads and water buckets and gazed in silence at the overthrow of the many centuried monarch.—Harper's Weekly.

The Finest Coffee.

The finest flavored coffee is undoubtedly the Mocha, grown in Yemen, Arabia. The Mocha berry is small, round and of a dark brown color, the richness of the color arising from its being allowed to remain on the trees until so ripe that it can be shaken off. There is very little, if any, of this delicious coffee that ever reaches the English or American markets. The entire crop of the district of Yemen being consumed eastward and southward of Constantinople. The ordinary Mocha coffee of commerce is the selected berries of the Java and Brazil product, which resemble the Mocha in size and shape, the higher price which it commands paying for the trouble of picking it from the mass of ordinary coffee from which it is selected. Java coffee stands next on the list in point of flavor, and as the Java product is considerable and the size and color of the berries show a marked difference from the American coffees, there is no great danger of an ordinarily good judge of coffee being cheated in this article. The berry is larger than that of the American coffees, and of color varying from pale yellow to brown, while the smaller berry of the Rio coffee has a bluish or gray tinge. The Java coffee is chiefly exported to Holland and the United States, England drawing its supplies from Ceylon and Brazil principally.—Philadelphia Times.

What Poet Whittier Says.

"Do you come to Boston much now?"

"No, not as much as I once did. I am lost in Boston now. I miss the faces of Whipple, Longfellow, Phillips, Garrison, and such a host of friends. I was there, however, a week or two ago. So much of the city is new to me, too; it has grown out of knowledge. Everything seems to drift toward New York."

"Do you think the literary center will go that way?"

"Well, it is hard to say just where that center is. It is supposed to be in Boston, but there is a great deal of ability elsewhere."—Boston Journal Interview.

When Cornwallis Surrendered.

At the surrender of Cornwallis the American troops were drawn up on the right and the French troops on the left of the road along which the British army marched in solemn silence. Lafayette, noticed that the English soldiers looked only at the Frenchmen on the left and ignored the American light infantry, the pride of his heart, and he, determined to bring their eyes to the right, ordered the band to strike up "Yankee Doodle."

"Then," said he, narrating the change, "they did look at us, but were not very well pleased."—Youth's Companion.

Lye in the Coffee.

A convict employed in the kitchen of the Montana penitentiary put concentrated lye into the coffee which was served to the prisoners, and they thought it was an improvement.

A Cross-Eyed Statue.

Greenough's statue of Washington, on the east of the Capitol at Washington, has been tampered with by some irreverent vandal, and the Father of his Country is now cross-eyed.

Don't Like Colored Troops.

A gentleman in from Prince river, Utah, says the Indians near Fort Duchesne take it as a personal indignity that colored troops have been set at that post, and say that as soon as the snow falls deep enough they will clear out the whole gang.—Chicago Herald.

A 250-Year-Old House.

There is a house in Philadelphia that has been standing for 250 years. It was built before Penn obtained his charter, and is one story high, with an immense roof. The walls, made of stone, are two feet thick, and the oaken doors are large and heavy.

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Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scaly Head, Scrofula, and other inherited Skin and Blood Diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

A COMPLETE CURE.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking CUTICURA REMEDIES, and now I am entirely cured.

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ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLY.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success. CUTICURA RESOLVENT was speedily and entirely cured by CUTICURA.

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NO MEDICINE LIKE THEM.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.0 ; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CRUDS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humors, cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

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Quick, Complete, Satisfying, Soothing, Strengthening and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in every instance by the first application of the Celebrated Vim Plaster. Ask druggists for it. Price, 25 cents; or five for $1.00. Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston.

The Woman in the Case.

ELIZABETH RODGERS,

LEADER IN THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The wife of George Rodgers, who is a member of the Executive Board of District Assembly 24, of Chicago, is a notable woman, because she is the only female Knight of Labor who ranks as a leader in that great organization. She is said to be statesmanlike in address, having a clear head, well-defined opinions, and a good command of apt language. Notwithstanding the fact that she is the mother of nine children, one an infant, the survivors of a family of twelve, she devotes much time and labor to the interests of the Knights, and is Master Workman of District Assembly 24 of Chicago.

Mrs. Rodgers is a native of Ireland. She was born at Woodford, County Galway, about forty years ago. When six years old she came to America with her mother. Her first home in this country was in New York, from which her mother and she removed to London, Ontario, still the residence of the elder woman.

About ten years ago Mrs. Rodgers organized the first working women's union in Chicago. She was its president more than two years. Other offices which have been held by her are the presidency of the Eighth Ward (Chicago) Land League, and of the Daughters of Erin. During the past seven years she has been delegate to the State Trades Assembly of Illinois, and for four years, the delegate from Local Assembly 1,789, of Chicago, to District Assembly 24. Her prolonged term of office as Master Workman of Local Assembly 1,789 was succeeded by her incumbency, which she still holds, of the corresponding dignity in District Assembly 24. In all her activities in the cause of labor, Mrs. Rodgers is encouraged by her husband, who is a prominent and capable worker in the same cause. When, a few months ago, the Knights of Labor held a Convention at Richmond, Virginia, she attended it, accompanied by her infant, then only a few weeks old, and who was formally made a Knight.

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Professor of Medicine at the Royal University; Knight of the Royal Austrian Order of the Iron Crown; Knight Commander of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabella; Knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Red Eagle; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, &c., &c., says:

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"FOSTER S. CHAPMAN,
"Orlando, Fla."

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A SUPERB FLESH PRODUCER & TONIC! GULEN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER. Cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores. A perfect Spring Medicine.

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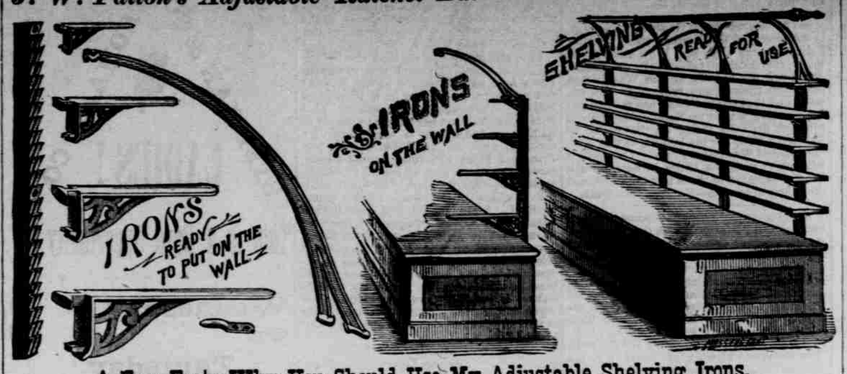

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