

"THE SICK GENERAL."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Draws an Instructive Lesson

From the Story of King Naaman, the Leper, and Presents a Certain Cure, Free to the World, For the Leprosy of Sin.

The following sermon, having for its subject "The Sick General" was chosen by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. It is based on the text: He was a leper—II Kings, v. 1.

Here we have a warrior sick; not with pleurisy or rheumatism or consumption, but a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement. I have something awful to tell you. Gen. Naaman, commander-in-chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander-in-chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "It is impossible that our great hero, who slew Hahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he has not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childishness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stand on the doorstep, and therefore He sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward riper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of Heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If He sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as He did upon Gen. Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors, crowded with admiring visitors, who just wanted to see him once; music and mirth, and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling—Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything but, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with Gen. Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say: "No cure; no cure." I think that the office-seekers have all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dopped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant-girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was; one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting-maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid; "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "O hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent of all the land can not cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant-girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgement upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's heart? and many a time I have lain

and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them! I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often is it that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. Oh, Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Amie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered up on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, all the while stroking my cheek so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I shall never forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath-school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward Heaven.

Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said: "Ah, he will never come back again alive." Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine phials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room. Good-by, Naaman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get well, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot winds out and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver, and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battlefields where Naaman, in the days of his health, used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of olive and oleander; and Gen. Naaman is sick—so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go pass like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood against the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!" Gen. Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and says to the charioteer: "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a wayisider: "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says: "Two miles. Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fugged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out; you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord has informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, He always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and tend to your business, Gen. Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; and the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house, and does not go out. After a while, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell Gen. Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that, and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! Ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan. I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper-paved River of Pharpar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascus river, Abana, with foliaged bank, the torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?"

Well, Gen. Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horses' mouth, and the whirr of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy, and exasperate, and demolish them. What has he been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in their spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of Gen. Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon, and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try a Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. Gen. Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of the chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood, and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, general, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over his brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of his limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild "huzzah! huzzah!" Of course, they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now, we are to them an intolerable nuisance, because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the Gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who heard the Gospel, and "went away in a rage."

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when Gen. Naaman got into the chariot. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chief. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved-ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

AUTHORS' SLIPS.

Amusing Errors Made by Many Famous Writers.

Curious Anachronisms in Shakespeare's Plays—Two Estimates of Monte Cristo's Wealth—Thackeray Gets His Characters Mixed.

Some one has been telling the readers of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat about the errors of which well-known authors are guilty, in their books, errors in history, philosophy, astronomy, geography—everything. Read what he says:

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons as fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing two hundred years before the time of Gutenberg, and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Caesar; he mentions a billiard table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace, and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving seaports to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaks of Delphos as an island.

In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption, and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoided blunders of this kind by a curiously practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story he interviewed the family physician on the subject.

The "Count of Monte Cristo" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endowed his hero is enormous, being about four million dollars to begin with, and after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands, and in lavishly prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers, in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the count on his career, that the remainder is upward of ten million dollars.

Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting things wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names are mixed. The hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important character is called by a name from another novel. This was Philip Firmin, whom he called Clive Newcome. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Xew and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in the "Mill on the Floss" makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility.

More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Reade has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. But Reade is not the only sinner in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge, and in one place in "Silas Lapham," alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and men. Dean Swift speaks of Pennsylvania as a frozen, desert plain, a blunder that might be extenuated on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England, of American matters; while Amelia B. Edwards, in "Hans and Glove," mentions "an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

One Sole Writing Requisite.

There is at least one essential qualification for the leader writer. We don't refer to a knowledge of grammar and spelling, though this is an advantage; still, printers' readers belong to a very superior class, and they are generally able to rectify any little slips of this sort; besides, if an accident does happen, so very few people will notice it.

But there is one power he absolutely must have, and here again the young man is generally at an advantage compared with the old, since it depends upon muscle and nerve rather than brain. He must be able to write fast, and the possession of this power will alone go far to the making of the complete leader writer.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Cooking Episode.

A young woman was making her first essay at housekeeping. A friend had sent her by mail a recipe for some new kind of bread, giving her directions to take a portion of the dough at a time and make it into the requisite form for baking. This seemed explicit enough, but what was the surprise of the friend to receive a telegram from the young housekeeper to this effect: "What shall I do with the rest of the dough? Please answer."—Detroit Free Press.

LONG BOWS.

People Have Been Drawing Them from Time Immemorial.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story which may be true enough, but which is so marvellous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows, says the Youth's Companion.

These stories began long ago. Virgil, in the "Eneid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire and it swept on like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

That is a bow-and-arrow story which it would be difficult for even the most credulous to believe. The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance at Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudeley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vignerot, tells one which shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball!

Whether the cannon ball had a hole through it or not he neglects to inform us, probably not considering such a trifling matter worth mention.

Perhaps the most astounding of all stories about arrow shooting is that of the Indians who used to inhabit Florida. It is said that a group of them would form a circle. Then one would throw an ear of Indian corn into the air; the rest would shoot at it and shell it off every grain before it fell to the ground. Sometimes the arrows would strike so hard and fast that it would remain suspended in the air for several minutes and the cob never fell until the last grain had been shot away.

It is such stories as this which fully justify the use to which the expression "drawing the long bow" is sometimes put.

Old Indian Mathematics.

It is remarkable to what extent Indian mathematics enters into the science of our time. Both the form and the spirit of the arithmetic and algebra of modern times are essentially Indian and not Grecian. Think of that most perfect of mathematical symbolisms—the Hindoo notation; think of the Indian arithmetical operations nearly as perfect as our own; think of their elegant algebraical methods, and then judge whether the Brahmins on the banks of the Ganges are not entitled to some credit.

Unfortunately, some of the most brilliant of Hindoo discoveries in indeterminate analysis reached Europe too late to exercise the influence they would have exerted had they come two or three centuries earlier.—History of Mathematics—Cajori.

A Tall Company.

Six feet one and one-half inches! That is the average height of the thirty new recruits who are now seeking admission to Company A, First regiment, O. N. G. The company has always been noted for its tall men, having now in its ranks twenty whose heights average five feet eleven and one-half inches. With the enlistment of these new giants the ranks of Company A will be much fuller than those of the average company, and the average height of its enlisted men will be six feet. It will be, it is claimed, the tallest company in the United States.—Portland Oregonian.

A Cold Spot.

Werchojansk, Siberia, is the coldest spot on the earth's surface. Below will be found a synopsis of the report of the Royal Russian Weather Service giving exact data from that place of extreme frigidty: Mean temperature for the year 1893, 29 degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit. The mean for the two months of December, 1892, and January, 1893, was 62 degrees below zero. Highest ever noted, July 21, 1893, 60 degrees above. Lowest recorded natural temperature ever noted, 83.6 below zero, Fahrenheit, was taken at Werchojansk on the night of January 17, 1885.—St. Louis Republic.

EARRINGS IN FASHION.

Once More Jewelers Have the Fashionable Dame by the Ear.

Men are fond of saying that earrings are a relic of barbarism, and so far no woman has seriously disputed the statement; nevertheless, they have been recalled from their state of innocuous desuetude, and once more the jeweler has the fashionable dame by the ear. Buyers are taken into the trying-on room to get the effect of artificial light. There is a maid servant and toilet requisites for the coiffure, for only a vulgarian ever wears jewels in daylight with a bonnet. Trays of hoops, pendants, screw solitaires and earbobs are brought forth for inspection, and if nothing in the collection pleases the lady her measure is taken, stones are selected, finished designs are submitted and the ornaments made to order.

For more than two thousand years the earring has fluctuated with the tide of fashion. At one time the ear-hoops were two inches in diameter, and only forty years ago our swooning, light-headed, lachrymose mothers wore pendant ornaments as long as their tating shuttles. Those who could not afford solid gold were content with "loaded" earrings, and it was not until the ear lobes gave out that the fashion, for which the vain-glorious Eugenie was responsible, changed. So wise a lady as the queen of England adopted the wagging bugles.

But this is not the point. Earrings are in fashion again, and it remains to be seen whether or not they will be the style. If the bandeaux take—and they have taken in Paris—the earrings will be indispensable to the broad or moon-faced women who adopt the coiffure. Parting the hair and then drawing it down to or over the ears has the effect, as every lady knows, of widening the face, which is not the best view of an ugly face. By ornamenting the ears the effect may be softened or the attention distracted.

But the sex is not as sheepish as it was, and notwithstanding the official stamp put upon the bandeaux and the bugle, the woman of the world will study her glass before adopting either.—N. Y. Telegram.

WALKING BEAN MYSTERY.

Explained by the Presence of a Caterpillar in the Interior of the Bean.

Many persons who have purchased the walking beans have wondered why such a hard, impenetrable object should exhibit so much life. To gratify my philosophical turn of mind and being convinced that it was not electrified, I carefully removed a segment of the flat side, when I discovered a species of caterpillar. As nature had not provided it with any natural warm covering, the cold exposure made it torpid until I placed it under the glass cylinder of a microscope, when it soon felt the warmth and began to thatch over the opening in its roof. This it did by spinning a silken web and attaching it to each side and coating it with some mastic until it was completely incased. Its modus operandi as seen through a microscope was extremely interesting. I would advise great care in opening it, as the least wound would destroy it, also keep the beans in a box for fear that when they emerge from their cocoon they may be a species of the Egyptian moth which will cost the commonwealth another hundred thousand dollars: to exterminate.

It would be interesting to the public to hear from some naturalist about their origin, and if the so-called bean is the cocoon of the insect or a vegetable product in which it immolates itself for the winter and emerges in the spring as a beautiful butterfly or a destructive caterpillar.—Boston Transcript.

Menu for Luncheon.

A menu for a simple luncheon that requires very little work and little expense is cold-boiled ham garnished with parsley, creamed browned potatoes sent to table in baking-dish, velvet rolls and pickled cauliflower. For the second course, oyster salad and warm seafoam wafers; and for the third, lemon jelly tinted pale green and filled with green grapes, fig-crackers and coffee. The jelly should be allowed to stand until it begins to harden, then pour a little in the mold and lay in it a perfect bunch of grapes. Pour in more jelly, scatter through it single grapes, then more jelly and grapes until the mold is full. Other fruits may be used, and, if it is liked, plain or whipped cream may be served with the jelly.—N. Y. Post.

Popping It Gravely.

In putting "the question of questions," a Scotchman took his inamorata to his family burial ground, and said: "Would ye lie there, Jeanie, by-and-by?" She said she would, and thus the thing was settled.—Harlem Life.

In Voluntary Exile.

The number of Russian Siberians who voluntarily emigrated to present-day Russia was 9,000 in 1885, 39,000 in 1890, 60,000 in 1891, and 100,000 in 1892.