SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: Faith Without Works.

TEXT: "Faith without works is dead." Jas. ii., 20.

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith, I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion for the most part is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that we have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast staysails, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsail, mizzentopsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will run in the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountains to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sinks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it nosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lillies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and convoys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other—it is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself, the other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said, "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the light time and set them over in his farm and say nothing about it." The other brother said, "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my own farm in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Genova, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated sirups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that sold for cinnamon and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the Prussian blues from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bone ash and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices, and into the sugars, and into the butter, and into the apothecary drugs. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood, warranted pure, from Boston, was found to have forty-one per cent. of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medicinal drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or bush in Syria. The root of the tree is scraped, an incision is made into the root, and then shoots are placed in this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes.

It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and some merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with cheap material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called the scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in cotton and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs and cotton from the poor consumer, until, the prices going up and up and up, they were after awhile ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church, or a university, or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a lovely job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable vagrants off the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, for ever and ever, amen!"

Ah, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully, and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After a while this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. "Eternal Smash!"

But the practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightingly done, "Oh, that was done by the job!" You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the excursion he whips up the horses, so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the trunch bell to prevent the honest as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck Dinmonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbinery that holds on until you reach the third chapter. Spavined horses by skillful dose of jockeys for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his posts and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground when nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence, and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel the responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent.

And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness, and for happiness, and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper press, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired" or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicating conviviality.

Yes, there is a great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no fare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage get to her home it takes the husband and coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! go. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are engagements of church members who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and sanctified and Christianized. We have resistance of the world, from Elm street, in New York, Bedford street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon street and Madison square and Rittenhouse square and West End and Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn book and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is the most exhausting day in the week, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on our soul, daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention, but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illuminate the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you a few specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of the day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more went during his work on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh, myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carry their religion into their profession: The late Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain. Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation, preaching as an Evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character AI. Monday mornings inviting to a meal in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan, I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge, in the iron business; Moses H. Grinnell, in the shipping business; Peter Cooper, in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, ten minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshiping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the anvil, and the saw, and the drill, and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You know what any one else thinks of you. Napoleon said that the presence of a single man was a kind of martyrdom not without its compensation to the teacher with a sense of the ridiculous.

He was sure to hear and see things calculated to amuse him, and, in his enjoyment of them, could forget many discomforts of his situation.

The writer remembers—indeed he shall never forget it—staying a week at a farmhouse in which the guest-chamber was also a storehouse for the family supplies.

Ten or fifteen bushels of winter apples were piled up under the bed, a barrel of salt pork stood in the corner of the room, and at the foot of the bed was a barrel of sauerkraut. Strings of dried pumpkin, dried apples, red peppers and bunches of seed corn dangled from the joists of the unplastered ceiling overhead. Even the pickle jar, the pan of doughnuts, and the lard can were in this room, which, being large, had in it a bed beside my own.

This bed was occupied by Joe and Tom, two boys about twelve and fourteen years, sons of my host.

"Our men folks have breakfast 'bout 6 o'clock, so's to get off to the timber to their wood-choppin'," said my hostess, as I took my candle and bade her good-night, "but there's no need of you risin' so early; you kin just as well lay an hour longer and take your rest."

I found it not easy to do this, however, since the lady and other members of her family began visiting my room as early as 4:30 in the morning, coming for things needed for the breakfast table.

One elderly member of the family was of an exceedingly cheerful as well as musical temperament. She would begin singing the moment she was out of bed, and she would come into my room, candle in hand, at about 5 in the morning, screeching out in a high, nasal key:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye."

Having secured the pie or ham she had come for, she would go singing into the kitchen where, through the unplastered walls, I could hear the hostess say reprovingly:

"There, Arvilly, I bet you went an' the 'wakened teacher!"

"Well, he ain't got nothin' to do but to go to sleep agin," Arvilly would say cheerfully, and she would go on singing louder than before, until such a thing as sleeping within a quarter of a mile of her would be an impossibility.

We retired about 8 o'clock in the evening, but the performances of Joe and Tom kept me awake as late sometimes as 10 o'clock.

Joe was a gormand. He ate enormously at the table, and, soon after we had gone to bed, the tell-tale voice of Tom would screech out:

"Maw! Joe's got a piece o' pie here in bed!"

His mother, who slep in the adjoining room, would then say:

"You just let that pie alone, Joe!"

A few minutes later Tom would again call out:

"Ma-aw! Joe's into the fried cakes!"

"Joe, you'd better let them fried cakes be!"

There were apples under the boys' bed, as there were under mine, and I sometimes heard the insatiable Joe munching apples at an hour when good boys are asleep. Sometimes when the boys would carry their capers to extreme lengths, the door of our room would suddenly fly open and their mother glide in, in the darkness, for the purpose of "settling them." As my bed was within a foot of the boys' I was often grateful that she did not make any mistake in the darkness and bestow upon me the thumps intended for them.

He Will Not be so Worried Again.

"What makes your hair so gray, Badger?" asked Pry.

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Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

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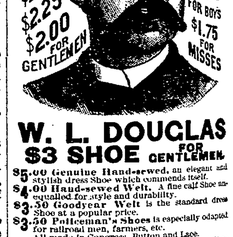

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Ayer's Hair Vigor restores the color of the hair when it is gradually fading from age, and makes the hair grow on bald heads where the glands are not entirely destroyed. It prevents baldness, cures scalp diseases, and is the most elegant hair dressing. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Pills, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Ague Cure.

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A CRAFTY KING.

INSIDE FACTS OF THE DUAL LIFE OF KALAKAUA.

His Great Ambition to Restore the Government of His Fathers in Hawaii—The Famous Board of Genealogy.

The late King David Kalakaua was an *ali'i* or high chief of the Hawaiian islands. His ancestors, once powerful in their own districts, had been completely overshadowed by Kamehameha and his followers, and he inherited little beyond the pride of birth and a capacity for animal enjoyment for which his family had been noted for ages, according to Hawaiian tradition. It never once entered into his head that one day he should be called upon to rule the kingdom created by the genius of Kamehameha, and consolidated by the patriotism and talents of his descendants. If such a dream had ever been presented to Kalakaua's brain it might have modified his character and awakened his ambition at an earlier period. But as it was he simply lived to enjoy life in an undignified way until his own and his wife's patrimony had been dissipated. Even when the tidings of a purchased legislature struck him and he began to rule the kingdom "by the grace of God," his credit did not rapidly improve, and he was driven to a great many ingenious shifts to gratify his appetites and keep up appearances.

To the day of his death, during every vicissitude of chance and fortune, David Kalakaua was a Hawaiian chief, living preferably as close to the old life of his people as was possible under the fierce puritanism of the missionary fathers and their descendants. After ascending the throne he took special pains to appear as refined and patriotic ruler. His foreign travel, which gave him a fair shine of outside polish, was undertaken in pursuance to this end, and to inform himself of the methods of foreign rulers that he might make comforts generally to the surface requirements of his exalted station, while secretly indulging his tastes according to the usages of his fathers.

The ancient Hawaiian chiefs were priests as well as kings. Their will was absolute in all things. They had the power of divination, could read omens and forecast the future far more accurately than was common among professional soothsayers and prophets, for the reason that they had the power of life and death, of war and peace, of misery and prosperity, in their own hands. Often a prophet is able to verify his prediction he has an immense advantage over one who has to take chances on its fulfillment. Hence it happened that the chiefs of olden time, when they sacrificed and read the omens, seldom received a lying message from the gods. The common people stood in awe of them. To cross their shadow was death; touch their sacred persons was death by torture. The life of a kanaka was the most hopeless and miserable slavery. The common people were living under a system of *kapu* or taboo, which rendered existence a daily and nightly terror for fear of its breach. They had no property and no rights, not even the right of existence. Life was at the discretion of a chief who was nearly always crafty, cruel and sensual.

The family from which Kalakaua was descended was noted among the Hawaiians for the possession, in an exaggerated form, of the vices and cruelties of the aristocracy. If Kalakaua inherited these faults, the opportunity was wanting to their exercise. *Kapu* was a thing of the past. Slavery had been abolished. The common people were endowed with rights. Forced service was no longer exacted by the chiefs, and the King, the supreme ruler, was no more sacred than the servant in the eye of the law; while the old gods had been abandoned and a new religion imposed upon the people by the superior intelligence of foreigners who had come to stay.

David Kalakaua secretly surrounded himself with *kahunas*, or prophets, who might hint the traditions of olden times, and established what might be styled a school for prophets. He entered into the study with great earnestness, and became one of the most potent and adept among them. He was specially fascinated by the idea that he was destined to restore the ancient ways, and yet was secretly practicing heathen rites and encouraging debasing superstition, thus posing in the eyes of the world as a civilized ruler and a shining example of the influence of Christianity. He took the Christian sacrament at the altar of the Episcopal Cathedral to the heathen priests in the privacy of the palace. It was said not to be an unusual change of face in the dual life of this remarkable man.

As far as possible *kapu* was enforced, and instances of his power as a *kahuna* were noised abroad the kanakas began to fear him. In this way his influence in religion kind gradually extended. His first public measures to carry out his policy was to establish what he called the Board of Genealogy of Hawaiian Chiefs, presided over by his favorite son-in-law, who was heart and soul in sympathy with him in his reactionary ideas, which he hoped would rid them of foreign influence. The officers of this board were natives, and mostly females, a remarkable fact that the Hawaiian women fell most readily into new ideas and methods.

The Board of Genealogy was supported by public money, but it never accomplished anything noteworthy except a supposed identification of a chief's bones by the squealing of a disturbing pig, which appears to have been a sacred animal of superior influence and held in high esteem by the people, so the superstitious associates of the chief pig figured prominently in the school of divination, and probably contributed to quite as much respect as did the human beings who used it for such a purpose.

The Board of Genealogy was followed by the founding of a monastic order, called the Kilo-Kilo Society, of which Kalakaua was the sacred chief. This society was the outcome of his own brain, aided by an old adventurer from the coast, whose occupation of peddling lottery tickets had been rendered unprofitable by police vigilance in San Francisco, and who pretended to have discovered in the statutes of Kilo-Kilo in ancient Hebrew records, several million years before the flood, if not, indeed, prior to the creation itself. Night after night Joseph Rosenberg read and translated this apocryphyal Hebrew lore to Kalakaua, and day after day Joseph became slecker and happier, while his royal dupe threw off all disguise and prepared to play the role of the Emperor Julian on a small scale. In other words, he thought the time had come when he could restore the ancient customs if not the ancient worship of his race.

The Kilo-Kilo was organized and incorporated as a benevolent society. Officers were appointed and members enrolled, and for several weeks the palace was the scene of nightly orgies, while the flag or symbol of the order was flying from the tower. Kalakaua had prepared a treatise showing its antiquity as practiced by Hawaiian chiefs about 97,000 years before the Christian era. These proceedings were soon known throughout the islands. An uneasy feeling disturbed the foreigners, while a spirit of unrest and expectation of some great change took possession of the natives. The *hula* was revived. Feasting and dissipation, music and dancing went on without ceasing within the palace, the gates of which were closed to foreigners leopholed and fortified and guarded by soldiers.

The death of the King's sister, Princess Likelike, about this time, added to the feeling of exasperation with which the foreigners in Honolulu viewed these proceedings, because it was notorious that she indignantly refused to join or countenance the Kilo-Kilo, and expressed her preference for her foreign friends and entire sympathy with Christian teaching and doctrine. Her death was attributed to the *kahunas*, who intimated that one of the royal family must die to propitiate Pele and stop the lava flow from Mauna Loa. She died, rumor had it, as the sacrifice to Pele, and the lava flow stopped. Certain it is that her death was at once a shock and surprise, and had its influence upon the revolutionary movement, which shortly after abolished the Board of Genealogy, trampled upon the Kilo-Kilo, whipped Kalakaua into constitutional traces and destroyed forever his ambition to restore the ancient faith, customs and traditions of the Hawaiian race.

That such an idea should have been seriously entertained by any man in Hawaii at the present day would have been remarkable enough; but that a man of Kalakaua's education, intelligence and experience should have acted upon it in the latter years of his life, and at the very pinnacle of success, is one of these anomalies which cannot be explained or understood.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Sharks of Galveston.

"The people of Galveston hate sharks more than poison, and you would think so, too, if you saw the numerous logs of wood bobbing up and down in the bay there," said Hubert E. James, a hardware merchant from the Texas metropolis, at the Palmer House yesterday. "The sharks in the bay of Galveston are about three feet long," continued Mr. James, "and spoils the good fishing, or what would be good fishing, by eating or scaring to death about all the fish in the bay. This so provokes the fishermen that they go out in parties and catch all the sharks they can. They never kill one immediately, but bore a hole through the upper fin of each one and with a piece of rope about three feet long tie Mr. Shark to a log of wood heavy enough to keep him from going far from the surface of the water.

The unwelcome occupant of the bay is kept a prisoner until he becomes so hungry he turns his stomach skyward. The fish in that way is tortured to death, and it is hoped the others members of the tribe will take warning and give the Bay of Galveston a wide berth. No, the Humane Society doesn't disturb itself about the slow death that is dealt out to the sharks. Everybody takes part in the good work. I have seen at one time as many as forty logs being dragged around by the captives. Some of the bobbers were tearing over the bay at a terrific rate, while others would scarcely move, so near death were they. As soon as a shark dies the corpse is relieved of its log and rope, which are used to torture another intruder.—Chicago Tribune.

French Temple of Labor.

The new Temple of Labor that is being erected by the trades unions of France in Paris, France, is to be a massive white stone building containing 145 offices and two large assembly halls. The offices will be used as employment agencies, by the various trades and will also be headquarters for all union workmen. A central office, where matters of general interest to the toilers will be transacted, is one of the prominent features of the building. A sort of central trade council will meet there weekly and will take charge of any trouble that grows too large for the trade affected.—Knights of Labor Journal.

A CABLEGRAM of over 1,300 words, which passed through New York City from Lima to London, one night recently, over the lines of the Western Union Company, cost a pretty penny to transmit, the rate being over $2 a word. This would represent an outlay of over $2,600, and is probably the largest toll paid by an individual or company outside of newspaper corporations.

He Never Knew.

Death recently removed from the ranks as versatile and enterprising a news gatherer as ever lived. The only reason for withholding his name is that giving it might possibly wound the feelings of his young widow, who was deeply attached to him in life and tenderly reverses his memory. He was stricken down with pneumonia, and after a lingering illness on the death bed the doctors gave him up and told him he would have but a few hours at most to live. He took the announcement as coolly as though it might have been an assignment to "do" a swell wedding for his paper, and, without the assistance of a lawyer, made his will, devising all his property to his dearly beloved wife, adding regretfully, that he was sorry it was not more. A priest was sent for and the divine unction was granted. The priest departed and the dying man and his weeping wife were left alone. Turning to her with a smile on his dying features, he beckoned her to come closer that he might whisper a few words. She knelt sobbing by his couch.

"Marie," he whispered. "I have always been a good husband to you, have I not?"

"Indeed you have been the best of husbands, darling."

"You have always enjoyed my confidence, shared my good fortune and bad alike."

"Yes, my poor boy."

"And you will be sorry when I have crossed over."

"Oh, my dear, dear darling, you know I love you better than my own self!" she sobbed convulsively.

"Well, dearest, I wish to make one dying request; will you grant it, dear?"

"Indeed I will, anything you ask, dearest."

"Honestly and truthfully?"

"Yes, my own one," twining her arms round his weak form. "Anything, speak quick! What is it?" A contented look came into the eyes of the now dying man, and gathering his little remaining strength for a last effort, he whispered:

"Marie, my wife, tell me truly, how—old—are—you?" And before the answer came he was too far away to hear it.—*New York Sun.*

Do You Ever Speculate?

Any person sending us their name and address will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Six millions of dead letters are annually torn and sold as old paper in Washington.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. first Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars.

The first complete sewing machine was patened by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as full confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 275 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

On the dried skins of serpents were once written the Iliad and Odyssey.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 10 cts. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The total public debt is $945,595,045.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas. Free Guide Book. Free Maps. Free Advice. Address, Missouri, Kansas & Texas Land Bureau, Sedalia, Mo.

Muffs were in use before the year 1700.

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.

One thousand laths require about eleven pounds of nails.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adler & Co., 522 Wyandotte st., Kansas City, Mo.

One-seventh of the land owners in Great Britain are women.

Fruits and Trees! Points for Tree Planters
This entire book is ably written and gives trusty information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind. Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Mexico will soon adopt the metric system of weights and measures.

TOURISTS,
whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c. and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Cause of Rheumatism
An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rhe