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A HOLY FESTIVAL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 19.

Text of the Lesson, Lev. xxiii, 33-44. Commit Verses 41-43—Golden Text, Ps. cxviii, 15—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of R. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

This chapter may well be called "The Chapter of the Feasts of the Lord" or "The Chapter of Holy Convocations," the former expression beginning and ending the chapter, and found also in verses 4, 37, while the latter is found no less than eleven times in this chapter.

Our lesson today gives an account of but one of the eight different convocations recorded in this chapter; or seven if we do not count the Sabbath, which was an institution as old as Eden.

33. "And the Lord spake." How little we are apt to think of this most weighty statement. It ought to cause us to give heed with all our powers as we remember that while other things pass away "the word of our God shall stand forever."

34. "Speak unto the children of Israel." Moses was simply the Lord's mouthpiece to the people and had only to say what the Lord told him.

"The fifteenth day of the seventh month." It is for God to appoint the day, and for us to be obedient. It was on the first day of this month that they blew with the trumpets, and on the tenth day was the great annual atonement of last week's lesson. The fiftieth year or year of jubilee was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets on the atonement (xxv, 9, 10).

"The feast of tabernacles seven days unto the Lord." In Ex. xxiii, 16; xxxiv, 22, it is called the feast of ingathering because they had gathered in all their fruits out of the field (also v. 39 of our lesson). Verses 40 to 43 tell us why it is called the feast of the tabernacles; they all took boughs and branches of trees and made booths in which they dwelt seven days, rejoicing before the Lord, as they remembered their forty days in the wilderness, when they had no crops to gather in, but they dwelt in tents and God fed them.

35. "An holy convocation," because it was a gathering unto, and in the name of the Holy One of Israel. He was their holiness, even as He is ours, and apart from Him there is no holiness.

"No servile work." Nine times in this chapter are we told of no work, or no manner of work, or no servile work (vs. 3, 7, 8, 21, 25, 28, 31, 35, 36) in connection with these holy days. All true service ought to be joyful service, a glad thank offering to Him who speaks from off the mercy seat, who Himself is our mercy seat. All slavish work, or work done because we ought to do it, or must do it, should have no place in the service of such a Redeemer, "whose service is perfect freedom."

V. 36. "An offering made by fire unto the Lord." Twice in this verse, and five times elsewhere in the chapter do we find this expression (vs. 8, 13, 18, 25, 27). It was because of this offering by fire that there was to be no servile work but only joy in the Lord, with deep humility of soul.

37. "Everything upon His day." Sacrifices and the number of them, feasts and the order of them all appointed by God and everything upon His day; the priests and the people had only to read aright and be obedient, and the command was: "To write the words of the law very plainly."

38. "Beside the Sabbaths, . . . gifts, . . . vows, . . . and free will offerings, which ye give unto the Lord." Israel was required to give unto the Lord for his special worship and for their own great good, every seventh day in the whole year, besides these three annual seasons of from one to seven or more days, when everything ordinary had to be laid aside; they had also to give one-tenth of all their increase besides their special gifts and vows and free will offerings.

44. Having now glanced at all the verses in the lesson (verses 39-43 were touched upon in connection with verse 34) let us look at the feasts of the Lord in their reference to Christ and to us, and may the spirit that was in Moses declare them unto us. The same spirit in Paul declares that "holy days (R. V. feast days), new moons and Sabbath days are a shadow of things to come." (Col. ii, 16, 17.) That Christ our Passover has been sacrificed for us; and that we are to keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth, purging out all the old leaven of malice and wickedness. (I Cor. v, 7, 8.) He also tells us that Christ risen from the dead is the first fruits of them that sleep. (I Cor. xv, 20, 23.) Here then is the substance of the first three of the seven feasts; Christ the true passover, Christ the true unleavened bread, and Christ risen from the dead the true first fruits. Now the fourth of the seven feasts, in the third month, called the feast of weeks because it was just seven weeks or fifty days after the last feast, called also the feast of harvest or first fruits of wheat harvest, clearly points us to that which occurred fifty days after the resurrection of Christ, viz., the conversion of thousands of Jews when the spirit was poured out at Pentecost. But all the first fruits are not in yet, and the reaping at Pentecost was only a beginning. In James i, 18, writing to the twelve tribes of the dispersion, he speaks of the believers as "a kind of first fruits;" and in Rev. 14, 4, the 144,000 of the sealed ones of the seventh chapter are called "a first fruits unto God and to the Lamb;" then, in Rev. xiv, 15, we have the great harvest or reaping time, after the fall of Babylon, which is opened up more fully in Rev. xvii, xviii; then in Rev. xix, xx, the marriage of the Lamb, the judgment of the nations, the binding of Satan, after which comes the thousand years when Israel, in their own land, shall, from the least to the greatest, know the Lord, for they shall as a nation have been converted by the appearing of the Son of Man in power and glory, accompanied by His saints (Zech. xii, xiii); and then shall the true feast of tabernacles be kept, when "the Lord shall be King over all the earth," and "those that are left of the nations shall go up from year to year to Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles. Zech. xiv, 9, 16, 17. These feasts of the Lord are Jewish feasts and carry us forward to the redemption of Israel as a nation, and the restoration of all things of which the prophets have spoken. Would you see that day and be one of those who can truly say, even now: "When Christ, who is my life, shall appear, then shall I appear with Him in glory"? Then see to it that you are, by faith in Christ, one of the righteous, in whose body is seen, day by day, salvation and rejoicing.

John Jones, living near Fairburn, Ga., has an old family house cat that is nursing and caring for a young rat, bestowing as much attention upon this adopted child as she does her own kittens, with which the rat gets along peaceably.

TALMAGE IN THE SOUTH.

"AND HE WAS ANGRY, AND WOULD NOT GO IN."

The Self Congratulatory, Self Satisfied, Self Worshipful Man Is Full of Faults. Two Kinds of Higher Life Men—Returned Prodigals.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauqua, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv, 28), "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery or the chemicals were poor or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side face or a three quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals. "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out barcheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm; goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist; is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how is soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he has to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands! I tell you plainly that a roaring, roystering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say: "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. That is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and strayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pomatumed and lavendered and colonged and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt edged prayer book in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls! take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling and agonized and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip and his cracked tongue and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the Holy Communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand, and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beath, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast, or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket, and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael. Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mahommedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians began to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahommedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you hear of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride."

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their caster always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender all! Oh, go in today and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fattened calf, and afterwards, when you are seated, with one hand is the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

SELECTED PARAGRAPHS.

Greece is about to begin a national library.

An organ being built for Sydney will have 126 sounding stops and five manuals.

A velvet pile Persian carpet was recently sold at auction for $7,600.

A New Haven artist has painted a $1 bill so realistically that he got $900 for the picture.

Two superb private railway carriages have been made in Paris for the emperor and empress of China.

Chestnut has become the fashionable color in London. It is the craze, and predominates in all dress goods.

How many people know it to be a fact that the legislature of Kansas years ago offered $1,000 to the first man who raised a family of thirteen children within the borders of the state? Such is a fact.

A very interesting speck of strife is the suggestion that the Greek government may make an attempt to recover from France all Grecian objects of antiquity which France has obtained unlawfully.

The paper money of Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays $600 a day for his accommodation. At one time, only a few years ago, calico sold for $2,000 a yard in these depreciated bills.

The British government proposes to replace private schools in India by government institutions, and to engage British specialists to supervise and enlarge technical education. Moral training will be provided for by a text book on morality, based on natural religion.

An Allentown (Pa.) firm of tailors employs a pretty young lady as collector. If a debtor murmurs something about being short of money, and hints at "calling again," she smiles sweetly at him and takes a seat, from which she seldom rises without the money due in her hand.

A patch of sweet potatoes in full bloom in Port Fulton, Ind., is attracting a great deal of attention from the curious, scores of whom go out every morning to see the freak of nature. The flowers are highly prized for their medicinal qualities, and are similar in appearance to those of the morning glory.

A society called the Columbia has started a carrier pigeon service between Strasburg and Vienna, and recently a number of pigeons were started at the latter city at 5 o'clock one evening, and the first of them reached Strasburg at 6 o'clock the next morning, having traveled at the rate of over thirty-one miles an hour all night.

The Anglican church of New South Wales has resolved to raise $1,000,000 in five years to commemorate centennial year, and have made a start with $250,000. The Wesleyans in the same colony propose to raise $250,000 in five years. Other colonies and other sections of the church are similarly marking the year, and jubilee funds are in high favor.

The Texas and Pacific railway is equipping the entire line with Sheffield paper wheel hand cars, which are capable of being easily run fifteen miles an hour. This enables the laborers to put in more hours at work for the company, and here is where the advantage comes in. With the old style hand car it took the section hands a great part of the day to go to and come from their work.

The method of demagneting watches by burying them in the ground has been condemned in round terms by the treasurer of the Waltham Watch company and the electricians of the New England and American Bell Telephone companies. Not only will it fail to demagnetize the time piece, but it will render it worthless by corrosion. A Connecticut doctor was the author of the dangerous theory.

France is surprised at the operation of its new divorce law. The first year such a thing as divorce was recognized by the law there were 1,800 granted, the second year 4,000, and the third year 4,500. Sixty women demand divorce for every forty men, and in more than half the cases that come before the courts there are no children. There are four divorces for every 1,000 marriages in France now, and in Paris the rate is forty-seven for every 1,000 marriages.

Perhaps the oldest railroad engineer in the country in length of service is Benjamin Hafner, who has been employed by the Erie road for forty-seven years. In all that time no train in his charge has met with a serious accident.

How to Make a Tent.

Buy nine yards of good, stout, yard wide cotton cloth and cut into three strips of three yards each. Sew these strips together securely by overlapping, and you will then have a strip three yards square. Make a solution of twelve ounces of lime and five ounces of alum in three gallons of water, and soak the cotton in it for a day. Rinse it in warm rain water and stretch it in the sun to dry. It will then be waterproof.

Having reached your camping out place, cut two poles eight feet long, each with a fork at one end. Sink the other ends in the ground about a foot and beat the earth well to keep them firmly in place. These poles should be about eight feet apart. Now cut another pole about nine feet long and put it on the top of the other two, resting in the forks. Cut two more poles ten feet long for the sides of your frame, resting one end of each pole on the cross pole and the other end on the ground. Stretch the canvas over the frame and tack it to the poles. You can make the sides of your tent weather proof with the boughs of cedar and other trees.

This is the simplest and least expensive tent you can have, and it will answer your purposes fully. The interior of the tent, however, would be a little more roomy and comfortable if you would put up a second frame in the rear, similar to that in front, say two feet high, and stretch the canvas over that and thence to the ground.

Select sloping ground to put your tent on, so that if it rains the water will readily run off; and also dig a little ditch around the tent, with an outlet running down the incline. As the front of the tent will be open—unless you choose to provide enough canvas to close it—you had better place it with the front toward the north or northwest, for storms, if you have any, will probably come from the south or southwest.

The rude hut described, for it is little else, will no doubt seem a flimsy shelter to those who have never occupied one, but for perfect rest and the soundest of sound sleeping, you will find it superior to the best room in your city house.—Chicago Tribune.

Writers and the "Syndicates."

The method of presenting literary matter through a "syndicate" may have its advantage, but I think it shuts off in a sense, a great many writers who might otherwise gradually gain recognition. If a syndicate were managed right, it could pay better prices for literary matter than any one else; the projectors of such an enterprise could afford to pay certain authors enormous sums but, at the same time, such a scheme would work like having no copyright law; it would enable one class of authors to sit down on the others and keep them out.

A popular journal which had the nerve and enterprise to secure good authors exclusively and pay them for their work would put itself ahead of competitors. The trouble with the "syndicate" is that it tends to reduce journals to a dead level. Robert Bonner, of The New York Ledger, tried the former method; he paid certain authors good prices to write exclusively for him, and found that the undertaking paid him. So, in the present day, an enterprising editor who is on the alert can find young American writers of promise and bring them out, thus not only starting them on successful careers, but greatly benefiting his own journal.—E. P. Roe in The Epoch.

How a Queen Was Shocked.

M. Julien Brault has just published a volume giving a history of the telephone since its continental adoption. He tells an amusing story of its debut in Brussels in 1884. The queen was asked to listen from her palace to a representation at the Monnale theatre. Suddenly, to the surprise of all present, she dropped the instrument, giving a little gasp of dismay. The chorus leader had just been giving his tumultous crowd a sudden reprimand in the most unparliamentary language, using the name of Divine Providence in a very free and easy manner. Strict orders were given on the morrow to oblige the use of more diplomatic speech, and the queen was happy.

Brault states that Spain has made no progress at all in the use of the telephone. In 1882 the government began to feel some interest in the matter, and a law was voted allowing its use in the principal cities. Even Russia preceded Spain, for in 1881 the instrument was there used quite commonly, and even at greater distances than in France. Now, in France, in towns boasting of a population of 18,000 inhabitants the telephone is completely unknown. Luxemberg gives the cheapest rates for yearly subscriptions, and Russia the dearest.—Globe-Democrat.

Relics of the Old Stone Age.

The Smithsonian institution has sent out an earnest request that all persons interested in science shall co-operate, with the aim of determining if in America there existed an old stone of paleolithic age. To that end it has requested that implements supposably belonging to that age be sent to the institution at Washington for examination. Many supposed to be such have already been sent in; and most of them prove to be of a very different origin. None truly paleolithic have been found in the mounds. Meanwhile, a cute Pennsylvania individual has put on the market a quantity of spurious, but well made, arrow heads. He takes the more modern chipped flints, which are abundant, and rechips them into curious and antique forms to make them salable. He has driven a fine business. Genuine Yankees are now quite behind the age.—Globe-Democrat.

Transportation of Dead Bodies.

The baggage agents throughout the country have held a conference for the purpose of adopting rules in connection with the transportation of dead bodies over their several roads. They propose consulting the state boards of health throughout the country and make it obligatory that in cases of diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fever, erysipelas, measles and other contagious and infectious diseases, bodies must be wrapped in a sheet saturated with a solution of chloride of zinc, or of bi-chloride of mercury, and encased in air tight coffins, and the body must not be accompanied by those who have been exposed to the infection.—Philadelphia Times.

MEN WHO ARE KNOWN.

What the Newspapers Are Saying About Them—Personal Items.

Judge Gray, of the United States supreme court, is an enthusiastic hunter and fisher.

It cost the emperor of Austria $600,000 to entertain the czar of Russia for three days.

The crown prince of Italy, it is believed, will certainly marry a daughter of the Comte de Paris.

Pope Leo has decided that all his jubilee presents which are of a sacred nature are to form a Leonine museum.

Emperor Francis Joseph takes beer at luncheon, a limited amount of champagne at dinner and smokes the commonest kind of cigars.

Emin Bey is familiarly known in Germany, especially at Breslau and Berlin, where he studied medicine, by the prosaic name of Edward Schnitzer.

The best paid story writer in the country is said to be Harlan P. Halsey, who makes an income of $7,500 a year from the detective stories he writes for The New York Ledger.

Mr. Clifford Lanier, a brother of Sidney Lanier, who is making a name for himself in literature, has a story entitled, "The Mate's Race With the Banshees," in a southern magazine.

Mr. F. B. Thurber has a menagerie of native animals near his country home at Onteora park, in the Catskills. This domestic menagerie consists of bears—old and young—foxes and raccoons. They are kept in cages, and may be seen at any time by visitors to this picturesque mountain resort.

One of the poor boys who started out in life to make a fortune and succeeded was Thomas Nickerson, of Boston, who built and owns a controlling interest in the Mexican Central railroad. His father was a Cape Cod fisherman who left him penniless when very young.

A Mr. Braunhart, of San Bernardino, Cal., possesses the identical knife which the famous Apache Chief Geronimo used in scalping his victims. It is about fourteen inches long, brass trimmed, with steel blade and a carved ironwood handle. There are still marks of blood on the knife.

A. J. Drake, of Palatka, Fla., has a vest that was worn by his grandfather, Albrittain Drake, during the Revolutionary war. It is made of cotton homespun, with gourd bottons, and measures sixty inches around the bottom, ample confirmation of the family tradition that the Revolutionary ancestor weighed 362 pounds.

It was one of the hobbies of Governor Young, of Ohio, whose death occurred recently, to keep what he called a "Black Book," in which he pasted every mean thing that was said about him in the newspapers. Nevertheless, he was a great friend of the newspaper correspondents, among whom he had a wide acquaintance.

Mr. Spofford, the librarian of congress, and his assistant, Mr. Hutcheson, are noted for their wonderful memories. Not only can they refer instantly to any book in the library that may be asked for, but if requested to mention the best books on a particular topic, they are able to enumerate them with a rapidity that would shame a book canvasser.

Karl Muth, a watchmaker of Saxony, Germany, has a penchant for making lockets and sending them to distinguished people. These lockets are made of German pfennig pieces that are about two-thirds the size of a copper cent. He inserts the miniature of the person he proposes to honor in one of these tiny coins, and sends it to him. Herr Muth has letters of acknowledgment from crowned heads and others; among the others one from President Cleveland, whom he honored with one of his pfennig lockets.

Judge William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, is a remarkable man in many respects. He has been twenty-eight years in congress, and one characteristic about him makes him a rather peculiar example of success in public life. He is practically unable to remember for any length of time either a face or a name, and this lack of memory would have long since consigned many another man to political life. To make up for his want of political adroitness in this respect the sturdy old protectionist is gifted with a most acute and intelligent ear, and he can tell men by their voices where he never could recognize them by face or name. So he closes his eyes when a newcomer addresses him and thus figures out his identity.

Although quite a young man, Joseph Howard's whitened locks (they are as snowy as Boucicault's) and white mustache and goatee give him a striking appearance when taken in conjunction with his youthful manner and figure. Howard is now attached to no New York paper, but corresponds for a multitude of out-of-town sheets. From this source his income is perhaps larger than that of any other correspondent, save perhaps George Alfred Townsend, who writes under the name of "Gath." Howard is an amusing and in some ways a profitable companion, for he has known a host of clever men, and, having an excellent memory, is able to retail many good things at second hand.

Escape from Poisoning by a Cobra.

Dr. Vincent Richards, of Calcutta, an enthusiastic investigator in many different lines of medical research, had a narrow escape recently from poisoning by a cobra bite. He was holding a vigorous cobra in his right hand for the purpose of obtaining its venom. In pointing with his left forefinger to where some watch glasses lay, he brought the part close to the animal's head. The snake made a sudden dart, and fastened its fangs just below the second joint. Retaining his presence of mind, Dr. Richards tore the reptile away and killed it. A tight ligature was at once placed on the proximal aspect of the wounds, which were sucked, enlarged by knife, allowed to bleed freely, and thoroughly mopped with a 5 per cent. solution of permanganate of potash; an India rubber cord was bound around the wrist. A medical friend subsequently further enlarged the wounds, and applied strong nitric acid to them. The ligatures were cautiously removed after a time. No symptom of poisoning resulted except a slight tightness of breathing.—Scientific American.

HOW THE INDIANS FIGHT.

An Old Major of Cavalry Talks—Reputations of Savage Tribes.

"I have had many years' experience as purchaser of saddle horses," remarked a major of cavalry on his way to Chicago to a reporter in the corridor of the Southern hotel, "having been a member of horse boards for the last thirty years, and having bought cavalry horses for the United States service. I therefore feel that I know whereof I speak when I say that the supply of good saddle horses in the country is smaller than it has been at any time since the war. I do not mean that there are fewer thoroughbreds, for there are probably more, but horses suitable for other purposes than racing and park use are becoming rarer every day, and although the price paid by the government is higher than it has been for the last twenty years, it is very difficult to secure proper mounts for the cavalry, while ten or even five years ago at least three times as many horses able to pass muster were presented as the advertisements called for.

"I have served on the plains nearly continuously for more than thirty-five years," continued the speaker, "and am tolerably familiar with all the features of cavalry life. A cavalryman always has a frontier station, and only sees civilization during his brief leaves. Civilians do not realize the hardships and exposures to which a cavalryman is subjected. He has seasons of idleness, but also long periods of great exertion, and as a proof of the effect of his life it can be safely stated that scarcely one man out of ten reaches the age of 45 without being seriously broken down. Indian campaigns are the cause of this. I have fought and chased Indians from the British lines to the Rio Grande, and know what campaigning means. The Indians always get a tremendous start of the cavalry, and seldom are overtaken. The army has been blamed for its ill success, but when the circumstances are understood it is wonderful that so much has been accomplished.

"The Indians never attempt to commit outrages in the vicinity of an army post, and news seldom used to arrive until twenty-four hours or more had elapsed and the Indians had a long start. Nearly always they are provided with remounts, the loose horses being driven before the band, and when an animal shows signs of fatigue another is remounted and the flight continued on a fresh animal. Horses are also stolen wherever met with, and the consequence is that the trooper, who is confined to the use of a single animal, has a poor chance of overtaking the Indians. As a general thing they can fight or escape as they please, and never do the former except when in overwhelming numbers. The fatigues of one of these fruitless marches, generally made on short rations to secure celerity of movement by avoiding carrying baggage, can well be imagined, and the condition of man and beast after a two months' campaign is wretched in the extreme.

"Nowadays the active Indian campaigning is confined to Arizona, but when I was a young man the northern Sioux, northern Cheyennes, Piegans and Blackfeet in the north, the southern Sioux and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the central plains, and the Comanches and Kiowas south of the Arkansas, kept us busy all the time. Of all these Indians the Kiowas were the best drilled, it being hard to distinguish them from the dragoons at a distance of two or three miles. The Comanches never deserved their great reputation, as they were poor fighters, doing well against the Mexicans, but never standing against United States troops. The Cheyennes were noted far and wide as the most determined and fiercest fighters, but their energies were more constantly directed against their hereditary enemies, the Utes, than against the whites. The Sioux were the largest and most powerful tribe, and gave us more trouble than any others. They were in their way as well drilled as the Kiowas, I myself having seen a single chief direct the movements of 1,000 warriors, scattered over an extent of country five miles in diameter, simply by the flashing of a little mirror held in the hand. The Blackfeet, being far off Indians, were more easily reached, and after one or two lessons never gave any more trouble, although last winter they threatened an outbreak.

"The Crows and Pawnees, being hated by all other tribes, were our allies and made our best trailers. The Utes, while less daring than the plains Indians, from their situation in the mountains were enabled to ambush the troops very easily, and many lives have been lost in this way. Fighting withal was rather a run than a combat, and the troops had for many years little chance against them on account of their great celerity of movement. It was not until the winter of 1876, when Gen. Nelson A. Miles began his series of winter campaigns, that the plain Indians were thoro