DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE AT WIN-FIELD, KANSAS.

guises-The Cloaks Under Which Crime up some other way, and thus must imiquities. is Committed.

15.22: "But now they have no cloak

for their sin." Sin is always disguised. Decked, and glossed, and perfumed, and from which it would otherwise be repelled. As silently as when it glided to Christ at the top of the temple, it now addresses men. Could people look upon sin as it always is-an exhalation from the pit, the putrefaction of infinite capacities, the ghastly, loathsome, God-smitten monster that uprooted Eden and killed Christ, and would push the entire race into darkness and pain—the infernal charm broken. Before our first would be parents trangressed, sin appeared to them the sweetness of fruit and the throne. To men now, sin is laughter, and permission to luxurious gratification. Jesus Christ in my text suggests a fact which everybody ought to know, and that is that sin, to hide its deformity and shame, is accustomed to wearing a cloak; and the Saviour also sent forth the truth that God can see straight through all such wrappings and thicknesses. I want now to speak of several kinds of ion in regard to these garments is constantly changing, and every day beholds some new style of wearing them, and, if you will tarry a little while, I will show you five or six of the patterns of cloaks. First, I remark that there are those,

who being honored with official power, expect to make that a successful cloak for their sin. There is a sacredness in office. God Himself is king, and all who hold authority in the world serve under Him. That community has committed a monstrous wrong who has elevated to this dignity persons unqualified either by their ignorance or their immorality. Nations who elevate to posts of authority those not qualified to fill them will feel the reaction. Solomon expressed this thought when he said: "Woe unto thee O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning." While positions of trust may be disgraced by the character of those who fill them, I believe God would have us respectful to the offices, though we may have no admiration for their occupants. Yet this dignity, which office confers, can be no apology for transgression. Herod, in the day of judgment, must that kept their flocks, and the fisheraccount to God, and be judged by the more obnoxious when it is imperial and lordly. You cannot make by giving it a throne. Belshazzar's not keep Jehu's arrow from striking through his heart. Jezebel's que pretension could not save being thrown over the ricade of throne justice in

wns save them? No ruler ever sat so high that the King of kings was not above him. All victors shall bow before Him who on the horse goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

splend

Again. Elegance of manners cannot successfully hide iniquity from the eye of God. That model, gentlemanly apostle, Paul, writes to us: "Be courteous." That man can never be a respectable worlding nor a consistent Christian who lacks good manners. He is shut out from reto be hindered from entering the church. We cannot overlook that in a man which we could hardly excuse in a bear. One of the first effects of to make him a gentleman. Gruffess, awkwardness, unplacability, clannishness, are fruits of the devil; while gentleness and meekness are fruits of the spirit. But while these excellences of manner are so importtant, they cannot hide any deformity of moral character. How often is it that we find attractiveness of person, suavity of manners, gracefulness of conversation, gallantry of behavior thrown like wreaths upon moral death. The flowers that grow upon the scoriæ of Vesuvius do not make it any less of a volcano. The sepulchres in Christ's time did not exhaust all the whitewash. Some of the biggest scoundrels have been the most fascinating. If there are any depending or outward gracefulness and attractiveness of demeanor with any hope that because of that God will deeper than the skin, and such a ragged cloak as the one in which you ereignty are theoretically received by are trying to cover yourself will be no hiding in the day of His God will not in the judgme gracefully you walked, nor how politely you bowed, nor now sweetly

stand looking over into heaven and admire its beauty and its song, and so you smiled, nor how impressively you pleased with the looks from the outyou smiled, nor how impressively you gestured. The deeds done in the body will be the test, and not the rules of Lord Chesterfield.

Again, let me say that the mere their hearts received it. If syllogisms profession of religion is but a poor and dilemmas and sound propositions wrapping of a naked soul. The imand logical deductions could save portance of making a public profestheir souls, they would be among the sion of religion if the heart be renewed cannot be exaggerated. Christ best of Christians. They could correctly define repentance and faith positively and with the earnestness of the night before his crucifixion and the Atonement, while they have commanded it. But it is the result never felt one sorrow for sin nor exof Christian character, not the cause ercised a moment's confidence in the of it. Our church certificate is a poor great surrifice. They are almost imtitle to heaven. We may have the movable in their position. We can-name and not reality. There are not present anything about the religthose who seem to throw themselves | ion of Christ that do not know. The back with complacency upon their Saviour described the fate of such a public confessions of Christ although one in His parable: "And that serthey give no signs of renewal. If vant which knew his Lord's will, and Satan can induce a man to build on prepared not himself, neither hid acsuch arotten foundation as that, he cording to His will, shall be beaten complished his object. We with many stripes." Theories in religion have a beauty of their own, but

has accomplished his object. We with many stripes." cannot imagine the abhorrence with which God looks upon such a pro-What would be the feelings tian life it is the beauty of horn-

quiet he might seem to lie, or a gen- The river of life nover freezes over. eral if among his troops he saw one Icicles never hang on the eaves of wearing the appointed uniform who heaven. Soundness of intellectual nevertheless really belonged to the belief is a beautiful cloak, well woven host? Thus must the heavenly shep- and well cut, but in the hour when herd look upon those who, though God shall demand our souls it will How Siz Masquerades in Different Dis- they are not His sheep, have climbed not of itself be sufficient to hide our the Lord of hosts look upon those

field, Kansas, took for his text, John cross while they are His armed enemies.

The field of a damp cart, this horse. Seated on the purifying elements. Let the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purify the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purify the purify the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purify the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements are the purifying elements. Let the purifying elements are the Furthermore: Outward morality will be no covering for the hidden ini- cloak, I did not offer you something quity of the spirit. The gospel of better. This is a cold world, and you Christ makes no assault upon good want something to wrap around your masked, it gains admittance in places works. They are as beautiful in spirit. Christ offers you a robe today. God's eye as in ours. Punctuality, He wove Himself and He will nov truthfulneess, almsgiving, affection with His own hand prepare it just to and many other excellences of life fit your soul. The righteousness He that might be mentioned will always offers is like the coat He used to wear be admired of God and man, but we take the position that good works to bottom. There is a day of doom. cannot be the ground of our salva- Coward would I be if I did not dare tion. What we do right cannot pay tell you this. It shall be a day of for what we do wrong. Admit that unutterable disappointment to those you have all those traits of character who have trusted in their official which give merely worldly respectability and influence, you must at the their outward morality, in their same time acknowledge that during soundness of intellectual belief. But the course of your life you have done I see a soul standing before God many things you ought not to have who once was incroughly defiled. done. How are these difficult mat- Yet look at him and you cannot find ters to be settled? Ah, my friends, a single transgression anywhere about was the pleasure of sitting upon a we must have an atonement. No him. How is this, you ask. Was he Christ, no salvation. The great Re- not once & Sabbath breaker, a blasdeemer comes in and says, "I will phemer, a robber, a perjurer a thief, pay your indebtedness." So that a murderer? Yes, but Christ hath pay your indebtedness." which was dark enough before, is cleansed him. Christ hath lifted him bright enough now. The stripes that up. Christ hath rent off his rags. we deserve are fallen upon Christ. On His scourged and bleeding shoulders He carries us up over the mountain of our sins and the hills of our former degradation. This glorious iniquities. Christ's good works ac hope in Christ's name is proffered tocepted are sufficient for us, but they day. Wandering and wayward soul, who reject them, depending upon is not this salvation worth coming for, cover up their iniquities, for the fash- their own, must perish. Traits of worth striving for? Do you wonder character that may make us influen- that so many with bitter weeping tial on earth will not necessarily open have be sought it, and with a very en- lines and tone the glare of light, and to us the gate of heaven. The plank thusiasm of sorrow cried for divine that will be strong enough for a house compassion? Bo you wender at the character of the furnishing.—Woman's floor would not do for a ship's hulk. Mere mortality might be enough here, but cannot take you through ciled to God! Nay, do you wonder at death's storm into heaven's harbor. Christ has announced for all ages, "I am the way, the truth, and the many of the palaces of Emope the life; him that cometh unto me I will | wall are mosaic. Fragments of shells in no wise cast out." But pitiable in and glass are arranged by artists and the day of accounts will be the con- aggregated into a pictorial splendor. dition of that man, though he may have given all all his estate to benevolent purposes and passed his life in that by the transforming power of the visiting of the distressed and done | His Spirit, we may all be made a part much to excite the admiration of the of the eternal palaces, our broken and good and the great, if he have no intimate relation to Jesus Christ. There | shaped and lifted up to make a part | is a pride and a depravity in his soul of the everlasting splendors of the that he has never discovered. A heavenly temple! brilliant outside will be no apology for a depraved inside. It is no theory of mine, but an announcement of God, who cannot lie. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be

justified. Again: Exalted social position will be no cloak for sin. Men look through the wicked doors of prisons, and see-Nebuchadnezzar, and Ahab, and ing the incarcerated wretches exclaim; "Oh, how much vice there is stand on the level with the herdsmen | in the world." And they pass through the degraded streets of a city, and men of Galilee. Pope, and king, and looking into the doors of hovels and in the bottom of the well. Schaffer president, and governor, must give an the dens of corruption they call them God-forsaken abodes. But you the same law as that which judges might walk along the avenues through four or five charges of dynamite, fuse the beggar and the slave. Sin is all which the opulent roll in their flourishing pomp and into mansions elegantly adorned, and find that even pride, or injustice, or cruelty sacred in the admired walks of life Satan His carelessness may cost him his works mischief and death. The first life. In some way the can of powdecanters could not keep the myste- temptation Satan wrought in a gar- der was exploded, causing the dynarious finger from writing on the wall. den, and he understands yet most mite cartridges to explode. Schaffer Abab's sin literally hurled him from thoroughly how to insinuate himself was thrown ten or fifteen feet in the the throne to the dogs. The imperial into any door of ease and splendor. air and when picked up it was vestments of wicked Jehoram could Men quently judge of sin by the thought that he was dead. Dr. W.

y of judgment the sins of Madison to the feet was terribly burned, and enue and Elm street will all be at last for being respectably You know Dives was clothed m purple and fine linen and fared

sumptuously every day, but his fine clothes and good dinners did not save him. He might on earth have drunk something as rich as champagne and cognac, but at last he asked for one drop of water. You cannot trade off your attractive abodes here for a house of many mansions on high, and your elegant shade groves here will not warrant you a seat under the tree of life.

Furthermore: Mere soundness of religious belief will not kide our iniquities. There are men whose heads are as sound as Jonathan Edwards fined circles, and he certainly ought or John Wesley, whose hearts are as rotten as Tom Paine's or Charles Guiteau's. It is important that we be theoretical Christians. It is utter folly in this day for a man to have no the grace of God upon an individual preference for any one form of faith, when it is so easy to become conversant with the faith of the different sects. An intoxicated man staggered into my house one night begging for lodging. He made great pretensions to religion. I asked where he went to church. He said: "Nowhere; I belong to liberal Christianity." But there are those who never become Christians because their obstinacy prevents them from ever taking a fair view of what religion is. They are like a brute beast in the fact that their greatest strength lies in their horns. They are combatants. and all they are ever willing to do for their souls is to enter an ecclesiasti cal fight. I have met men who would talk all day on the ninth chapter of Romans, who were thoroughly helpless before the fourteenth chapter of John. But there are those who, havforgive the sin of their soul, let me ing escaped from this condition, are assure them that the divine justice now depending entirely upon their cannot be satisfied with smiles and soundness of religious theory. The elegant gesticulation. Christ looks doctrines of man's depravity and Christ's atonement and God's sovthem. But, alas! there they stop.

It is only the shell of Christianity

containing no evangelical life. They

thousand Christians who have in

if they result in no warmth of Chris-

One of Franklin's Stories. In the third year of the revolution that the proposal reminded him of something that happened when he lived in London. A Frencuman, who was a little out of his head, heated a say anything, asked them where the inches." inches!" "No, sir!" was the more

dignity, in their elegant manners, in Christ hath clothed him in a spotless robe of righteousness. That is the reason why you cannot see his earnestness of those who stand in pulpits beseeching men to be reconthe importunity of the Holy Ghost who now striveth with thy soul? In What! made out of broken shell and broken glass! Oh, yes: God grant fragmentary natures polished and

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed, And I'm a sinner vile indeed. Lord, I believe Thy grace is free; On, magnify Thy grace in me,

Blown up by Powder and Dynamite. Henry Schaffer, colored, was seriously and probably fatally injured yesterday afternoon by an explosion of powder and dynamite. Schaffer, Dan Allen and another colored man were working at a well not far from McCarter's Mill, in the eastern part of the city. Dan Allen and one negro were preparing to make a blast was at the top of the well, in charge of nearly a half a keg of powder and etc. He built a fire close to these combustibles in order to have some coals to light off the fuse in the well. quently judge of sin by the thought that he was dead. Dr. W. m which it is committed, but E. Wright was called, and attended ty in satin is to God as loath- the injured man. The right side of e as iniquity in rags, and in the Schaffter's body from the shoulders a piece of fuse had been driven into ren in one herd. Men cannot es- the flesh. It is a mystery how he escaped instant death.—Greenville News.

The Power of Rasheesh.

A Cairo (Egypt) correspondent of the Pittsburg Leader thus describes his first experience as a hasheesh eater: Seeing my companion conveying a piece of this sugar eagerly to his mouth, I was encouraged to do likewise. It was an aromatic, somewhat bitter-tasting pastile, dissolving quickly like soft peppermint on the tongue, and leaving likewise a slight burning sensation, which, however, passed away after a few puffs from a cigarettee.

Suddenly the smoking cigarette fell out of lips. I felt myself impelled to talk-to reveal myself to my neighbor -tell him that I was no longer a common, groveling human being, who had to wander through life on this hard earth with wretchedly slow legs, but that I could fly—soar like the eagle through ethereal space.

"So, you see, this is the way I do it," I remember ejaculating.

The ineffable exhilarating sensations thrilled my inmost self. I felt myself liberated of all earthly trammels, unburdened of all carnal weight-free to range infinity's vast fields. Some strange, quickening power pulsated

through my every vein.

My whole being seemed etherized.
Encircled with the fragrance of Paradise, I was borne aloft on buoyant pinions through immeasurable space. and on I was wafted unto an elysium of bliss and loveliness. There was neither beginning nor end to my aerial flight. All was boundless as eternity.

I inclined my head backward and imbibed in torrents the balmy, regenerating air and the glorious, roseate light which was shed around me. All these momentary sensations I remember imparting to my English friend at the time. I felt that I wished him to share my ethereal enjoyment. I wished to take him along on this soar-

ing ascension into celestial solitude. But my spiritual trance was now nearing its end. Consciousness was gradually returning to me. I experienced a peculiar rushing sensation in my ears. My mouth felt very dry and parched. Before my eyes rose big dark blotches. The beautiful, rosy glow is fading away, and in place of it argument for the truth than ten to, and find myself leaning far back-

> The evening glow at the window has not quite disappeared yet. I look at my watch and am astounded—the gigantic air voyage has lasted only twelve minutes.

ward in an arm-chair.

the British government proposed to tough young darkies. We could see make peace and grant the colonies the them as they arranged themselves in a condition that they should pay the ex- paring to give us a reception. As we penses of the war. Franklin replied poker red-hot and then dashed into the small-pex hospital was. street, exclaiming to the first man he ply. "Well, den me stick it in tree small-pox patient and that his friends what would be the feelings than life it is the beauty of norm-phatic reply. Well den, sare, phatic reply. Well den, sare, phatic reply. Well den, sare, will of course pay me for heating poker."—New Haven Palladium.

Flouse-Cleaning.

Take one room at a time and have

the work done quietly in the off days

n which there is neither washing nor ironing nor the usual cleaning. Begin at the attic and clean downward, i. e., providing there be an attic. All city niquities.

My friends, can it be that I have houses are not supplemented. If not, then upon room or closet used for genture angle where it runs into Ful-Dr. Talmage in his sermon at Win- who pretend to be soldiers of the been unkind, and torn from you some eral storage of trunks and incidentals. unkind if, having taken away your calsomine or chloride. There are times | the driver's throne of said dump cart when brown soan and a sound scrub- was a man of such benignant countenbing-brush are better than sermons, ance that you would have sworn him and this occasion is one of them. Then, after the cleansing process is quite complete, see that no unpurged odds and ends find lodgment; overhaul repositories for rags, paper and matches. Half a dozen wall pockets or reticules, made of cretonne, drawn with about Judea, without seam from top colored tapes, will simplify the business of caring for the fragments. Each receptacle should be labeled, every bit of string and vestige of old soft linen should be garnered; sickness brings needs, and this trying season has taught housewives the efficacy of saving every scrap of material. Having completed the garret or storeroom, the offal from apartments may

find lodgment in their proper repositories. Take each floor in its order after the closets are overhauled and arranged; a room at a time, say one each week, so that the regular household routine be

not interfered with.

If the carpets are worn and dinged, rip the center breadths, and turn the outer edge toward the center; and refresh with a border en suite. Then wipe with a cloth, wrung out of alum water; and frequently sweep after a sprinkling of tea leaves. A fresh covering of cretonne will re-

fresh dingy chairs, and all classes of curtain draperies are so cheap that even when economy is necessary one need not do without hangings at doors or windows. They soften hard out-Illustrated World.

California Crops. Ex-Judge French, one of the leading lawyers of the Pacific slope, while in

New York was interviewed by a Star reporter. Said the Judge: "There is a" very large amount of humbug in regard to the orange-growers and orange culture of California While that golden fruit attains a beauty and development there equal to anything in the world, yet what with the cost of the land and of its cultivation by the owners, as well as the ignorance or inexperience which prevails as to its culture, the orange business thus far has never more than paid expenses. Any eastern man who crosses the continent in the hope of making a fortune in a few years from a great orange plantation will be surely and sorely disappointed. Other fruits do pay, and pay well. Grapes, whether fresh or as raisins, or in wine or brandy, are proving a very good investment. California pears, apricots, and plums are also remunerative. The best returns to the horticulturist thus far, however, have come from the kitchen gardens where fine vegetables are grown. Hundreds of small farmers have been successful in this field. The demand never ceases and seldom falls to less than the supply. A man with the taste for tilling the soil can always succeed in California, and especially in southern California, if he confines his efforts to fruit-raising and truck farming. No one can realize the way vegetables grow there until he has been there. With no cold weather, a clear sky, and warm sun 350 days every year, and an unlimited supply of water for irrigational purposes, plants of all kinds grow almost perceptibly.

Bitter Sweet-A Romanco "So you engaged yourself to

when it was your firm intention all along to marry that old brute; old enough to be your grandfather. How could you be so false, so cruel? I never will believe in woman again!" And Lucullus Biggars stood up in all his manly beauty of six feet two and looked down wrathfully into the two beseeching blue eyes so wistfully gaz-

ing at his handsome face.

'I—I couldn't help it." answered the woman who had embittered his life forever-so he thought-by eruelly casting him aside for one whose only attraction was his hoarded, sordid

gold. "And besides it was largely your own fault." "My fault!" he exclaimed, wildly striding up and down the little parlor, and even forgetting himself so far as to stick both hands under his coattailt, like a stage father; "great heavens, woman, when have I failed to gratify your slightest whim? When have I forgotten to bring you chewinggum? When have I ever omitted to

take you to any attraction that has been worth the seeing? When-" but here his emotions overpowered him, and for the moment he was speechless. "Still, say, it was largely your nlt," said she, in the sweetest tones. Long ago, before you ever told me ou loved me, you said that you could have no respect for a woman who would allow herself to be kissed by a

Won't you forgive me?" Of course he did. And at about 2 a. m. early in the 6ssuing morning, a young man might have been seen meditatively walking homeward, his face the scene of varied and conflicting emotions. "I guess she was right," he soliloquized. "And perhaps the old duffer won't last very long, after all, and \$200,000 in cold eash, I think, is worth waiting for. And the black night unwrapped him

And I did so want to kiss you,

In its gleamless doom .- Terre Haute Express. How to Frighten a Colored Man.

"If there is anything that the Virginia darky is afraid of it is small-pox. Yellow-fever takes a back seat when the other disease is a subject of consideration by him.

"When I was connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad my office was in Richmond, Va., where the population is about 50 per cent colored. Some of the young darkies, or bloods, as the Richmond people call them, have a bad habit of loafing on the street corners and passing remarks for the benefit of the white people who pass by.

"One night I went to the theater them was a trainman who was recovering from the effects of an accident in which he had been burned about the face and hands, in consequence of which they were bandaged in white cloths. On the way back to the hotel, after the performance, we passed a corner on which were congregated a gang of approached one of the boys took the

"Me stick dis into you six instant. They thought the man with the bandaged face and hands was a were wandering about looking for the ospital to dump him in. They scated and ran like scared sheep."—D. and brother it that just now he possessed weet, in Chicago Tribune.

HE WALLOPED THE HORSE. How to See What Is Going On in the Bet Not Until After the Brute Had Made a

à sedate old horse, vet cheerful withal and seemingly possessed of a kindly and philosophic spirit, meandered up Washington street in the tender city ton street, says the N. Y. Herald.

wood or of tin, whichever you prefer, and we will describe both. The tin is first brother to the horse on the evidence of vision. He, too, was cheerful and philosophic, and the very spirit of sedateness sat upon him. He was not a man to joke or to be joked with. Life wore to him a serious aspect. Any one could see that at a glance.

It would be rash to say that the man drove the horse. He didn't. The bond between them was far closer than represented by cord or leather-and they were both in the aged harness. The lines lay on the horse's back, and the latter took his way sedately, as a horse who knows he is doing contract work for the city might be expected to do. If compunctions of conscience smote his equine breast no signs thereof appeared in his benign and tranquil His master-or I should say, perhaps, his friend-did not urge him. At the junction heretofore mentioned

in these memoirs the pair paused and looked about them. They paused long. It was so much easier to pause than work. The saucy wind eaught up vast clouds of dust-the dust that they were paid to cart away-and tossed it in the faces of the passing throng, making the good to pray and the bad to swear. But this ruffled not the philosophy of man or beast. The voice of the boss was not heard, for the boss was in a neighboring ginnery tuning up, and it was so much easier to rest than work -the wear and tear were so infinitely

At length the Italian gentleman who peddles fruit at this busy confluence of human life broke in on the dual revery "Please minda standa moment for me?" he asked. "Hov?"

"Minda fruit a moment while I go awa? "Why, to be sure Oi wull, my dage fri'nd. Take yure time. Oi'll kape me

oies on yure doigistibles." The Italian went off to transact his errand: Pretty soon the horse reached tran-

quilly over, picked up a banana with his teeth, and munched it down with satisfaction beaming from his eye. His master locked at him admiringly, and then looked the other way. Reproof was far removed from his face. The horse took another and then a

third. There was neither haste nor trepidation in his action. He appeared to secure the full flavor of each banana, skin and all, before he began upon

another. In this way a dozen were comfortably disposed of, and the oat cavity in the horse's interior was much reduced in size, when suddenly an electric shock seemed to seize the owner. He whirled about and began lathering the brute with an appearance of the most fiendish cruelty, cursing him the while as a thase of the wurruld, an omadhaun, and I don't know what other titles. The horse started on a run up the street-not a very wild pace, by the way-and the owner climbed into the dump cart from behind and made a tremendous show of a tussle with him. It did not last. A moment later they were going down Myrtle avenue at a pious walk, and if there was not a twinkle in four sedate but cheerful eyes then may I never see twinkle again. As for the poor Italian, he got back in time to save his stand, and surely that is enough to make any Italian grateful. What do they want, anyway-the earth?

After Dinner Ceremonies.

Ladies and gentlemen withdraw from the table together, or as is often the case, the gentlemen arise, and the ladies retire leaving the gentleman to smoke. Guests are expected to leave by or before eleven o'clock. Even in dinners given to gentlemen

alone, sometimes the wife of the host, or failing a wife, some dignified matron, is seated at the head or center of the table-a great advance upon the customs of former days. In my house those who wish to use the weed after dining, withdraw to the smoking-room in the topmost story, and in all the dinners, receptions and other entertainments in which Mrs. Childs and I bave received large companies, conventionalities and courtesies of life have been strictly observed," said Mr. Childs. This was in answer to a newspaper paragraph which appeared that day to the effect that a good deal of comment had been made upon the fact that Ex-Governor Cornell at a late large public reception served nothing but ice-water and mineral water to his guests. It appears that Mr. Cornell, though a delightful entertainer, has been compelled to forego the use of wine by the hilariousness of the few who could not restrain their appetites. -George W. Childs, in Good Housekeeping.

Southern Phosphates.

man to whom she was not engaged. The discovery of phosphate deposits in Florida is a matter of great importance to southern farmers who use large and increasing quantities of this fertilizer. Combined with cotton meal it makes an admirable fertilizer for both corn and cotton. It is easily transported and economically applied. It is now making the light sandy lands of south Alabama yield large and paying crops. It has revolutionized farming all over the south. Thus far South Carolina has furnished the bulk of the phosphates, producing last year 600,-000 tons. The Florida article is said to be superior to that of South Carolina, and as the increased supply must lead to lower cost it will lead to a more rapid development of agriculture in the southern states than has ever been known.

A Stern Reality.

"You will notice," said the manager of the company, as he stepped in front of the curtain, "that the programme says that seven years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In this case there will be no supposition about it. The Sheriff of this county has just taken possession of the stage, and I think that it will be about seven years before we can get the matwith a party of railroad men. One of | ser settled. The audience is now dismissed."-Drake's Magazine.

A Reasonable Suggestion.

Representative Allen of Mississippi was requested the other day by one of constituents-it was a colored "friend and brother"—to give him a recom-mendation in writing by means of which he hoped to secure a situation as privilege they had demanded on the half circle around the lamp-post pre- watchman or something equally important. Mr. Allen complied with readiness, as he new the man to be capable and trustworthy. In f ct, the certificate of character" was so exceptionally complimentary and set forth Sambo's qualifications in such glowing terms that, turning to Mr. Allen, he "Look heah, Marse Allen, can't you

gib me something to do you'self on dat recommendation?" It took some time on the part of Mr. Allen to explain to the colored "friend

act much "inflooence." 3

No doubt a good many of our boys and girls are ignorant of the fact, says the N. Y. World, that they can, with very little trouble and at almost no expense, construct an instrument with which they can plainly see what is going on under the water over which they sail their boats. The very idea of such a thing is attractive, and we propose to tell you how it can be done. The water telescope may be made of

AN ODD KIND OF TELESCOPE.

better, because it is lighter and more easily handled. Its manufacture is very simple. Get a tinsmith to make for you a funnel-shaped tin horn about three feet long. It should be eight or ten inches in diameter at the bottom, and broad enough at the top for both eyes to look into. Into the bottom put a piece of glass, cut to fit, and make it perfectly water-tight. Leave the top open. The inside should be painted black to prevent the reflection of the light upon the surface of the tin. Around the outside of the bottom solder attar down. Attar of roses, young on several sinkers to offset the buoyancy of the air in the water-tight horn and make it easier to submerge. If it know it, they could make it just as is not convenient to get a round piece of glass, have the large end made square and use square glass. That's all there is of it, and when you sink the instrument down into the water and put your eyes to the small end, you will be per fectly astonished at the plainness with which you will see all kinds of fish and and oppression to the passer-by. This water animals swimming around in a state of nature. A wooden water telescope is made of

held suspended, as it were, in the atmosphere. a long, square, wooden box, say ten inches square at the large and four or five inches square at the other. Make all the seams water-tight by means of the great value of the flower, is wasted putty and paint Put a piece of glass on the desert air. In northern India in the large end and leave the small end open to look into, as you do with the tin instrument. and require no particular care. When A great many of you go on boating

and pienic parties, and you can imagine how much such a contrivance would add to your amusement and pleasure, to say nothing of the instruction derived from studying the inhabitants of the water at home.

Using the principle of a water telescope, a well-known naturalist had a boat made with a glass in the bottom, through which he could see every movement of thousands of fish as they swam along through the clear water. Fishermen in Norway use the water telescope at their work with the best results, sometimes discovering a new kind of fish that might otherwise have escaped their notice.

A "DEAD MULE" IN TOWN. Az Irish Squaw Man Gets a Little the Bushyhead, one of the members of

the Cherokee Commission, is still in Washington, and many a one passes the Indian chief without knowing he is an Indian. He is tall, brown of skin, but has the features of the Caucasian race; and it is said he is not more than one-eighth Indian. He married some years ago a niece of Senator Butler, of South Carolina,

who had gone out to Tahlequah as a teacher. A good story is told of him when he was Governor of the Cherokee Nation. The Cherokees are the most civilized of all the Indian tribes, and one of their laws is in favor of prohibition. The law of the United States is | natural fondness for adventure, and, that no one shall give or sell firewater to an Indian, but the Cherokee legisla-tors on further and prohibit the bring-New Zealand was the first point tors go further and prohibit the bringing of it into the Territory. In Tahlequah, when Bushyhead was

Governor, there was an Irish blacksmith named Mike Delaney. Now, was not long before the two were in Mike had been received into the tribe because he had married a squaw, and, as more of an Indian than any native. He used about and often he had narrow esto orate by the hour over his forge at | capes from poisoned arrows that were the wrongs of the red men, and one of his favorite perorations was:

"We have been pairsecuted by the white man, dhriven from our homes in Georgia over the mountains an' valleys, an' our noble inheritance stholen away from us."

Mike frequently delivered himself of this, and the more fire-water he had in | are a large and powerful tribe, and, him the more flannel-mouthed and un-Indian was his brogue. He and Bushyhead were great friends, and one day when the Governor was at the court house presiding over the meeting of the Legislature, the squaw-man appeared and beckoned imperiously.
"Come here," he whispered, "Oi've something to tell you. There's a dead mule in town." A "dead mule" is

Western slang for a keg of whisky. "Give me a dollar," continued Mike. "an' I'll buy a bottle an' keep it in the shop until yez can be afturr comin' to

dhrink it.' The Governor gave the money, ar half an hour later, deputizing some . to take his place, he made his way the forge. From afar off he heard the inspiring strains of the "Irish Washerwoman." and as he drew near he recognized the oft-repeated refrain, "Och hone, Widow Machree, och hone, Widow Machree," the melody stoutly maintained by an anvil chorus. Rushing in, he was confronted by the hilarious blacksmith, whom he at once asked for his share of the "dead mule."

"Be aisy, Guvner," cried the Irish-Indian, "there's only two heels left, an' I'll dhrink that, as the law's agin, givin' an Indian whisky." And he swallowed the rest, the Gov-

ernor of the Cherokee Nation not daring to prevent him .- Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

Railroad Up the Jungfrau. French engineers are planning for an

attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far as Stockelberg, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and thence to mount up by a succession of slanting cable roads, forming a zig-zag, to a height of some 12,000 feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain, where there will be a hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands daily. There will have to be five steps to the great staircase, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit

A Down East Superstition. Evidence of somebody's firm belief in the old superstition about boring a

hole in a thrifty tree, placing therein a lock of one's hair and paring of the nails and then carefully plugging the hole, in the hope that as soon as the deposit became solid wood all fear of future headache and other ills would be dispelled from the mind of him whose lock of hair was contributed to the tree, came to light in the quaint town of Wells recently. While sawing shingles from a tree that recently stood mear the Boston and Maine station in that town, William Maxwell came across just such an exhibition of human deposit. The nails and dark brown hair were firmly embedded in the solid wood, being separated only when the machinery converted the wood into shingles. The hair and nails could be traced in four of the shingles cut from that particular part of the tree. It is hoped that the bringing to light of these emblems in so rude a manner has not broken the charm. and never came back. Lewiston Journal.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

flow It is Prepared and How American Roses Waste Their Sweetness.

"Here y'are, gents! Here y'are!" yelled the street fakir. .. Here y'are, gents! The real genuine otter of roses, right fresh from the otter, the only living animal beside the musk-ox that gives up perfume for the hankychif! Here y'are! Otter of roses, fresh from the otter! Five cents a bottle!" A young man in the crowd became

He went to the nearest drug store.

attar of roses is worth \$100 an ounce.

"What makes it cost so much?"

"Not to-day," said the druggist.

"Well, one reason is," replied the

"Got any?" asked the visitor.

man, an't milked out of cows.

from them, on a warm sultry day,

caused a feeling of peculiar faintness

is the effect of the attar, which is dis-

tilled by the heat and moist air, and is

"There is money in that cause of

faintness and indolence, but in this

country not only the sweetness, but

he roses are regularly cultivated.

They are planted in rows in the fields,

they begin to bloom they are plucked

from the bushes before midday. The

work is done by women and children,

who seem to regard it more as a pleas-

ure than a pursuit of labor. The rose-

leaves are distilled in twice their weight

of water, which is then drawn off into

stand over night, being covered up

with cloths to protect their contents

from dirt and insects. In the morn-

ing the surface of t. " water will be

covered with a thin oily film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed

off with a fine feather and dropped in-

to vials. This process is continued

daily until the roses cease to bloom. I

don't see why any essence or oil that

requires the distilling of 50,000 roses

to fill an ounce bottle has: 't right to

HERBERT WARD, THE EXPLORER.

Incidents of His Travels in the Congo

Country. Experience in Borneo.

Herbert Ward, the explorer, says the

N. Y. Herald, is but 26 years of age,

small and compactly built-what one

might call a pocket edition of Hercules.

His eyes are blue and expressive, his

manner modest and retiring, and it is

only when his face lights up in the

discussion of some interesting topic

that one may see the reserve force and

character that have carried him through

all his trials. Mr. Ward is an English-

man of wealthy parents. He had a

as his parents refused their consent, he

reached and soon after he went to

Australia. In Borneo he met Hatton,

the famous Byrnese explorer, and it

the country of the head-hunting Dyaks.

Surrounded by a high stockade he

could see and hear the Dyaks prowling

constantly being shot into the stock-

At Bangala, where Stanley had his

most serious fight with the natives in

his memorable journey across the Dark

Continent, Ward was finally put in

charge of the station which had just

been established there. The Bangalas

in addition to being highly savage and

however, eat people of their own tribe,

but depend for this sort of luxury upon

such captives as they can secure, or,

failing in this, they purchase slaves

This important tribe was governed

at this time by a powerful savage, Mata

Bwiki by name. At the commence-

ment of his command of this station

Ward was forced to undergo the "blood

brotherhood ceremony" in conjuction

with the chief. This ceremony, said

Mr. Ward, is common throughout

Africa. An incission is made in the

arm of each of the two participators in

it. When the blood flows the wounds

are sprinkled with potash, salt, and a

powder made from a species of bran.

Then the two incised arms are rubbed

together so that the flowing blood

may intermingle. This done, the two become blood brothers and both swear

to assist each other in times of need.

At the end of his three years of service

Mr. Ward started for the coast. On

reaching Stanley Pool he heard about

the Emin Pasha relief expedition and

that Stanley was coming. This settled

it for him. He would go with Stanley.

A short time afterward he met Stanley

and volunteered his services, which

were accepted, he being appointed to a

command over one of the divisions of

Albert Edward's Rudeness.

A strange story of the rudeness of a

member of the royal family of England

comes to The Man About Town direct

from a lady correspondent at Edin-

burgh. A fair was in progress there

and Mrs. Langtry was selling coffee at

one of the booths. Enter the Prince of

Wales, who asked for a cup of the de-

licious Mocha. Mrs. Langtry served

it in delicate Worcester, and just as

she handed it to him threw a dainty

kiss into the cup.
'How much?" the future monarch of

"It was 10 shillings," answered the

lily of the Jersey Isles, "until I threw a kiss into it. Now it is 20 shillings."

What will you charge me for a clean cup?" retorted the Prince, very

ungallantly, as he returned the coffee

If the story is true it indicates that the Prince of Wales is getting to be

less and less of a gentleman as he edges

nearer the throne .- St. Louis Republic

"He Evened Up."

Col. Mosby relates the following

amusing incident which occurred in a

cavalry fight in the Shenandoah valley

In the midst of a sharp cavalry en-

gagement with Sheridan's men in 1

charge near Berryville there came riding into our lines like a whirlwind a

Yankee soldier on a black horse. A

score of men tried to stop horse and

rider, but the old black's blood was up,

and he went on clean through our

lines before he was under control. The

rider was sent to Libby prison, and we

all he surveys queried.

untasted.

in 1864:

the expedition.

ferocious, are cannibals.

from friendly tribes.

ade.

have a good price set upo t

open vessels. These are allowed to

"We're are just out."

tle?" he asked of the druggist.

He said, as he offered a card, "But why," she replied, with a pique in her seized with an idea, says the N.Y. Sun. "How much is attar of roses a bot-"It'll cost you \$100 an ounce," said

"When I make them all with a pard?" the drug man. "The genuine India

"You have got a fine hand," he said to her, As she lingered over her cards. "Perhaps," she replied with a soft little purr, While humming a strain of Millard's.

"You could play it alone, I suppose?" he said As he looked in her radient eyes. "Perhaps!" she repeated, tossing her head, Without any wherefors or whys.

"You're awfully aggravating, mr dear,"
"Yes, that's one of woman's rights
We can take without being unsexed and queer
Or getting society's sights."

"Will you take this, dear, and go it alone?"

"Then you have a good hand? Oh, yes! I see,"
He said, as he held aloft
The disengaged one in her piquant glee,
Which was ringless, white, and soft.

"If you won't take a card, may be you'll take this."
And the air was still Millard's:
And the ring on the finger fair of the Miss
And the ring on the finger fair of the Miss
Changed the game in a trice. "N - cards."
Earl Marble in the Colorado Granate

JUST LIKE WOMEN.

druggist, "it takes 50,000 roses to make a single ounce of attar. If you How Two Innocents Struggle Over a Sim can buy 50,000 roses for less than \$100. ple Telegraph Message.

then maybe you can knock the price of One was perhaps twenty-five, the other a little younger. They were pretty and stylishly dressed. A carmade in India, although, if they only riage stood at the Fourteenth street enwell in California. The same rose trance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting grows there from which the attar is their pleasure. It could only be supdistilled in India. I have seen huge posed that they were in very distresshedge-rows near Samona, in California, ful financial straits. so dense with these roses that the odor They sat at a table in the reception-

room of Willard's, devising, concocting and instituting a telegraph message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing and scratching and rewriting; which used up six or seven Western Union bfanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener tear up blanks.

We will be there to-morrow." That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.
"But," said the younger, "if we say

we are coming home we shall both have to sign it." "Carrie and I will be there to-mor-

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in eras-

ing.
"I guess that will do," said the younger, and two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered. "Hold on," said the elder, at the door.

"What?" asked the other. "Carrie and I will be there to-morrow." One, two, three, four, five, six, seven-only seven words."

"Why we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten." Here was more difficulty. It would never do pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked of a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or two many words. "Pshaw!" said the younger one;

"why didn't I think of it before? I have it." "Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course!" Leave it just as it is and add 'Yours, very truly. If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful be-"Carrie and I will be there to-mor-

row. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands vesterday afternoon Higher than Railroad Orders.

"No. we don't bounce the tramps who ride on the bumpers of our freight train," said a freight conductor who has a run to the West. "I presume that we carry an average each trip, but if they remain between the cars we pretend not to see them.'

"But it is against orders," was urged. "Oh, yes, but there is a higher power than general orders, even for railroad men. Five or six years ago I used to be hard on the railroad tramp. I'd have the train looked over at every stop, and if we caught a chap he got handled pretty lively. Nowadays I throw out a hint to the brakemen to shut both eyes, and, if the tramp don't presume too much on my good nature, no one will disturb him.

What happened to change your mind?"

"Oh, a little incident of no interest to the public, but a great deal to me. I was married in December three years ago. On the third night I got an order to run out with an extra. There was a cold rain, which froze as it fell, and one of my crew got hurt at our very first stop. This left us short-handed and as we could not supply his place I had to act for him. We were back in the mountains, running strong to make time, when the engineer whistled brakes for a grade. I climbed out of the caboose with the brakesmen, and had set two brakes and was after the third, when a lurch of the cars threw me down, and I fell between two of them. I had just one glimpse of the red cheeked bride at home, just one swift thought of her in widow's weeds and her heart breaking, when a hand grabbed me. I was going down head first, but the strong clutch turned me over and my feet struck the bumpers. I'd have gone then, only some one put my hands on the ladder, flung his arms around me from behind to hold me

"You are all right, old man. Your nerve will come back pretty soon.' "And it was a tramp, eh?" "It was, and he held me there until

there, and said:

the train reached its stop, and then helped me down, for the sudden fright had taken all my strength and nerve away. But for him I should have been ground up under the wheels. This is the reason I keep a soft spot in my heart for the genus tramp, and why, when I sometimes walk the length of every train and find every bumper occupied, I look skyward and pretend not to see as much as an old fur cap. -N. Y. Sun.

Against Taking Off Hats. Vienna dispatches to London News.

A movement is on foot in Austria and Hungary just now to do away with the form of salutation customary among men-that of taking off the hat. At Gratz a committee has been formed which passed a resolution and called upon the civil and military governors, Baron Kuebec and Count Wurmbrand, as also on the mayor of the city, begging them to sanction the resolution accepting the military salute from inferiors. The three gentlemen gladly gave their consent. The wish has also been expressed that the dangerous custom of uncovering the head for a length of time at funerals should be done away with. It is pointed out that the military salute must necessarily imply at least as much respect as lifting the hat, since a common soldier thus salutes the highest commander in the army. In the middle ages the hat or cap was not doffed. Edmund Gosse has begun a biography

of his father. Philip Gosse, the famous vaturalist. to my luck."-Boston Bearens

mustered the black charger into the "No. What's the use? It wouldn't confederate service. A few days later who you you are some so of the control of the contr we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The black evened up things, too, for he dark without being in an agony of lear imid. You can't walk a block after carried his rider into the federal lines. Apansqu os og pinogs sing gunot not Ederly Spinster-"I can't see why