SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject. "In the Lion's Den."

TEXT: "*Then the King commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions.*"—Daniel vi., 16.

Daniel was King of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the King to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to anyone except the King within thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters! They fawn around him; they lick his hand; they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep, with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius the King sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the King walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. He heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock: "O Daniel: is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O King! live forever. My God has sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar they announce to all ages that while God will defend His people the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and the tax gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say, "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horse's hoofs went over their nerves.

Every item of your success has been to them an item of discouraging and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh," said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but new always you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character so eminent in Daniel many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go West. Perhaps they will go East. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go North. Perhaps they may go South. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that stands go out or New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day, should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool—these men on the sea of life, everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architecture.

Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin: It is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes they grimace and wink, and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint."

Oh, young man, have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and eternal thunders rush them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hand—questions of finance, questions of war, of peace, all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the Secretary of State, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store shelf.

They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse; or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath morning as they go out closing the door, saying: "Good night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday!" But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say: "What is where did you get that?" they think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them they would like to have religion as a sort of night-key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be an impertinence. Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods.

I say other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the moment that you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian.

If you have a thousand irons in the fire you have a thousand more opportunities of serving God than if you had only one iron in the fire. Who so busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men. All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom house duties; the Prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy! busy! Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three a day worshiping the God of Heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a Christian. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age he stands before all ages, a specimen of a Christian politician.

So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the State. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York, in the time of our fathers. Such was Daniel McLean, of Ohio. Such was Geo. Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Men faithful to the State, at the same time faithful to God.

It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the Government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem.

But because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or for sake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; and the last time to surrender the ballot box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home

Religion would drive out all base personalities from politics. You have a right to discuss men's politics and denounce their political sentiments, or receive them as you will; but you have no right to assail their private character, as is done every autumn. That is not carrying religion into politics. Now you can always tell without asking, in any contest, what candidate I will vote for. It is always for the man who is most badgered, and most abused, and most spit upon, and most howled at. You have a right to contest a man's political sentiments; you have no right, for base political purposes, to assail his private moral character.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him as a hunter's hounds at the well known whistle come bounding to his feet.

You need not go to Numidia to get among the lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw the lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion, and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you.

The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea shells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulchre, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you.

When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood he was compelled to go fully armed the night before among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes streaming over seas of sapphire.

Only a Little Rim of Steel Between a Half-Road Passenger and Death.

"I tell you what it is," remarked an old railroad man to-day, "it used to be that they couldn't turn a wheel any too fast for me, but it's different now. The way these fellows run nowadays makes my hair stand on end. We used to think that twenty-five or thirty miles an hour was high running. People were just as well satisfied, if not more so, than now, and there weren't so many accidents. Those days when a man got on the ground there was some chance of his getting away alive, but when you touch ground on one of these fast runs now you're mighty liable to stay there. People are getting to look upon a mile a minute as a common thing, and are just howling mad at a road that doesn't make it. They never stop to think of the danger. All they think about is getting to their destination.

"Why, when I stop and think of being whirled across the country fifty or sixty miles an hour, down hills and around curves, with only an inch and a half of iron between me and eternity, I get so scared I swear never to get on a coach again. What do I mean by an inch and a half of iron? Well, you know what a passenger coach is, don't you? You know how they're built. A coach is a pretty solid thing nowadays, and to look at one a person would think they were pretty safe, but that's because you don't know anything about it. The coach itself is all right as far as it goes, but it's the wheels. Did you ever look at the wheels? If you did you may have noticed how they're made. A good size, broad enough and heavy enough, and with a tire of the finest kind of steel. But, on the inside of the tire, you see a sort of rim or flange. That flange is about an inch and a half thick and about the same depth. It doesn't look as if it amounted to much, that little piece of steel, but that's just what the lives of all the passengers depend upon. That flange keeps the wheel to the rail and keeps the coach from running off the track.

"Well, now, when a train is going fifty miles an hour around a curve you see how much depends on that flange. The whole weight and speed of the train is against that flange on one side, the outside of the curve, and it is all that keeps the coach from whirling from the track. Suppose the flange broke, or, as is often the case, was worn down and had been missed by the car inspector. The chances are ten to one that the flange couldn't hold, but would climb the rail and there'd be another accident. The reporters would be told the rails spread or something of that kind, and no one but the company would know what caused the accident.

"There are a good many accidents that happen that way, but it doesn't appear to be any of the public's business. As a general rule a coach wheel is watched mighty closely, and the minute a flange begins to wear new ones are put on, but many a time an inspector will miss a wheel, and then the chances are big that there'll be an accident."—*Kansas City Star.*

Long Lost Brothers.

A ticket seller in the Union Depot at Atlanta, Ga., relates the following incident as having occurred there recently: "A man came up to my window and asked for a ticket to Palmetto. Another man was standing just behind and made the same request. As I handed out the two tickets Number One said to Number Two,—

"'Are you going to Palmetto?'

"'I am.'

"The two men looked hard at each other for a minute, and then Number Two asked,—

"'What's your name?'

"'Roonley—John Roonley. What's yours?'

"'Frank Roonley. I thought I knew you. You are my brother.'

"The two men were brothers and had not seen each other in forty years."

Extreme French Politeness.

A Frenchman was walking calmly along, when from behind he received a blow from a knife, just between the shoulder-blades. The wounded man turned quickly round and displayed to the horrified would-be assassin a face quite unknown to him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I mistook you for some one else," he exclaimed, most politely, as raising his hat with one hand, with the other he withdrew his weapon.;

The wounded stranger was not to be outdone in politeness by his mistaken assailant.

"Oh, pray don't mention it," replied he, as with a low bow he hurried off to the nearest surgeon.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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THE BUTCHER WOOS.

"My heart is yours," he did profess;
"I'm in an awful stew.
Liver die, I care not 'less
You give me promise true.

"I'd steak my very life on you,
And when I'm kept away
I'll send a tenderloin or two,
Professing love for aye.

"What answer you beefore I go?
Meat I your favor well?"
She said, "I love, you suet so,"
And on his shoulder fell.

—[La Monte Waldron.

EASILY REMEDIED.

"Look here, Davis," exclaimed the manager of the dime museum, aghast, "you have made a mistake. It wasn't an Egyptian girl I wanted for this department. It was a Circassian girl."

"That's all right, Colonel," replied the traveling agent. "Olga," he said, turning to the dusky beauty, "go wash your face and friz your hair."—[Chicago Tribune.

ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

"What is this 'original package' business?" she asked.

"What does it mean? Well," he began explaining, "we'll say you are 120 pounds of honey in a silk and gold and diamond-mounted case."

"Yes."

"Well, so long as you are in the original wrapper," the interrupted, wrapping his arms about her, "you——"

"I see now," she interrupted, "but I can't understand how you are the original wrapper."—[Philadelphia Times.

A FAMILY MATTER.

Humorist—I guess I'll have to give up my position as funny man on your paper.

Editor—Why, what's the matter?

Humorist—Well, my wife won't have any more jokes about her side of the family; my mother-in-law is with us now, so I can't mention her; my daughter gets mad when I write about her beaux and her little brother, and the hired girl says she'll strike if I drag her into print again. So you see there's nothing left for me to write about.

NO ALIASES.

His Honor—Hi'm, drunk and disorderly, eh? What's your name?

"Pat, sorr."

"Your full name?"

"Shure and 'tis Pat whin Oi am full or whin Oi am sober just the same."

"Thirty days."—Puck.

THE POLITE FRENCHMAN.

When General Moreau was in the United States, he was at once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a piece was sung by the choir, with the refrain:

"To-morrow, to-morrow."

Having a very imperfect knowledge of English, he fancied it to be a cantata given in his honor, and thought he distinguished the words:

"To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was repeated he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.—[Le Figaro.

COULDN'T ESCAPE.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him.

"About ten years."

"I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?"

"No other place to go to," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."—[Chicago Tribune.

THEY SHOULD BE SUPPLIED.

"Jones is a pretty good sort of a chap," said McWatty to a friend, "but he'll never amount to much. He never knows when to stop talking."

"That's so," replied McWatty's friend, who is a railroad man; "his conversation lacks terminal facilities."—[New York World.

AND END THE GAME.

Mr. Spudaway—What! Has your Uncle Hiram failed in business?

Mrs. Spudaway—Broken up entirely. That's what he says in his letter.

"How fortunate our little Hi has a middle name! When you write next to Uncle Lowe tell him his namesake, H. Lowe Spudaway, is the smartest boy in his class and as good as he is smart."

"But what if Uncle Lowe fails, too?"

Innocent little Hi Lowe (from his corner)—Call me Jack and the game, papa.—[Burlington Free Press.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

Miss De Pretty—Let's form a secret society.

Miss De Pink—Let's. Just like the Odd Fellows and Red Men. Call it the Ancient Order of—of—King's Daughters.

Miss De Blonde—Or the Ancient Order of Dianas.

Miss De Young—Or the Ancient Order of American——

Miss Oldmaid—Oh, don't let's call it ancient order of anything.—[New York Weekly.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Wonderful thing happened in our neighborhood last evening. A policeman killed a mad dog at the first fire."

"You don't say so?"

"Perhaps I should explain that the policeman was shooting at a peddler."—[Terre Haute Express.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Tramp (to buxom farmer's wife, lounging on the porch and looking up the sky)—Why's the weather this mornin' ma'am?

Farmer's Wife (turning suddenly, catching up a pail of "suds")—Chilly!

And the tramp cleaned.—[Buffalo Free Press.

A HEAD LIKE A TACK.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. G., "I know how to make a hundred cents just as easily!"

"How?"

"Why, down at Mme. Robe's the lovely Paris dress marked down from a hundred dollars to four hundred."—San Francisco Wasp.

A PIOUS HOPE.

"You must be as quiet as possible to-night, Johnny," said his mother, "for we are to have the minister for supper."

"Have him for supper, eh? We'll hope he'll taste good."—[Ashland Press.

EASY JOBS VERY SCARCE.

First Tramp—It's harrud to find easy jobs, Bill.

Second Tramp—You said yesterday you'd get one—nothin' ter do but sit in a easy chair an' keep still, that's what the old man told you. Why didn't you stay in that soft place?

First Tramp (dolefully)—That the man was a dentist, and he wanted to experiment with a new tooth-pulling machine.—[Good News.

THEY ARE ENGAGED.

Cornelius Lovell—Don't address me as Mr. Lovell, Maude; it is so formal, you know. Call me Cornelius.

Miss Maude—I'd call you Corn if I—

"If what, darling?"

"If I thought you'd pop."

Mr. Lovell is now engaged.

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"That's the porcupine, isn't it? What an ugly-looking creature!"

"Yes. It isn't what you would call an attractive animal. Still it has a great many fine points about it."—[Examiner de Paris.

HE DID NOT GO.

"No," said she, "I can be only a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, however—well, good-night!"

"George," she faltered, as he started out into the night. "George!"

"What is it?" he asked, crossly.

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good-night?"

MIND-READING.

Dinguss—Hello, Shadbolt! How are you? By the way, Shad, have you seen that big alligator down at——

Shadbolt (cutting him short—No, Dinguss, I haven't seen it, but I know what it was going to lead me to. Alligators have hides, their hides make new leather, the leather is made up into pocketbooks, and pocketbooks lead to money. I haven't a cent to spare this time. Good morning, Dinguss.—[Chicago Tribune.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Wickwire—Is Mudge really going to marry that girl? Why, he is as poor as a church mouse, and she hasn't a cent to her name.

Yabsley—You are wrong there. Her front name is Rose.—[Terre Haute Express.

A JEALOUS LOVE.

—He—I love the very ground you tread on.

She—Then you can't have me. I want to be loved for myself alone.—[New York World.

MOST LIKELY.

Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about?

The Brute—I s'pose he's thinking what to cry about to-night.—[Life.

A SENSITIVE EAR.

It is remarkable to what an extent refinement may be carried. There is in this city a young man who eats crushed violets and wears azure neckties every time he feels an attack of the blues approaching. The other evening he awoke in the middle of the night, and rousing his room-mate said:

"This is simply agonizing."

"What is the matter?"

"Those two mosquitoes that are singing in the room."

"Well, what do you care as long as they don't bite you?"

"They are not singing in harmony."—[Washington Post.

HER ESTIMATE OF DAMAGES.

"Had an accident here this morning?" queried the breathless reporter as a matronly lady appeared at the door in response to his violent ringing.

"Yes, we did. You see, the next house come right up to ours, and the man painting it asked to come through our house and crawl out the scuttle on to its roof. Well, I let him. When he crossed the garret he fell through the floor."

"Hurt him much?"

"Yes, I guess so. But he didn't stop with the garret; he fell through the next floor, tore a hole through the carpet, knocked the plaster off the ceiling, and, oh, he has just made an awful muss!"—[Texas Siftings.

A GOOD APPETITE SECURED.

Blinks (at the ferry)—Hello, Jinks, where you been?

Jinks—Been spending a couple of weeks in the country. Got board on a farm for $8 a week.

Blinks—You don't say so. How do you feel?

Jinks—Hungry as a bear.—[New York Weekly.

"ARNOUL IS AT DINNER."

In the Southern part of France, in the department of the Garonne, it is a custom saying, when one does not wish to be disturbed by intruders: "Arnoul is at dinner." The custom, according to a New York *Ledger*, came about in the following manner:

Henry, Prince of Conde, father of the Prince of Conde, found himself in need of money, and, wishing to do it privately, he went, incognito, to an adjacent village, where he found a trustworthy and capable notary named Arnoul. The notary was at dinner, and, while he dined, his wife waited in the hall without to answer for him. The Prince inquired for Arnoul. The woman replied, as was her wont: "Arnoul is at dinner. Sit you down on the bench there. When Arnoul is dinner, not a soul can speak with him, i' faith."

The Prince sat down and patiently waited. When the notary had finished dinner, and had been informed by his wife that a client was in waiting, he decreed that the applicant should be admitted. Conde stated his business without giving names, and the notary proceeded to make out the necessary document, leaving blanks for the names of the mortgagor and the estate. When he was finished, he read it, and it was approved.

"And now, sir," said the notary, to whom the visitor was an utter stranger, "shall I fill in your name and designation?"

"If you please."

"Will you give them to me?"

"They are short," answered the client, with a smile. "Put 'Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Conde, First Prince of the Blood, Lord of Muret.' I suppose the instrument will be stronger if we are as explicit."

The poor notary was stricken with amazement and terror. Throwing himself on his knees, he begged pardon for his indignity he and his wife had offered through ignorance. The Prince raised him up, saying:

"Fear nothing, my worthy friend. It is all right. Arnoul was at dinner, you know."

The story leaked out and spread, and a proverbial proverb to this day.

People who never think of anybody but themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

It is always easy to laugh when the joke is on the other fellow.

The Census

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ARE THE OLDEST FAMILY STANDARD. A Purely Vegetable Compound, without mercury or other injurious mineral. Safe and sure always. For sale by all Druggists. Full printed directions for using with each package. Dr. Schenck's new book on The Lungs, Liver and Stomach SENT FREE. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son: Philadelphia.

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. DRUGGISTS, Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists. Size 1 pint $1.00.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's English Diamond Brand, in red and gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in red paste board boxes, pink wrappers, are counterfeits. Send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. Name this paper. Chichester Chem. Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

WHITE HOUSE ROOMS.

Forty-four in All—Overhauling the Executive Mansion.

A count of the rooms, private and public, in the White House, establishes the fact that they number forty-four in all, including parlors, reception rooms, library, bedrooms and accommodations for the help, or just one room for every State in the American Union. Of these apartments not more than half a dozen are available for the uses of the occupants of the White House; and ever since Mrs. Harrison became mistress of the Executive Mansion she has been untiring in her efforts to make the private portion of the house comfortable as well as habitable. After concluding work upstairs in the bedrooms, Mrs. Harrison turned her attention to the kitchen, and found that it was hardly fit for occupancy, being damp and foul smelling. Before leaving for Cape May she was gratified by the advent of a party of workmen, who proceeded to tear up the kitchen floor and other portions of the basement to make necessary improvement. At that time walking on the floor of the White House kitchen was very much like treading upon a bed of sponge, and a vigorous application of pick and shovel revealed the cause. At the base were about two feet of sand, and over this a thin layer of cement. Next came a wooden floor, and nailed to this were at least a dozen different layers of oil-cloth. The floor of the kitchen has been entirely renewed in concrete and cement, covered with cream and terra cotta tiling, placed in alternate mosaics. A creamy tinted tile dado will extend all around the side walls to a height of five and a half feet, and even the window seats will be laid in the same colored material. Another good effect of this overhauling has been to show that the recent war of extermination waged against rats by ferrets has been most successful, for there is not a rodent to be found within the walls of the Executive Mansion. Some of these pests, after being forced to evacuate the White House, established a rendezvous in the eastern part of the enclosure, near the watchman's box, but they were quickly discovered and killed by the attendants on the grounds. While engaged in the room of Steward Phillip McKim, which is immediately beneath the Blue Parlor of the main floor, it was observed that the ceiling sagged a trifle, and the presence of a few people in this historic apartment would cause the floor to bend in toward the centre. Several times last winter, during receptions at the White House, this tendency was noted in the Blue Parlor, and it was especially the case when a crowd was in the centre of the apartment near the blue plush divans in the rear of the receiving party. Col. Ernst has had a stout beam placed under the floor, and it is supported by a substantial column in the centre of the steward's apartment and immediately under the spot where President Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom were made husband and wife by the Rev. Byron Sunderland a trifle over four years ago. Now that the White House has been put in such good condition, it begins to look more home-like and comfortable. Arrangements are being perfected for placing an electric light plant in the basement, by which the entire mansion will be lighted, and the wires will extend into the upper or main conservatory, which is used for promenading purposes in winter. For years past visitors to the White House have been shocked by the abominable condition of the sidewalk, formed of broad slabs of greystone, but which are now crumbling and caving in on account of the ravages of time. An item in the Sundry Civil bill makes an appropriation to remedy this, and as soon as the money becomes available the sidewalk in front of the White House will be made to conform to the granolithic pavement which extends from the Capitol to the Treasury building.

Japanese at the Polls.

Not long ago Japan held its first parliamentary election, and the manner in which the balloting was conducted created much favorable comment and admiration among the foreign residents of Tokio, who apparently expected that to see Japanese voting would be equal to a circus. In this they were disappointed. There were at the polls none of those picturesquely comical scenes that had been looked for. Everything was practical and business-like. The qualified electors came to the polls, deposited their ballots and went away. There was about the same sort of electioneering that one sees in the United States, minus the purchasing of votes that is reputed to prevail in some districts. The polling places were open from 7 in the morning to six at night. Then the ballot boxes were locked up and taken away to be opened and the votes counted at leisure the next day. Thus was accomplished, with signal success, one of the most remarkable experiments in the history of government.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

The Danger of Too Much Exercise.

Dr. Patton, chief surgeon of the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, Ohio, said, in an interview in Pittsburgh the other day, that, of the 5,000 soldiers in the Dayton home, "fully 80 per cent. are suffering from heart disease in one form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of the campaigns." And he made the prediction that as large a proportion of the athletes of to-day will be found twenty-five years from now to be victims of heart disease, resulting from the muscular strains that they force themselves to undergo. As for the likelihood of exercise to prolong life, it may be said that, according to the statistics of M. de Solaiville, there are more people living in France to-day who have passed the age of sixty than there are in England, the home of athletic sports. And there is probably no nation in Europe more adverse to muscular cultivation for its own sake than the French. Great athletes die young, and a mortality list of Oxford rowing men published a few years ago showed that a comparatively small percentage of them lived out the allotted lifetime. Dr. Jastrow has demonstrated in some very elaborate statistics that men of thought live, on an average, three and a half years longer than men in the ordinary vocations of life, and nearly eight years longer than men of action, among whom are included the athletes. And it is a noteworthy fact that women, who, until recent years, have taken no physical exercise at all, die of a more advanced age than men. But doubtless their superiority in regard to tenure of life will come to an end if they follow the advice Dr. Richardson, who, in a lecture before the Ladies' Sanitary Association, of London, is reported to have "declared it essential, as a matter of principle, that eight hours a day should be devoted to exercise."—[Providence Journal.

A MOUNTAIN OF PIES.

New York City Consuming 75,000 Daily—Some Startling Figures.

New York produces and eats more pies than any city in the world. There are eight or ten large factories that make nothing but pies, and there are five or six hundred bakeries besides that deal exclusively in them. The largest factory is on Sullivan street. Its output of pie is something awful to contemplate. One of the foremen in the big factory in Sullivan street said:

"We make every kind of pie that has so far been discovered, but apple, mince, lemon, pumpkin and custard are the favorites."

"How much material do you use in a day?"

"We use about 100 dozen eggs, 850 pounds of lard, 12 barrels of flour, 600 quarts of milk, 2,500 quarts of fruit, and we turn out 7,000 pies daily, or about 50,000 a week, or about 2,500,000 a year. The output from the large concerns in the city will amount to 35,000 pies daily, and the bakers will turn out about 40,000 more, or 75,000 a day, 525,000 a week, and 27,300,000 per year—an average of about 16 pies per capita. These pies, cut into quarters, the usual sizes outside of boarding houses, would make 109,200,000 pieces. At an average of five cents ten cents—this would make New York's annual pie bill $5,460,000, or more than we pay for public schools, the Fire and Police departments, or send to the heathen. New York produces about one-thirtieth of the pie crop of the United States."

These remarks roused the writer's statistical proclivities and he figured until his brain was dizzy. These are some of the results: In the United States there are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, 819,000,000, at a total cost of $164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And, if, as has been so often stated, figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.—[New York Press.

Kaffir Humor.

The Kaffir, of South Africa, in the zoological studies which are traditional with him, is full of excellent humor, and generally preference is given in his illustration to beasts and birds that lend themselves to comic treatment. The imitative faculty is not always of the "proper" order. Indeed, I feel certain that these pantomimic interludes, as well as the dances indulged in by these shrewd, if unsophisticated, children of nature, would meet with immediate opposition by certain members of the city council if offered for representation on the boards of the London music halls. The Kaffir lives for love and fighting. They are the Alpha and Omega of his existence. Life is full of joy and excitement; death has for him no fear or terror. The piccaninnes hearn the song of love across his mother's shoulder as she croons her impromptu ditties, with her companions working at the mealie tubs. When he can toddle the boy is to be found with his infantile comrades on the sand heaps or in holes, with tiny assagaies, practicing the art of war. Round the dark night fire the songs are chants of adulation to the native representatives of Mars and Venus, and encouragement toward the emulation of their deeds. Joy and humor, with fine flashes of poetry, abound in these gatherings, though the songs are, for the most part, impromptu, sung to the traditional and somewhat limited fund of music.—[London Times.

Big Business in Lilies.

Japanese lilies are now sent out from Yokohama in such large numbers annually as to form an export of considerable importance. According to a note in a recent issue of the Revue Horticole in the three months of July, August and September of last year, no less than 1,192 cases, containing 700,000 bulbs, were exported from Yokohama to the United States and Europe. A large proportion of these bulbs were, no doubt, lilium auratum, which the Japanese grow as a field crop.—[Prairie Farmer.

The American Fool.

Business Man—Very fine bananas these, Spagetti. But what are you so solemn about this morning?

Fruit Vender—I notta able to pay rents. I notta make money. I getta mores poor every day.

Business Man—Oh, that is easily fixed in this country. Organize a Corporation for the Buying and Selling of Fruit. Issue stock, sell it, pay your debts, pocket the rest, then gracefully retire and allow the stockholders to run the corporation.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Thick Skins.

The skin of a whale is from two inches to two feet thick, that of a large specimen weighing thirty tons. The rhinoceros, is the thickest skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of a lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old fashioned musket.—[Chicago Times.

Thousands of people fail because they are afraid to make a beginning.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

Dobbins's Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly pure*. Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it *now*.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the bl