SUNDAYS SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE' STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Queen Abuilged."

TEXT: "Of Sheba great abundance, neither was there any such Spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."—II Chronicles, ix., 9.

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the Princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of these shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between twelve lions in statuary, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the brown beast turned toward the people. The family and attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the place have to provide every day one hundred sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of four thousand fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials, who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a friend at daybreak; and when in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue was eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chatted in the trees and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he had made and solved, and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles which she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things to King Solomon a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread it. Back diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond.

The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth, and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be cute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew that they were they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said, "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder she comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Hail!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grinds the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's store-houses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what any text announces, "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dish of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon! What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life and the humdrum out of our religion. The American and English church will die of humdrum unless there be a change.

An editor from San Francisco a few weeks ago wrote me saying he was getting up for his paper a symposium from many clergymen, discussing among other things, "Why do not people go to church?" and he wanted my opinion, and I gave it in one sentence, "People do not go to church because they cannot stand the humdrum." The fact is that most people have so much humdrum in their worldly calling that they do not want to have added the humdrum of religion. We need in all our sermons and exhortations and songs and prayers more of what Queen Balkis brought to Solomon—namely, more spice.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and inane and intolerable. Here are men who have been bartering and negotiating, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great long drudgery has their life been. Their face wrinkled, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that disposition, and to stimulate into life that man's spirits? The spice of war, holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there flashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if amid the betrayals of life there came the glow of that undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found himself seeing spiritual things to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend her precious part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, in stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages and wear and tear, and in washing and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until their hair rivers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles travel to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes in the dwelling, then how cheery becomes all womanly duties. She is never alone now, Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus.

All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman! having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalm in a minor key, and cultivating melancholy and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer world's on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our hearts and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncracies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk about lumbago, but in plain vernacular preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free.

In other words, we want more cinnamon and less grisble. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us! Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we preach. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and clothes you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Let they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba, also send in the spices.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle; take it, you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass viols, or cornets. I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath schools it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, in most churches nine-tenths of the people do not sing, or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of Our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation sings for itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference, it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound. German churches in German cathedrals turpass us, and yet German music is nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acolnim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long drawn out music is appropriate for the drawing room and appropriate for the concert, but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, that I may, with the help of Christ's grace, sing fifty thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument they can laugh at, a sermon they can talk down, but a song of triumph is one which shakes irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice laden dromedaries into our church music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Now, I want to impress this audience with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were malodor; I have been appalled at its advance. I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake your have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain.

Why did you look so sad to-day when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heartbreak, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said, "Oh, how sweet to lay limps would be the dust of the valley," and wish you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there." I see all around about me widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow and been disappointed in no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A widowed mother with her little child went West, hoping to get better wages there, and she was taken sick and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bareheaded, crying, "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it rattled the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Across the couches of your sick and across the graves of your dead I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is grace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you. Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm and happy, and even when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said, "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve he arose and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good night. Good night."

Oh, you sin parched and you trouble pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls are of marble, inlaid with carnelian from Bagdad, and turquois from Thibet, and jasper from the Punjaub, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones. A traveler says that it seems to him like the shining of an enchanted castle of elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle; take it, you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeurs which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit. Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the hallelujahs of the ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma that brings utter forgetfulness the cassia, and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world renowned spices which the Queen Balkis, of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the south will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here! May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spices, neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2.—The new tariff law relating to the abolition of special taxes on tobacco went into effect yesterday.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A NOVEL scene was presented on a recent afternoon in front of a house in Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, when the body of Mrs. Bridget Rafferty, in a coffin six feet long, three feet wide and two feet deep, was lowered from the third-story front window to the ground before being taken to a cemetery for burial. The house is a brick tenement, and Mrs. Rafferty died on the top floor. She was of great size, and her friends claimed that she weighed 520 pounds, although the figure is said to be grossly exaggerated. Instead of taking the body downstairs and placing it in the coffin there, the coffin was taken to the room and it was then found to be impossible to carry it down in the ordinary way, as the doorways were too narrow, unless it were placed on the side. The problem was solved by calling in a firm of scaffold builders, who rigged a couple of stout poles on the roof, anchored them to a derrick in the back yard, and slung a block and fall in position, with a rope an inch and a half in diameter over the pulley wheel. After the funeral services had been conducted the sashes of a front window were removed, and the coffin was placed in a sling and attached to the pulley-rope. The signal to haul away was given to the men below and a dozen hands grasped the rope. The coffin was drawn up until it swung clear of the window sill, and was then gradually lowered to the sidewalk and placed on a couple of carpenters' horses. The spectators watched the descent with breathless interest and silent contemplation of the awful catastrophe which might occur if the ropes should break or slip with their burden. The coffin was then properly hearsed and taken to the cemetery, where the grave had to be enlarged before the burial could be completed. Mrs. Rafferty was thirty-two years old and the wife of Patrick Rafferty, a laborer. She died from the "grip" and left seven children. Her father was a tall, slim man, but her four brothers and sisters are all stout.

EVERYBODY in Sellersburg, a village on the Indiana side of the Ohio, has been talking about Elias Bold, who gave a remarkable exhibition of strength the other day, just at the time when strength was needed. He is six feet two inches tall, and built in proportion. He was crossing a field near Sellersburg, in the outskirts of Sellersburg, when Jonas Barclay's bull made a dash at him. The bull had a reputation for ferocity, and Bold knew it. As the fence was far away Bold did not run, but faced the bull. The animal rushed at him, froth flecked foam dripping from its mouth. When the bull lowered its head to toss him Bold seized the horns, and, putting forth all his great strength, held the bull fast. For a moment Bold was puzzled. He could not hold the bull there all day, but if he let go the horns the animal would toss him. Then, still holding to the horns, he turned and leaped upon the animal's back, and, giving him a few vigorous kicks in the side, started him off on a run. The bull tried to throw Bold, but he was a good horseman, as well as a strong man, and he raced the bull around the field until all the spirit was out of him. Then he galloped him up to Barclay's barn, where Barclay and his two hired men received them and declared that Bold was the only man who had ever gotten the better of that bull.

THE St. Louis Globe Democrat tells about a cranky invention of a Western man who thought horses were worked too hard. It was a carriage that ran on four very high wheels. The driver sat in front and the passengers on each side like those on an Irish jaunting car. The horse was underneath the affair, and wiggled along with only his head sticking out like a turtle's. The beauty of the arrangement was a tour foot belly-band that went underneath the horse, and when the concern started down hill the driver turned a crank and lifted the horse off the ground, and the whole business, horse and all, rolled on together till a level road was reached, when the crank was again turned, the horse lowered and his feet reached the ground, when business was resumed in the old way. The advantage of the invention was that it enabled the horse to ride down hill; the disadvantage was that it could not foresee and follow the windings of a road. There is no knowing how much might come of it, though had it not happened that the machine ran off the track one day when going down a winding hill, an into a gulch, killed the horse, smashed the whole contrivance to pieces, and hurt the man so badly that when he got well he declined to undertake the construction of another.

BOB LOCKHART dropped in to renew his subscription, says the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal. "I have something in my inside pocket which I want to show you," he said, and after searching for a few seconds Bob produced the half of a large round leaden ball. "I was sawing up a fat lightwood log, and you will see where the saw passed through the centre of the bullet. Well, I got to thinking afterwards how old this bullet must be. The log was fat heart pine two feet thick. Evidently the bullet was shot into the tree when small, or else it could not have placed in the centre, and the tree was probably 100 years old when it fell to the ground. I reckon, then, there 100 years of rebellion. I know fat pine never decays. I am satisfied that old man Ponce de Leon, on his tour through this country, must have fired a fancy shot at a skulking savage, and plugged the tree instead of the Indian.

PERHAPS the oldest chestnuts to be found anywhere for the country are at J. W. Reece's, at his home near Holly Springs, Ga. In the fall of 1839, H. C. Hughes, then living near where Holly Springs is now located, gathered a lot of chestnuts, as he was accustomed to do every year. Some of those he put in a small pouch or sack and laid away. When the war began he shouldered his musket and went to battle but unfortunately never returned, having been mortally wounded on the battlefield. His sister, Mrs. J. W. Reece, gathered his things up and put them away, and among them was this little sack of chestnuts, which were showed us last Friday by Mr. Reece and J. S. Wood. The chestnuts are as sound as they ever were. There are no worm holes in them, and they are not shriveled up more than any you may now buy that were gathered last fall.

A BIG flock of wild geese went over Bristol, Conn., the other day, flying low and as they drove on just above the roof tree of a house at the end of the village street, latent ambition in the bosom of a tame goose belonging to the owner of the house asserted itself. The tame goose uttered a loud squawk, spread his wings, and away he went with the wild ones, the end goose in the tail of the long leg of the winged wedge. On the flock swept northward, and the Bristol domestic goose kept up his end very well for a mile and a half; then his strength failed, and, with a second squawk, he dropped to the ground near the house of a farmer. He turned around three times, got his bearings, and paddled slowly home on foot. His owner thinks the goose's soul too expansive for the barnyard walk, and has clipped the bird's wings.

A CURIOUS story is told by a South Dakota farmer. During the severe storm of February 7 and 8 he lost two turkey hens. He had long since given up looking for them and he thought he would find them dead when the snow went away this spring. The snow had drifted high at one end of his barn. One day the farmer, when running over the drift, broke through and fell into a hole, when, behold, there were the turkeys. One of them was alive and as frisky as a kitten; the other had evidently been dead a few hours. They had lived on snow for six weeks. The turkeys were fat when they were imprisoned, but very poor when found. The live hen is enjoying life again, but, on being liberated from its strange prison, was afraid of everything and would run away from any live animal.

AMBER necklaces are coming into vogue as a remedy for the grip. Of course, they are not displayed conspicuously, but are worn low on the neck, out of sight. The friction of the beads is supposed to engender a sort of electricity which is said to be fatal to germs. Some doctors smile when their patients suggest the use of the beads. Hundreds of children wear them as a remedy for croup. A dealer in meerschaum and amber in Broadway said the other day that he had given a necklace to Henry Ward Beecher to cure him of hay fever, from which he had suffered for many years. Mr. Beecher wore the necklace, and the next time he saw the dealer, he thanked him warmly for the gift, saying it had done him lots of good.

"DIAMONDS are smuggled into this country by a good many strange devices," remarked a New York Customs official the other day. "Not long ago, I examined the baggage of a newly arrived tourist and found in it a beautiful set of silver mounted brushes. Curiosity prompted me to lift one. I heard something rattle and investigated, with the result that I found over $2,000 worth of stones concealed in the backs of these brushes. Another individual had the heels of his boots hollowed out and fitted with a drawer which he filled with diamonds. One day one of the heels came off and disclosed the hiding place of a number of valuable jewels."

A BACHELOR tradesman who has just died in Hamburg adopted a novel method of revenging himself on the woman who once jilted him. In his will he left her a legacy of 8,000 marks, and indited the following letter, which he ordered to be handed to the lady, who is now a widow, with the money: "Madam—Some thirty years ago I was a suitor for your hand in marriage. You refused my offer, and as a consequence my days have been passed in peace and quietness. Now I require your goodness."

MISS MATTIE STOREY, of Greensboro, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a bird's nest. It is the nest of an ordinary hen sparrow, and is woven of hair and grass. The peculiarity of the nest is that in one end is a second nest, perfectly formed, though very small. The supposition is that this smaller nest was designed as a receptacle for food upon which the young sparrows were raised. It is certainly a curiosity, and its exhibition has created considerable comment.

TAKING a census in India always arouses the popular superstition and dread of unknown evils. After the last census of the Bhils their chiefs insisted on a new Imperial obligation that "in future no Bhil woman should ever be weighed," they fearing that the plimpest and heaviest women, the national beauties, were being checked off for appropriation by the census takers.

AMONG the queerest of post-mortem gifts were the silver vials which the late Dr. Charles F. Heuser, an eccentric Baltimore physician, arranged to have placed in the coffins of his friends after they had been filled with tears from his cremated body.

FRANKLIN, Ga., boasts of a man that had been in one family for twenty-five years. When its mistress died it piled away and refused to eat, literally starving itself to death.

Indianapolis, Ind., recently held a merchants' carnival.

Good Blood
Is absolutely
Essential to
Good Health
You may have
Both by taking
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
The best
Blood Purifier.
It possesses
Curative Power
Peculiar
To Itself

DR. TOBIAS
VENETIAN
LINIMENT
UNEXCELLED!
APPLIED EXTERNALLY
FOR
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back or Chest, Mumps, Sore Throat, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, Stings of Insects, Mosquito Bites.
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Warranted perfectly harmless. (See each accompanying each bottle, also Directions for use.) Its SOOTHING and PENETRATING qualities are felt immediately. Try it and be convinced.
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acute or leading to
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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
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THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

The Greatest Fishing Place in the World—A Fishing Fleet.

Two distinct kinds of fishery operations are, or until recent years have been, conducted from St. John's and from St. Pierre. One is the bank fishery, the other the shore fishery. Their names describe their character.

The Newfoundland banks are submarine plateaus distant less than a hundred miles from the island. The largest of them, the Grand Bank, an immense rocky elevation, extends over nine degrees of latitude and five of longitude. The depth of the water about it is from 50 to 360 feet. Here the lordliest of the lordly cod reside, and here the fishing fleets of the United States, Newfoundland, France, and Canada ply their perilous trade. At the present day the bank fishery alone can be depended on. Formerly the waters all along the American coast from Massachusetts to Labrador were prolific of cod and herring. But reckless and wasteful methods of fishing—the seine, the cod net, the cod trap, and the bultow—have gradually depleted the shore fisheries until they now supply but a precarious living to those who still engage in them. They are not yet wholly abandoned except by the French and Americans. The fishermen of these nations, being compelled to go a long distance to find a fishing-ground, whether on the banks or along the coasts, and therefore to fit out for a deep-sea voyage anyhow, naturally go where the fish are best and most plentiful. But those Canadians and Newfoundlanders who live along the harbors and coasts still frequented by the fish not unusually make good catches. They have the advantage of not being required to furnish themselves with large vessels. A stanch skiff is all they need, so that, although at best their fisheries are poor and incomparable with those they once enjoyed, there is still a measure of profit in the business.

There is an essential difference between the craft employed on the banks and those used by the shore fishermen. A "banker" of the American type is by far the stanchest and swiftest of the entire fishing fleet. A spectacle more picturesque than is presented by this queenly creature, with her long low black hull and her vast reaches of snowy wing, standing in waters here blue in the shadow of the rocky cliff, there iridescent in the sunlight, and yonder, where the fleecy clouds are passing, empurpled, soft, and rich, would be hard indeed to find. Not the seas alone, with their boisterous winds and their conflicting currents, but the land, bold, rocky, often weird, and always majestic, seems to be the natural home of a free, brave-hearted people. The cliffs that rise sharply from the sea on either side of the harbor channel at St. John's are examples of the coast. Everywhere these monster rocks are found standing over against each other with grim, hard fronts, like giants in a moment's rest from battle. The banking fleet seem to be their fit companions. They suggest the same dauntless spirit, the same inherent power. All things that float look feeble on the brow of a dashing sea, but if there is a craft that literally makes sport of the waves—not gentle caressing waves, but mighty billows that tear along in nervous ferocity—it is one of these stiff, saucy bankers.

Very different is the fleet that may any time be seen in the shelter of Petty Harbor. As an illustration of life in an outport, every scene in Petty Harbor is typical. The village is far enough from St. John's to possess an independent fleet of its own, and near enough to a profitable shore fishery to insure employment and profit to all its people. The boats, mostly sloop-rigged, light but well built, at nightfall fill the harbor, moored close by the flakes on which the fish are drying. Before daybreak the bows are turned seaward, and, like horses in a steeple-chase, off they dash through the inlet, a dozen abreast, often with no more than the room of a salted herring from rail to rail between them. —(Harper's Weekly.

The 64-65 Mystery.

The following curious puzzle beats the celebrated "13-14-15" enigma of a few years ago, and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of cardboard or paper thirteen inches long and five wide, thus giving a surface of sixty-five inches. Now cut this strip diagonally, as true as you can, the result being two pieces in shape of triangles. Now measure exactly five inches from the larger end of each strip, and cut each in two pieces. Take your four pieces and put them in the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches—a loss of one inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, "What becomes of that inch?"—St. Louis Republic.

Splendid Effect of Oil.

The hydrographic office at Washington has received a letter from Captain Ellis, of the British steamship Bidar, dated Philadelphia, in which he reports that while on his way to that city from London, recently, he encountered a very heavy gale and it became necessary to use oil in large quantities to calm the storm. Clothes bags filled with oil were placed over each bow, and the basins of the forward closets were also filled with oil after being well stuffed with oakum. The seas came in great force to within a quarter of a ship's length and then carried under the film of the oil and approached the vessel in a gentle swell. Fish oil was used, and Captain Ellis says that the result which showed the efficacy of oil in such contingencies was simply wonderful.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Bug and the Elephant.
A Bug went to the Lion, who had been made King of a certain district, and with a great show of indignation and outraged innocence demanded that the Elephant be summoned to stand trial. When the Behemoth was brought before the Tribunal the Bug said:
"O King, I charge the Elephant with obstinately standing in such a Position as to exclude my sunlight, and I pray that he be punished."
"How is this?" asked the King of the Elephant.
"I am very sorry, O Sovereign, but it was at the end of the Path and I could go no further."
"But I ordered him to go backwards," protested the Bug.
"A Tree had fallen, O Sovereign, and I was temporarily shut in," answered the Elephant.
"But I ordered you to remove the Tree!" insisted the Bug.
"At what hour of the day was this?" asked the King.
"At high noon, Most Worthy," replied the Bug.
"And it was a hot day?"
"One hundred and two degrees in the shade, O King."
"And the Elephant stood between you and the Fierce Sun?"
"He did, O High and Noble, and he paid no attention to my protestations."
"I see. My Decision is that the Elephant should have Respected your Rights, but did not, and he is Sentenced to pay a Fine of ten cash."
"Good! That's Bully Old Justice and no Discount!" chuckled the Bug.
"And on the other hand," continued the King, "I find that the Elephant was Magnanimous Enough to stand between you and a Sun which Might have Prostrated you if not caused your Demise, and my Decision is that you pay him twenty cash for his Praiseworthy Action. Call the next case on the Docket!"
MORAL:
Elephants have rights as well as Bugs.
—Detroit Free Press.

Self-Defense.
The following suggestive little dialogue appears in the Home Companion. A touch of surprise tends to fix the attention, and so to assist the memory.
"Do you think it could be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defense?" a religiously inclined young man inquired of his pastor.
"Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."
"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"
"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."
"Solomon's system?"
"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I have ever heard."

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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Should Have It in The House.
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