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EDISON says that gout can be cured by electricity. If any of them happen to have the gout this will be good news for the New York murderers who have been sentenced to the electric chair. The chair may hurt, but will cure their gout completely.

THE average postmark on a letter is so indistinct that it serves no useful purpose. Not one in a hundred can be deciphered at all. It would be better to do away with the pretense of postmarking letters and utilize the labor in other directions calculated to improve the service if the work can not be done more legibly than at present.

AMERICANS pride themselves on the advancement of science and the industrial arts while they hold those of China in contempt, but in the oldest and most important of all arts—agriculture—China certainly leads, supporting a larger population to the area than any other country in the world and apparently with less pauperism.

A nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling—or words to that effect is an old saying and involves more financial wisdom than many speeches made in congress. Money to be useful must circulate; or be in active use. If men who own money lock it up, the government that makes money ought to put it out, so that it may be active and pay debts.

DR. THOMPSON, of New York, having transferred the brains of a cat into the skull of a dog while both animals were alive, concludes that similar operations are possible with human beings. So that the time-honored assertion that wealth cannot buy brains is not beyond controversy yet. We may yet live to see an advertisement in the newspapers: "Wanted—A first-class set of brains; cash on delivery."

IN the English service, an admiral in command of a fleet has an allowance larger than the pay given to an American admiral, which is used for nothing but to entertain foreign visitors. It is the same in every other service, and that is why the foreign fleets cut such a dash on their cruises. Even the ward-room officers have a very ample allowance. But in the American navy every entertainment has to be paid for by the officers.

IT is time a change should be made in the treatment of the Indian and the Indian problem. It is but just that he should be cared for until he has so far been adapted by experience and education to the ways of civilization as to be self-supporting. It is right he should be protected from dishonesty and fraud. Every power of the government may very properly be exerted in the achievement of these ends. But it is also right and absolutely necessary that he should be divorced at once and forever from savagery.

GOOD nature is an excellent attribute, and for domestic use cannot be surpassed by any one of the christian graces. But too much good nature is apt to make one appear like a half-wit. It is one thing to be amiable, and another thing to be stupid; blessed be he or she who in this, as in other things, finds the golden mean. To stand around with your eyes like china saucers and invite people to insult you and impose upon you, just to show off your sweet disposition, savors a little too much of the disposition of the imbecile hen or of the woolly sheep.

IS IT not about time we ceased to apply to woman that misnomer of the "weaker sex," at least so far as their ability to take care of themselves is concerned? In Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits; in England, 4,000,000; in France, 3,750,000; in Austro-Hungary, about the same, and in this country, including all occupations, over 2,700,000. This does not look as though women were the helpless creatures the lords of creation would make them, the weaker sex, the lesser half, the clinging pensioners on man's beneficence that they are made to appear.

THERE is no compatibility between civilization and even the most qualified form of savagery. Even if the westward march of civilization were to be halted at the point it has reached it would be constantly menaced by the lawlessness of the Indian in his tribal relation, especially since he has learned the use of the white man's weapons. We cannot keep what has been gained, much less provide for further extension, without putting an end to the tribal system and depriving the Indian of firearms until such time—if ever—as he shall have so far adapted himself to the ways of civilization as to be safely trusted on the same terms that white men are.

IT was only yesterday, we may say, that the idea prevailed, that robust physical development and intellectual culture were incompatible with each other. The scholarly individual was not expected to spend his time in growing muscle; or in athletic sport, to any extent. But a great change in popular opinion has come about; the students in our best colleges make it a point to train their bodies as well as their minds; and we have the statement from their professors, that the time given to physical culture does not in the least interfere with the progress made in the various branches of study. On the contrary, the exercises that develop the muscular system and balance the vital forces, insure good health; and the student can do more hard work than his fellow who neglects to care for his physical well-being.

# A QUEER RACE.

### A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

With six oars and the lateen sail (for the wind now served), we went swiftly through the water; but instead of making for the nearest part of the coast, as I expected he would, Fane (who took the helm) steered the boat up the middle of the bay, and in the direction of a headland some four or five miles north of the "Diana." The coast was thickly wooded, and the character of the vegetation—the palms, magnolias, and vines, the height and verdure of the trees, and the brilliancy of the flowers—showed that the Fair Island possessed a mild and equable climate; that it was far enough from the pole to escape severe winters, yet near enough to the tropics to enjoy long summers and plenty of sunshine.

I fancied we were about thirty to forty degrees south of the equator; but this was pure conjecture, and neither Field nor Fane seemed disposed to give me much information on the subject.

"What was the 'Diana's' position when you took your last observation?" asked Field, in reply to a question I put as to our whereabouts.

"That is weeks—months since," I said. "The last observation was taken by poor Bucklow. Neither Belsover nor I understand navigation."

"So much the better—I mean, it is probably no great loss in the circumstances. You will perhaps learn more of the geography of the Fair Island later on. We shall see. However, I may tell you this much—you are south of the equator."

"Thank you," I said, laughing. "I guessed as much."

But I failed to guess why he was so reticent on the point. What objection he could have to tell me where we were, I was unable to conceive. He was equally reserved about everything that concerned the history of the island and its inhabitants. To my questions on the subject he returned evasive answers, and at last shut me up by saying that if I stayed long enough I should doubtless get to know all about them, and that it was a very long story, which at present it was quite impossible for him to tell.

About the island and its productions he was, however, more communicative. It contained some four hundred thousand acres—that is to say, it was about four times the size of the Isle of Wight. The population might be twenty or thirty thousand, though, as it was a long time since there had been a count, he could not be quite sure. The soil was very fertile, as I could see; and thanks to the mountain (mountain *par-excellence*, there being no other), which enabled the inhabitants to vary their climate at pleasure, they had a great variety both of cereals and of fruit. The valleys and plains near the sea produced maize, yams, cotton, sugar canes, oranges, grape-vines, peaches, and pomegranates; higher up grew wheat, potatoes, apples, and cherries.

Mr. Field further informed me that, with the exception of a narrow gap on the western side, the Painted Rocks extended all round the island, and that the mist through which we had sailed was a permanent institution.

"We think it is caused by a meeting of currents—one hot and the other cold," he said. "Anyhow, it is always there, and the mist and the rocks safeguard our island home far more effectually than a line of forts."

"Yes," I said; "you may bombard a fort, but you would have to shoot a long time at that fog before you made any impression on it; and those rocks would defy all the ironclads in Europe. By the by, what does that inscription, something about the 'Santa Anna' and 1744, mean?"

"Ah! you saw that, did you? It is merely the name of a vessel that was wrecked there. Some day we will have a cruise among the Painted Rocks, and you will find other records of the same sort. Several vessels have left their bones thereabouts. As I told you, the 'Diana' is the only ship that ever got safely through, for which you may thank your stars; and though, as I was saying, there is a gap on that side, pointing westward, a wide stretch of sand-banks, shoals, and hidden coral reef render navigation, except for very light craft, piloted by men who know the coast, almost impossible."

"So, one way and another, you are pretty secure from intrusion?"

"So much so, that you and Mr. Belsover will be the first strangers our people of this generation have seen."

By this time we had rounded the headland. It divided the large bay from the smaller one, which seemed to run a long way inland, and terminate in a river or creek. Its sides were lofty and picturesque, with lateral openings into romantic little valleys, and here and there a silvery stream, overarched with trees, shot arrow-like into the sea.

"There! That is Fairhaven!" exclaimed Mr. Field, when we were about half-way up the inlet, at the same time pointing to a commanding eminence on the north-west side of the mountain.

Looking through my binocular, I could make out a number of buildings scattered over a wide expanse of ground, and rising one above the other, much after the fashion of a Swiss Alpine village.

"Mab is back, Field," said Fane, gazing in the same direction.

"The flag is flying, is it? Ah, your eyes are younger than mine, Amyas."

I glanced at them inquiringly.

"Look at the large house which stands a little way from the others, near a grove of acacia-trees, and surrounded by a garden," said Fane.

"Yes; I have found it."

"Well, the flag you see flying above the veranda signifies that Queen Mab is at home."

"But I don't see any flag," I said, straining my eyes, and altering the focus of my binocular.

"Is it possible that I see better with my naked eye than you see with your spy-glass? May I? Thank you."

"It would seem so," I said, handing him the binocular, and showing him how to adjust the focus.

After trifling with it a few minutes, he gave it me back.

"It certainly brings thing a little nearer," he said. "All the same, I can see quite as well without it as with it. I fear I should find a spy-glass rather a useless incumbrance."

This incident set me wondering whether my conductors' keenness of vision, acuteness of hearing, strength of limb, and monkey-like agility were peculiar to themselves, or common to all the inhabitants of the island.

After awhile, I squinted through my binocular again, albeit I felt that the act was a somewhat painful confession of physical inferiority.

Mr. Fane was quite right. I could now, being a mile or so nearer, plainly distinguish a flag flying from the roof of the house in which, as I presumed, dwelt the island queen.

But how we were to reach the place did not seem quite clear, for shortly afterward the creek began to trend in the opposite direction. When I asked Field, he smiled and said—

"Wait a few minutes, and you will see."

The few minutes brought us to a point where the stream divided into two branches one of which forked off to the right, the other to the left. We followed the latter, which, after running for a mile or more between high banks, widened into a beautiful lagoon, or, rather, fairy lakelet. In shape it was oval, and at its widest part about five miles across. Its shelving shores were laid out in orange groves and flower gardens; richly plumed birds skimmed its waters, as clear as crystal and as blue as the heavens; gayly painted boats rode lazily at anchor, while others, trimming their wing-like sails, floated leisurely toward a channel which seemed to wind round the base of the mountain.

It had been rightly called Fairhaven. Except in Italy and Switzerland, I had seen nothing with which it could be compared. It was as gracious as Como, as romantic as the Lake of our Four Cantons; and though the landscape may have lacked the grandeur of the Alps, the richness of the flora, the proximity of the ocean, and the rugged crest of the mountain, emerging from a mass of verdure and diademed with a silvery cloud, gave this part of the Fair Island a beauty all its own.

CHAPTER XVI.—QUEEN MAB.

We landed in a little cove from which a steep zigzag path, winding among great cedars and towering palm-trees, led to the town—so steep, that being out of condition with our long life at sea, Tom and I found some difficulty in keeping up with our companions, who could hardly have walked faster if we had been competing for a prize. We two were continually lagging behind, and more than once Fane gave us a look which expressed both pity and contempt, as if he thought us very poor creatures indeed. This riled me exceedingly, and I did my utmost to overtake him; but he was in splendid fettle; the more I strove the faster he went, and when after a fifteen minutes' spurt we reached the town, I was completely blown and bathed with perspiration, while he was not even flushed, and breathed as quietly as an infant. I began to dislike Mr. Amyas Fane.

As for poor old Tom, we had left him half a mile behind, dead-beat, sitting on a stone, and mopping his face with an ancient bandana pocket-handkerchief.

The town—village, rather, though it was the capital of the island and the seat of royalty—consisted of two or three hundred wooden houses. Some of them were rude in the extreme, being little more than log huts; others were larger and more pretentious, built of boards, with verandas and external galeries, and brightly painted. All were thatched, and being more or less mantled with greenery and begirt with gardens, the general effect was gay and picturesque.

In the center of the village was a large square, on one side of which stood the church, distinguished by a wooden tower, and on the other a still larger building, known as Government House, used for meetings, public offices, and the like.

All the people we met were more or less piebald. Some bore a general resemblance to my companions, others were of the same type as the boatmen whom I have already described.

At last we reached the house where the flag was flying. It was the largest I had yet seen. Thatched, like all the rest, it had several high-pitched gables, and a wide porch with overhanging eaves. An open gallery ran round the building at the level of the upper story. Beneath the gallery was a veranda, supported by wooden pillars and festooned with vines.

A narrow path, winding between dwarf palm-trees and rhododendrons in full bearing, led up to the porch.

Two or three young women, with mottled complexions, were sitting in the veranda. One was reading, another knitting, a third seemed to be spinning something with a distaff; but as I had never seen anybody spin with a distaff, I could not be quite sure. These young women were all tall, well formed, and extremely graceful in their movements, for which their somewhat airy and easy-fitting garments offered every facility, and their sandaled feet were innocent of hose.

After greeting them gravely and courteously (an example that Tom and I were careful to follow), Mr. Field inquired if "she" was in.

On receiving an answer in the affirmative from the maiden who seemed to be most in authority, he requested her to announce him and his companions, and ask whether it would please the queen to receive us. The maiden bowed compliance, entered the house by the porch, and in two minutes came back to say that her mistress had been waiting for us all the afternoon with the greatest impatience, and that we were to go in at once; whereupon our conductors, beckoning Tom and me to follow them, went in without further ceremony.

The porch opened into a wide vestibule, at the end of which was a door. We crossed the vestibule together, and on reaching the door Mr. Field gave a sharp knock with his knuckles.

"Come in!" answered a low and musical, yet, as I thought, a somewhat peremptory voice.

"After you," said Field to me, opening the door.

I obeyed him without hesitation, though not without trepidation, for my education in the etiquette of Courts having been somewhat neglected, I had not the least idea what was the right thing to do in the circumstances—whether I should enter on bended knee, kiss the queen's hand, speak first, or wait until I was spoken to. I had, moreover, an idea (one does get strange ideas sometimes) that her majesty was likely to be a crabbed old woman with a fat body and a sharp tongue. However, in I went—walked into the middle of the room (rather a large one) with as much composure as I could master—and then stopped short in mute surprise.

At an open casemate, which commanded a view of the mountain, the lake, and sea, sat a young woman reading a book with an ancient binding much the worse for wear. At her feet crouched an animal which at first sight I took for a huge mastiff, but when the creature rose to its feet, showed a row of fierce-looking teeth, and wagged a tail about a yard long, I saw that it was a wild beast, and, if not a lion or a lioness, uncommonly like one.

"Don't be alarmed," said Queen Mab, pleasantly. "It is only my pet puma; he is not used to strangers. Down, Cato!"

Whereupon Cato resumed his recumbent position, greatly to my relief.

"Mr. Ede, a passenger by the 'Diana,' the ship that anchored in the bay this morning," announced Mr. Field.

"Welcome to Fair Island!" said the queen, rising from her chair and offering me her hand.

I took the hand and kissed it—a proceeding which nobody seemed to expect, for Mr. Field made a gesture of surprise and Mr. Amyas Fane scowled. The queen, however, seemed in no way displeased. She smiled, bowed graciously, and then regarded me earnestly and curiously. I returned the look with interest; I could not help it. I should have done the same had she been ten royal personages rolled into one.

Never was woman better worth looking at than Queen Mab. She was within two inches of my own height, beautifully proportioned and faultlessly shaped. A tight-fitting dress of some dark glossy material set off her form to the best advantage. Round her waist was a pearl-studded girdle; she wore a necklace to match, and each of her arms was encircled with a curiously wrought bracelet of gold. Her face was, moreover, white, and her complexion pure. A mass of black curls rested like a coronet on a broad and noble brow, and her flashing, gypsy-like eyes, slightly aquiline features, firm mouth, and broad chin, bespoke at once intelligence, high courage, and strength of will.

Yet, kind as Nature had been to the island queen, she evidently belonged to the same queer race as her people. Though her face was white (comparatively, for she was a decided brunette), the lower parts of her neck and throat were hued with bronze; so also were her arms, and one of her feet; for, like the maidens in the veranda, she wore neither sleeves nor stockings.

But as I had already found out, there was a marked difference between the piebald of the women and the piebald of the men. As touching the latter, the copper-colored spots were, so to speak, stamped on a white ground, and clearly defined; but with the women it was otherwise: the two shades blended into each other; you could not say where the one ended and the other began; and the more obtrusive color was less prominent and glaring. It should be observed, too, that none of the adjectives I have used for the purpose describe this color exactly. I have called it "red" and "coppery;" it might with equal accuracy be defined as "cinnamon," as all three, in fact; for the piebalds vary as widely in the color of their epidermis as the so-called white races of Europe and North America. As for Queen Mab, though she certainly looked *bizarre*, I thought then, and I think still, that the peculiar tint of her cheek rendered her all the more striking and picturesque. At any rate, it made an admirable setting for the brilliant pearl necklace which adorned her throat and the white and crimson orchids which she wore at her breast.

"Excuse me for looking at you so curiously," she said, after our mutual inspection had lasted a couple of minutes, "but you are the first really white man and the first Englishman I have seen."

"We are all English," put in Fane, abruptly—almost rudely, indeed.

"We are pleased to think so, and we are of English blood; but you cannot deny that it is rather mixed. There is a good deal of difference between you and Mr. Erle, for instance."

"You are right. He is not quite so tall, nor, perhaps, quite so strong. He is near-sighted, and hard of hearing, and so short-winded that it was all he could do to walk up the hill from the lake."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Dr. Talmge's First Sermon.

Ah, how well I remember the first Sunday in my first church!

The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front and side, and a white rose-bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard.

Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had stayed at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eyes large and blue, hair in which was folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm as that day they went up the steps of the meeting house, gazed at intently by young and old.

The pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked confused in making the publications. That day a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find his sermon. It had fallen back on the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathized with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of the service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand.—*T. De Witt Talmage, in Ladies Home Journal.*

### He Got a Straight Tip That Time.

Every now and then a man gets a tip he is ready to bank on to his last dollar," said a well-known racing man of the West countree to a *Pioneer Press* man. "I got such a one by wire from a New York horse owner recently and hurried to the Atlantic coast in time to make my hay. I met my friend at a big hotel, and he was wild over his horse. He said he had him bottled up for keeps, knew what all his competitors could do, and his horse W. ——, could beat 'em all a block!

"'How if it rains?' said I.

"'Pawn your diamonds and play W. —— for all you're worth. He'll beat 'em all two blocks on a heavy track.'

"I had full confidence in my friend, and when the saddling bell rung I had all the money I could spare—more, too, for that matter—up on his horse. Then I went off by myself to a corner of the grand stand where I could be alone and watch the finish. I had a stack of tickets on the horse as thick as a dictionary, and they were all marked with the odds, which were about five to one on an average.

"Well, W. —— won, clean and clear—beat 'em a block sure enough—and as I stood up after the finish I was grabbed behind by both arms while a big voice shouted in my ear:

"'Great Cæsar, friend, why you've won a pot o' money.'

"I didn't know the man, but he had evidently come up behind me and watched me count my tickets, which he could read over my shoulder easy enough without my seeing or hearing him.

"What would I have done if W. —— had been beaten? Made a sneak from the stand, gone into town and made a dicker for a loan to pay railroad fares back to St. Paul. I don't often get nervous over my bets, but I must confess I watched that race with more interest than I can usually summon."

The people who are making such a fuss over the youthful escapades and alleged extravagance of M. Georges Hugo have, says *Galignani*, evidently not read every incident in the life of the great poet. Who has not heard of Mme. Biouette and Mlle. Drouet, the creatrice of "Lucrezia Borgia?" The strangest of all Victor Hugo's adventures was a little love episode in which, by the especial request of the lady, the great poet of France came to the rendezvous in his majestic robes. A jealous husband, who thought that the poet was paying court to his wife, pursued him. But Victor Hugo, robes and all, went over the tiles to the adjoining house.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone's hatter declares that the contour of the old gentleman's head when transferred to a sheet of paper makes a good outline of the map of Ireland.

# COME! COME! COME!

### DR. TALMAGE SOUNDS THE GREAT GOSPEL INVITATION.

**A Sermon Preached in the Brooklyn and New York Academies of Music Which Caused a Great Awakening.**

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night when service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house, rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their salvation. Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come." Gen. 6:18. "Come." Revelation 22:17.

Imperial, tender and all-persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting ante-diluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either good or bad.

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation;" "come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come."

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them, yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was scepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church today and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it were a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it, the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp-full of annoying insects. On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half-way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word—"Come!"

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial, are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive today and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say—"Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say—"Come!"

"But," says someone, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can anyone think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house, or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coasts and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the life-boat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No; no! You need believe but two things; namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things!" Do you, really, believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death unto life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive! Are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that heareth say 'come' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam, or Ghent, or Copenhagen, can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come." Yea all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'Peace?'" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says 'Peace?'" And all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says 'Peace?'" Then the messenger responded: "The Czar says 'Peace!'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry, "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me who says peace, I answer, "Christ our King declares it. 'My peace I give unto you!' 'Peace of God that passeth all understanding!' Everlasting Peace!"

Cumso—"Brown is using a fish diet to benefit his brain." Banks—"Well; judging from the present condition of his intellect it must be weakfish he is living on."—*Figaro.*

Customer—"My watch which you repaired for me some time ago has stopped." Jeweler—"Ah! my collector informs me that the bill is still running."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Sniggins (angrily)—"Do you know that your chickens come over in my yard?" Snooks—"I supposed that they did, for they never come back again."—*N. Y. Herald.*

De Mascus—"I hear poor White is lying at the point of death." St. Agedore—"Lying, eh? Well, well; the ruling passion strong in death, you know."—*St. Joseph News.*

"Aren't you ever overcome by some undefined longings, Mr. Snapley?" "H'm! No. I have much more trouble with very clearly-defined shortnesses."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Old Mr. Close—"Hello, doctor! O, by the way, what ought I to take for a bad cold?" Physician (who knows Close)—"You ought to take medical advice."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

An Irishman declares that it was not until he first partook of the dish called hash that he realized the force of the expression, "Everything comes to him who ates."—*Washington Post.*

Wickwire—"I hear you have sworn off." Mudge—"Yep. It was beginning to affect my mind. Every time I got a little full I wanted to discuss the tariff."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

McCorkle—"They say that Snooper finds it difficult to keep his head above water." McCrackle—"That does not surprise me at all. He is a native of Kentucky."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"Will you trust me, darling?" "Yes, Edward, till death." With deep emotion the gallant youth enveloped her in his arms. And thus another envelope trust was formed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"There will be an oyster party at the rectory next Thursday," announced the minister, "and one of our kind parishioners has offered to provide the oysters for that occasion."—*N. Y. World.*

"My husband is a great inventor," said one woman to another. "I hadn't heard of it." "Yes; I believe he can invent more different kinds of excuses than any other man alive."—*Washington Post.*

First Tramp—"What have you been doing, Jimmy? You look mighty tired." Second Tramp—"That's just what I am. I've been looking at a picture of a man sawing wood."—

### HOW BROOMS ARE MADE.

**A Factory that Turns Them Out by Thousands—Facts for Housekeepers.**

How many housekeepers who do some sweeping themselves or have other people do it for them ever take the trouble to consider how a broom is made? To begin with, the sticks mostly come from Michigan. They are made of basswood or maple, which grow plentiful in that State, and afford a material that combines the advantage of lightness and strength. The wood is turned with lathes into broom-sticks, with a hole through each end—one of them intended for the housekeeper's string to hang the instrument up by. Some of the sticks are left of their natural hue and others are painted red, to satisfy the tastes of all sorts of purchasers. The rest of the broom is made of straw chiefly, and this material is obtained from a sort of corn plant grown expressly for the purpose. Doubtless you have noticed the tassel on an ordinary corn stalk. What the tassel is to the edible corn is found in the wisp that grows from the top of the broom corn, which bears no ears at all. There are two kinds of broom corn, roughly speaking—the coarse sort for ordinary sweeping and the fine dwarf sort for "parlor brooms" and whisks. The fine stuff is plucked by hand, while the coarse variety is cut with the knife. It is in bales of 300 pounds each that the material reaches such a factory as there is over in Georgetown, which produces 75,000 brooms every year to help scoop up the sweepings of the District of Columbia.

Perhaps you would like to know how a broom is made. To begin with, the wisp tassels cut from the corn tops must be assorted as to length. This process is performed by an expert who takes the wisps from the bale and distributes them among a series of compartments. The broom wisps thus assorted go into the hands of a man who holds the broomstick in a revolving vise with its end projecting—the end, that is to say, which is to be the broom. This operator first passes a fine wire through the hole in the head of the broomstick, and by the aid of a treadle makes the length of wood revolve until it has taken up three or four bindings of the wire from a great coil below. Then he grabs a number of wisps of long-stemmed broom corn, to serve for what is known technically as "handle stuff," fastening them to the stick high up with windings of wire. All the time while the wire is wrapping the straw upon the stick it is made to bind more tightly by blows from a hammer. Next is bound around the embryo broom what is called the shoulder stuff, with shorter stems, which, as was the case with the handle stuff, is trimmed off close above the wire binding with a sharp knife. Stalks yet shorter, from which the stems have been cut off entirely, are finally wound upon the outside with more wire, and the whole business is clinched and fastened where the broom meets the stick with a strong belt of tinned brass, its corrugated edge bound down with a wire so that the strike is made as much a part of the broom handle as if it grew upon it.

Now the broom goes to the sewer, who passes flaxen twine around its middle and pierces the substance of the broom through and through with a needle provided with similar flaxen cord, so as to bind the straw together closely. Now it only remains to chop the straw ends of the broom off even with a sort of cleaver knife, and to comb the seeds out of them with a revolving machine armed with teeth in order to make them ready for market. A first rate broom is bought by dealers at from $3.25 to $4 a dozen, and sold at from $4.50 to $4.80 retail. Some brooms, for heavy sweeping of ships' decks and outdoors, cost $6 a dozen. The coarse straw is best for those. You can calculate the profits of the manufacturer for yourself when you are informed that broomsticks, white or red, cost $14 a thousand, while the straw is 6 1-2 cents a pound for the best of it, and an ordinary broom contains 2 1-4 pounds of this latter material. Broom corn that is slightly green is much better for the purpose than the ripe material, because the latter is brittle, and, on this account, to deceive purchasers, it used to be the custom for manufacturers of brooms to tint their material green with the fumes of brimstone. At present the same effect is more cheaply obtained by soaking the stuff in a colored mixture. Supplies of broom corn for this country are chiefly secured from Chicago and Philadelphia, to which points the farmers ship their broom corn product, consigning it to commission men, who sell it to the manufacturers.

### Hardships in India.

In a land of leeches you should think twice before wading in water. Otherwise you may emerge with a shaggy covering of jet black. Something like this, according to the London *News*, happened to two British warriors in India. Privates Speed and Davis, who, having left Bareilly for a day's sport and lost their way, were fastened upon by the leeches in the pools, which they had to cross barelegged. The two soldiers wandered about hopelessly for nine days. Bareilly is near the jungles of Nepaul, the favorite home of the tiger; but before the nine days were out Davis and Speed would have given a year or two of their lives for the sight of an honest wild pig. It is a marvel that the two did not die of hardship. The heat in upper India in July is simply terrific. Yet the two survived it, exposed to the sun's rays during the day, sleeping in the open air at night. Not a village did they come across, not a human being, for the whole region was submerged by the yearly floods. They began by catching butterflies, and they finished off by being found nine-tenths dead beside the metals of a railway line. The first solid food they had in nine days was two "chupatties." A chupatty is a wheaten cake, not unlike a Scotch bannock. There's nothing about the restorative "peg," but doubtless it came in time.

### Cholly's Mistake.

"Why, daughter mine," said the old man, coming into the parlor where Alice and young Cholly Pastyhead were sitting, "come over to me! It's a long time since I held you last." And he took her on his knee and embraced her, while young Cholly looked on, wishing he would get out so that he could have his turn.

"It's a long time since I held you," continued the old man fondly, "and you're getting to be quite plump. I declare, you're a good armful now!"

This was Cholly's chance to show his smartness by keeping still. But he didn't. He had to blurt out:—

"Yes, isn't she, though?"

* * * *

The old man was seen down street next morning pricing bull dogs.