

FISHERS OF MEN.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Urges Christians On to Work.

They Should Launch Out Into Deep Water and Spread Their Nets Where Sin and Sinners Do Most Abound.

The following discourse was delivered in the Brooklyn tabernacle by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, from the text: Launch out into the deep.—Luke v. 4.

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands and intelligent faces, and refined tastes, in Rome and Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve book-worms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead he takes a group of men who had never made a speech, never taken a lesson in belles-lettres, never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy and hard-knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempter wrestled men into gymnasts. The opening work of the church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about Him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to care for, and goes down to the sea shore, and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry needs more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill-wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill-race to turn the one to grind the other.

He chose fishermen, also, because they were used to hard knocks. The man who can not stand assault is not fit for the ministry. It always has been and always will be rough work; and the man who, to every censure or caricature, sits down to cry, had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll-babies. A man who can not preach because he has forgotten his manuscript or lost his spectacles, ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves, and from sermons in black morocco covers. These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the severest of all colleges. When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship they entered the "Sophomore" when washed off by a "great wave," they entered the "Junior" when floating for two days, without food or drink, on a plank, they came to the "Senior" and when at last their hurried ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane, they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus on shipboard with one of these bronzed men—Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ, "what is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated—just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out into the deep."

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we can not "clew down the mizzen top sail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ commanding us, as He did Simon, on that day when bright Galilee set in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup: "Launch out into the deep."

This Divine counsel comes, first, to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age, and without spectacles; not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Colby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, used to read after he was eighty-four years of age, in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle-deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask how or why; and if they see some Christian becoming inquisitive about the deep things of God they say: "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore." My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better. If you have the right kind of ship. If you have mere worldly philosophy for the helm, and pride for a sail, and self-conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft, the farther you go the better; and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs, Christ will still command: "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amidst the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal threshing-floor; amidst the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amidst the flying chariots of the Golden City. Ask who Jesus is, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every coin in fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wretched soul pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of His mother, of Angustus, of Herod, of the Syrophenician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death-sleep; of Joseph, who had Him buried; of the angel posted as sentinel at His tomb; of the dumb earth, that shook, and grand, and thundered when He died.

A missionary in France offered a Bible to a humble dwelling. A man took it, tore out a dozen pages and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the missionary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war and his Bible had been sent back home. The missionary took it up, and saw that it was the very same Bible that he had left in the house and from which the leaves had been torn. The dying soldier had written on one of the leaves of the Bible: "Rejected and scoffed at, but finally believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witlessness by some, but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow in death and our joy for eternity.

Walk all up and down this Bible domain; try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house, until they know what is in every room, and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the skylights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the Oriental proverb: "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold."

Passing from Bonn to Coblenz on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblenz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck, and feel as if the last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine-wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched they would bleed their rich life away into the bowls of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there, there are streams of water melting into the river like joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness. And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor—at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink, and crowded with castles of strength (Stolzenfels and Johannsburg) as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved, and our disembarkation at last, in the evening, amidst the lights that gleam from the shore of Heaven. The trouble is that the vast majority of Bible voyagers stop at Coblenz, where the chief glories begin. The sea of God's word is six, but boundless, and in any one direction you can sail on forever. Why, then, confine yourself to a short palm or to a few verses of an epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sails to the winds of Heaven. Take hold of both oars and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth, to be gone for two or three years. Yes, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in Heaven. Sail away, oh ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable horse or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate signed by the great seal of the state, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to Heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day nor night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

Christian character is to come up to Ligier standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one Robert McCheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when we will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those we have mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch and give you notice in time if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology. One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from them? What do you? Give not to Him that formal petition made up of "O's"—"O Lord," this, and "O Lord!" that. When people are cold, and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's" and "Forever and ever, amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want, with the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believing that you will receive it, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrow it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half-and-half Christian life, and with new determination, launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all who are engaged in Christian work. The church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We sought learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge; no fish. He sits down on a log; no fish. He stands in

the sunlight and casts the line; but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam and stands behind the bank, where the fish can not see him, and he hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where the fish are? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world, where they are not expecting you, they will be captured. Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes. I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the Kingdom.

The whole policy of the Church of God is to be changed. Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians, our chief efforts will be for those outside. If after a man is converted he can not take care of himself, I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch that he does not get into a draught of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, inane professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others; who want us to stop and nurse them! They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is settled. They are not Christians. The best we can do with these fish is to throw them back into the stream, and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into all the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ; into the factory, the engine house, the club-room, into the houses of the sick, into the dark lane, into the damp cellar, into the cold garret, into the dismal prison. Let every man, woman and child know that Jesus died, and that the gate of Heaven is wide open. With the Bible in one pocket and the hymn-book in another pocket, and a loaf of bread under your arm, launch out into the great deep of this world's wretchedness.

The Bible's promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters; but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of the earth and Heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid-sea of God's mercy! "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty-year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood red, they shall be snow white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you say that your heart is hard? Did you say that your iniquity is long continued? Suppose it were ten times longer? Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson can not slay? Is there any fortress that this conqueror can not take? Is there any sin this Redeemer can not pardon?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror; but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips, and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, as it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and then to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God;—a sympathetic God;—a loving God;—and that more to Him than the anthems of Heaven, more to Him than the throne on which He sits, more to Him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of His Father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Breathe for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls in the tomb of sin will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

Hebrew is rapidly becoming the living language of Palestine again. The Jews, who are gathering there from various lands, speak so many tongues that necessity calls for a common one. What could be more natural than their choice of the Hebrew?

The unwise complain that the good suffer. They are the only ones who can afford to suffer.—O. B. Frothingham.

DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON.

A National Joke Which Has Been in Existence Eight Hundred Years.

There are not many national jokes that have survived for more than eight hundred years, but assuredly among these that of Dunmow Flitch occupies an honored place. Toward the end of the nineteenth century it appears to appear as much to the national sense of humor as it did six hundred years ago. Some time about then Chaucer made his wife of Bath say in her immortal prologue: The bacon was not set for him I trow That some men have in Essex at Dunmow. Monday's proceedings showed that the jest is as well received in the Essex of to-day as ever it was. For months past the allocation of the flitch has been a common topic of conversation among the country folk. At first it seemed as though there were to be quite a deluge of applicants. No fewer than eight couples hinted that they meant to put in a claim for the celebrated flitch, but as the crucial moment arrived the members were gradually reduced to two, and Monday afternoon the chief event in Dunmow was the trial of these two claimants to the celebrated flitch.

It may be as well to say at once that in the modern contests all the ancient forms are carefully disregarded. For example, it is no longer the married couple who have been married for a year and a day who ask for the flitch; instead of the presentation being made by the priest at Little Dunmow or by the lord of Dunmow, it is made by a firm of city bacon curers; and in the ceremonial that attends the awards still more important changes have been made. Long ago anybody might put in a claim. All that was required was that the husband and wife should declare that—

You never made any nuptial transgression, Since you were married man and wife.

Or since the parish clerk said "Amen," Wished yourselves unmarried again; Or in a twelve month and a day Repeated not in thought any way.

For this is our custom at Dunmow well known, Though the sport be our own, the bacon's your own.

Of old the claimants had to kneel on sharp flints at the priory of Little Dunmow and vow that these things were true. All is changed now, as the following account will show:

Monday the sport followed a show of pony-racing and other rural diversions. It was under the patronage of Lord and Lady Brooks, and did not begin until they arrived on the scene. The tent where the award took place was then transformed into an excellent burlesque of a court of justice.

A lawyer's clerk acted as judge; the local corn merchant, in appropriate dress, was counsel for the claimants; an auctioneer conducted the case for the donors. Six maidens and as many bachelors formed the jury. The crowds that thronged the tent proved that the monumental jest that has amused England for seven hundred years or more is still as interesting as ever to the general public.

Upon the platform there were two couples who claimed the flitch, one being old, the other young; and the beginners were taken first. Certainly the corn merchant, who acted as barrister, made out an excellent case for his youthful clients. By examination he showed that they had known one another for ten or twelve years before marriage, and that the husband was fond of children and not at all quarrelsome. These two (the man was thirty-six and the wife younger) avowed that their advice to all spinsters and bachelors would be to get married, and they could in all honesty "take the bacon"; at which there was a laugh that sounded incredulous.

Yet the auctioneer or opposing counsel could not break down the evidence. For the husband swore that he had no club and never went to the theater without his wife; that she never grumbled when he came home late and never discovered a will contrary to his. The wife on her part swore that her husband always got up most cheerfully in the middle of the night if baby was crying, and that neither cold dinners nor washing day roused his temper. No cross-examination was able to shake this evidence.

Although the counsel for the donors suggested all kinds of offense, it was stoutly denied that any trouble had arisen in the matrimonial affairs of the two, and though the jury retired to consider their verdict the facts were not to be gainsaid, and the flitch was awarded. Yet it was easy to see that a good-humored cynicism was mingled with the cheers that greeted the award. But, indeed, a curiously frank outspokenness was the most obvious characteristic of the audience.

NEIGHBORS IN MARS.

Fat Men There Weigh Next to Nothing and Are Wonderfully Agile.

Mars weighs but one-ninth of what the earth weighs, and therefore, objects as much as they would weigh if taken to Mars. For example, our standard silver dollar of 413½ grains would weigh but 45.8 grains in Mars, and would doubtless be refused by the Martians if tendered in the payment of debts, public or private. It follows, however, from the lesser power of the force of gravitation in Mars that it is a paradise for fat men. The reason that the elderly person gets tired sooner than the small boy is not that the muscles of his legs are inferior, but that they have more to carry. The fat person here has as powerful muscles as he had when lean, but they have a greater weight to bear and they tire under it. In Mars it is different. There our stout person of 300 pounds would weigh but 33½, legs and all, so that he could trip along with his present muscles as lightly as a kitten. Even the "fat lady" of the museum could easily do her twenty miles a day and not feel it. Agility, we may assume, with vivacity as its accompanying virtue, is a characteristic of the people of Mars. Doubtless the Martians, owing to the light burden on their legs, grow taller than we do, and are larger and more powerful every way. Weight restricts development. The strength of muscle and bone may be exceeded if an animal exceeds a certain size.

In the sea the whale grows larger than any terrestrial creature because the water bears him up. Like the bicyclist, he has only to propel himself by moving his legs—that is to say, his fins. If man lived in the sea he would grow much larger than he does. In Mars he could, with the same strength of muscle and bone, grow nine times as large as he does here. A man fifty-four feet in height, with a corresponding development in other directions, would be a powerful animal. He would be capable of doing an incredible amount of work per day. Citizens of such proportions might very well undertake the canal canals with which the surface of Mars is so strikingly marked.

These canals signify the astonishing strength and energy of the Martians. They are supposed to point also to a pathetic necessity. Their planet, weak in gravity, is weakening now in all the natural forces. Its heat is rapidly departing. Its crust is cooling, and as it cools its strata, like those of our moon, absorb the water of its oceans. The astronomers of Mars foresee a coming time when all the water and atmosphere of their planet will disappear, being absorbed, as in the case of our moon, by the chilled material of its interior. They have dug their canals in large part, it is believed, to bring the water of their shrinking oceans to their famished lands. Originally undertaken, perhaps, as water-ways, these canals are supposed to be now vastly deepened channels for the conveyance of the water required for irrigation and for drinking purposes. The extent and extreme width of the excavations stagger belief; but it will be remembered that Mars is much older than the earth, and that with the Martians it is now dig or die.

So they dig, and they dig double lines. They parallel every waterway, possibly to avert the calamity of want of water over their vast continental areas in case one of the canals should get stopped up by a landslide. It has been doubted whether the canals of Mars are really double, but the astronomers of the Lick observatory say they observed them on the night of August 17 with their incomparable telescope, and testify that they are "distinctly double." They add that they are "perfectly straight lines passing through the continents from sea to sea." As a canal in Mars would have to be twenty miles wide to be visible with our best telescopes, it is evident that the Martians must have given much attention to engineering. There is no evidence that they have used steam or electricity for transportation or for industrial purposes. Being under the necessity of having a large water supply, it is possible that they have not found it to pay to use powers other than water power. Besides, a land much intersected by canals of vast width and depth could not well develop an extensive railway system. Without coal—there is no evidence that Mars had a carboniferous period—the manufacture of steam engines could make but little progress.

As respects electricity, the thinness of the atmosphere of Mars would, it is believed, interfere materially with the efficiency of dynamos. The electricity would be dispersed somewhat, as it is in a vacuum tube, before it could do useful work. There could be little magnetism, it is plain, because the planet, besides being frozen at both ends and cold in the middle, gets few rays of the sun—the source of all energy in our system. It is improbable, in fact, that the Martians have ever given much attention to the study of science. They have given their minds wholly to canals, and canal digging is not an elevating employment.—Baltimore Sun.

A Turkish Baptist. I was once present at the baptism of a Turkish child and will endeavor to describe this ceremony, though it is one with which many people dispense, and which is neither legal nor religious. The child was only seven days old, this being the age when it is thought necessary to name him, and was lying on a bed covered with gold wire, which was tied to the bedstead with diamond pins. Some salt and a sieve being brought by the nurse, the mother took up the child and placed it in the sieve, and giving one end of it to the nurse, she took the other and shook it slightly, while the nurse placed her mouth to the child's ear and called it loudly by the name given to it. The salt was then sprinkled over it, and after a slight prayer the sieve was shaken once more, and while the salt fell to the ground the child was ordered to obey his father and mother, after which it was taken out of the sieve and placed again in its bed, the father entering at the same moment and presenting the mother with a pair of diamond earrings and the nurse with an India shawl.—Nineteenth Century.

Featherstone.—"What did your sister say when you told her I was here in the parlor waiting for her?" Bobby—"Nothing." But she took a ring of one finger and put it on another.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Cherry Seed That Cost \$25,000. In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cherry and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced under the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miters and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner \$5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, \$25,000 for a cherry seed!—Chicago Herald.

Neighbors in Mars. Fat men there weigh next to nothing and are wonderfully agile. Mars weighs but one-ninth of what the earth weighs, and therefore, objects as much as they would weigh if taken to Mars. For example, our standard silver dollar of 413½ grains would weigh but 45.8 grains in Mars, and would doubtless be refused by the Martians if tendered in the payment of debts, public or private. It follows, however, from the lesser power of the force of gravitation in Mars that it is a paradise for fat men. The reason that the elderly person gets tired sooner than the small boy is not that the muscles of his legs are inferior, but that they have more to carry. The fat person here has as powerful muscles as he had when lean, but they have a greater weight to bear and they tire under it. In Mars it is different. There our stout person of 300 pounds would weigh but 33½, legs and all, so that he could trip along with his present muscles as lightly as a kitten. Even the "fat lady" of the museum could easily do her twenty miles a day and not feel it. Agility, we may assume, with vivacity as its accompanying virtue, is a characteristic of the people of Mars. Doubtless the Martians, owing to the light burden on their legs, grow taller than we do, and are larger and more powerful every way. Weight restricts development. The strength of muscle and bone may be exceeded if an animal exceeds a certain size.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Cayenne pepper is highly recommended for driving away ants. It should be sprinkled around their haunts.

—To make a "toast poultice" for weak or inflamed eyes, cut a slice of stale bread as thin as possible; toast both sides well, but do not burn or scorch; when the toast cools lay it in cold spring or ice water. Put between a piece of old linen, and apply, changing when it gets warm.

—Omelet.—Six eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour; melt the butter in the milk; beat the yolks with the flour thoroughly; add the milk and butter, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and add a little salt. Cook in a spider on top of the stove and turn very carefully.—Boston Budget.

—When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know that folded cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth several times to keep up the heat which shortly stretches the shoe and shapes it to the foot.—N. Y. Times.

—Tomato Salad.—Peel some good-sized tomatoes (not too ripe), cut them in slices and remove the pits; season to taste with salt and pepper, a few onions of basil finely minced, and a few onions of very finely sliced. Make a dressing of two tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar, and pour it over the tomatoes. They should stand in this for a couple of hours before serving.—Housekeeper.

—Kerosene oil is of use in cleaning furniture, but it is said, by good authorities, that it will, in time, cut and dissolve the glue and the varnish or finish, and will make certain sorts of wood porous. A much better article is best boiled linseed oil, applied with a soft cloth, then rubbed off as clean as possible. If there are scratches, use one part best furniture varnish to five or six parts good turpentine, and apply with a brush. There are many prepared furniture polishes and finishing preparations, all of which have certain merits, but the above are simple and inexpensive.

—Feed Almond Cuts.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of coarse powdered sugar, one pound of butter, twelve ounces of ground almonds, twenty egg-yolks, almond flavoring. Whisk the egg-yolks and sugar to a light, frothy batter, melt the butter and whisk it in; add the ground almonds and flavoring, sift the flour and work it lightly in; spread the mixture on a baking tin previously buttered and covered with a sheet of paper; make it quite level and an inch in thickness. Bake in a moderate oven; cover the top of the sheet of cake with hot-water icing, and thickly strewn with cut blanched almonds. Cut into pieces three inches long and one inch wide.—Good Housekeeping.

OUT-DOOR LIFE.

What It Has Done and Is Doing For the City-Bred Children.

At first it was the boys who exhibited the good effects of the social revolution. Time was, and not very long ago, when the sturdy boys of the metropolis were found in the greatest numbers in the public schools and the districts inhabited by persons in middling circumstances. The boys in the well-to-do families were apt to be spare, narrow-chested, and of such appearance that the more rugged city children called them by contemptuous nicknames, all implying that they were girls. Such young lads are not now anything like being numerous enough to represent a class. The once derided "mother's apron-strings" have been woven into tennis nets, and the hands of the "girl-boys" now grip base ball and cricket bats. Three months of country life with "city improvements," and nine months of "cycling, boxing, sprinting and gymnastics," have given them muscle and lungs, until the juvenile crowd in town accept it as an axiom that a well-dressed lad is worth avoiding when persecution or mischief is intended.

The girls, too, are obviously a better sort; not better than their mothers were, necessarily, for New York is forever refreshed and strengthened by country-bred men, who draw in country-bred women for their wives. But the born city girls are distinctly finer women than born city girls used to be. The very boyish boys, of the ages when boys are apt to be an all-sufficient sex unto themselves, no longer avoid the girls, who now have their parts and places in the sports and games of the courts and fields. Baseball and cricket are of the masculine gender still, but golf and tennis, boating, riding and driving, are all the enjoyment of both sexes. The girls have borrowed part of the boyish equipment in these days. They have muscles. They wear loose and easy clothing, and they swing along with an athletic animal movement that would have been called very ungentle in their mothers if their mothers could have imitated it. Men of country birth see that their town-bred wives are reproduced in their town-bred daughters, and city men by the sea-side note that their little girls are as ruddy and brown and vigorous and physically capable as the country children of the neighborhood. Thus much of the children; they have had the longest holidaying.—Harp-er's Weekly.

The Improvement of Temper.

If happily we are born of a good nature; if a liberal education has formed in us a generous temper and disposition, well-regulated appetites, and worthy inclinations, 'tis well for us, and so indeed we esteem it. But who is there endeavoring to give these to himself, or to advance his portion of happiness in this kind? who thinks of improving, or so much as of preserving his share in the world where it must of necessity run so great a hazard and where we know an honest nature is so easily corrupted? All other things relating to us are preserved with care, and have some art or economy belonging to them; this, which is nearest related to us, and on which our happiness depends, is alone committed to chance. And temper is the only thing unguarded, whilst it governs all the rest.—Detroit Free Press.