

A LESSON IN DILIGENCE.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Chooses a Humble Subject

To Teach a Practical Lesson in Diligence and Perseverance—The Excellence of the Divine Mechanism, of Which Man is a Part.

The following discourse was one among the many delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage during his preaching tour in England. The text is: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palace."—Proverbs xxii, 3.

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association, at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill-health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders, it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bird darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound, and sight, and occurrence, fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever dashes up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon it, he thinks of the hind's foot on rocks, and thinks of the Divine care over him. He says: "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its egg in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation, walk off, and the Scripture says that it is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection or care. In my text, inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around on the magnificence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall.

It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palace." It is not very certain what is the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the Divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around, and sees the spider on the wall, and says, "Away with that intruder." And the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying: "What a loathsome thing it is!" But under microscopic inspection I find it more wonderful of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of Heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging on its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimitar of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scales, in the snowy whiteness of a pearly shell. I love to track His footsteps in mountain moss, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye-fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind. Oh! this wonder of Divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there be light!" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of His hand goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omniscience in dewdrops, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work by spinning-jenny." Not so, said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson is in for you and me! You may say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to stuff the candle

because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming-bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey-suckle because it can not, like the eagle, dash its wings into the sun? What if the rain-drop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it can not weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly. If you are lazy with the one talent, you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo can not lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion; but you can not be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is built. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do. God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tinging a bell in the sun, or shaping the shell of a chameleon. What you do well, be it great or small work, if ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It climbed on, and climbed up higher and higher and higher, until after while it reached the king's vision, and he said: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palace." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The Church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of Heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the Church of God; and yet, sometimes, unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil-speaking, rancor, and slander, and backbiting, and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light, and love, and pardon, and grace; yet a spider in the palace.

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience, and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say: "What is the matter with the home?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well-developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb into Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things. Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright took on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V. toils on up from the office of a winehead until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of the Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art. And God hath decided that, though you may be weak of arm, and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by His Almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such an one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble, not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory, and fountains of burnished gold—but a palace in which God is King and the angels of Heaven are the cup-bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering, as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King immortal. By the grace of God may all reach Oh, Heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion with faded curtains, and outlandish chairs, and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh, and fair, and beautiful as though it were completed yesterday. The Kings of the earth of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

Tendencies proved false do not at once stop. They are like the vessel which still moves forward when the propeller breaks. All the force of some movements is in the past.—Stuckenberg.

A new Norwegian version of the Scriptures has just been published, the work of fifty years bestowed by the most competent scholars in Norway in our day.

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at the entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each; but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it. I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life. I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so; but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariot rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling and all the chalice flashing with pearl and amethyst, and carbuncle are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glorious King. "Oh, you say, 'that is too grand a place for you and for me.' No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl upon the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame, and shall reach the palace of the eternal King? 'Whereas it abounded, grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.'" One flash of that coming glory obliterates the sepulcher.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down into the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places of the roof of the cave are one hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalactites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his lantern light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cleft of the rock there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night Heaven, and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful, beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down on other depths of the cavern and wanders on, and wanders on, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning, and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is one thousand miles subterranean, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our Divine Guide takes us down into the great cavern, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star chamber. And, while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of Heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as the gate flashes open you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God, that through this gospel the Mammoth-cave of the Sepulcher has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces the King's palace!

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RATS AS DISEASE BREEDERS.

A Prominent Physician Thinks They Are Unequaled in This Respect.

Dr. S. E. Weber, assistant state veterinarian of Pennsylvania, read before the Keystone Veterinary Medical Association, at the College of Physicians, a paper entitled "The Rat as a Disease Breeder." The essayist advanced the theory that the rat is a transmitter of some of the most dangerous diseases which afflict humanity, chief of which is tuberculosis or consumption. He cited the results of post-mortem examinations on more than one thousand of the animals in proof of the theory, and then discussed the best way of getting rid of them.

Dr. Weber said that nowhere does the ubiquitous rat do more harm as a disease transmitter than in the farm yard and barn, where he comes in contact with the cattle and horses. The paper, in part, is as follows: "From the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary the rat has been looked upon as one of the most persistent enemies of the human race. He has destroyed the garnered treasures of millions of farmers, rendering millions of acres valueless to the husbandman, undermined houses without number, and even depopulated whole provinces by bringing the labor of men to naught. His record does not rest upon the traditions that tell us of the wonderful doings of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the important part he played in making Dick Whittington, twice mayor of London, and the just punishment he meted out to Bishop Hatch in his corn-choked castle on the Rhine. He has been a pest in every clime, and will so continue to be until in the development of the distant future he shall either disappear or evolve into some harmless, guiltless creature as useless as the axolotl of Mexico or the lazy hellbender that rests his boneless body in the muddy bed of the Miami river.

"There is but one good word to say for the rat. While at all times prompt to take for his own use the choicest food that man can provide for himself, the rat does excellent service as a scavenger and consumes tons of refuse material which, if allowed to putrefy, would become the certain means of pestilence and death. It is only as a scavenger that he seems to have been designed; and it is of record that the terrible plagues which used to turn the towns and cities of western Europe into charnel houses have been but little known in those places since rats began to be among the greatest factors in the economy of the animal world.

"The plagues and pestilences of bygone centuries do not decimate the population of western Europe nowadays, it is true. But while they have given their own stamping grounds a wide berth they have not been routed out by any means. It is possible that the rats who helped to rid England of the pestilence carried the germs of the disease to Turkey or to Hindostan. This brings me to the consideration of a subject which will at once present itself to the mind of the medical scientist as one of the most important ever called up for discussion.

"When the reader thinks of the countless number of rats that infest the regions occupied by human beings, of their wonderful reproductive power and of their seemingly causeless but rapid immigration from one dwelling place to another, hundreds of miles away, he must admit that if it is possible for the rat to convey disease germs from point to point this power for evil is incalculable. When he left plague-stricken London and sought another field, did he leave the plague behind or did he keep a share of it to distribute elsewhere?

"I have reason to believe that the rat is a transmitter of some of the most dangerous diseases which afflict humanity—diseases that have for ages baffled the skill of the ablest scientist in the world."—N. Y. Recorder.

THE FATHER OF SNAKES.

A Deed of Reptiles and an Indian Tradition Concerning It.

Every one who has lived on the "Great Plains" or in the mountains during the past twenty-five years, will recall the fact that at certain seasons thousands of rattlesnakes and other species of serpents may be found in the vicinity of the stone ledges bordering the creeks and rivers of the region referred to. It will also be remembered that by some peculiar instinct the reptiles aggregate early in the fall around the crevices in the rocks, soon to hibernate in immense, tangled masses under the ground.

Although the little prairie-rattlesnake is very venomous, can rarely be tamed, is always mean, vindictive and ready to spring at a real or supposed enemy, I have yet to learn of a death from its bite, if medical treatment were applied promptly. Whisky is the antidote, although it should not be termed an antidote in the strictest acceptance of the term, for it is nature, after all, that goes to work in its endeavor to eliminate the virulent poison from the system, which she would accomplish unaided, if the physical constitution of the individual affected could always stand the violent shock. Whisky is merely a powerful stimulant, keeping up the vitality, until nature herself throws off the poison.

In February, 1869, during Gen. Sheridan's winter campaign against the allied Indian tribes of the plains, Gen. Custer's command, consisting of his own famous regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, and a large portion of the Nineteenth Kansas volunteers, was camped on the Wichita, in the Indian territory. Half starved, their horses without forage, the troops were compelled to remain there, waiting for rations of corn and food, the arrival of which was daily expected and anxiously looked for. While necessarily idling in their forced camp, the enlisted men, true to their ever inquisitive and roaming nature, went on little expeditions of discovery in every direction, within a radius of a few miles of their camp. Sometimes they made remarkable "finds." One of the most interesting of these was an immense den of rattlesnakes, where they had hibernated in almost uncountable numbers. The re-

sult was that nearly every one of the Kansas boys—the regulars did not seem to fancy them—set themselves to work manufacturing belts out of the skins of the scuttled serpents, which they wore around their waists or slouch hats, "cowboy" fashion.

The "den," which, of course, was discovered by a Kansas youth, who had been reared on the broad western prairies of the state, was a great crack in the indurated rock, about twelve feet in length and a foot wide. How deep it penetrated into the ledge could not be determined accurately, as the longest pole obtainable failed to "reach bottom." The cliff itself, on which the "den" was found, was situated very peculiarly; an isolated mass of disrupted earth and stone, immediately opposite Medicine bluff, the top of which comprised an area of only three hundred square feet, elevated more than one hundred feet above the base of the hill on which it stood, a sort of a mountain on a mountain. It was cut off from all access, except by water, and another ledge which towered above it. To reach the den one had to climb down the almost perpendicular side of the ledge or wall of the upper mountain, a very dangerous passage. The den had evidently been a hibernating place of snakes for ages, if the smoothly-worn rock over which they were obliged to travel to reach their holes was any indication, for it was polished like a mirror, the result of centuries of their migrations; besides, the Kiowas have a very ancient tradition concerning the spot.

The number of snakes killed and captured by the soldiers was marvelous. They would have filled a six-mile army wagon without any exaggeration. They were very large, too, many of them measuring eight feet from head to tail, and some of them were very old. Among the traditions of the Kiowas, that of this snake den is the oldest. It has been handed down orally from their earliest existence. "A great many years ago, when the earth was young, and no white man had ever yet been seen by the red man of the prairie, there was an old Arapahoe chief, who was so aged that he knew he was drawing near to his end. One morning he wandered away from the camp and the lodges of the tribe, in the hope of finding some place where he might lie down resignedly and pass over to the happy hunting grounds calmly and undisturbed. He believed the top of the bluff, out of sight of all his people, to be the most suitable place, so there he dragged his weary and nearly paralyzed legs. When he arrived at the mouth of the den he entered it and was never seen again by mortal eye in his normal state, but he became the father of all the snakes on the plain."—Detroit Free Press.

CATCHING TERRAPIN.

A Chincoteague Industry, at This Time of the Year, of the Chesapeake.

When you see two or three men pulling out in small boats from Chincoteague in the summer season, armed with stout sticks, large bags, and small nets, you may guess that they are going after terrapin. The native term to describe the sport or business sounds much like "tar-pentine," though it is more nearly represented by the spelling "tarp'nin." Cautious persons use one or another euphemism instead of plain tarp'nin, because the laws of Virginia forbid the taking of terrapin at this season of the year, and although restrictive laws sit lightly upon Chincoteague, there is always the possibility of prosecution.

The skillful terrapin catcher knows where to expect his game by the appearance of the marsh which the creatures inhabit. Lying off Chincoteague at varying distances are narrow ribbons of vivid green marsh, some edged with oyster beds, others in full view, and all swarming in season with various kinds of salt water fowl. Just at this season you hear the always inimitable marsh hen calling from the grass of this damp strip. Yellowlegs, curlews, and a half a dozen kinds of ducks are plentiful upon the marshes at one or another time of year, and the eggs of water fowl are gathered here by the hundred.

Chincoteaguers call these marshes the meadows, perhaps because their luxurious growth of salt grass give them the appearance of rich pastures. When the island pastures are parched the sheep sometimes swim over to the tempting greenery of the meadows, a temerity that the little horses may come later to regret, since a high tide might make the meadows an unpleasant place of residence. It is upon the meadows that most of the terrapins are caught. Students of terrapin nature say that the young terrapin, as soon as hatched, takes to the mud and there lies buried for a year. At the end of that time the young terrapin comes out to take up the duties of active life and encounter the perils of a table delicacy. The terrapin is the water lily of the animal kingdom, a delicious product of slimy ooze. Opportunities for studying the habits of the diamond back are not of the best even here where his kind is abundant. When freshly caught terrapins are to be kept a season it is usual to dig a hole, fill it with water, and then surround the hole and a small area of dry land with a tight fence. It is found that the captive terrapin has an excellent appetite, and at the approach of an attendant with food the creature comes from their hiding place in the mud and thrust greedy noses above the surface of the water. One resident of Chincoteague has chosen an odd way to study the terrapin. He placed a tiny terrapin the size of two thumb nails in a well some time ago, and is determined to keep him there so long as he continues to grow.

There are many ways of cooking terrapin here in the home of the creature, but none perhaps better than those practiced by the gourmets of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York. A favorite method is to put the live and squirming terrapin into the oven and to let him bake safely, shut in so that the sight of live tortures may not vex the conscience of the tender-hearted cook. When done the terrapin thus treated is served upon plates. He for whom the delicacy is intended lifts the shell and seasons the savory meat according to his own taste.—Philadelphia Press.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Thomas Sexton, M. P., was the son of a member of the Irish constabulary, who, dying while his son was young, left him to be brought up by his mother, who sold apples upon the streets of Waterford. Mr. Sexton is a self-educated man.

—Savages in various parts of the world plait the inner fibers of tree bark for fishing lines, and the Indians on the Pacific coast of North America use for the same purpose seaweed—a sort of kelp—which is plenty strong enough to hold fast a finny captive of one hundred and fifty pounds weight.

—A valise was received at the United States express office at Jackson, Miss., showing from the hundreds of stamps and tags on it that it had been in most of the express offices in this country. It was stuffed full of hundreds of odd and queer articles, including a human skull and the left foot of a female gray-rabbit.

—A Capt. Blondell at Oxford, Ala., offered twenty-five dollars to any one who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite, so that Blondell might show his life-saving methods. A young man named Neely accepted the offer, and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt, but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

—The sole street frontage of a house in Wooster street, above Bleeker in New York, is a strip two stories high over a narrow alley. There is no ground floor to this front, and the upper stories have a room for only a hall bedroom each. The front is wedged between another dwelling on the south and a business building on the north, and the entrance to the house is by way of the alley. In the rear the house spreads out considerably.

—Castle Island in Boston harbor, on which Fort Independence stands, and which has just been thrown open to the public as a park, has been fortified since 1854, being the oldest military post held regularly for purposes of defense in the United States. Fort Independence stands on the site of Castle William, which was destroyed by the British on the evacuation of Boston. The United States government, of course, retains the title of the property and maintains supervision over it.

—An equipage that would have attracted attention even in old Acadia is that driven by Uncle Bennett, of Cape Elizabeth, Me. It consists of a two-year-old bull, harnessed by means of a crooked yoke to a light cart, which is also a boat. By means of reins of rope attached to a ring in the bull's nose and rove through rings in his horns, he is driven as easily as most horses. The bull swims a river like a dog, and the water-tight cart-body easily supports the driver and load.

—A family in Staten Island has a dog that seems to show a distinct reasoning faculty. The dog had long been accustomed to take a morning walk with a member of the family, but was not permitted to accompany his friend to church. The animal soon seemed to understand that one day in seven he must remain at home, and the conclusion was that he could count. On Sunday morning, however, the dog surprised every one by joining the family on the way to church. The conclusion was that he had forgotten until it was called to mind that the church bell had not rung that morning. The dog evidently associated the sound of the bell with the fact that he was not to accompany his companions as usual.

—The pneumatic sulky has come to stay on the race track. Robert Bonner says so, and he is presumed to be able speak authoritatively on the subject. He is also of the opinion that it is going to revolutionize trotting records, as it enables a horse to travel from two to three seconds faster in the mile. The striking thing about the new sulky is the low wheels. In the old-style vehicle the driver sat between them. Now he sits above them. The wheels average thirty inches in height, about the same as a safety bicycle seen on the roads and tracks. A sulky with the pneumatic tire attachment gets down in weight to about forty pounds, while the decrease in draught is about 30 per cent. It is Mr. Bonner's idea that a record of 2:05 is entirely possible with this new racing machine.

—A most notable November in our history was that one in 1785, the first day of which was observed throughout the thirteen colonies as a period of mourning on account of the going into effect of the hated stamp act. It increased the burden of taxation upon those who had no voice in their own government, and aroused them to such a sense of injustice that ten years later they rebelled, and the war of the revolution was begun. On the 1st day of November, therefore, the church bells were solemnly tolled, flags hoisted at half-mast and business was everywhere suspended. All over the land such men as Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, James Otis and John Adams addressed patriotic speeches to throngs of their countrymen, and fired their hearts with thoughts of a glorious independence.

—The little town of Delmar, Del., gets its name from a combination of the first syllables in the names of Delaware and Maryland. The village stands close to the southern boundary of Delaware, and is the last station of the Delaware railroad before the territory of Maryland is reached. Another village in Delaware on the edge of Maryland is called Maryland, this time two syllables of Maryland and one of Delaware going to make up the name. An ambitious hotel keeper in one of the Delaware villages calls his house the Delmaria, in honor of the three states that make up the peninsula between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and in memory of a movement looking to the incorporation of the whole territory with the state of Delaware. Such a concession from Maryland and Virginia would treble the area of Delaware, and considerably more than double her population. The movement, however, has never excited popular enthusiasm even in the state that would be gained.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Apple Tea.—This drink is far better for febrile conditions of the stomach than lemon water of any sort. Roast seven apples and pour boiling water over them; let them stand till water is cold, then strain and serve with ice.—N. Y. Herald.

—The People's Home Journal gives the following to destroy ants: Half a pound of flour of brimstone and four ounces of potash, placed over the fire in an iron or earthen pan, until dissolved and united, then beaten into powder and a little of it infused in water. Wherever this is sprinkled the ants will die and leave the place.

—Cabbage.—Cut the cabbage in two, or, if large, in four pieces, and well wash and boil it quickly in plenty of water, adding salt and a small piece of soda; when about half done drain it in a colander, and put it into fresh boiling water; when soft enough, drain and press the water away; chop it, adding a little butter, pepper and salt; put it into a hot pan, and turn it out on a vegetable dish.—Boston Budget.

—Sauce Piquante.—Put a bit of butter with two sliced onions into a stew pan, with a carrot, a parsnip, a little thyme, laurel, basil, two cloves, two shallots, a clove of garlic and some parsley. Turn the whole over the fire until it is well colored, then shake in some flour and moisten it with some broth and a spoonful of vinegar. Let it boil over a slow fire, skim, and strain it through a sieve. Season it with salt and pepper and serve it with any dish required to be heightened.—Toledo Blade.

—Put a stained glass window in the children's playroom," advised a friend to a woman planning a coming home. "From the baby up it will be a source of the greatest delight to the little people. I discovered that quite by chance in renting a house with one in my own bedroom. My baby, who was fretful from teething that winter, would go to sleep much quicker in my room than in his own, and when I remarked upon it the nurse told me it was because the bright window interested and finally quieted him. I soon saw that it was so. All children love pictures and gay colors."—N. Y. Times.

—To make a soup of corn and tomatoes, scald one quart of tomatoes. Add a quart of stock, a slice of carrot, a small onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one clove, six peppercorns, and if convenient a teaspoonful of minced ham. Let this cook slowly for half an hour, then add a tablespoonful of butter, melted and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Strain the soup through a puree sieve, so that every portion except the seeds and seasoning will pass through. Return the strained tomato puree to the stove. Add a liberal teaspoon of scraped corn. Let the soup boil for five minutes after the corn is added.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Ice coffee is a refreshing and delightful dessert and is far more palatable than frozen coffee, or what is known as coffee ice cream. It is easily made and an inexpensive luxury. Make your coffee in the morning and make it double or even triple the usual strength, using two or three heaping tablespoonfuls of coffee to each cup; pour off the grounds in a tin pail that has a tight fitting cover, and while hot sweeten with granulated sugar and add scalded milk in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each cup; then stand away in a refrigerator till dinner time, when you serve it. Put two tablespoonfuls of ice powdered as fine as salt in each cup and you will have a dish fit for the gods.

—Whether or not it is right to keep the table set all the time in a private house is a question that has troubled one of my correspondents. It is not considered proper. After each meal clear the table, brush the cloth and fold it carefully; then put on a heavy colored cloth. If the table be of handsomely finished wood it may be left bare. It often happens that a housekeeper who does her own work, or one who has a large family and keeps but one servant, finds it more convenient to have her table set after each meal. If the dining room be used only for its legitimate purpose there can be no objection to this, if the room be kept closed and dark until meal time. The same rules cannot apply both to the woman who does her own work, or has but one servant, and the woman who keeps many servants. There is one thing which never should be done by anybody: tamblers and plates should not be earned upside down.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FALSE ECONOMY.

The Keeping of Useless Articles For Probable Future Use.

How many of us when sorting over our house or our wardrobes have come across many little things utterly valueless in our eyes at the present moment, yet which are put carefully away, thinking that they may come in good some time. This programme is carried out spring and fall year in and year out until after a while the closets are littered up with useless, half-worn garments and the storeroom looks like a genuine Hotel des Invalides for crippled chairs and sofas, unhung pictures and faded draperies. Now, dear, careful souls, there is not one bit of economy in hoarding up all those things unless, being of a philanthropic turn of mind, you desire to give the poor little innocent moths a good square meal. Suppose you do put all these odds and ends by for future use, do you believe you can ever put your hands on them when you want them? True economy is of a very different type from this and the spirit of the miser is not the one that leads to wealth. Be careful and prudent. If a dollar can be saved by making over an old gown, save it. If this summer's bonnet can be trimmed with last winter's feathers use them, but do not save a great lot of accumulated dress goods, millinery, odds and ends and feeble furniture just because ten years from now you might have occasion for a collarless button, a gray tie or an antiquated hawcock. Give them to those who can make present use of them, but do not accumulate a lot of worthless stuff just because you think at some distant period it may come in good.—Philadelphia Times.