FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Discourses to Business Men.

Good Works as Necessary as Faith—Too Much Falseness in Every Vocation—Reforms Needed in Society—The Saviour the Best Guide.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took his text from James ii. 20: "Faith without works is dead." Following is the sermon:

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle can not come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea.

But yonder is another river, and it moistens its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lillies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of 900 miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of my sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night; but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory, setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that which was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated sirups, and it will dump into the ash barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations.

The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article and another drug may be in full force and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have 41 per cent. of resin and alcohol and chloroform.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle.

Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of $10,000,000 and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor ragamuffins and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man has gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska he can not atone for it. After a while this man who has been getting a "corner" on wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day.

All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for $1.50. Bookbinery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless.

Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent.

And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he can not help and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, in setting forth the best interests of society, and keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues and its mistakes than its achievements.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

Yes, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform Mulberry street in New York, and Bedford street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon street, and in Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. O, no, but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph, but it is the same old sun and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work.

In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephone invention and the electric light invention, but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light upon the eyes and ears and souls of men and becomes a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations, an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say: "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ and his hope of Heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation, preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and president of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into every day life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character Al. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his store house the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship candler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our National industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife arose at 4 o'clock, entered the front door yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from the prayer of his mother in the door yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back; bought land, opened a great public park and made it a present to the city of Hallifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

OLD BOGY.

A Telegraph Operator Who is Known Wherever There is a Wire.

He looked like a very ordinary man as he stood in the doorway of the train dispatcher's office at the pier one evening. He was dressed in an ordinary suit of clothes. His rather thin face was framed in a thin, reddish beard, through which peeped a pair of blue eyes. Taking it all in all he was a very ordinary looking man, and yet that man was the most noted telegraph operator in the United States, and possibly in the world. It was "Old Bogy,"

Everybody who is or pretends to be a telegraph operator or a train dispatcher knows Old Bogy. Wherever there runs a line by telegraph wire there is known that name, and it is pretty safe to say that Old Bogy himself has been pretty nearly wherever the telegraph has gone. Old Bogy's other name is Bogardus.

Twenty-five years ago Old Bogy—for Old Bogy he was even when he was a lad—was a telegraph operator in the employ of the United States Government. Bogy was a telegraph operator in the Capitol at Washington, and he handled all of the important messages that came there from the front. He was trusted, and the confidence was not abused.

After a while he was sent to the front and was in the midst of the fighting with General Grant, and he played no unimportant part in the great strife. He was an expert operator—a better does not exist—and he held many a great secret during those troublous times.

After the war Old Bogy began to drift. He wandered from railroad to railroad, and from telegraph office to telegraph office, from one end of the country to the other, and before long the name of Old Bogy became a proverb among telegraph men. He had gained the bad habit of unrest that had fastened itself upon him during the war, and before long he became the most noted tramp operator in the United States. He seemed to have lost all desire of ability for steady work, and while his ability was of the highest, he would work a few weeks and then suddenly leave, and do nothing until his money was exhausted.

And so he traveled, working a little, borrowing a great deal, and often getting passes from point to point on railroad lines.

Train Dispatcher Comstock, now at Oakland pier, worked with Old Bogy in Chattanooga some seven or eight years ago. Bogardus had just been sent to China to put in operation a system of train dispatching on the first railroad telegraph in that country. He was told to get the best man he could draw who was acting as night clerk could neither read nor write, but none of us knew that. He had a system of his own for conducting business which, I learned to my sorrow, did not wholly remove the possibility of his making a mistake. I left a call for four o'clock in the morning. At five I awoke, and thinking it must be nearing morning, looked at my watch. I knew some one had blundered, but hoped that the train might have been delayed and I would yet be in time to catch it. I dressed and went down to the office. The night clerk was napping by the fire in a comfortable armchair. 'How's this,' I said, 'that you have failed to call me?' 'Well, it was just this way,' said he, holding up a hand with yarn of different colors tied around the fingers, that white yarn on the first finger was for the man in No. 4 who wanted to go on the 'leven-twenty; that black yarn on the second finger was for the man in No. 2 who went on the one-fifteen; that red yarn on the third finger was for the man in room No. 1 who went on the two-forty-five, and I remember now that this blue yarn on the fourth finger was for you, but to save my life I couldn't think what the blue yarn was for.' I'm not sure but the air in that hotel office became as blue as the forgotten piece of yarn, and I'll bet that night clerk remembers to this day what it was for."—Chicago Herald.

A Little Learning.

"They tell me," said the tourist, "that there are many college men to be found among the cowboys and miners here."

"Yes," answered One-wing Blacksour, "I am a graduate myself. That's how I lost my ear. You see, at college, I learned that a straight flush would beat four aces."

"Well?"

"Out here 'pears like it doesn't."—Indianapolis Journal.

—To growl is one of the joys of life, according to a commuter on one of the railways running into this city. He is even willing to pay for it, apparently, for, at the beginning of the year, an official on the road having offered him an annual pass he declined to accept it. "No, thanks," said he, returning the card. "I am much obliged, but I prefer to pay my fare and retain my privilege of expressing my indignation at the way this road is managed. I wouldn't sell my right to revile you and your blanked old system for all the passes in creation."—N. Y. Sun.

A SALT DESERT.

Below Sea Level Where None But Indians and Chinese Can Work.

Salton is one of the lowest points in the United States, being 263 feet below sea level. It is a dreary spot situated at about the end of a huge valley, which on the east will one day be ablaze with the flowers of orange and lemon trees, and whose gentle slopes will be covered over with vines bearing grapes that will far surpass in size, flavor and beauty the fabled bunches of Eschol. But from time immemorial Salton itself has been a desert and for all time to come it will remain so. It is as if some huge curse had been placed on it and except for a few scant sage-brush nothing grows on it nor can be made to grow. Here lie the huge salt beds which are now being worked by a San Francisco company, so what looks apparently a useless waste is really valuable land.

The beds cover an enormous area, and the salt is scraped from off the surface and is not, as some people imagine, mixed in the same way as gold and silver. The beds are about six to eight feet in length, and often larger, for they are artificially made, and in them oozes the salt. The only tools which are employed to gather salt are a shovel and a hoe. Then the crude salt is loaded upon flat cars and run down by a locomotive into the mills, where it is pounded up into salt for the table, for the dairy and for such other purposes as is needed. The amount of salt that can be produced is incalculable. Indeed, there is enough to supply the civilized world for all time to come, and if there were a failure of salt anywhere the Colorado desert would be able to supply the demand.

In broad day when the beds are seen from the railroad cars, they look like an immense inland ocean, whose waters are of glaring white and upon whose broad bosom rise innumerable mirages from a great city blessed with churches and cathedrals, whose spires are as numerous as the masts on the River Thames to great ocean steamships and huge sailing vessels. In early morning when the sun is rising the scene is one of unsurpassed splendor, for as the rays strike the salty crystals they flash forth various colored lights.

The only labor that can be had here is Chinese and Indian, and Mr. Durbrow, the manager, who has had considerable experience with the Indians, says that the Indians of the Colorado desert are admirable workers. Indeed, they appear to be and are particularly ambitious. They have built around the manager's house quite a little settlement, and they are epicures in the manner of food. They are all men of family. Their women, who are singularly good-looking, keep house for them, but do no sort of manual labor except that connected with the house. The bucks are stalwart young chaps, and so well thought of are they by Mr. Durbrow that he pays the Indians $1.50 a day and the Chinese $1.35 a day.

In conversing with Mr. Jocker, who is the foreman at the works, he said: "It is a mistake to suppose that all Indians are worthless. The nine men that I have with me are wonderful workmen. I have no trouble with them. They are at the salt beds by five a. m., and they work steadily till the noon hour, when they eat their dinners and again go to work. In fact, one Indian is worth two Chinamen, and they know it, and demand more pay. You have to keep continually watching a Chinaman, for he will talk and chatter during the working hours. Not so the Indian. He is stolid and will keep on working, never stopping to talk or smoke. They are good hard laborers and have a love for it, inasmuch as it brings them many luxuries. They are kind to their families and really are admirable people, whom it is a pleasure to deal with."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cracked Silver Coins.

The stamping machines at the government mints, embodying as they do all the best inventions obtainable, yet do not do their work with absolute perfection in every instance. Occasionally a silver dollar is turned out with a trifling defect, and then the coin generally causes more trouble, many times over, than it is worth. This imperfection is a slight crack in the edge of the coin, which is likely to escape the notice of any ordinary scrutiny, but like the rift in the lute of which the poet sings, it makes the dollar's music mute. The commonest way to test a silver coin to find out whether it is counterfeit or not is to drop it on a table or counter. If it has a clear ring it is supposed to be good. As a matter of fact, some counterfeit coins now current, which are made of antimony and tin, have a sound almost identical with that of a real silver dollar. What makes this test still more uncertain is the fact that a real silver dollar with the little rift sounds as if it were lead when dropped. The opening destroys its jingle just as a crack ruins the melodiousness of a bell.—N. Y. Tribune.

What She Meant

The language of the Irish "servant-girl" sometimes requires interpretation before it becomes intelligible to the average listener. Old words in new senses have something of the difficulty of a dead language.

"What are me duties, if ye please, ma'am?" asked Bridget of her new mistress.

"You'll be expected to do all the cooking, the washing, some of the sweeping, and other things which I will tell you as they come up," said the mistress. "And Thursday afternoons, when Mary is out, you will have to answer the bell, and wait upon the table at dinner."

"An' will yez stretch for yerselves, or will I stretch for yez?" asked Bridget, doubtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked her mistress, who, after an explanation which took some moments, discovered that her new cook meant to ask whether she would be required to pass the various dishes at dinner, or whether the family would serve themselves.—Youth's Companion.

—Jones says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low neck dress and gaiter boots.

Mr. Hicks' Bull.

"Did the baby wake you at the usual early hour this morning, Mr. Hicks?" asked the general employer of his bookkeeper, the father of a promising two-year-old boy.

"Yes," replied the bookkeeper carefully, "but not before it, as he usually does."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Very Odd.—"They dress children very prettily and so oddly nowadays." "Yes, they do. All the little children look like pen-wipers."—N. Y. Sun.

Buying Goldfinches in Russia.

Mention is made in the Russian papers of an English agent who spent some weeks in the Kourak government buying goldfinches. In a certain district in that government, between September 18 and October 15, 1890, goldfinches were caught and sold to this agent at from sixty to eighty copecks for ten. The Moscow and Kieff bird-sellers are reported executing an order for a million goldfinches and other birds. (The Russians are fond of round figures.) These birds are much more common in the south than in the north of Russia, where the nightingale is the chief songster and is numerous and melodious enough. In the far north, in the Petchora region, birds swarm in myriads during the breeding season, but their visit is of short duration and they soon migrate south.—London Daily News.

A Predestined Pessimist.

Miss Battersley (complaining spinster)—I will be obliged to go there soon; what sort of a country is it—wretched, I suppose?

Mr. Patterson—Why, it's a land flowing with milk and honey.

Miss Battersley—How dreadfully bad the flies must be there!—Judge.

MEN WHO DO WOMEN'S WORK.

Some of the Occupations in Which Males Do the Work of Females.

While it is true that women have to a great extent of late years taken to doing men's work, it is also true that some men do women's work. In California Chinese men are largely employed as domestic servants, and wherever Chinamen go they are chiefly employed in laundries. In many large laundries where new shirts are done up expert men are employed who make good wages. The reason why men are employed on new shirts is because the new shirts require more strength to iron them properly than shirts that have been previously laundered, and few women have the strength to do the work properly. In the State prisons men are commonly employed at laundry work, mainly on shirts. It is curious, by the way, how differently a Chinaman uses an iron from the method employed by women. When a woman uses an iron she begins with it at the right heat for use, and consequently it soon cools, and she consumes much time in changing her irons. The Chinaman, on the contrary, gets his irons very hot, much too hot for use. When he begins to use the iron he plunges it quickly into cold water. This cools the surface for a moment. The heat from the interior then begins to come to the surface, and continues to do so for some time, about as fast as it is cooled by use, so that the necessity for the frequent changing of irons is obviated.

Worth, the man dressmaker of Paris, has counterparts in other countries. The largest producer of dress patterns for women in New York is a man, although his business has been for many years conducted in the name of his wife. The most expensive and best-fitting dresses that women wear are tailor-made dresses which are made by men. The designs for new dresses are mostly made by men. The most expensive ladies' hats are made by men. The man milliner is proverbial.

In the department of nursing, which is considered specially women's work, many men are employed. Where patients are helpless and require much lifting, it has been found necessary to procure strong men, because women are not equal to the hard labor.

Sewing is especially women's work, but the very finest and best paid sewing is done by men in fancy tailoring. Since the introduction of the sewing machine the proportion of men sewers has increased in those branches where the work is heavy and requires strength for long hours of labor.

Although cooking is regarded generally as women's work, the best paid cooks are men. In the great clubs, hotels, restaurants and private houses where fine cooking is required, the best cooks are men. It is the men who have made cooking one of the fine arts. It is true, however, that the great artists in food disdain to be called cooks, and are known as chefs, and they command salaries of which the average lawyer would be proud.

House cleaning is looked upon as women's work, yet there are establishments that will clean a house from top to bottom and put it in order, and employ most men to do it.

Boarding-house keeping is mostly women's business, but there are many large and successful boarding-houses in New York that are managed by men. Often they get two or three houses together, and the tendency of men in that business is to enlarge it so as to make these places approach the character of hotels. It is a rare thing for a woman to keep a hotel.

There are even men chambermaids. On steamboats and steamships most of the chamberwork is done by men. Even in large boarding-houses it has been found expedient to have men do the chamber work.—N. Y. Sun.

TOO MUCH YARN.

A Forgetful Night Clerk Who Got Matters Mixed.

"Speaking of Western hotel night clerks and their failure to call guests on time," said a tourist, "reminds me of a little experience I had in a Kansas town. It was an unimportant place, though at a railway junction, and the hotel where I was stopping seldom entertained more than one or two guests at a time. But on this particular night I speak of there were four men there, each of whom left a call to enable them to depart on night trains. The man who was acting as night clerk could neither read nor write, but none of us knew that. He had a system of his own for conducting business which, I learned to my sorrow, did not wholly remove the possibility of his making a mistake. I left a call for four o'clock in the morning. At five I awoke, and thinking it must be nearing morning, looked at my watch. I knew some one had blundered, but hoped that the train might have been delayed and I would yet be in time to catch it. I dressed and went down to the office. The night clerk was napping by the fire in a comfortable armchair. 'How's this,' I said, 'that you have failed to call me?' 'Well, it was just this way,' said he, holding up a hand with yarn of different colors tied around the fingers, that white yarn on the first finger was for the man in No. 4 who wanted to go on the 'leven-twenty; that black yarn on the second finger was for the man in No. 2 who went on the one-fifteen; that red yarn on the third finger was for the man in room No. 1 who went on the two-forty-five, and I remember now that this blue yarn on the fourth finger was for you, but to save my life I couldn't think what the blue yarn was for.' I'm not sure but the air in that hotel office became as blue as the forgotten piece of yarn, and I'll bet that night clerk remembers to this day what it was for."—Chicago Herald.

A Little Learning.

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DILATATION OF THE STOMACH.

The Cause and Remedy of This Dangerous Condition.

There are two forms of dilatation of the stomach; latent dilatation and what might be called positive dilatation. In positive dilatation the stomach is actually increased sometimes to nearly double its normal size. In a case of this kind the stomach can never return to its normal condition. The food accumulates in the pocket or pockets and is gotten out only with great difficulty, and so goes on fermenting and decaying until nature can stand it no longer and sets up a general house cleaning by which the contents are forcibly ejected.

In latent dilatation, which is the more common form, the stomach is of normal size, or at least not very much enlarged. But instead of contracting down to its normal size when empty, it remains of the same size as when full. This is the state in a majority of cases of those who are suffering from intestinal dyspepsia and yet who say that there is nothing the matter with their stomachs, that they can eat anything. They never have any pain or discomfort in their stomachs, but they have one-sided headaches. They have a foul coat on the back part of the tongue, although the front part may be apparently clean. This is an atonic condition of the stomach. The muscles of the walls are feeble and they are unable to contract enough to empty it thoroughly. Cases of latent dilatation are always curable. The stomach needs to be toned up. For this purpose electricity is excellent, and the more effective way is to apply the current inside the stomach through an electrode inserted in a rubber stomach tube. All the remedies which are directed to relieving the nervous systems, the various kinds of headaches, etc., are of no possible avail as they do not touch the root of the matter. The diet must alone be carefully observed.

It is the decomposition of food in dilated stomachs which give rise to three-fourths of the cases of rheumatism and the same with Bright's disease. The poisons thus generated come upon the liver and kidneys to expel from the body and these organs are overworked. The kidneys are first irritated and then if this is prolonged, some sudden cold may precipitate an inflamation and most serious damage result. Much of spinal irritation is due to the reflex action set up through the nerve centers which are so intimately connected with the digestive functions.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

—The man who keeps right himself does a good deal to help other people to behave themselves.

MEN WHO DO WOMEN'S WORK.

Some of the Occupations in Which Males Do the Work of Females.

While it is true that women have to a great extent of late years taken to doing men's work, it is also true that some men do women's work. In California Chinese men are largely employed as domestic servants, and wherever Chinamen go they are chiefly employed in laundries. In many large laundries where new shirts are done up expert men are employed who make good wages. The reason why men are employed on new shirts is because the new shirts require more strength to iron them properly than shirts that have been previously laundered, and few women have the strength to do the work properly. In the State prisons men are commonly employed at laundry work, mainly on shirts. It is curious, by the way, how differently a Chinaman uses an iron from the method employed by women. When a woman uses an iron she begins with it at the right heat for use, and consequently it soon cools, and she consumes much time in changing her irons. The Chinaman, on the contrary, gets his irons very hot, much too hot for use. When he begins to use the iron he plunges it quickly into cold water. This cools the surface for a moment. The heat from the interior then begins to come to the surface, and continues to do so for some time, about as fast as it is cooled by use, so that the necessity for the frequent changing of irons is obviated.

Worth, the man dressmaker of Paris, has counterparts in other countries. The largest producer of dress patterns for women in New York is a man, although his business has been for many years conducted in the name of his wife. The most expensive and best-fitting dresses that women wear are tailor-made dresses which are made by men. The designs for new dresses are mostly made by men. The most expensive ladies' hats are made by men. The man milliner is proverbial.

In the department of nursing, which is considered specially women's work, many men are employed. Where patients are helpless and require much lifting, it has been found necessary to procure strong men, because women are not equal to the hard labor.

Sewing is especially women's work, but the very finest and best paid sewing is done by men in fancy tailoring. Since the introduction of the sewing machine the proportion of men sewers has increased in those branches where the work is heavy and requires strength for long hours of labor.

Although cooking is regarded generally as women's work, the best paid cooks are men. In the great clubs, hotels, restaurants and private houses where fine cooking is required, the best cooks are men. It is the men who have made cooking one of the fine arts. It is true, however, that the great artists in food disdain to be called cooks, and are known as chefs, and they command salaries of which the average lawyer would be proud.

House cleaning is looked upon as women's work, yet there are establishments that will clean a house from top to bottom and put it in order, and employ mostly men to do it.

Boarding-house keeping is mostly women's business, but there are many large and successful boarding-houses in New York that are managed by men. Often they get two or three houses together, and the tendency of men in that business is to enlarge it so as to make these places approach the character of hotels. It is a rare thing for a woman to keep a hotel.

There are even men chambermaids. On steamboats and steamships most of the chamberwork is done by men. Even in large boarding-houses it has been found expedient to have men do the chamber work.—N. Y. Sun.

TOO MUCH YARN.

A Forgetful Night Clerk Who Got Matters Mixed.

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Examined for Pensions.

The board of pension surgeons examined the following applicants on the 11th:

Frederick Gramm, quarter gunner in the U. S. navy, Lexington, original.

Moses Benedict, private, Lexington, original.

James H. Crews, private, Wellington, original.

W. F. Crowley, private, Lawson, Ray county, restoration.

James Graham, private, Richmond, original.

George Glasscock, private, Norborne, increase.

H. Gielselman, private, Corder, original.

Martin Kelly, private, Higginsville, increase.

F. A. Ludlaw, private, Odessa, increase.

Charles M. Pirner, private, Lexington, original.

William Peery, private, Orrick, Ray county, original.

Fairview.

News scarce.

Weather pleasant.

Farmers are busy with their spring work.

Miss Laura Kelly, of Bates City, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. P. Campbell.

Miss Mollie Hill, of Bates City, is the guest of Miss Nannie Campbell this week.

Claud Campbell spent last week in Carroll county, visiting his friend, W. S. Cobbs.

August Nelson was in Kansas City one day last week, and bought a car load of cattle to feed in the spring.

Misses Lulu Files and Lucy Hook, of Odessa, were the guests of Miss Ollie Masterson several days last week.

Y. E. Masterson had a very severe spell of the croup on the night of the 14th, but he is much better at this writing.

O'Bonnell Bros. have finished sawing at the King set, and will move their mill to Wiley Thomas's timber this week.

There was a man in Lexington,
And he was woudrous wise,
Said he, "I'll build my business up,
And go and advertise."
And when he saw the good it did,
He laughed with might and main,
"I see it is a bully thing;
I'll advertise again."

The Lexington Y. M. C. A. is reported as being in a very flourishing condition. The special committee to raise the necessary funds to carry on the work this year is meeting with success.—Higginsville Advance. Yes, indeed, the Lexington Y. M. C. A. is flourishing. Under the secretaryship of Mr. Kincaide it could not do otherwise than flourish.

There was once a young dudeling named Jim,
Who managed a body quite slim.
He would roam down the street,
His dudine to meet,
Who seemed to be much "stuck" on him.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

LAFAYETTE COUNTY OFFICERS.

Jonas T. Ferguson.....Representative
Joseph F. Smith, presiding judge; R. S. Andrews, western, and H. H. Elling, eastern district.....County Judges
William Young.....Probate Judge
Samuel J. Andrew.....County Clerk
Charles L. Ewing.....Circuit Clerk
Charles C. Wallace.....Recorder of Deeds
William Aull.....Prosecuting Attorney
J. R. Dillard.....Treasurer
John G. Worthington.....Collector
Charles S. Mitchell.....Sheriff
Benjamin D. Weedin.....Surveyor
John B. Santmyer.....Assessor
H. L. Straughan.....Coroner
Charles D. Ragland.....School Commissioner
Examinations the first Saturday in each month, at Lexington.
T. C. Young.....Constable

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Henry C. Wallace, Jr.
John M. Price.
James B. Hock.

COURT TERMS.

Circuit Court—First Mondays in April, September and December. Richard Field, judge; Chas. L. Ewing, clerk; Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Criminal Court First Monday of March and second Monday of October. John E Ryland, judge; Charles L. Ewing, clerk, Haywood Heathman, deputy.

Probate Court—Second Mondays of February, May, August and November. William Young, judge.

County Court—First Monday in each month City council, regular session, second Monday in each month.

LEXINGTON CITY OFFICERS.

C. B. Russell.....Mayor
J. W. Hamlett.....Marshal and Collector
U. G. Phetning.....Attorney
Charles M. Neet.....Recorder
Reid Moreland.....