The Yale Expositor.

J. A. MENZIES, Publisher.

YALE, - - - MICH

People always know it when a man is about to fail in business.

It is not safe to bet on what you "feel in your bones" unless you bet on rheumatism.

The Buffalo Times says: "Helledor Wojciechowski made a motion for a new trial." He should make one for a new name.

The fact that the oldest man in the United States is in a poor-house is not encouraging to those who would go beyond the biblical three score and ten.

The archbishop of Canterbury will personally deliver into the hands of Mr. Bayard, on the latter's return to London, the log of the Mayflower which the Consistorial Court recently decided to present to the United States.

The old canal which was constructed many years ago between Tampico and Tuxpan, Mexico, at great expense, is to be cleared and dredged and opened for traffic. An American company has a concession for operating the enterprise. The canal passes though the country rich in dye woods and native tropical products, which will be taken in boats to Tampico and exported to the United States and Europe.

Modern progress does not spare even a land so rich in traditions and memories as the Holy Land. The wandering bands of Arabs along the shores of the Jordan have been surprised and horrified at the intrusion of a busy little steamboat upon that historic stream. It plies between a point near Jericho and the Sea of Tiberias, doing what business it can find to do, and incidentally upsetting all one's ideas of the fitness of things.

Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, has a bible class in a Washington Sunday school. A former secretary of state, Mr. John W. Foster, also teaches in that school. The highest intellect can find an exhaustless opportunity for acquisition in the word of God, and the largest practical ability can have full scope in expounding the books that are a revelation of the divine will. It is entirely reasonable to say that the bible is studied by more people and in a wiser way than ever before.

Legislation for the restriction of the sale of cigarettes has generally proved ineffective; but as a result of a city ordinance recently passed in Chicago, by which retail dealers in cigarettes are obliged to take out a license costing one hundred dollars, the number of places where they may be bought has fallen from five thousand to about one hundred. The margin of profit upon cigarettes is so small that the smaller dealers cannot afford to purchase the license. This is not an ideal way to combat the cigarette evil, but experience seems to prove it the most effective yet devised.

Through the liberality of the Postal Union, or through some other favoring circumstances, a king in dire want of a postage stamp has been able to communicate with a distant manufacturing concern. King Quansah, of Tantree, which is somewhere in Africa, wrote to a cordage company in Massachusetts, inquiring as to the cost of some of its wares, and excused himself for neglecting to put on a stamp on the ground that he was in a hurry. Seeing that he is a king, the excuse was accepted, but probably the goods will not be forwarded until it is known whether his haste will prevent him from promptly remitting.

The following are the statistics of productions in California during 1896. Gold, $14,160,613; borax, $800,000; petroleum and bitumen, over $1,000,000; salt, $130,000; mineral waters, $400,000; natural gas, $150,000; quick silver, 30,743 flasks; beet sugar, 46,000,000 pounds; wheat, 28,682,200 bushels; brandy distilled from grapes nearly 1,000,000 gallons; barley, 10,800,000 bushels; beans, 68,000,000 pounds; raisins, 84,000,000 pounds; dried fruit, 148,500,000 pounds; dried prunes, 51,000,000 pounds; canned fruits, 1,340,000 cases; wool, 24,500,000 pounds; hops, over 52,000 bales; oranges, 1896-97 estimated 8,375 carloads; 1896, 2,512,500 boxes; butter, annual product, 48,000,000 pounds; cheese, 16,000,000 pounds; wine receipts at San Francisco, 12,914,670 gallons; brandy, 163,650 gallons; provisions, $5,500,000; value of nuts, $350,000; powder, 12,000,000 pounds; total gold product since 1848, $1,368,429,278; quick-silver since 1877, 810,767 flasks; gold and silver since 1848, $1,475,434,107. Seventy-six thousand acres are set to orange trees and 70,000 to prunes; there are 3,900,000 acres of land under irrigation. There are 340,000 milch cows in the state and $106,000,000 invested in dairies.

There is excitement among Virginia peanut dealers over the big jump in the price of nuts. A 50 per cent advance on account of the prospects for an unusually short crop has occurred within the past few days, and prices are still rising. This is the first rise in the market since the dissolution of the big trust six months ago. One-third of the present crop is now cornered in this way, and the large dealers are actively buying up all the stock they can secure. It is thought the prices will almost reach those of 1890, when the best grades held at 8 cents per pound.

IS SORRY FOR IT ALL.

PEOEBE COUSINS SAYS WOMAN NEEDS NO "RIGHTS."

Their Place Is at Home—"Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me For of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven"—Dying at St. Louis.

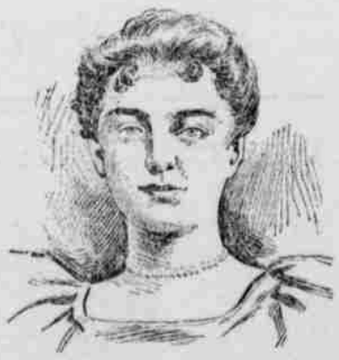
(St. Louis Letter.)

PHOEBE COUSINS, the first woman lawyer of America, the first woman to become a United States marshal, and for many years known over the length and bredth of the country as an ardent, uncompromising public advocate of woman's rights, is now seriously ill in this city. Disease has laid low the woman whose stalwart will carried her through a successful career in the face of opposition and obstacles of every sort. Few careers have been more romantic. A beautiful girl, she was besieged with admirers, and might have made many brilliant marriages. At one time a vice president of the United States and two United States senators sought her hand. But she disdained all offers. She had her mission to fulfill, and inexorably pursued it until misfortune and illness finally showed her the fallacy of her course. For Phoebe Cousins now believes that she has been mistaken all her life, and that the true aim of womanhood is not civil equality with man, but home and motherhood. Her parents were originally from the East. Her father, who was among the most prominent Unionists of St. Louis, received the appointment of chief of police and provost marshal of the city during the war. Her mother was the head of the St. Louis branch of the sanitary commission, and had charge of the city hospitals. As a girl Phoebe Cousins was as brilliant as she was beautiful. She very early showed her disinclination, or rather her contempt, for social life. For several years she was the belle of St. Louis. But none of her admirers could make headway with her. It was her favorite theme that women had a higher mission in life than marriage.

When it was known that Phoebe Cousins had entered the law department of the Washington University there was no surprise. St. Louis had become fully acquainted with her bent. Her friends knew that her years of reigning bellehood had been from her point of view most unprofitable, and that from them she had derived but moderate pleasure. Her beauty had won many admirers and suitors quite as many, but so plainly did she show her preference for men of years and wisdom that one by one they left her side. Miss Phoebe did not appear to even notice their desertion. She was in the zenith of her beauty then, tall, slender, supple, with delicate patrician features, brilliant black eyes and raven hair. Her complexion was olive, with a rich shifting crimson in her cheeks. Then, as until extreme adversity overtook her, she was noted for the tasteful elegance of her dress. She lacked something of the softness of manner of most Southern women. More in evidence was a certain self-assertiveness, tempered by good breeding.

She secured entrance into the law department with some difficulty, was graduated from it with honor, and then began the career which, so far as human insight goes, is nearly at an end. She made a few strong woman suffrage speeches—one at a Presbyterian Sunday school convention in Jefferson city, where she startled her staid audience by asserting that "Paul's words to women amounted to nothing, for Paul was simply a crusty old bachelor, with no authority to lay commands upon womankind," and another at the banquet of the Mercantile Library Association, where she was toasted as "our own Phoebe Cousins."

Then she spread her ambitious wings and flew away to Washington. There



MISS PHOEBE COUSINS.

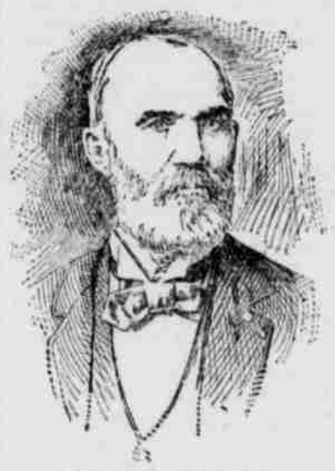
she was entertained by prominent families and lectured before various audiences on the cause she had espoused. She became a protege of Susan B. Anthony, and the little circle of agitators hoped much from this promising addition to their number. Young, handsome, talented, she would reach the ears of many who cared not to listen to the equally earnest but less favored. She was as logical as any of them; she wrote gracefully and forcibly, and if her manner on the platform was a little forced, that would wear away in time. Men high in the councils of the nation were curious about the brilliant young woman from St. Louis, and then became her slaves. During one winter Vice President Wilson was a frequent caller. So also were a senator and congressman.

"Phoebe," her hostess often said, "do decide which of these gentlemen you prefer, and let him have a hint of your preference. All of this game is anxious to be bagged." But Phoebe never decided. Instead she bored the magnates with long, argumentative conversations on "advancement" and the "elevation of humanity." Affection is a tender plant, and cannot withstand the frosts of indifference. It was but natural that this distinguished trio, severally and collectively, relinquished its suit.

Then came bluff, ruddy Senator Fair, with his millions and his quaint idioms. He sauntered into a meeting of women suffragists while the young woman from Missouri was speaking. He noted her bright eyes and brilliant complexion, her trim, slender figure and handsome gown, and before he retired that night wrote a check bearing her name. The next morning it was brought to her while she was sipping her coffee. It was for $50. There was no word of explanation. She enclosed it in a note, thanking him for his kindness, but saying she did not think it proper to accept it. It came back by return post. "Don't be foolish," he wrote. "Keep the money and get a new spring bonnet with it."

Miss Cousins continued lecturing in behalf of her sex, winning fame if not dollars. When the receipts from her lectures were not equal to her needs, there was always a reserve fund to draw upon at the later family home, in Washington, and she drew upon it without stint, for the luxurious tastes developed by the circumstances of her early life were never lost.

When J. D. Cousins became United States marshal he appointed his daughter deputy. She returned to St. Louis and assumed her duties in her father's office. Hers were chiefly clerical duties, but they enabled her to gain an insight into the requirements of the official life of her chief, and when her father died she was appointed to fill the vacancy during the unexpired term. She did this satisfactorily, although she limited her efforts to office supervision of the labors of the depu-



COL. J. D. COUSINS.

ties. When her term ended she made a vigorous attempt to secure reappointment, but failed. One wintry morning during her brief stay in the Mormon capital Miss Cousins told me her story.

"I was engaged to Senator Fair," she said, "and I loved him. He came to me in Chicago and asked me to be his wife. We were to have been married there soon. He was summoned to California on business, and left promising to return for me soon. I never heard from him again, and here is the notice of his death."

"It's all a mistake," wrote Miss Cousins, from California, to a St. Louis friend. "Don't, dear friend, try to reform the world. It doesn't want to be reformed. Live quietly and happily in your home. It was so decreed for women. I believe they should all be pensioned, and that bachelors should be taxed to provide their pension."

"Do you remember where we met, Mis Phoebe?" asked one of the visitors to her bedside the other day. It was the venerable Judge Seymour D. Thompson.

"No, Judge," said Miss Cousins, as she lifted her hand above the coverlet. "It was on a train en route to Chicago from St. Louis. You were talking of the mission of woman. I had the temerity to say, 'The mission of woman is motherhood.' You disdained to reply except by a scornful flash of your bright eyes, which awed and silenced me."

"You were right, Judge," she said. "The last time I listened to a Sunday school exercise I learned that. The pupils were repeating the golden text, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I knew then that this philosophy of yours was right and that mine was wrong, for I realized that no little children could ever come unto me, and I am not ashamed to say that I wept at the thought."

Character from Hand Clasps.

The latest fad of fashionable people is telling the character by clasped hands. A clasped hands character specialist says that this means of reading character is easier and more correct than all other ways.

"A woman," he says, "who is frivolous will clasp her hands together with the first finger of the right hand between the thumb and first finger of the left, but the first finger of the right hand lies between the second and third on the left when constancy prevails. Those people who place two fingers of one hand between the thumb and fingers of the other are deceitful, and not to be trusted."

It is said that in a married couple the one who in clasping hands and interlacing fingers brings the right thumb nearest the body, with the right fingers correspondingly placed in relation to the left fingers, will be the dominant member of that couple.—Odds.

A "bicycle wedding" was recently witnessed in London. The bridal couple rode on a tandem to the church, and they were followed by the guests, twenty-four of them on twelve tandems, and sixteen on single bicycles.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE HUNGER IN INDIA, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "This Is Ahasuerus Which Reigned from India, Even Unto Ethiopia"—Esther 1:1. A Land Plundered by Greed.

AMONG the 773,693 words which make up the bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the scriptures, which the Rabbis call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with two million men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when, after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that "City of Palaces," the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead. I had never expected to be there, because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out; but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination. Its configuration is such that no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had no religion going there, would be obliged to acknowledge a God as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God, but coming amidst some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms, and depths dug under depths, and mountains piled on mountains, the cow boy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God now, I guess from the looks of things around here there must have been a God some time." No one but the Omniscient could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas, a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows," those mountains pouring out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of two hundred and forty million souls. Whatever be one's taste going there, his taste is gratified. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mighty fauna; bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, lion, tiger—this last to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans, because he comes up from the malarial swamps, where no human being dare enter; the deer and antelope his accustomed food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood, he wants nothing else, and is called "the man-eater." You can not see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to hear his growl as he presses his iron paw against the cage in Calcutta. Thirteen towns have been abandoned as residence because of the work of this cruel invader. In India in the year 1877 eight hundred and nineteen people were slain by the tiger, and ten thousand cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees fifteen hundred tigers went down and eighteen thousand dollars of government reward were paid the sportsmen.

The Baptist missionary, Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first, a passion for souls, and next, a passion for flowers, and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends, and museums on either side the sea, with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers, he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the magnolia and abelmosk, and palm tree. The ethnologist, going there, will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are a commingling. The historian, going there, will find his theory of Warren Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address ever made in a court room, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and one sidedness of statement. The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now living city. All success to the hunters and the botanists and the ethnologists and the historians and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand! But we today visit India as Christian women and men to hear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has traveled fourteen thousand miles, yet gets louder and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their memory and their ambition unlike anything that we recall or hope for? With more emphasis than you put into the interrogatory "Why," I answer, First: Because our Christ was an Asiatic. Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he rested and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences he whelmed with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals, and great rain-falls, and bellowing tempests, and hypocrites long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during his earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When he had sixteen or eighteen years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe, I think he goes farther toward the heart of Asia, namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from twelve years of age until thirty, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent, and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year, but however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress. * * *

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta, I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well:

"Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?"

He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

"When people die, where do they go to?"

"That depends upon what they have been doing; if they have been doing good, to heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?"

"Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird; if he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?"

"He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?"

"Yes, you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?"

"By doing as the Hindoos do."

From the walls of one of their museums at Jeypore I had translated for me these beautiful sentiments:

The wise make failure equal to success.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

Do not to others that which if done to thee would cause thee pain. And this is the sum of duty.

A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking on his neighbor as himself.

From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been endeared by so many missionary heroics, there comes a groan of eighty million people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India to-day than the entire population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877 about six million people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least ten million dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw upon themselves and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession. One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there is enough grain, and fruit, and meat, to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but alas! that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India to-day! Look at her! Her face dusky from the suns of many centuries; under her turban such achings of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand towards us and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick! Give it to me now—bread! bread! bread!" America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives in a bill signed by our sympathetic president have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help to fill that ship. We want to send at least six hundred thousand bushels of corn. That will save the lives of at least six hundred thousand people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corn-cribs of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask Him who holds the winds in his fist and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will flavor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing qualities, and insure their own welfare through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." * * *

And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the circle is God's favorite figure, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the Gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this Gospel moved on to Europe; witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood;" for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into these Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" which he himself had translated into Greek. The Christ who it seems spent sixteen or eighteen years of his life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by hundreds of thousands, and the Gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's Ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mt. Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth? This old planet, gashed with earthquake and scorched with conflagration and torn with revolutions, will be girdled with churches, with schools, with universities, with millennial festivities. How cheering and how inspiring the thought that we are, whether giving temporal or spiritual relief, working on the segment of such a circle. And that the Christly mission which started in Asia will keep on its way until it goes clear around to the place where it started! Then the earth will have demonstrated that for which it was created, and as soon as a world has completed its mission it dies. Part of the heavens is a cemetery of dead worlds. Our world built to demonstrate to the worlds which have been loyal to God the awful results of disloyalty, so that none of them may ever attempt it—I say our world, having finished its mission, may them go out of existence. The central fires of the world which are burning out rapidly toward the crust, may have reached the surface by that time and the Bible prophecy be fulfilled, which declares that the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

May the 10th, 1869, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie which connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Central Pacific Railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific Railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled, mid-continent, to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the Eastern and Western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. Oration explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it and music enchanted it. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike, presented by Arizona. When, all heads uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into its place, the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done. My friends, if the laying of the last tie that bound the East and the West of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of Gospel influences, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations? The spikes will be the golden and silver spikes fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the raptured and piled-up galleries of the universe, and the mountains of earth will shout to the thrones of heaven, "Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! For the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Old Soldiers and Religion.

In Fitzgerald, Georgia's soldier colony, thirty-six different religious beliefs are represented, the Methodists being in the majority.

A Kansas City woman sued her husband for divorce recently, alleging "harsh, barbarous and unbearable treatment." The specific charge was that he came home mad one day and cast her sealskin into the furnace.