

THE MOST PERFECT BOOK.

Dr. Talmage's Beautiful and Eloquent
Tribute to the Bible.

"A Living Dog is Better Than a Dead Lion"—Small Faculties Actively Used are of More Use Than Great Faculties Unemployed.

Last Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Academy of Music, taking for his text, Eccles. 9:4:—
"A Living Dog is better than a Dead Lion."

The eminent divine said:

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime-minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom-house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Isaiah, and yet not an imperfection in all the 776,603 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferryboat, as in second Samuel; and a telegraphic wire, as in Job; and a railroad train, as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship-builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its apophthegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility, and the dog for meanness. You must know that the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a superior animal, beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers and if you doubt it, ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watchdog is a living protection, and if you doubt it, ask the ten thousand households over whose safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem. Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote his text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog. It is lean and snarly and disgusting and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" In self-negation the Syro-Phoenician woman said, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and St. John, speaking of heaven, says, "Without are dogs."

On the other hand the lion is healthy, strong, and loud-voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvellous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendon. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of fire-arms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheatre of Rome. The Hebrew lion, the Syrian lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion-haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile. David understood its habits of night prowling and day slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions." Moses knew them and said, "Judah is couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The king's wrath is as the roar of a lion." And again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way. Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, 'The lion shall eat straw like an ox.' Ezekiel knew them, and says, 'The third was as the face of a lion.' Paul knew them, and says, 'I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.' Peter knew them and says, 'The devil as a roaring lion walketh about.' St. John knew them, and says of Christ, 'Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah!'

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy." He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint-hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five-cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner; waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver; comes into a rail-train, or stage coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who sit near him close back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the snow from his shoes, and thrusting his arms around his body to revive circulation, on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his

name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity than many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word Honorable, and after his name, L.L.D. and F.R.S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there. And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the heavenly circles when this humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and take the precedence of many Christians who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent. more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weaker in our store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car-driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coals out our cellar and never coughed?" "What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten." "The white Solomon standing among the thrones, overhears the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all suggestive smile, say, 'Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is small faculty active used than great talent unemployed, better a living dog than a dead lion.'"

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of their contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent, or three per cent, or two per cent, or one per cent, or a half per cent, or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall street, State street, Lombard street, and the Bourse tremble. In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten-cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten-cent piece. A lion! Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasure in heaven. What shall the stone-cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are giving away their riches, and building churches in their native villages? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about, and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "he that provideth for his own, and especially those of his own household is worse than I," they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living, and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished? There are bad fashions and good fashions, and whether good or bad, fashions are mighty. One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's death, gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides, it ascends to another court, and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible Society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof positive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture-gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am especially interested in the incurables," and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The Church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, large enough to hold a congregation of five hundred, with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgment of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?" In our city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has our fellow-citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say when he is dead, say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem.

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of

our time in saying: "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in walking around that dead lion. We cannot re-suscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose forest thirty winter ago Gordon Cummings sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small opportunities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and the doing of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten, and cripple for future work. If a sea-captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and the passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River and say, "I never will go on a river again unless I can run one of the White Star line!" Shall the engineer of a lightning express, who at a station mis-read the telegram of a train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say, "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express!" Take what you have of opportunity. Do your best of what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat-terrier compared with the lion which at Matabona, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in his death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer, and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinner departed. The chance of these latter is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornate sepulchre on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a sceptre in his stiff hand, but that gave him no more interest in the next world. One of the most intense interestings I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of old times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscriptions on his sarcophagus, and the writing on his mummy bandages, prove beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times. All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelite brick-makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that stood up in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imprecation, but his skinny bones could not again clutch his hereditary sceptre. He is a dead lion. And he is not any more living, in the fact that he has no opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively leonine, and yet wicked.

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have an opportunity of being saved myself, and being saved by me. I am alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes, and make sure work for heaven. Alive, are we! Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred years of a life of sin. On the other hand, let us get pardon for all the past and let us curify for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know, either. He says "your sins and iniquities will remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in Sunday school, the superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he was absent. The superintendent inquired that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectfully clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared, and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with a will." But the superintendent fitted him up again and started him again. After a while the ragged boy had become a young man, and he had changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on healthful grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, and until among the most illustrious names of the Church on earth and in heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember that the living dog is better than the dead lion.

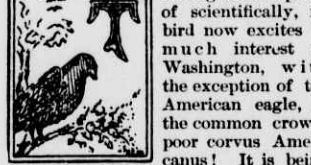
In a great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the grove shops and in the haunts of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder common room, beautiful with its windows, no useful purpose there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger, preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in church was years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come, expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to throw at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another in prison, and the third, who was the murderer, I was the third, but the grace of God saved me." My hearer, give no one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake the most difficult cases, and he will live to the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out the word in words, letters, signs, build them in thrones, roll them in ovens—Free Grace! That will yet Edenize the earth and people heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

CORVUS AMERICANUS!

VARIOUS CROW QUESTIONS IN SOLUTION.

The Crow in Scientific Deep Water—Shall He be Exterminated?—Crow Diet—Their Great Roosts—Where They Came From.

(Special Washington Letter.)



HE English sparrow having been disposed of scientifically, no bird now excites so much interest at Washington, with the exception of the American eagle, as the common crow, poor Corvus Americanus! It is being made the subject of a methodical scientific investigation by the Department of Agriculture, and Uncle Jerry Rusk and his secretary, Mr. LaDow, are understood to be deeply interested spectators.

Professor Walter B. Barrows is conducting the investigation, and in good time will furnish his conclusions for a bulletin, to be issued by the department.

There is much more to be learned about the crow than appears at a casual glance. It is only since the establishment of the division of "economic ornithology" in the Department of Agriculture, that birds have been properly looked after, and their real value or detriment to the agriculturist ascertained. They are now weighed in the scientific balance, and if the beam kicks in their favor, so much the better for their future enjoyment of life and pursuit of happiness. Among the important points regarding the crow, which need to be settled, are the following:

Will crows eat corn if they can find nothing they like better?

Is it worth while for farmers to try and kill crows by soaking the corn in poison?

Can a crow swallow seed-corn if it is first rolled in tar and ashes?

Will spraying corn with a Riley nozzle with an emulsion of soap and kerosene kill the corn or the crow?

Is it too late in the nineteenth century to resort to the use of scare crows? In other words, will crows scare worth a cent at this late day of universal progress and enlightenment?

Can more be said in favor of the crow than against it?

Is it better for the agricultural interests of the country to exterminate the crow?

And if the crow is to be exterminated, how shall the extermination be accomplished?

Is the crow rapacious, graminivorous, insectivorous, young-and-tender-chickenivorous, and omnivorous all at once and the same time?

If so, why so?

Does the crow ever say "rats" or eat mice?

At the season of midification will the crow destroy the eggs and young of other birds?

Does the crow drop the seeds of rhus toxicodendron, or poison ivy, broadcast over the land?

What about the crows' roosting places? Where are they situated? Will it be worth while for the Census Bureau to procure a list of the roosts and the number of roosters?

How about the national conventions they are said to hold? Is there anything of a sensational nature in their proceedings?

Is it true that crows are so wicked as to indulge in prize fights?

Do crows, in some parts of the world, drill after the manner of our State militia?

If they do, why do they?

How far will a crow fly to get its breakfast?

Is sand to be recommended as an aid to digestion in view of the fact that a crow always gulps down a mouthful of clear sand just before going to bed?

How many horse-power is the crow's digestive apparatus?



IN SCIENTIFIC DEEP WATER.

Is it a fact that a crow can digest mince pie, hash, caramels, lobster salad, hot biscuits, tough beef steaks, strong coffee, ice cream, chalk and slate pencils, pickles and olives, without detriment to its health?

Is the crow a wise and sagacious bird?

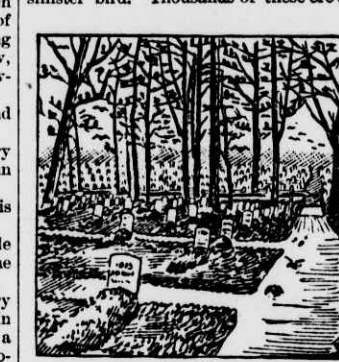
Can a crow be taught to speak English, or peradventure, German?

There are many more interesting questions which can be asked about the crow, any one of which it will be difficult to answer in our present state of knowledge. It is too much to expect that the Department of Agriculture will dispose of all of these queries to the satisfaction of everybody, for there are some quiddities who indulge in quiddities. It will be seen at a glance, however, that there is work enough to last a long while and make quite a respectable volume when it is completed.

I learn that it is probably a fact that in some parts of the country crows do pull up corn. Numerous observations to that effect from intelligent farmers and boys have been received in Washington. It seems that a crow seldom eats hard corn; it is sensible enough to prefer the soft corn which has remained in the ground until the first one or two tender blades have appeared. Farmers should be careful, therefore, and always plant hard corn which has not been soaked. After the blade appears it will be a good plan, also, to watch the corn fields for a week or two with a shot-gun in hand. It is known that the dreadful detonation of exploding powder has a demoralizing effect upon a whole army of crows. Even an empty gun in the hands of a woman has held a score at bay. Try it.

It appears to be a well-established fact that crows eat mice, as well as cats, hares, clams, eggs, chickens, young birds, frogs, beetles, and all manner of insects. The mice disposed of by a well-trained crow would doubtless destroy more corn, if permitted to live, than the crows themselves. This is one score mark in favor of the crow. Crows seem to take a fancy to bright things. Beetles with wings of blue, gold, and scarlet are favorite articles of diet. The stomach of a crow recently examined at the Department of Agriculture in Washington contained the tough and horny heads of fifteen of these beetles. Another stomach had the lower tooth of a cat, the bones of lizards and frogs, a pearl, the bones of a rabbit, and enough sand to make a small stained-glass window.

It is quite appalling when one contemplates the probabilities and possibilities regarding the crow family. There is an enormous roost of these black fowls near Washington, on the Government reservation surrounding Arlington and the National cemetery. It is safe to say that from three to five hundred thousand crows occupy this roost—twice the population of Washington City with its 60,000 black folks. Professor C. Hart Merriam says this roost is one of the three largest in the land. It is a little odd that it has been established within sight of the Congress of the United States, as if for the purpose of observation. The crow is a sinister bird. Thousands of these crows



CROW ROOST IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

fly over the city of Washington every morning due east, to the shores of the Chesapeake, where they feast all day on the molluscan wash of the sea and return at night to rest in the funeral shades of Arlington. They start at early sunrise. It is no wonder, therefore, that they have escaped the notice of the professional "Washington correspondent." A flight of thirty or forty miles a day is nothing for a crow. Cold wave or hot, blizzard or fog, rain or shine, the journey to and fro is made as regular as clockwork. There is also a large roost near Baltimore, occupied by hundreds of thousands of crows, which have been studied by a professor in Johns Hopkins University, who has published his observations in the transactions of that institution. Great crow roosts are numerous all over the country. They may be found on the islands in the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, in central Kentucky, in Dakota, and Nebraska, and on an island in the Mississippi near St. Louis.

Crows do not always roost on trees. Sometimes they pass the night on the sand, camping out, and again they seek tall marsh grass. It is said they roost in large flocks for the purpose of self-protection. Not long since those at Washington roosted outside of the Government reservation. There they were molested at night by black men with guns. Now they have moved inside the reservation where gunning is not permitted. So they are really wards of the Government at present. They have less fear of dead men in the National cemetery, than they have of predaaceous Africans armed with blunderbusses. Crows have the happy faculty of eating anything which fancy dictates, without harm. The seed of the poison ivy is a favorite with them. After the outside of the berry which contains the seed has been digested and assimilated, the seeds themselves are cast from the mouth in the shape of a pellet. The same is true of the fur of mice, etc. It is this remarkable peculiarity on the part of the crow which spreads or plants the ivy-vine all over the land.

The late Rev. E. P. Roe called ivy the "vine bewitched," because it seems to sprout up everywhere without cause. He little suspected that the crow was the planter. Many other seeds are dropped in the same way by the crow. I hear that in the South he is a great destroyer of pecan nuts. Thus far he does not appear to have discovered peanuts.

What is the origin of the crow? Did he emigrate from Europe at the time or before the era of Christopher Columbus? There is little real information upon this point as yet. The crow is not even mentioned by Magillivray in his work on the "Rapacious Birds of Great Britain." Evidently Magillivray, who was a friend of Audubon, did not regard the crow as rapacious in Great Britain. Gilbert White, in his charming work, the "Natural History of Selbourne," does not mention the crow. The truth is the crow was never seen at Selbourne. It is not an inhabitant of Great Britain. In that country the bird which most resembles the American crow is called a rook. And the rook is a religious bird in England, always hovering about cathedral towers, as I have seen it at Lincoln and York, and calling out, "Hurry up your prayers! Bishop, Bishop, vespers!" etc.

FULLER-WALKER.

Lord Randolph Churchill has stirred up the British Tories with a sharp stick in consequence of the government's treatment of Parnell, and he evidently foresees the downfall of the Tory power.

Senator Blair threatens to leave the Republican party if it fails to adopt his education bill. Curiously, the number of Republican opponents of the bill is constantly increasing.

The monument to Henry W. Grady, to be erected at Atlanta, Ga., will be designed by Alexander Doyle, the sculptor, of New York city. It will be bronze, nine and one-half feet in height.

Keep Books.

The advice which Daniel Webster gave to a neighbor of his, in the following anecdote, might be followed with advantage by many people. Indeed the reader will be likely to think that it might have been followed to very good advantage by Mr. Webster himself.

On one occasion a man presented Mr. Webster a bill for payment.

"Why, Mr. N—," said the statesman, "it seems to me that I have paid that bill."

Mr. N—protested that it had not been paid, and Mr. Webster told him to call in a few days and he would attend to the matter. After the man had gone Mr. Webster asked his clerk to look over a quantity of bills and see if he could find a receipt for the amount. To his surprise two receipts were found, indicating that the bill had been paid twice.

In due time Mr. N—called, just at the dinner hour, as it chanced, and Mr. Webster invited him in to dine. After the meal was over they proceeded to the business in hand.

Mr. N—, do you keep books?"

Mr. Webster inquired.

"No," was the reply.

"I thought so," said Mr. Webster. Now I advise you to keep books. If you had kept books you would have known that I had received this bill,"—showing him one.

Mr. N—was greatly surprised and mortified, and apologized as best he could for his mistake.

"Yes, it is always a good plan to keep books," continued Mr. Webster, showing him a second receipt.

Then, knowing Mr. N—to be an honest man, and not wishing to annoy him, he suggested that perhaps receipted bills had been presented, but really left unpaid, and insisted that Mr. N—should take the money.—Youth's Companion.

A School Girl's Fight.

In order to keep pace with the progressive spirit of the times, the two higher classes of the Women's Medical college recently indulged in a regular college fight. The dispute arose over the ownership of a beautiful green cushion.

A young lady entered the lecture room with the cushion. She threw it upon the bench, and, sitting upon it, said to her companion: "Oh, my, but that is comfortable." Soon after she missed the seat, and, followed by her comrades, walked up to a senior, who by this time was enjoying the soft seat, and demanded her property. On receiving a negative answer to her request the plucky junior grabbed hold of the cushion and pulled it from under the senior. In an instant there was a regular tug of war. The members of each class came to the assistance of their comrades. Each division held on to the cushion, pulling and wrestling, and finally both came to blows.

The wildest excitement prevailed, when the professor, accompanied by some gentlemen, entered the lecture room. The professors shouted for order, but without avail. He then took a hand in the fight and captured the cushion, which he bore off in triumph to his desk.

When quiet had been completely restored the owner of the cushion quietly stepped down to the desk of the professor and returned to her place with the prize which she, not figuratively, but literally, sat upon.—Philadelphia Times.

Why Barons Become Waiters.

The titled foreigner who has lost all his money is in most cases a German or a Frenchman. They drift to this country. They have no trade, or if they do they will not work at it, and as the position of waiter is a comparatively easy one it possesses for them many attractions. First, on working in a hotel or club they usually obtain about the same food as the persons they serve. Then they are, in a great many instances, enabled to sleep where they work. In most first class hotels they come in contact with congenial people. When a man dines he is usually in good humor, and when he finds his waiter an intelligent man he generally condescends to talk to him.

Some of the representative families of Europe have connections who hold positions as waiters in this country. They are frightfully incompetent, not knowing the first thing about serving guests.—Philadelphia Times.

ATROOPER'S LIFE.

Then mount and away. Let the coward de-light
To be lazy all day and safe all night.
Our joy is a charger flushed with foam,
And the earth is our bed and the saddle our home.
We have gathered again the red laurel of war;
We have followed the traitors fast and far,
But some who rose gaily this morn with the sun
Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have won.
But whether we fight, or whether we fall
By sabre stroke or rifle ball,
The hearts of the free will remember yet,
And our country—our country will never forget.

R. W. Raymond.

A Reasonable Request.

"I have only one last request to make," said the dying man, as he painfully raised his head from the pillow and surveyed the weeping group around his bedside.

"What is it, my good friend?" asked the clergyman. "Anything you ask will be done."

"Then see that the newspapers don't refer to me as 'another old landmark gone.'"—Lippincott's