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People who are really busy are seldom aware of the fact.

In taking chances do not forget that the weight of accident is also generally against you.

If every man had the courage of his convictions there would be no end of strife in the world.

People who do good for the sake of praise ought not to grumble if that is all the return they receive.

Every man dreams away down in his heart that the law does not apply to him, and sometimes he is rudely awakened.

As long as individual members of the sexes persist in humbugging each other, just so long will the millenium be postponed.

The navy, says a Washington dispatch, is to be put on a war footing. Presumably they are going to try to get it to float.

The tougher a man is the more apt he is to show by his conduct that he believes that careless charity will atone for a vast amount of reckless sin.

One of the superstitions that will survive until the end of time is that the man who does not smile when addressing a female acquaintance is a crossgrained bear.

People generally are now putting football on the same plane as prize-fighting. In a prize-fight it is hardly possible for more than two people to be killed during the game, while in a football scrap half a dozen or more may perish. We may all live to see it prohibited.

The New York Journal collected opinions from a number of prominent people on Thanksgiving day, as to why they were thankful and what for. Among others Mr. Frederic R. Coudert informed the questioning reporter that he was thankful that "he was a lawyer and not a journalist."

Postmaster Smith of Horton, Iowa, used to burn campaign documents instead of delivering them, and now Postmaster Smith of Horton is in a peck of trouble. When Horton people are as eager for educational documents as they were last fall it was too bad to deprive them of them. Only Mr. Smith knows what they missed, and he wishes now that he didn't.

The features of the proceedings of the National Grange recently at Washington, were the submission of the report of the executive committee and the calling of the members in a body on President Cleveland. The executive committee reported a total of over $31,000 loaned on real estate securities deposited with the fiscal agency. The report says agriculture is suffering from disproportionate burdens, which, if long continued, may cause such disastrous results as have overtaken the agricultural class in other countries. The report is a strong plea for farmers' rights.

The civilizing effects of clean streets on the tenement-house districts in New York city are distinctly marked. Fresher paints on the stores, clean windows, and other tokens of a change for the better, attest the value of the object-lesson of streets no longer a disgrace to the municipality. Observers' also note that tenement-house entrances are not tracked with street mud. Even the children seem to look more tidy. The moral influence of ways fit for the foot to walk upon and for the eye to rest upon is undoubted. It is just as true that good roads in country districts have done a service in promoting order and cleanliness.

Expenditures on account of the navy last year amounted to $26,262,155, of which $6,974,435 was paid for the construction of new ships, the other principal item of expenditure being $15,494,862 for maintenance of the establishment, of which $7,091,908 was required by the ships in commission. The cruiser New York was the most expensive vessel to run, costing $412,807 for the twelve months. The Columbia and Minneapolis consumed $300,000 each; but when the big battle ships have been a year in operation they promise to exceed these figures. Over $11,000,000 worth of stores have been kept on hand with a great saving over the old system of indiscriminate purchases, corrected by Secretary Whitney. The naval clihting factory has to be considerably enlarged, owing to the growing demands upon it, all clothing being now made there for the navy, the revenue cutter service, and the naval militia. The estimated value of real estate improvements and machinery in the navy yards is placed at $60,000,000. During the year nearly $5,000,000 was paid for labor.

It was said of certain connections of a famous Englishman that they inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties. The manner of giving to those in need is sometimes quite as important as the gift itself. The winter, with its call for discriminating charity, is at hand. In no case let that charity be an infliction.

A Genoese princess has eloped with an artist, taking with her $60,000 worth of jewels, all of which indicates that the artist is something more of a realist than an impressionist.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon

ROYALTY IN DISGUISE...

Washington, Dec. 13, 1896.—In this sermon from a bible scene never used in sermonic discourse, Dr. Talmage draws some startling lessons, and tears off the masque of deceit. The text is I Kings 14:6: "Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child, a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's axe gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken-hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken-hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in, the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave, the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth, and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

The story of the text impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incrusted with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzza, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread-tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has burnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever. Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of his palace and he saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and he saw some of them lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then he heard their lamentation, and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for him to start. The lords of the land came to see him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights he has been sleeping with the hostlers and the camel-drivers, for no one knew there was a king in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them; for without any doctor's gown he knew more law than the doctors. He fished with the fishermen. He smote with his own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of the Gennesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which he could pour his tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally his divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when he freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when he turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as when he throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part he was in disguise. No one saw the king's jewels in his sandal. No one saw the royal robe in his plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that he who said "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of his own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of his hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on age after age, were, as compared with his lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in mid-heaven was only the shadow of his throne. No one knew that his crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty en masque. Grandeurs of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city, the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event flung out in the ages is the connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, he catches our sorrows, and to the orphan he will be a Father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment.

Seven Wise Men's Sayings.

The sayings of the Seven Wise Men are the famous mottoes inscribed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi; Solon of Athens—"Know thyself." Chilo of Sparta—"Consider the end." Thales of Miletus—"Suretyship is the precursor of ruin." Bias of Priene—"Most men are bad." Cleobulus of Lindus—"Avoid excess." Pittacus of Mitylene—"Know thy opportunity." Periander of Corinth—"Nothing is impossible to industry."

Established Age of the Earth.

According to geological computation, the minimum age of the earth since the formation of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years—6,700,000 years for the primordial formations, 6,400,000 years for the primary age, 2,300,000 years for the secondary age, and 460,000 years for the tertiary age, and 100,000 since the appearance of man upon the globe

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record

The New York Salvation Army is about to apply to the board of police commissioners for the privilege of visiting the prisoners in the various police stations for the purpose of endeavoring to convert them.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is so rapidly triumphing over his recent attack of paralysis that during the last few days he has been able to lift his right hand to a level with his head. He walks for an hour and a half every day and gets along without the aid of a cane or crutch and can go up and down stairs unaided.

Mrs. Catherine Corbett, aged 70, and her daughter Mary, aged 40, were found dead in their home in Indianapolis Sunday. Both were lying on the floor, and as the odor of gas was strong in the house it is supposed they were asphyxiated.

Samuel Bros.' dry-goods house at Lincoln, Neb., burned; loss $25,000; insurance $10,000.

Ed Wright, a prominent merchant of Scotia, Neb., committed suicide by shooting. He leaves a widow and three children.

O. L. Partridge, ex-secretary of the Alpena, Mich., Loan and Building association, was found guilty of embezzlement of $20,000.

While crossing a field near Ireton, Iowa, Mrs. B. Schmedhaus, an aged German woman, was attacked by a vicious bull and probably fatally injured.

The Paris Gaulois alleges that the Royal Niger company (British) is encroaching upon the French sphere of influence on the Niger in the direction of Dahomey.

There is talk of a meeting between Queen Victoria, Emperor William and President Faure at Dinard in the spring.

An explosion occurred on Saturday afternoon in the Moabit quarter of Berlin in the house of the scientist, George Isaac, who was experimenting with the manufacture of acetyline gas. Isaac and three assistants were blown to atoms.

Richard Rowe, brother of the Montezuma (Iowa) county treasurer, who went to Mexico with the county's funds, was sentenced by Judge Ryan to three years in the penitentiary for complicity in the looting of the county treasury. A new trial was denied.

The London Chronicle's Berlin correspondent says it is reported that the minister of foreign affairs, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, is seriously ill.

The Sunday issue of the Social Sachsischen Arbeiter Zeitung of Dresden has been confiscated and the editor arrested for leze majesty.

A Berlin dispatch to the London Daily News says it is rumored that the government will submit a bill to the reichstag for a new artillery which will involve a great expenditure, Prussia's share footing up $43,750,000.

Hon. Sydney Fisher, Canadian minister of agriculture, is in Washington, where he will likely stay for a couple of weeks. Mr. Fisher will discuss the question of abolition of internal cattle quarantine with the United States government.

Robbers entered the barroom of the Hotel Le Grand, 35 to 45 Wells street, Chicago, early Sunday morning, and one of them killed William Jahns, the bartender. They escaped.

It is evident that Roscoe D. Dix, auditor-general-elect of Michigan, proposes to make sweeping changes in the force of clerks in that office. He commenced operations by notifying twenty-eight of them that there would be no work for them after January.

The American Society of Irrigation Engineers has adopted resolutions opposing the idea of goernment action in the building of irrigation reservoirs and canals, but advocating a government commission to look over the arid territory and make suggestions for the aid of the states in the work. The permanent headquarters were established in Denver.

Chairman Hanna returned home Sunday, coming direct from Philadelphia. He declined to say anything about the gossip concerning the cabinet appointments of President-Elect McKinley.

Fred H. Holmes, for nineteen years postmaster at Canton, Mass., was yesterday arrested on a charge of embezzling $1,110 of the funds of the post-office department.

Ex-Senator W. C. Gear of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, who has been on trial here for a week for alleged bribery in the passage of a bill, was acquitted by a jury.

Herr Ernst Engel, the German statistician, is dead. He was born at Dresden in 1821, became director of the bureau of statistics in 1860, and retired in 1882.

Samuel Carpenter, an 18-year-old Ithaca, Mich., youth, is dead from excessive cigarette smoking.

Frank L. Benedict, agent of the Milwaukee road at Fairfax, Iowa, shot and killed an unknown man about 20 years of age. Shortly after the evening passenger train left Benedict started to go home and was held up by several men. Shots were exchanged with the above result.

At Delevan, Ill., fire destroyed Phillips' hall, the oldest brick building in the place. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $3,000.

William J. Bryan will deliver an address at the Jackson day banquet, to be held at the Clifton house, Chicago, Jan. 7.