SOUTHARD learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects.—S. Smiles.

THERE is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes upon itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss.—Emerson.

PROSPECTIVE CONTESTANT—"The testator was a very ignorant man and drew the will himself." Lawyer—"In that event I can offer you small encouragement."—Detroit Tribune.

"YOUNG man," said the merchant to the prospective office boy, "are you fairly well educated?" "I be," replied the boy, proudly.—Tit-Bits.

CRUEL.—"I know that age is telling on me," said Miss Sereleaf. "Yes, dear; but you needn't mind so very much. It isn't telling the whole truth."—Sketch.

"ETHEL, did you really steal that etching from a borrowed book?" "Yes, I just had to—the curve of the chin and throat were so perfect."—Chicago Record.

"YOU surely do not favor petticoat government!" said an objector to a woman suffrage advocate. "No, I don't," was the reply. "I favor bloomer government."—Detroit Free Press.

HUMAN TROUBLES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Consolations of Religion.

They Are Sufficient to Support the Christian Amid Scenes of Trial and Disaster—God's Hand in Them All.

The following discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage on "The Consolations of Religion" was delivered before his Washington congregation, being based on the text:

And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night.—Exodus x., 13.

The reference here is not to a cyclone, but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthful quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the 6,000 summers, autumns, winters and springs of the world's existence the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor'wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villianies, fraunds, outrages, suicides and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied: "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatic changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptation that you can not endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and becoming discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say: "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of affection mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escaped it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you can not escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by a mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then, after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or, you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement, he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says, with a snarl: "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or, you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow-horn, your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes in on horseback and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again, you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction now.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the tower of London the swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, and sunflowers, and bridal oaks, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel can be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. The Bible says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said: "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said: "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "if I should drop the child here, it would dash his life out!" "Well now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, His child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea room and we sail on and call on; but after awhile there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet:

Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

The south wind of mild providence makes us throw off the cloak of Christian character and we catch cold; but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing, perhaps, to say, but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we can not understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read: "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh! my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corn-cribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shinging gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung harp, a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phoebus lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillfull than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, moldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say: "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard uprignt meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carrolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked way, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads, haul away. Some of the ships had a mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and others were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf — brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, longboat, pinnace, war frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed Him for the south wind, and blessed Him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless Him for the east wind?

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The heart that once has been bathed in love's pure fountain retains the pulse of youth forever.—Landor.

—Golf.—"She excels at golf." "I am not surprised. She always had excellent taste in matters of dress."—Detroit Tribune.

—She—"What I object to in a boarding-house is the lack of tone." He—"Oh, ha! You haven't heard the girl in the next room singing: 'When Summer Comes Again.'"—Judy.

—Experience has caused it to be remarked that in the country where the laws are gentle, the minds of the citizens are struck by it as it is elsewhere by the most severe.—Catharine II.

—Frightens Him Away.—"How do you manage to get rid of Mr. Staylate when he calls of an evening?" "Oh, I tell him all the stories of hold-ups on our block and emphasize the fact that they usually occur about 11 p. m."—Detroit Free Press.

—Crimsonbeak—"I see the horse has not lost his prestige entirely." Yenst—"How so?" "I read in the paper yesterday that they hung a man down in Texas for stealing a mustang, and only gave a fellow 30 days for 'pinching' a bicycle."—Yonkers Statesman.

—In the Far Beyond.—Lord Saportas—"It is a fact, as you say, that we Englishmen have a habit of standing with our backs to the fire. I wonder why it is?" Miss Starzen Strypes—"I suppose it is because you know you will have to face it some day."—Brooklyn Life.

—"It's kind of hard to raise a boy just right," Mr. Blykins remarked thoughtfully. "Bring his attention to the records of the country's great men," said his wife. "Of course; but somehow the fact that George Washington never told a lie doesn't seem to make as much impression on his mind as does the discovery that his favorite baseball player uses tobacco and bad grammar."—Washington Star.

FLOWERS SERVED AS FOOD.

Strange Uses to Which Buds and Blossoms Are Put.

A dinner of a bunch of rosebuds would hardly be called a feast, and we should most likely be inclined to think ourselves trifled with if we were asked to dine upon the great growing blossoms of a pumpkin vine. But in olden times some of the American Indians, notably the Aztecs, esteemed these flowers, when properly cooked, a great dainty. At the present day the natives of many parts of India depend for food upon the blossoms of the bassia tree. They do not even need to cook the flowers, but make a good meal of them raw, just as they gather them up under the trees, from which they fall in great quantities during the night.

The American Druggist describes the blossoms as sweet and sickly in odor and taste. Sometimes they are dried in the sun and are kept and sold in the bazars as a regular article of diet. The trees are so highly esteemed that the threat of cutting down their bassia trees will generally bring an unruly tribe to terms. This is hardly to be wondered at when it is understood that a single tree will yield from 200 to 400 pounds of flowers. The Parsees cook the flowers,, and also make sweetmeats of them. But, after all, we are not quite at liberty to smile at the flower-eating propensities of these strange peoples.

There is one flower afforded by our own gardens that finds a place freely upon our tables. We are apt to look upon the delicious cauliflower as a cabbage, but it is the flower heads and flower stalks that we consume in the cauliflower, and not the leaves, as in the case of the cabbage. He who eats a cauliflower is a flower eater as truly as the Parsee.

Nobody would be inclined to deny that smoked fish and smoked meat are agreeable varieties in our bill of fare, but few, perhaps, would feel ready to plead guilty to a taste for smoked flowers. And yet, when we give to the clove its well-earned place among our flavorings, we are making use of a smoked flower bud. The delicate peach-colored buds grow on a small evergreen and are ruthlessly plucked from the ends of the branches before they have had time to expand. Afterward they are dried in the sun, and then slightly smoked over a wood fire, to give them the brown color we are familiar with.—Youth's Companion.

The Diminution of Natality.

Anthropological societies are much exercised over the fact that in some countries the death rate exceeds the birth rate to a degree that seems to threaten a comparatively early termination of the life of the nation. For instance, out of the 86 departments into which France is divided, in 51 the deaths exceed the births. The annual natality for the whole country is only 23.7 for each 1,000 inhabitants, and this number includes the stillborn. In order to remedy this progressive depopulation, the French Association for the Advancement of Science has set itself to ascertain the causes of it. Dr. E. Maurel pointed out that the birth rate is lowest in those departments where food is most abundant and cheapest. The relation between these two facts he held to be the prevalence of hereditary arthritic diathesis (uric acid diathesis), leading to diminution of reproductive vigor in both sexes. This diathesis arises from excessive alimentation. Another speaker, Dr. Pomerol, attributed the dimished natality to voluntary restriction, while others suggested the increase of religious celibacy, the laws relating to the division of property, the lateness of marriages and the decreased reproductiveness of women.—St. Louis Republic.

Trust in he Great Chief.

At the Social Union the other night, Gen. Howard told of the apprehensions felt by some Apache Indians when they found themselves for the first time on a railroad train, rushing along on their way to Washington. They looked anxiously out of the windows for a long time, counting the hills as they passed, in true Indian fashion, so that they might find their way back! But finally they gave up in despair, saying: "We must give our hearts all to the great chief, for we can never find our way back again without him."—Chicago Standard.

Composition of the Watch.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the small screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN CORN IS IN SEASON.

A delicate but almost forgotten way of preparing corn is to roast it. Open the husks and remove the silk: close the husks and roast in the hot ashes of a wood fire. Serve with butter, pepper and salt.

Cut the corn from the cob and put with an equal quantity of tomatoes, pared and sliced. Stew for half and hour and season, adding some sugar. Stir in some butter and let the dish simmer before serving.

Cut the corn from the cob and boil 15 minutes in water which was boiling when the corn was put in. Pour off most of the water, cover with milk and boil till tender. Pepper and salt are added and the dish is done.

Sweet corn is best when boiled in the husks. The outer husks are taken off, the silk removed and the corn covered with the inner husks, which are tied on. Put in salted boiling water for half an hour and serve on a napkin.

Split the kernels on an ear of corn with a knife and scrape out the milk. Add one-third as much cream as there is corn and add butter, pepper and salt and then bake in a dish for half an hour or until the corn begins to rise.

"Do you believe in the 16 to 1 ratio?" "Certainly; I am a Mormon."—Truth.

"AM so glad you had the doctor; did he relieve you?" "Yes—of $20."—Boston Courier.

GOLF—"She excels at golf." "I am not surprised. She always had excellent taste in matters of dress."—Detroit Tribune.

MISS LONELY—"I have only one friend on earth—my dog." Miss Coldcal—"Why don't you get another dog?"—Truth.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST.—"Does the doctor do much for your malady?" "Yes, much for my malady, but little for me."—Detroit Tribune.

MRS. MOONEY (for the one hundred and eleventh time)—"What would you do, darling, if I should die?" Mooney—"Oh, bury you, I suppose."—N. Y. World.

A PATERNAL KICK.—"A whole set of furniture!"
Cried pa. "I think it tough!
For while they did their courting here
They found one chair enough."

As on his daily trip he went,
The sun exclaimed: "I vow
There's no denying that I am
The champion scorcher now."
—Washington Star.

SOMETIMES a man gets a reputation for being close because he has paid all his debts and hasn't any money left to get a reputation with for being liberal.—Somerville Journal.

I HATE a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.—Johnson.

THOUGH nature daubs with reckless grace
In field and wood, without restraint,
One spring-time artist beats her pace—
'Tis woman with a pot of paint.
—Chicago Record.

SHAKESPEARE says we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

THE SOLDIERS.

Brig. Gen. Henry Morris, a veteran of the war of 1812, died at his home in Port Chester recently. He was 95 years old.

Gen. Saussier, military governor of Paris, who, in case of war, would act as commander in chief of the French army, though he has reached the age limit, has been continued in office by the ministry for three years longer.

Gen. Dragomiroff, who represented Russia at the French autumn maneuvers, has published a flattering criticism of the French soldiers. He finds that a great advance has been made since 1883, when he saw them last, both in material organization and in the quality of officers and men.

Dr. D. P. Slattery, a wealthy citizen of St. Louis, who was found dead in a lake near there a few days ago, was in command of the gunboat Cricket during the last two years of the rebellion. He was then under 20 years of age, and the youngest commanding officer in the navy.

"THEY say the jewelers are down on bicycles." "Yes, it has got so that a fellow who rides a wheel doesn't care whether he owns a diamond pin or not."—Chicago Record.

HE only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whately.

A GREAT diamond robbery—stealing a base.—Philadelphia Press.

IT is said we pay the most for what is given us.—J. Beaumont.