DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ELO UENT DIVINE.

Six Hundred Persons Have Joined This Church Recently, Making the Total Membership 4,000-The Congregational Binging Like the Voice of Many Waters.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 13 .- Over 600 persons have joined the Brooklyn Tabernacle, pastor the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., during the present revival, making the communicant membership of this church about 4.000. Proor Henry Eyre Browne rendered an organ o, second sonata in E minor, by A. G. Ritter. The congregational singing was like the voice of many waters when the pastor gave out the hymn:

He that leadeth me: O, blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Ransomed," and his text was I Cor-inthians, vi, 20: "Ye are bought with a price.

house. You examine the arches, the fresco, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer and you say within yourself, or you say aloud: "What dil all this cost!" You see costly apparel or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an es-timate of the value. The man who overs a largo estate cannot instantly tell you what it is all worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn. so much for the equipage-adding up, in all

making this aggregate." Well, my friends, 1 hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month or a year the magnificent calcula-tion; but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price." With some friends I went into London

Tower to look at the crown jowels of land. We walked around, caught one glumpse compelled to pass out. I wish that to-day I could take this audience into the tower of God's morey and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jowels of eternity, behold their brill-iance and estimate their value, "Ye are bought with a price." Now, if you have a pay it all at once, but you pay it by install-ments-so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the 1st of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid. And I have to tell this audi-ence that "You have been bought with a price," and that that price was in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our sculs was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefally looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the villa to on the sky of the bill, there was a

Accommodating only THINKY GOTOLOTATIN

were prowded; and amid hostlors and muleteers, and canol drivers yelling at stupid fearst of burden, the Messaha appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place bath the englet in the cyric-bath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon the straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an onthouse. One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from hoavon first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Casar palace, then to a merchant's castle in Gali-lee, then to a private home in Bathaun chito a fisherman's hut, and last of all to the stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehom and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlors and loungers. What, O Mary, no light? "No light? sac says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which is brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who had come in here with kindly affection who has come in hero with kindly affection put back the covering from the bybe that we may look upon it. Look! look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be bushed. Son of Mary! For of God! Child of a day-monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosannai Hosannai Glory for the God that Jews came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door or heaven that once swung this way to let Josse out now swings the other way to let Josse out now swings the other way to let us in. Lot all the bollmen of Beaven lay hold the rope, and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to day is born in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord!" The second installment paid for our soul's Ano second installments part of our soul as a mountainous region full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorter so that you must now, the trayof all sorts so that you must now, the tray-oller says, go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus wont to think and pray, and it was there that this monster of hell, more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country.—Satan himself, mot Christ. The rose in the check of Christ.—that Publics Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus-that rows had scattered its potals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. The long set abstinence from food recorded in profans indory is that of the crew of the ship time; for twe, ty three days they had nothing to est. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized overy fiber of the body and grawed on the stomach with testh of denth. The thought of a morsel of bread or mean must have shrilled the hody with something like ferecity. Turn out a pack of mon hungry as Christ was a hun-gered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would do our you as a lion A kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was stomes, which look like bread, info an actual supply of bread." Had the tamptation come accented, and Natan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the sumptation come to you or assumder those circumstances, we would have arised "Bread It shall be!" and been almost impedient at the time taken for mentication; but Christ with one hand best back the hunger, and with the other hand beat the memaric of darkness. G, ystempted onesi. Christ was tempted. We are pidd that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not suite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manu-facturer of that coat of mail: "Pat it on

now yourself and let us try it;" and with shot is broken up! Trouble, trouble!" But d shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended weapons of temptation from the heart of Christ we may all now wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I will see you through all trials, and I will see

you through all temptations." "But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at." and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Bel-gium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and have a strange disposition to jump: so Satau comes to Christ with a poworful temptation in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they look off: A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valleys, focks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Sa-divine year can fiv. Jump off. It won't hust you. Aqualy will eatch you. Your Father will beli you. Bestler, I'll make you a large pre e.t. if you will. Uil give you Asia Minor, Fil give you India, Fil give you China, Fil give year Ethlepia, Fil give you Italy, Fil give you Spain, Fil give you Cermany, Fil give you Britain, Fil give you all the world," What a bumiMation it must have been.

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the Fourth word, New York. "No," you say, "I would not be moan myself by getting into such a contest." Then think what the King of heaven and earth enof dured when he came down and fought that great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on the top of the temple. But I bless God that in that triumph over temptabe is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy-for the rigging had become entangled in the mast-to go up and right it. A gentle-man standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up: he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose, hand over hand, and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done, he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the fore-castle before you went up?" "Ah," said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook any-thing great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "O, that is the New Testament," he said, "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well that boy was pro-tected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us, and Christ beneath us, and Christ above and Christ all around us, nothing shall befall us in the way of harm. Christ Himself, having been in the tompost, will deliver all those who put their trust in Him. Blessed be His glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial-there has never been anything New York as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled Him into the court room at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for counsel. They gave Him no opportunity for subpenning wit-nesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court room But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Ilini. I lift the lantern until I can look into His face, and as my heart beats in sym-pathy for this, the best friend the world ever had. Himself now utterly friendless, an filcer of the court room comes up and smites Him in the mouth, and I see the blood steal-ing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for the sentence! It is against the law to give sentence unless there cares this judge for the law? "The man has no friends-let him die," says the judge, and the rufflans outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what wo want-His bloo?. Hand him out here to us. Away with himi away with himi Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may be inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court room, in every home, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse. I will protect those who are trampled on." And when Christ forgets that 2 o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the rufflan on the mouth, and the nowling of the unwashed crowd, then Ho will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us. Some of you want deliverance from your troubles. God knows you have enough of them. By static troubles hem. Physical troubles, domestic troubles, spiritual troubles, financial troubles. You have been gathering them up, some perhaps for five, or six, or seven years, and you have them divided into two classes-those you can talk about and those you cannot talk about; and as those griefs are the most grinding and depressing which you cannot mention, you get condolence for the things you can speak of, while you get no condolence for the things that you cannot. In your school days you learned how to bound the states and could tell what rivers and lakes and mountains ran tell what rivers and takes and mountains ran through them. If you were asked to-day to bound your worldly estate you would say it is bounded on the north by trouble, and on the south by trouble, and on the east by trouble, and on the west by trouble, while rivers of tears and lakes of wee and nountains of dears and lakes of woe and noun-tains of disaster run through it. What are you going to do with your troubles! Why do you not go to the theatre and have your mind absorbed in some tragedy. "Oh," you say, "overything I have seen on the boards of the stage is tame compared with the tragedy of my own life!" Well, then, why do you not go to your trunks and closets and gather up all the mementoes of your departed friends and put them out of sight, and take down

you gain anything by brooding over your misfortunes, by sitting down in a dark room by a comparison of the sweet past with the bitter present? "No; that makes things worse." But I have to tell you to day that the Charter of all Him bitter present? worse," But I the Christ of all sympathy presents Himself. Is there anybody in this house that can get along without sympathy? I do not think I would live a day without it. And yet there are a great many who seem to get along without any divine sympathy. Their fortune in the counting room, or in the store, or in the insurance company, takes wings and flies away. They button up a penniless pocket. They sit down in penury where once they had affluence, and yet there is no Jesus to stand by them and say: "Oh, man, there are treasures that never fail, in banks that never break! I will take care of you. I own the cattle on a thousand hills, and you shall never want." They have no such divino Saviour to say that to them. I do not know how they get along. Death comes to the nurvery One voice less in the housenurvery One voice less in the house-hold. One less fountain of joy and laughter. Two hands less to be busy all day. Two net less to bound through the hall. Shadow after shadow following through that household, yet no Jesus to stand there and say: "I am the shepherd. That lamb is not lost. I took it off the cold mountains. All's well." Oh, can you tell me the mystery? Can you solve it? Tell me how it is that men and women with aches, and pains, and sor-rows, and losses, and exasperations, and bereavements, can get along without a sym-pathizing Christ! I cannot understand it. But I come here to say this morning that if you really want divine sympathy you can have it. There are two or three passages of Scripture that throb with pity and kindness and love. "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee," "Come unto Mo all yo who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the sick and wounded of the flock! When all the other trees of the orchard fail, God has one tree of fruit for his dear children. Though the organ wails out its requiem, there comes afterward a song, a chant, an anthem, a battion Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, not want the sympathy of Jesus' I offer it this morning to every man and woman in this house; you need him. Oh, how much you need him!

There was a chaplain in the army wounded unto death. While lying there on the field he heard at a great distance off some one cry-ing out in great pain: "Oh, my God!" and he said to himself: "I am dying, but I think, perhaps, I could help that man. Although I can't walk, I'll just roll over to where he is." So he rolled over in his own blood, and rolled over the bodies of the slain, and rolled on until ho came to where the other man was dying, and put, as it were, his wound against that wound, and his sorrow against that sorrow, and helped to alleviato it. And so it seems to me that Jesus Christ hears the groan of our sorrow, the groan of our poverty, the groan of our wretchedness and comes to the relief. He comes rolling over sin and sorrow to the place where we lie on the battlefield, and He puts over us the arm of His everlast-ing love; and I see that arm and hand are wounded, and as He puts that arm over us I can hear him say: "I have loved theo with an overlasting love." Oh, that you might feel this morning the power and condolence of a sympathizing Jesus!

Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. About fifteen summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at neonylay want to their prech, sud we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was the day when the carnage of Calvary was enacted. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens, God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that every-thing should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpso of the King.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have bated or carlcabas been an adjournment of the court be-tween condemnation and sentence: but what cares this judge for the law? "The would have a loathing for the man who could the bas no fightly be the bas of the law? stand by a death bod making faces a fing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears, do you want to drink his blood! They came up closely, so that, notwithstanding the darkness, they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for them-selves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood. and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granité. The waves of man's hatrod and of hell's vengeance dash up agains the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy heart. Had He not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of the spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the cruciflers, there comes a voice crashing through, loud, clear, overwhelm-ing, terrific. It is the grean of the dying son of God. Look! What a scene! Look, oh world, at what you have done! I lift the covering from that maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through cost, Oh, when the name were the christ's left handthat bought both your hands with all their power to work, and lift, and write. When the nail went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot-that bought your feet, with all their power to walk, or rim, or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's templo-that bought your brain with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side-that bought your heart with all its power to love, and repent, and pray. Oh, sinner, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if their pictures from the wall and put in the frame a harvest scene or some bright and gay spectacle? "Ah," you say, "if I should remove all these mementoes of I'll come after a while. There is no haste," "if I should remove all these mementoes of my departed friends, that would not take awa" the killing pictures that are hanging in the gallery of my own heart." Well, if this does not help you, why do you not plunge into society and try to wash off in worldly gayettes all these assoliments of the soul "Oh," you say, "I have tried that! but how can I hear other children laugh when my children ave silent! How can I see other happy families when my own happy family and a ta-luxe " T puny poor owners m

mpathising. e is so good, I ound His neck IT be for ever.' ne, Lo day you d that I c ild begin to love d that I could take this audience it around the heart of my Lord

whe 505 the Atlantic cable was lost, mber that the Great Eastern and vent out to find it! Thirty times do you the Alb e grapple two and a half miles vater. After awhile they found they san deep in t d brought it to the surface. the cable sconer had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the set with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable and brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the flectricians' room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they, saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted, and the be sent, then, every hat was lifted, and the rockets flow and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done, and the continents were lashed to-gether. Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath we have come searching down for your soul. We have swept the sea with the grapping hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought you were at the surface) and began to rejoice over year redemption; but at the ment of ofr gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. Todey we come with this Gospel searching for year soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of Golberd down and witness, and and the second second on the stark of love and here and faith, we would send up a sheet that would be heard on the battlements of nearen, and two worlds would keep jubi-lee because explanation is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sinks him sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel!

Night Shelters for Outcasts.

The town council of Paris has lately opened several night shelters, each of which has no commodation for several hundred outcasts. When applicable arrive at these homes, where they $u_{12}^{(1)}$ remain several days at a time, do not a thorough overhauling in a time, de set a line out a fresh outfit and a bath, de are t e given a fresh outfit and a bowl of our there are three other night bowl of our refuge. when jus to the Euvre de l'Hospitalite de Nuc, stablished in 1878. The work is kept up volutary contributions. It re-ceives cast of clothing, bread, and all sorts of crumbs from tich men's tables for distribution In difficient to providing nightly lodging for the discrable it receives the convalescent from aspitals, and finds places for those who are willing to work. Last year it received do,000 homoless creatures, many of whom remained for several consecutive nights. Of these 50,000 were French, 3,221 German, 2.112 Lebran, 800 Swiss, 603 Italian and 70 English. Over 76,000 places of brend and 15,000 how s of soup, or other rations, were served and 15,000 article ratio dothing distributed. The total experiences \$350,000. -New York Suit.



Hounds Over a Precipice.

Recently the Thanet Harriers drove their hare over a cliff on the edge of Pegwell bay, and but for the fortunate circumstance that it was high water the five hounds which followed puss over the fatal verge must inerit-ably have pertured, after falling from a height of more than sixty feet. As it was, the poor brutes swam about and kept their heads above water as best they could, until a shooting punt was manned at Pegwell, which proceeded to their relief. Three of the bounds vero picked up in a fairly good condition, a fourth was abio o reach the breakwater opposite the West Gliff terrace, where he was rescued by some boatmen, and the fifth was only just alive when lifted out of the sea. On landing the last amed sufferer was put into a hot bath and I berally dosed with spirits, which might have been expected to kill him, but from-or perhaps by the aid of-which he recovered. The luckless hare was the only victim of disaster .-- Boston Transcript.

The Youngest Typesetter.

As youthful a compositor perhaps as is on record may be found at times at work upon

The Callicoon Beho. She is the editor's daugh-ter, and may be about 7, possibly 8 years of age...Cor. Hauepek Herald. age.—Cor. Hancock Herald. Our little combositor is in her 9th year, and no doubt is the youngest known in the trado. She sets the typ (the above "solid" paragraph is precisely as set, by her), justifies her own "sticks." Incredible as it may seem, the little typesetter often sets from one to four stick-fuls from our manuscript, sometimes correctable to empty her ing a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy hs when sitting at the case "helping papa."--Callicoon Echo.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS

Of People Whom the World in General Knows Something About. A son of Kit Carson resides in Los Angeles,

and is struggling with poverty. Mrs. Logan is in receipt of requests from

various publishers to do literary work. Jay Gould has just purchased a little plot of ground in Louisiana. It comprises 200,000 acres of sighing pines.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales has completed his 23d year, but is still one of the least known members of the royal family. He seldom appears in public.

Frederick Krupp, the son of the great gunmaker wants to get into the reichstag. He has taken the stump as a Nationalist. It is said that Mrs. Sawyer, a copyist in the

interior department offices, is "the very counterpart" of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and has on numerous occasions been mistaken for her. Ex-Governor Davis, the new senator from Minnesota, is quite blind in one eye, "as the result of having made too many speeches facing brilliant electric lights."

James Hoag, of Cedar Springs, Mich., is the smallest man of his age new living. He is 45 inches in height, weighs 76 pounds, and is 72 years old. He was born in 1815.

Mrs. Grant's sympathy with the project of erecting a monument in New York city to her late husband's memory is attested by her gift of \$982.50 to the Grant Monument association.

Baron de Jeost, of Paris, noted all his life for his cruel treatment of all men and animals he came in contact with, has left his whole estate of \$500,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Miss Emily Bartol, daughter of Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, has completed the studies which she has been making of Frederick Douglass, and will at once embody them in a portrait.

Some friends who called on Madame Modjesk't the other day at her hotel in Beston found her and her husband like Darby and Joan -she playing solitaire, and he with news-paper and slippers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes goes very rarely into society now, and attends no general receptions, but he is exceedingly careful to acknowledge with some neat phrase the invitations he declines.

Mrs. Mary Murphy, of St. Louis, who claims to be 110 years old, is now cutting four teeth. She says that her mother lived to be 112 years old, and cut an entire set of teeth one year before she died. Mrs. Murphy's mind feels the stress of her many years, but her appetite is unimpaired.

J. W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, who has just returned from Europe for the twentieth time, says: "From what I could see I think the Germans would whip the French again France is full of soldiers, but they all have a boyish, smallish look, and make no great impression on strangers."

Capt. William McMickan, of the Cunarder Umbria, a veteran and most popular ship-master, a few days ago completed his 4020 trip across the Atlantic without accident. Jan. 20 a purse of \$3,000 was presented to him as a testimonial on the part of a number of his friends in New York.

Mr. Jones Gilman Clark, who has given \$1,000,000 to found a college in Massafiven \$1,000,000 to found a conege in Massa-fungetts, was born on a farm, grew up, got a dittle schooling, learned a trade or two, sold tinware of his own make to the peddilers, opened a rag and junk store, which subse-functing became a hardware store, went to California in 1849, made his pile in business, and sold during the ware the war premium sold gold during the war at the war premium and invested in government bonds, subsoquently made lucky investments in real estate, and is now worth nobody knows how much.

Representative S. S. Cox is recovering from his severe illness. In a private dictated note to a friend in this city he says that he suffered a million deaths, but was lifted through by two pictures, one on each side of his bed, of a life boat going out and one coming in. "Knowing," he says, "that my system had already saved nearly 30,000 lives, I thought perhaps I could hold the rudder and pull through." He adds: "I wish some good writer would show the effect of such associations on human misery and happiness."

"A private letter from Bill Nye to a Chicago friend," says The News of that city, contains the unwelcome information that the popular humorist's health, so far from being

improved, seems to be becoming poorer and poorer. In fact, Mr. Nye writes that he has been compelled to abandon literary work altogether, and he fears that, if a change

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

People in Barber county, Kan., will cultiato Russian sunflowers for fuel. "Evesology" is now chronicled as fashion's

latest fad, and it means the telling of character from the color of the eyes.;

A syndicate of Amsterdam bankers has purchased 900 square miles of timber land in western Florida on which to found a colony of Hollanders.

A Boston man threatens to build a yacht and name it Miles Standish, to race the Brit-ist. Where did he get the idea? The court ship of Miles Standish was not a yacht.

There are 18,000 operatives engaged in the shirt, cuff and collar trade of Troy, N. Y., and the amount of their wages for a year amounts to nearly \$7,000,000.

At a temperance meeting of one of the leading churches in this city a woman in the audience asked the speaker if communion wine could not be weakened with water so as to prevent persons from coughing after partaking of it.

The latest English fad in New York city is to use the word "Town" instead of "City" or "New York" in addressing a letter. One young lady received an invitation to dinner One mailed to her two weeks before that was addressed in the new style.

The public debt of Canada has increased \$75 a minute during the whole of Sir John Macdonald's administration, allowing ten working hours a day and twenty-six working days to the month.

A citizen of Dalton, Canada, who was troubled by a sore throat, used chlorate of potash tablets, which he carried in a tin box in his trousers pocket. One day the box exploded and he was badly blistered and his trousers were burned.

Arizonians who thought they had converted a Chinaman were greatly surprised, after they had burned one of his idols, to find him worshiping another. He simply said: "Chin-aman make velly sure. Me catches Joss and me catchee Melican god."

One of the shortest bills, if not the shortest, ever introduced in any legislature is that re-cently presented by Mr. Grover, of Maine, which read: "Be it enacted by this senate and house of representatives in legislature assen bled, as follows: Sec. 1.-The dog is hereby declared to be a domestic animal. Sec. 2-This act shall take effect when approved."

This short sermon for boys comes from from Maine: A school teacher there says that at one time he had in his school seven "vulgar, profane and vicious boys," whose one aim in life seemed to be to torment him. He recently visited the state prison in Thomaston and found three of those boys there. Four others are in the reform school.

The coyote is the enemy of the jack rabbit, and used to keep his numbers down. But some years ago a bounty was put on the coyoto in California, and he has since decreased and the jack rabbit increased, until now the latter does great damage to vineyards and orchards. It is therefore proposed to take the bounty off the coyote and put it on the jack rabbit.

A Royal Fire Laddie.

The king of Italy, seeing from the Quirinal the flames issuing from the famous Chigi palace, and knowing the Odescalchi, hastened thither with three of his gentlemen in wait-ing and not only showed his sympathy, but helped to bring a little order out of the great confusion. The effect of his presence and sympathy were such on the Prince Balthazar Odescalchi, who is here known as a radicale designla, 'kat ha taking opposition of the king henceforth ceases.

He, as a member of the lower house of parliament, was only a few days ago ap-appointed on the committee to go to the palace of the Quirinal to tender the customary New Year's wishes to the monarch. He re-fused to be present. The evening of that day he beheld the king coming to him in anxiety and in sympathy; and he now declares that his visit of King Humbert, under such circumstances, has reconciled him "to the House of Savoy." Furthermore, the prince said to some of his intimates and equals who had condoled with him for his losses: "The damage can be repaired; but one thing I can never forget, and that is this: the first person who met me as my wife and children had reached safety was King Humbert."-London Court Journal.

Memento of an Unknown Bace.

A strange memento of an unknown race is the gigantic stone image from Easter island. now on the way to the Smithsonian institu-tion. This lonely isle in the Pacific is of volcanic origin, and is but eleven miles long and six broad, and, from its solitary situation, is m visited natives, but few in number, are of the Polynesian race, and were originally exceedingly hostile to the few whites who visited them. But within the past twenty five years they have embraced Christianity under the influence of French missionaries. The island is owned by a Ta-hiti firm, who utilize its fertile valleys for cattle raising. The remarkable features which distinguish it from other solitary islands are the huge stone statues, to the num ber of several hundred, which lie scattered about. They were chiseled with rude skill from the lava in the craters of extinct volcanoes, and transported to all parts of the them have since been overthrown by earth-quake shocks. Some of these statues are forty feet in height.—Frank Lesile's.

American Apples Abroad. Last fail a Maine farmer put a letter in one of a lot of barrels of apples he was packing, asking the buyer to write to him. The other day he received a letter from an apple dealer in Bradford, England, who said that he had bought the apples at auction in Liverpool. He wrote they were a fair lof of apples and sound, add-ing: 'I am continued there would be a saving in sending American apples through; that is, if they could be packed tight as these are. But if not packed properly tight they would would not do. "-New York Sun.

Uncovered by the Sea.

The strong (outherly and southeasterly winds which have of late prevailed off Long Branch have driven the currents so strongly gainst the show as to wash away the sand to great depth. This has brought to light sev-eral old wells long hidden by the sea and an nnumerable utuber of coins, rings, etc., lost by bathers during the summer months.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Sheewd Old Chief.

The Indians in the Digger reservation in Nevada had a big dance a few evenings ago to which many whites were invited. A numbut upon attempting to leave they found the old chief at the door, while told them that it cost nothing to go in, but it would cost 25 cents a head to jet out.

Presents of the Uninvited.

There is much complaint on the part of the people who are really invited to the presi-dent's official peopleman about the presence of the univited who come with rough clothes and march through with their overcoats on their sums, apparently unconscious of the impertinence of their conduct.—Washington Capital,

Tax on Watch Dogs. In Genova, Scitzerland, a tax of six francs was until rec. y imposed on watch dogs, and a tax of them frances on "chlens do It of this was that all the he city were classed by their ad valiant watch dogs. The litered and all dogs are by York Tribune.

e better doesn't set in pretty soon he will have to take to his bed and surrender himself wholly to the doctor's care. He is still at Asheville, N. C., and he intends to remain there for the winter. It is apparent that he is very much discouraged about himself."

The death has recently occurred of James Nicholson, the last survivor of the storm beaten passengers of the Forfarshiro who were rescued by Grace Darling. He nover forget that awful night, when, as he and all in the rigging thought, an angel, with long, vallow her flowing in the view of the second yellow hair flowing in the wind appeared pulling vigorously to their ship's side through the storm and drift; but he very rarely spoke of it. He, however, had enough of the and for twenty-six years afterward he drove a locomotive on the Edinburgh and Glas gow railroad. He was 71 years of age and in the employment of an oil company when he died.—New York Tribune.

How to Provounce "Toboggan."

How do you pronounce the second syllable of toboggan? That's the question for you to answer, pretty girl looking like an Esquimaux angel in your knowing outfit. If you make it rhyme with jog, prepare to have your Canadian cousins laugh at you. They pro-nounce the "o" like the "o" in "sol," that is to say, as the down easter gives it in "close" and "most?" By the way, the costumes prepared for the toboggan slides look more as if de-signed to be worn at the Russian ice towers. The richest of heavy cloth, heavily trimmed with fur and fur trimmed caps, make one think of the Neva, not of the St. Lawrence.

Electric Permutation Lock.

A new electric permutation safe lock, says a contemporary, has just been brought out by a Chicagoan which differs materially from all other safe locks in the fact that there is no orifice to speak of in the door of the safe. The dial has no connection in this invention, except by electric wires, with the body of the safe, and may lie on the cashier's desk or repose securely in his home, free from any vio-lence of the burglar's hammer. - Public Opinion.

An Old Superstition.

A Georgia newspaper says that it used to be the belief among the people that if one built a house and finished it, he would not live long; but if he left any part incomplete, he would live until it was completed. It says that when Governor Wilson Lumkin constructed the stone mansion on the hill over-looking the cemetery at Athens he left one window unfinished, and it so remains until to-day.

Born With a Sealskip.

Now that plated ware has become so plentiful and cheap, the old expression, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," goes out of date. Silver is not so tempting a thing as it used to be, except when the mind has struck it, although solid silver still means an awful lot. We might now say "born with a gold spoon," We might now say "born with a goat spoon, and not mean very much. Fortunes are grow-ing so large that there seems no extravagance in the supposition that the next century will see them go into the billions of dollars. What see them go into the billions of dollars. What was Vanderbilt's? \$225,000,000; and it would be hard to put the wealth of the Rothschild be hard to put the wealth of the Rothschild family with its ramifications on paper. But everybody in America might without exag-geration said to be born with a silver spoon as compared with European contounities. But the San Francisco girl has got out an expres-tion which will weak blue more a spice of the spice o sion which will probably prove more expres sive than any.

"Yes," said a poor young lady, discussing the daughter of a rich man, "Lottie was born with a sealskin."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Spain's City of Toledo

Bix centuries before the birth of Christ the Jews founded the city of Toledo, in Spain. Romans, Goths and Moors successively struggled for its possession; and at last, after one of the most terrible sleges in the bistory of the middle ages, it fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Attention is now drawn to Toledo by the fact that the Alcazar, or royal palace, which stood as a rain for centuries, and which was recently restored at a cost of \$1,000,000, has been destroyed by fire. It is an education to all intelligent men and women to come face with these magnificent types of architecture, both ancient and modern, with which Europe abounds, and the destruction of any one of them may be looked upon as an event to be regretted.--New Orleans Times-Democrat.