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PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 3

Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 10-20—Commit Verse 20—Golden Text, Mark iv, 23—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

Jesus had at this time been well through the land and his fame had spread abroad everywhere. He had been in all the cities and villages teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease (Matt. ix, 35); He had ordained the twelve and sent them forth to heal the sick and preach that the kingdom of Heaven was at hand (Matt. x, 1-8); He had proclaimed by words and deeds that He was the anointed One of God foretold by the prophets, Israel's Messiah, the Servant of Jehovah, Jehovah Himself; but they would not receive Him. His own townsmen of Nazareth seek His life and the Pharisees held a council against Him, how they might destroy Him (Luke iv, 29; Matt. xii, 14).

10. "And when He was alone, they that were about Him with the twelve, asked of Him the parable." Sitting in a boat on the sea of Galilee, He had been teaching the multitudes in parables as they stood on the shore. He had spoken the parables of the sower, the wheat and tares, the mustard seed and the leaven, and then sending the multitude away He went into the house (Matt. xiii, 1-36); and now, being alone with His disciples, they ask him the meaning of this parable.

11. "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God." Now the kingdom as revealed to David and the prophets was no mystery, but a fact plainly stated over and over again, that a son of David should sit on David's throne, the Throne of the Lord at Jerusalem, reigning in righteousness over the twelve tribes of Israel, the whole nation knowing the Lord and rejoicing in Messiah, their king, and all nations of the earth looking to them, blessed through them and sending or going up from year to year to worship the Lord of Hosts at Jerusalem; these and many similar statements were not mysteries, but simple truths plainly stated. Neither was it a mystery, but the plain statement of Gabriel to Mary that her son was the promised Son of David to sit on David's throne and reign over the house of Jacob forever (Luke i, 32, 33). But that the Messiah should come and the kingdom not come; that He should die and rise again and return to Heaven without restoring all things of which the prophets had spoken; that He should have to come a second time for this restoration; that Gentiles should for a time be put on a level with Jews, and a people gathered out of all nations for His name; what would be the condition of things on earth during this "gathering out" process between His going away and return, these were things kept secret from the foundation of the world (Matt. xiii, 35); these are some of the mysteries of the kingdom contained in these parables, and referred to so often in the epistles. (Eph. i, 9, 10; iii, 4-6; v, 32; Rom. xi, 25; II Thess. ii, 7, 8; Rev. xvii, 5; x, 7; I Cor. xv, 51, etc.)

12. "Unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive;" — If any persist in remaining without, notwithstanding all the gracious invitations to enter in, they can blame no one but themselves for their blindness, and ignorance and hardness of heart. Some one has said that a parable is like the shell of a nut which keeps the meat within for the diligent, but from the indolent who are too slothful to diligently seek it.

13. "Known ye not this parable? How then will ye know all parables?" He seems to wonder at their dullness in not readily seeing the meaning of this first and, perhaps, most simple of all parables.

14. "The sower soweth the Word," and "The Seed is the Word of God." (Luke viii, 11.) It is incorruptable seed which, causes the one who receives it into his heart to be born again. (I Peter, i, 23). It is the seed which abiding in the believer keeps him from sinning against God. (I John iii, 9; Ps. cxix, 11.) It is manna from Heaven to be gathered every morning and eaten often every day. (John vi.) It is milk for babes and strong meat for those of full age. (Heb. v, 12-14.) It is as fire and a hammer. (Jer. xxiii, 29); it is the sword of the Spirit. (Eph. vi, 17.) It is the joy and rejoicing of the believer's heart, sweeter than honey, better than thousands of gold or silver. (Jer. xv, 16; Ps. cxix, 72, 103.)

15. "And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown." We find that the seed falls on four different kinds of ground, in each case with a different result. The ground represents to us the human heart, and it must be the heart of one who has heard the word of God so that we might be safe in saying that the parable refers only to church goers or those who at some time, in some way, hear the glad tidings of the love of God in Christ Jesus. In these wayside hearers the ground of the heart being so hard the seed only lies on the surface; and this is not the intention of the sower, for it is only the entrance of the Word that giveth light. (Ps. cxix, 130.)

16. "These are they likewise which are sown on stony ground." Here is a joyful hearing and receiving of the Word; not only churchgoers, but attentive and appreciative listeners, who can tell a good sermon when they hear it, and enjoy the truth to a certain extent.

17. "Have no root, * * * endure but for a time." The work is not thorough, but too much on the surface; there is no depth to them; they are too emotional. They make a fine spurt for a while and seem to go ahead of many; are often received into the church with great rejoicings and pointed out as wonderful trophies of the Grace of God. They themselves wonder at the more quiet demeanor of others, and are astonished that the whole church is not zealous as they are; they would put real life into all the services and lift all Christians up to their proper plane. It is really inspiring to hear them; would to God that they might continue.

"When affliction or persecution ariseth for the world's sake, immediately they are offended." "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." (Eccl. ix, 11). They had not been tried, and now, when tried, they can't stand it, for in time of temptation or trial they fall away. They thought it would be all sunshine, but it has proved different; they could not stand fire; their eyes were not on the Master.

18, 19. "Sown among thorns * * * the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." Luke says they bring no fruit to perfection. These also seem to be members of the visible church and to have made a profession of faith in Christ, for fruit is expected from them, but it is not found.

20. "Sown on good ground, * * * hear, receive, bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, an hundred fold." Luke says that this soil represents an honest and good heart which hears the word, keeps it, and brings forth fruit with patience.

Made a Sligh Mistake.

A good story comes to the front on Sol Smith Russell. Some time ago he was playing in the towns along the Ohio river. There was one place the advance agent was about to skip; they had no theatre, but the people knew of Russell's fun making propensities and were very anxious to have him there, and they told the agent they would fix up the court house with stage, curtain and all the necessary accessories if he would come, and so it was finally arranged.

The night came and the court house was packed. People crowded in until it became necessary to bar the doors. One individual came round rather late and, being somewhat intoxicated, became wrathy when he was refused admission. He raved and swore and threatened, and finally in a mad frenzy went to the rear of the house and fired a bullet from a revolver through one of the windows. The shot passed through an improvised dressing room, just missing Mrs. Russell, passed through a door and dropped, flattened and out of shape, on the center of the stage floor. Of course, some excitement was created, but Mr. Russell came forward, picked up the bullet, assured the audience there was no danger, and the play went on.

The curtain fell on the last act, and the comedian came out again and made a little speech. He said he regretted the little incident that had happened during the evening and was sorry the people had been disturbed. He spoke of the trips he had made up and down the Ohio valley and an occurrence like it. He thought it strange that such a thing should have taken place in a quiet little Ohio town. Had it been on the other side of the river, where recently that sort of thing had been common, it would not have been so surprising. This was a reference to the late war, and Mr. Russell said many things about it that he felt would be exceedingly pleasant and complimentary to the citizens of so loyal a state as Ohio.

Mr. Russell was naturally somewhat surprised that when he concluded no one applauded. Not a sound was heard but the rustle and bustle of people leaving, and when he got back of the curtain one of the citizens' committee met him with a look of intense amusement on his face and said: "Mr. Russell, have you got a small map of the United States about you?" "Why, no," replied the actor; "what for?" "Well, I thought if you had, it would be a good thing for you to study it. You made a nice little speech out there for Ohio, but this town happens to be in Kentucky." Telling the story himself, Mr. Russell says that cold chills ran over him, and visions of bowie knives and pistols haunted him until he and the company had really crossed to the other shore.—Chicago Herald.

The Locusts in Literature.

In these later years of the Nineteenth century "everybody writes;" and from the fashionable lady who cannot spell to the tight rope dancer who dictates his "Impression from an Altitude" any one who has had any grain of vanity, or shred of adventure, embodies his or her ideas or recollections in an article for a periodical or a volume for the circulating libraries. Whether a physician becomes illustrious through a patient's death, or a comic singer has pleased a London or Paris audience, whether an artist has painted a gingshop, or a sculptor has carved a clown, whether a general has won a battle, a clergyman has been imprisoned by his bishop, or a lady been distinguished in a divorce suit, one and all of these will forthwith publish something, article, monograph, novelette, essay, reminiscence, or the letters of somebody else, without the slightest regard to whether they possess any literary capabilities for the work or not. If the public has ever heard of them in any capacity, whether marching through a savage country or singing a music hall ditty, whether speaking at a public meeting or rebutting a criminal charge in the dock, they will all write, and they will all find editors, publishers, and publics ready to receive them.

A war may become impossible through all nations being armed to the teeth; it may also prove in the future that writing and publishing what is written will become so general that it will cease altogether. Other methods than those now used may most likely supersede printing; but, whatever the practical means pursued in the future to perpetuate and generalize human thought, it is certain that if the "making of books" (or their equivalents) continues to increase at the rate at which it has increased in last twenty years it will become so frightful a burden, so sickly a plague, that it will cease to have any life or meaning in it, as a locust swarm perishes of famine from its multitude.—Ouide.

Men and Those Who Pass for Men.

Often we find not more than five whole men in a town of 5,000 inhabitants. Those who pass for men and who really do get married and have families, are a hundred to one fractional men or exclusively machines. Elihu Burritt cultivated the man that was in him until his trade and his blacksmith shop could not stay with him. They ceased to be useful to him. He could get his living in a way that was better for him. Benjamin Franklin was an excellent printer, but he used his trade only as a means. The development of his mind and his manhood went on above it. Printing with him was not an end of life. If it had been we should have missed his words of wisdom; some one else would have built the kite that exchanged the first kiss with electricity, and less able men would have been set to do the work which he did so creditably in the management of the country's affairs. It is not necessary that you be learned blacksmiths or philosophical and diplomatic printers, but it is necessary that you be a man before your calling, behind your calling, after your calling, outside of your calling, and inside of it; and that that calling modify your character no more than it would were it your neighbor's.—J. G. Holland.

The First Prayer in Congress.

The first prayer in the congress of the United States was made in this wise: A convention from all the states in the Union, except Rhode Island, met in pursuance of a resolution passed in congress recommending that course, in the state house at Philadelphia, in May, 1787. Washington was elected to preside. It was the intention at first to amend the articles of confederation under which until then the national government had been administered. But after consultation and debate it was decided to throw over the old system altogether and proceed to form a new constitution. This convention embraced almost every really great man in the nation.

We, in our piping days of peace, have no conception of the obstacles the framers of the constitution had to contend with. At one time any chance of union and unanimity seemed so small that several members proposed a final adjournment. At this momentous crisis Dr. Franklin arose and, securing recognition from the presiding officer, said:

"How has it happened, sir, that while groping so long in the dark, divided in our opinions, and now ready to separate without accomplishing the great object of our meeting together, we have not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible danger, we had daily prayers in this room for divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were graciously heard and answered." Dr. Franklin then moved that "Henceforth, prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

This resolution was at once adopted. The historian adds: "Greater harmony prevailed in the convention, and so visible was the guidance of Divine Wisdom from that time, that the most skeptical were confounded. The founders went straight forward to glorious termination of their labors."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sog French Nobility.

Alexandre Dumas has written an open letter to a friend in which he gives an amusing illustration of the way in which the humble French citizen seeks to attach to himself a title of nobility. He had a friend by the name of Bernard, who all of a sudden appeared under the guise of M. de Chanteville.

"He sent me an invitation to a hunting party on his estate and appended a postscript: 'You must not be surprised, nor indulge in too much laughter, if you hear me addressed at M. de Chanteville.' He explained to me that, as he was the only landed proprietor within twenty miles who did not prefix a 'particle' to his name, he had found himself compelled to assume a mask of nobility in order to be able to associate with his neighbors, the titles of most of whom had probably originated in just this way. 'With my simple name of Bernard,' he said, 'the game beaters would have taken his for one of themselves, and even the hound servants would not have recognized me.'

"'But why the name of Chanteville? I inquired. 'I discovered in the papers of my ancestors that my paternal grandmother was to have married M. de Chanteville. The marriage never took place owing to the death of the suitor. Had he survived, my grandmother would have wedded him, my father would have borne the name of De Chanteville, and so should I. I revive this name to which no one can lay claim, and I really bear it creditably.' The explanation was satisfactory. When my friend died, the family retained the name of De Chanteville, and so the title was consecrated."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When They Fall to Smile.

Mr. Firth, the author of a new English book on America, says in effect that so long as you praise Americans you are declared to be the most appreciative of men, and altogether an Englishman of great common sense. "But should you, as the result of much patient investigation, * * * mildly express your opinion that Americans drink too much iced water, that their politics are not quite so pure as they might be, that their railway system is a huge monopoly under whose iron rule the people are helpless, that the hoop iron table knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suited for cutting beef, that their laws are not always well administered, that they often neglect their political duties and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues, that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health and the requirements of a healthy life—the pleased expression leaves the face of your friend, and you are immediately told that you have not devoted sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries on these points, and it may even be hinted that you are not nearly so sensible as you were considered to be half an hour before. In all this Americans only show how extremely English they are."

The Dinner Taster of Paris.

Paris keeps ahead in the invention of employments. The pitch of material civilization to which they have attained has now blossomed in a "dinner taster." There is only one of him. He drives rapidly from one house to another tasting the dinner and suggesting improvements and corrections, adding a touch of oil here, advising the passing of this carving knife through garlic, correcting flatness by a squeeze of lemon, etc. He is a chef of the first order, and having made a great deal of money contemplated retiring, but his artistic nature revolted, so he explains to a newspaper man over there, against total divorce from the congenial and sympathetic occupation of a lifetime; and he invented for himself the occupation of dinner taster. many people being delighted to have the benefit of the criticism of such a master who could not afford to employ such a one altogether.—New York Graphic.

AT HOME IN A POCKET.

A Veritable Living Liliputian Unnerves a New York Hatter.

A prominent Eighth avenue hatter was surprisingly made aware that a very little thing at times causes a great deal of commotion in this bustling world. He was cozily seated in his palatial hat repository and carefully engaged in scrutinizing the columns of The Evening Sun, when a gentleman entered and asked to see some hats. The latest thing in silk tiles was shown to him. He tried one on. It did not exactly suit his fancy, however, and the proprietor placed several others before him, and was about to return the first one to its proper shelf when a "still, small voice" from its interior greatly startled him.

"Hold on, sir," said the voice; "I'm not done yet." The astonishment depicted on the face of the hatter, as he dropped the tile and peered into it, was doubly increased by what he saw, and he hastily jumped back and clutched the counter for support. His exclamations of surprise and excited manner brought several clerks and customers to his side, whose astonishment became equally as great at his. And no wonder. The most diminutive mite of a man that ever existed outside of Mother Goose's Melodies or Swift's Liliputians was standing upright in the hat, which was, of course, an ordinary one, and having plenty of room to move about therein.

With the assistance of the customer who had called for the headgear, the little fellow was helped out, and taking his stand on the rim of the hat, his elbow resting on the crown, he bade the writer a pleasant "good evening." He had been but imperfectly seen while in the hat; therefore, upon looking at him out of it, the reporter could scarcely believe his eyes, for there stood a perfectly formed and, as he subsequently proved, an intelligent little gentleman. No reporter could resist the instinct to engage him in an interview. It was discovered that he came to the store in the overcoat pocket of the gentleman who had helped him out of the hat, and whom the spectators now strongly suspected of having previously helped him into it.

The little fellow's name proved to be Hop o' My Thumb, a euphonious sognomen given to him because of his diminutive size. He is 19 years of age, 16 inches in height, and weighs just 9 pounds. Soon after imparting this information he was conveyed to the pocket of the gentleman who brought him in, and then, while waggishly wagging his small head, he informed his interviewer that the owner of the pocket, etc., was Mr. Thomas Foster, his manager, who was as "fine as silk."

"I'm somewhat under his size," said Hop, "but nevertheless he treats me in all things as his equal. We have many a lark together." This last remark was made while he rolled a tiny cigarette, and he indeed looked amusing as he leaned against the side of his manager's pocket and contentedly puffed away. No one present doubted the statement made by Mr. Foster that Hop o' My Thumb is the smallest known human being, and that his like has probably never existed. "He has gained the age of maturity," said Mr. Foster, "and yet he weighs no more than the average babe at birth."

At this saying he lifted the atom of manhood from his position in the pocket and actually held him out to the reporter on the palm of his hand, while the subject of his remarks bowed to every one present with the air of a Chesterfield. A bright smile then illumined his handsome little face as quoting "A man's a man for a' that," the lid of the pocket was buttoned over him and the manager and mite took their departure.—New York Evening Sun.

Getting Around the Law.

The "secrecy of grand jury chamber" is another legal fiction that is easily penetrated. An instance is as follows: A justice of sessions was curious to learn whether the grand jury in a noted case had been unanimous in their finding of the indictment. He asked me whether I had learned concerning it. I replied: "No, but I can readily find out for you from Mr. ——, your townsman," indicating a grand juror standing on the opposite side of the street. "Oh, no, you must not ask him," rejoined the anxious member of the court; "it would be an indictable offense for you to ask him, or for him to tell you." "I don't propose to ask him, but to get him to tell you," I replied. "I will pass over and engage him in conversation, and then you come up and call me aside and repeat your question loud enough for him to hear."

It took but a few minutes for me to engage the rural grand juror in conversation regarding the crop prospects of his neighborhood for an "Argus" item, and then the magistrate beckoned me full off a few and repeated his part of the play.

I replied that I had heard two versions: "One, that they were unanimous, and another that they stood nineteen to four."

"You're right the first time," broke in the bucolic grand juror, "we were unanimous about it, and don't you forget it." I have not.—Albany Argus.

Bleached Mustaches in Vogue.

A man wearing a head full of black hair and a lip full of white bristles attracted the attention of a dealer in wigs yesterday. He said: "That is the latest fad. The man has bleached his mustache. The bleach is not applied by hairdressers, but is sold in bottles and applied at home. One application of the bleach will turn a fierce red mustache into a lovely blonde or old gold tint. You can't find as many red mustaches now as were worn six months ago, for the bleach is becoming popular. Beards are treated in the same way, and men with dark hair and light mustaches are increasing every day. The bleach is injurious to the hair, and the only way to restore the original color is to shave the mustache off and let it grow out again. It is hard to detect a bleached mustache, but experts can do it every time."—Buffalo Express.

The Brandy Cigarette.

"This is the latest in Boston," said a man to a reporter, in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific, yesterday, and he held up a partially rolled cigarette between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"What, to manufacture your own smokes?"

"No; brandy cigarettes."

"Brandy cigarettes?"

"Yes; they're great. I've been mildly intoxicated for six months, and I haven't tasted a drop of liquor. These cigarettes furnish all the hilarity I desire."

"Yes," he continued, as he drew in a whiff of smoke and let it out in sections between the words, "they lend drinking all hollow." One of these cigarettes has more effect on a person than a drink of whisky, so you can readily see the advantage. They are less expensive, more palatable, do not leave the odor of the beverage, and can be used any time or place with propriety."

"How are they flavored?" he repeated. "Take a quantity of whatever brand of tobacco you prefer and place it in a jar of brandy. Let it soak for a short time. Pour off the brandy and partially dry the tobacco. Put it in a rubber pouch or anything that will retain the moisture. Brandy, you know, will burn under any circumstances, and burn brandy is more intoxicating than the raw material. Roll the cigarette out of the moist tobacco and you have it.

"Just try one," continued the new kind of drunkard, rolling one of the deceptive little packages and handing it to the doubting reporter. As if it were harmless, a match was applied and the reporter drew in about one yard of smoke. That one was enough. In an instant every nerve seemed to be unstrung. The head grew light and dizzy, while the people in the rotunda suddenly began to stand on their heads and sit beneath their chairs. The Boston man, with what looked like a demoniacal grin, murmured something about "its being pleasant," but the reporter went out to cool his brow against a lamppost.—Chicago Tribune.

Weather and Common Sense.

It does not always require that a man should be a prophet to make a shrewd guess as to what the weather will be some months in advance. There are probabilities, we will not say certainties, regarding times and seasons that are obvious to every one who knows the difference between storm and calm, heat and cold. We know, for instance, that one extreme is likely to follow another. If one winter is extremely cold it is highly probable it will be followed by another correspondingly moderate. An abnormally cold wave, so called, will generally be succeeded by a spell of weather of great mildness for the season. To a very dry season, or a succession of dry seasons, there is sure to succeed a period of weather to make up the deficiency of rainfall. If any particular spring is cold and wet and late, we may generally expect that the succeeding autumn will be warm and pleasant, and that winter will be slow in coming. If the entire year should be bad on account of some excessive cold or unseasonable storms, the compensation may not come till the next year, but that it will come in time is as sure as that the sun will continue to rise and set. It is one of the first laws of nature that rain shall alternate with sunshine, storm with calm and heat with cold, and it is by studying these movements of the elements more closely than the rest of mankind that some pretended weather prophets have occasionally succeeded in coming somewhat near the truth in their predictions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Catching Eels by the Barrel.

One of the most novel sights in the spring of the year, at the rocks of the Willamette falls, is the swarms of gyrating eels. They are friskiness itself and show a low order of intelligence. If you put your hand in the water over the eels, or spit on it, instantly they are gone. But poke a stick down among the snaky things and they do not notice it. The sense of smell seems to be their main guard against danger. Like salmon, they do their level best to dart up the rocks in order to ascend the river, and with good success. Says a fisherman:

"I have seen as many as a hundred bushels of eels hanging on the rocks at one time by the suckers of their mouths. They would wiggle and flutter their tails, and by the momentum thus obtained, letting go with their suckers, jump up about six inches higher. I caught about forty barrels last season that I salted and sold to the Columbia fishermen for bait. I picked them off the rocks with a fish hook tied to a pole. I started at the bottom row of hanging eels, and would silently pick off barrel after barrel. The upper rows hadn't sense enough to perceive the enemy. I have caught eels in the headwaters of the Santiam, in the Cascade mountains. Suppose they had swum up from the Willamette."—Oregon City Courier.

Sheridan's Horse.

One of the stirring incidents in Bronson Howard's new play, "Shenandoah," is the dash across the stage of the war horse of Gen. Phil Sheridan. In this connection it is interesting to note that all there is left of the old charger that carried Sheridan through fifty-three battles is now in the museum on Governor's Island, New York. Old Winchester's hide has been mounted by a skillful taxidermist and has been made to look as if he were ready and anxious to take his master again on that famous ride which began with "Sheridan twenty miles away." The history of Sheridan's charger has been written out and hangs near the mounted hide and is signed by Sheridan. It says that in disposition he was spirited, though honest, and would stand the heaviest firing as steadily as the best of Sheridan's well trained men. He was as tough as a pine knot, and possessed of a large amount of equine pride. Winchester was black when in the war, but age turned his coat to a dark bay. He died in 1879.—Detroit Free Press.

DEATH AND THE THEATRE.

Cases of the Grim Visitation on Ancient and Modern Stages.

It is recorded of Julius Cæsar that in his own theatre his passion so overcame him during the piece that when one of the actors brought him a poisoned shirt dipped in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, instead of pretending only to kill him, he did so actually and threw his body over his head. In like manner one of the earliest Greek plays of which we have any account was rendered terrible in its result. It was acted in Sweden in 1313, in the reign of John II. Lodgis, the actor, had to pierce the side of his person representing Our Saviour as he hung upon the cross. His representation was so great that he plunged his lance into the man and killed him. And this was not the end of it, for the king, indignant at such brutality, slew Lodgis, and the people, incensed at the death of their favorite actor, cut off the king's head—so at least history tells us. In more recent times death has frequently played an unwelcome part upon the stage.

There once was a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here a celebrated actor named Spiller was, in the early part of the last century, mortally stricken by apoplexy while playing in the opera of Proserpine." A similar fate befell no less than three well known French actors about the same time. These were Monlleury, Mondory and Bricourt.

Fifty years later the celebrated Peg Woffington, when acting as Rosalind, in repeating the epilogue to "As You Like It," was struck down by paralysis after uttering the words, "I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me." From this attack she never recovered, although she lingered for nearly three years ere death released her. Samuel Foote, the English Aristophanes, as he was called, had a similar seizure while acting in his own comedy, "The Devil Upon Two Sticks," and died a few months afterward. There was a ghastly appropriateness in the death of an actor named Patterson, who for a long time was a prominent member of the Norwich theatrical company. He was taking the part of the Duke in "Measure for Measure," and had no sooner uttered the words,

> Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep, a breath thou art,

than he dropped into a brother actor's arms and died suddenly. The tragic death of Palmer, the original Joseph Surface, is well known. He was playing in "The Stranger," at Liverpool. In the fourth act, alluding to his wife and children, he had just uttered the words: "O, God! God! there is another and better world," when he fell dead at the feet of Whitfield, who acted Baron Steinford. The singular thing about these real stage tragedies is the invisible link that connects the last words of the actor with the moment of his death. Cumming was performing in "Jane Shore." He expired on the stage immediately after reciting the following lines:

> Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts!
> Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
> Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
> May such befall me at my latest hour!

The explanation probably is latent heart disease brought into activity by the depressing thoughts suggested by the words. As, for instance, when Miss Maria Linley expired at Bath some years ago while singing "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." The instances of death on the stage from culpable negligence are, unfortunately, numerous enough. Royalty once witnessed one of these accidents at Arnstadt. Mme. Linsky in the course of the play had to be fired at by a file of soldiers. The men had been instructed, before loading their pieces, to bite off the bullet when biting the cartridge. This one of them neglected to do, and death was the result.

A similar accident once happened in Dublin. A conjurer, in performing the feat of catching a bullet fired from a pistol in his teeth, handed to a young gentleman from the audience the wrong pistol, and the bullet pierced his brain. Edmund Kean's last appearance on the stage was tragical in a double sense. He was acting in "Othello," on the 25th of March, 1833, at Covent Garden theatre, when he was seized with sudden indisposition. His last words, as he fell into his son's arms, were: "I am dying; speak to them for me, Charles."—London Standard.

Indian Corn the National Flower.

In regard to the selection of a national flower, which, it is needless to say, I heartily commend, I was much pleased with the selection of the Indian corn, not only from its waving beauty, but also because it has been used in the early years of our commonwealth as a significant emblem of the United States. Thomas Jefferson, as is well known, designed the pillars in the national Capitol at Washington, which ornament the entrance to the old supreme court room, now used as the law library. The columns are Corinthian in character, the shaft being carved to represent the stalks of the maize, banded together, while the ripened ears form the capital of the column. The good taste, refinement and culture of our third president and the framer of our constitution should, I think, render Mr. Jefferson's indorsement of this plant influential with the florists' convention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Equine Sore Throat.

The equine family have fully as long if not a longer train of ills than the human race. And in many instances there is a very striking resemblance. Quinsy in a horse is much like it is in a human. Take diphtheria also as an illustration. In the horse it is known simply by the name of sore throat. But in merely aggravated cases, or even mild cases, sore throat shows a number of symptoms similar to a person with the diphtheria. The horse's throat is first inflamed, and is then followed by the yellow collection of spots so much dreaded in diphtheria.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gave Him the Knife.

Several nights ago Col. Jerry Spillers, of Kentucky, went to see Coquelin, at McVicker's theatre. The colonel had never heard of the great French comedian, and expected to see a performance something after the style of the minstrel shows which visit country towns. The Kentuckian secured a seat near the stage, and, shortly after the performance began, began, in an annoyed way, to scratch his head.

"Licker in this blamed town is no good," he muttered. "Blamed if it don't take a man's understandin' away from him. My friend (addressing a man who sat next to him), what is that fellow cayin'?"

"I don't know."

"Then it has the same effect on you, I reckon."

"What has?"

"The whisky in this town."

"I don't drink."

"Huh, I don't understand this business. Say, what's the matter with that feller? Talks worse than anybody I ever seed. Why don't they make him get down offen that platform? Why, dang him, he can't talk a call."

"He's talking all right. He's French, you know."

"What! then he ain't our kind uv folks a call?"

"No."

"You say you can't understand him?"

"Not a word."

"Did you know befo' you come that you couldn't?"

"Yes."

The Kentuckian handed the man a buckhorn handle knife.

"What's this for?"

"It's yourn."

"No, it isn't."

"Yes it is," said the Kentuckian. "The fellers out in Allen county gave me that knife just befo' I left and told me that it was mine till I met a bigger fool than I am. It's yourn."—Arkansaw Traveler.

In India.

There are enough holidays in India to make a Roman go wild with joy. As well as I remember there are fifty-seven legal holidays in the land of the tiger. I was in one of the seaports on one of these holidays. I had brought together a large aggregation, for which I was to pay the sum of $5,000 on that day. The vessel on which they were to be shipped lay at anchor in the bay. The captain sent me word that my curiosities must be on board by sunset. The banks and business houses were closed. My natives were at the water's edge, and their friends, who did not understand the situation, were howling for them to leave me. I had a band of Afghans who were loyal to me, and as the East Indian fears the Afghan as a Texas steer fears a "norther," I put Afghans on guard while I went out for money.

There was a young fellow who lived a life of oriental indolence and kept a harem on the sly in one of the places near by—what we would call a suburb. I went out to see him with a good deal of pomp and glorious circumstance. Having obtained an audience, which required more formality than would have been necessary to get into the vatican, the young sport heard me for my cause, and with a sort of Masonic ceremony called up his exchequer and in a few minutes the money was in my hands. I offered him a check, which he refused. He said an American's word was better than a check. Poor, deluded man that he was! How long would he be a prince in Chicago, or how long would he be the possessor of a harem or of his fortune if a colony of American bankers, for instance, should swoop down upon him from Canada?—Chicago Times.

An Immense Paving Stone.

There is a new paving stone come to town which breaks the record for size. The stone forming the sidewalk before the Vanderbilt mansion, in Fifth avenue, has hitherto held the record, and the honor will still be in the family, for it is Frederick Vanderbilt who has had the new one brought to New York, and it will be placed in front of his house. It is fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long. It was quarried at Oxford, Chenango county, and transported to this city on a special car. Superintendent William Buchanan, of the New York Central road, designed the car, and, according to an account published yesterday, showed great ingenuity in overcoming the many difficulties of his task. Nothing can be carried on the Central that is wider than ten or higher than fourteen feet, but Mr. Buchanan applied mathematics to the puzzle of handling a mass fifteen feet wide. He put the stone on edge at such an angle that its breadth and height accommodated themselves to the limits, brought it in safety to the city, and received the well deserved congratulations of his friends.—New York Tribune.

A Pretty Scene.

A pretty little scene was witnessed yesterday at a north side street crossing. A 3-year-old child, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, holding tightly clasped in his chubby fingers a bright new penny, was toddling with all the possible speed of his little limbs toward the nearest candy store. He came to the crossing just as a teamster came along with a heavily laden truck which taxed the horses' strength to the utmost. The child started for the opposite sidewalk, but stopped hesitatingly on seeing the wagon. With a loud "Whoa!" the driver pulled up his horses, and with a smile lighting up his rugged face waved his whip, motioning for the little fellow to proceed. The boy ran across the street, and, turning around when he reached the pavement, stood for an instant watching the horses as they tugged and strained to start their heavy load again. Then he raised his hands to his lips and wafted a kiss at the driver, who lifted his hat with courtly grace and, then wafted back the little love messenger. Then there were further interchanges of kisses and smiles, and the wagon rolled down the street and the little gentleman toddled on toward the candy store.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE DAISY

> Among the daisies she nestled down,
> And, plucking one tiny bud,
> She peeped through her lashes of hazel brown
> At its beautiful crimson hood.
> Then shaking the dew from its bonny head,
> She lifted it up to her lips,
> And whispered his name with a cheek as red
> As the bloom on its fragrant tips.
>
> "I love, I love!" and her voice grew bland
> As the breeze from the gentle south:
> "I love, I love!"—but a strong brown hand
> Was laid on her smiling mouth.
> "You love, you love!" and the brown hand twined
> Through the waves of her sunny hair,
> "They love, they love!" sang the telltale wind,
> Through the locks of the whispering pair.
>
> The shy eye daisy was borne away
> From the fluttering girlish breast
> And the rough smith smiled as it coyly lay
> In the crease of his open vest.
> As though it were gracing the loveliest place
> In the forge where he gayly toiled;
> It smiled through the smoke with its sweet round face
> Till its leaves were all smeared and soiled.
>
> Up went his sledge with a right good will,
> Then down with a merry clang;
> Louder, and louder, and louder still,
> He whistled the tunes she sang:
> He tossed his crisp locks as he loudly cried:
> "How happy this toiling will be,
> When you, love, are tending our own ingleside,
> And waiting, my darling, for me!
>
> "Through the lights and shadows of forty years
> I see you with wrinkled brow;
> Ah, lovelier far! though your face appears
> More grave and more thoughtfully than now.
> I stand to the window, and softly tap,
> While you smile in your low rush chair,
> In your loveliest kerchief, your snow white cap,
> And your locks of clear gray hair."
>
> A rush of wind, and the daisy lay
> 'Mid the dust on the smithy floor,
> Never to welcome the soft eyed day,
> Or the song of the blackbird more.
> But the blacksmith lifted the faded thing,
> Saying: "Little I thought that this,
> The most common flower of the field, could bring
> Such a vision of perfect bliss."
>
> —Fanny Forrester in Chambers' Journal.

Cliff Dwellers.

One of the most attractive portions of Colorado, if not in the entire west, is that part of the state in which are found the cliff dwellings of a long extinct race. The district in which these ruins are located covers an area of nearly 6,000 square miles, chiefly in Colorado, but which includes narrow belts in the adjacent territories of New Mexico, Utah and Arizona.

The ruins of this region, like most others of the extreme west and south, are the remnants in a great measure of stone structures. It is evident, however, that a great portion of the villages and dwellings of the lowlands which comprise this district have been of material other than stone, frequently, doubtless, of rubble and adobe combined.

The cliff houses conform in shape to the floor of the niche or shelf on which they are built. They are of firm, neat masonry, and the manner in which they are attached or cemented to the cliffs is simply marvelous. Their construction has cost a great deal of labor, the rock and mortar of which they are built having been brought hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places. They have a much more modern look than the valley and cave remains, and are probably in general more recent, belonging rather to the close than to the earlier parts of a long period of occupation.

It seems probable that a rich reward awaits the fortunate archeologist who shall be able to thoroughly investigate the historical records that lie buried in the masses of ruins, the unexplored caves and the still mysterious burial places of the northwest. But it is quite improbable that any certain light will ever be thrown on the origin of this curious race which has been described, or their history.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It Was a Joke.

Saloon Keeper Michael McHugh, of 658 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, received a small package from Troy, who said he was asked to deliver it to him by a man who met him near the saloon. On opening the package Mr. McHugh discovered a cigar box with a sliding lid. Suspecting that it was an infernal machine, he laid the box aside without attempting to move the lid. Francis Stoune, a young customer, however, picked up the box and gently moved the lid. As he did so there was a sputtering of exploding matches in the interior, but nothing more terrible than this occurred. There were pieces of broken glass, cotton waste and what seemed to be powder in the box, and also a small vial filled with some black substance, having a mysterious wire attachment. Police Captain Kenny became the custodian of the mysterious box for the night, and next morning it was placed in the hands of Dr. Kent, the chemist of the board of health. An examination showed that the black stuff in the vial was tincture of iodine, and the supposed powder the scrapings from emery paper. The machine was entirely harmless. A note to Mr. McHugh, which accompanied the box, was signed "Jack the Ripper."—New York Sun.

A Dream That Was Fulfilled.

"Talking of dreams," said a gentleman the other day, "I had a dream which, while not curious in itself, revealed a singular sequence of thought, an unconscious cerebration, if I may so speak."

I dreamed that I took my watch out of my pocket to look at the hour and found that it had stopped. I examined it and discovered that the main spring was broken.

There was nothing remarkable in the dream, but there was in the sequence. In the morning when I looked at my watch on the dressing case it had stopped at the hour of 11. I had retired at 9, and the main spring was broken.

I had wound my watch just before retiring. I am a teetotaler and my hand is steady. There was no thought or intimation to make me dream of an event that was so rare, and I cannot understand how the coincidence happened. What I would like to know is whether the dream occurred at the same hour—the first of my sleep—when the watch stopped or has my mind was put in communication with an event that in my busy life was almost a calamity. I leave the interpretation of the mystery to the society of psychical research.—Detroit Free Press.

A WINTER APPLE.

> It lay before me on my study table,
> So smooth, so juicy and so rosy red,
> That in a pensive mood, soliloquizing,
> While musing on life's changes thus I said:
>
> Speak, O, my friend, so ruddy and so mellow,
> Smiling upon me from my table there,
> In what green orchard did you ripen, sweet one?
> Where did your tinted blossoms scent the air?
>
> "Did your green leaves o'erhang blushing lovelier,
> And whisper softly in the summer breeze?
> Ah! did the gol