SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Invitation to a Wedding."

TEXT, "*Come, for all things are now ready.*" Luke xiv., 17.

Holy festivities to-day. We gather other shows into this spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of Heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of our Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's Son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest.

The doors of the great banqueting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Fourteen hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands and torches and the thunders of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy and from excitement to excitement and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the king of England, and then to the health of the emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood, and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come, come, for all things are nowready."

Illustrating my text I go on, and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered, bowing and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, witting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the pierced side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting!

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say, "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out." No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled his brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill, and mountain hunger, and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry. I gather up all the pangs that shot from nerve and spike and spear into one groan. I take one drop of sweat on his brow, and I put it under the glass of the powerful microscope, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you, and he says to me, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

And there is one word of five letters that I would like to write, but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in overflowing morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, J-E-S-U-S, Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long he waited for me! How long he has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the mease smoking, and the tankers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Can you not give me some comparison intense enough, imperitinate enough, nigh as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say he is waiting as only an all sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse, "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible dissipations? It was that one verse, "But ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Christ? It was the one passage, "Now unto him be glory forever and ever."

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I preach it in my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the gospel by reading of the Syro-Phoenician's cry to Christ, where he said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and, weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that some of the most convincent sermons brought men to Christ at the last were those spoken by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of a Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to my heart.

Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, He's here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say, "No one cares for my soul. We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer, and you say, 'That man is indifferent.' That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton street prayer meeting. Prayer night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute or an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The church is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it, "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament, bring the silver bowl for his baptism, give him full right to all the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ."

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all! All! All! But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels in Heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus's soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay 185,000 of Sennacherib's troops?

Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds. All this communication by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come on sulphurous wings and they shackle him, and try to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a giffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a host of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to Heaven, and when they gather like them I suppose the air is full them. They hover. They flit about. To push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice.

Look! There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air, "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born of perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitfield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Brooklyn bridge and settle the leaves, they had better stay home in glory. But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in heaven are in sympathy with our redemption.

Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say, "I am done with the sins of this world. Rise upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever." Why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with the message for thy soul would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poising in midair would echo and re-echo, "He is coming!" all along the line of light from door way to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward and reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with the emphasis of my soul the question, "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the king's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arm stretched out, soaked with blood from elbow to finger tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while he says, "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? Come, all the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not till thy heart gets hard. Come, lest forever away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, to-day, and get his pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to him this day. He will wash away thy sin, and he will throw around thee the robe of his pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee.

And the one farther off, farther off than I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned, self-righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servants at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come—Come to the feast. Come, repent of thy sin. Come, take Christ for thy portion.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cluff reaching farther and farther over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which your are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the king has his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now it is three-fourths shut. Now, it is just ajar. After awhile it will be forever shut!

Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassions spares?
While in the endless round of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

A CINCINNATI chemist took a pound of ice gathered on a pond where the ice-cutters were at work to lay in a stock for families, and dissolved it to show that it contained enough germs of typhoid fever to pull down the strongest man in the State. The cutters didn't stop, however, and the ice will come out this summer warranted strictly pure.

QUEER REMEDIES.

SOME CURIOUS MEDICINES USED BY THE CHINESE.

Snow Water for a Vermifuge—Tigers Bones for Ages—Fossil Cows and Ivory—Gold-Leaf for Suicide.

Queerest of all medical systems is that of the Chinese. The pharmacopoia of that strange oriental people seems to contain every imaginable curiosity, vegetable, animal and mineral. With many of the remedies included in it interesting and remarkable legends are associated. For example, rain at particular seasons of the year is believed in that country to have medicinal properties. That which falls on the fifth day of the fifth month, when the dagon-boat festival occurs, is called "Holy-water," and is used for a sedative. Rain water falling during the night is deemed excellent for worms. If rain water be collected in the spring and drunk out of one cup by man and wife they will have many children. Storm water is good for fevers, snow water is a vermifuge and hail water is inclined to be poisonous.

Bats, very common in China, are believed to convey their extreme longevity and exceptional sight to those persons who consume the disgusting preparations made from various parts of their bodies. A favorite tonic is a reddish glue, known commercially as "asses' glue," though it is in reality obtained by boiling down the water of a celebrated well, which contains a gelatinous principle.

If a prescription for arsenic kills the patient both the seller of the drug and the buyer are decapitated. Chinese firecrackers containing a portion of sublimate of arsenic are said to be louder. A considerable portion of arsenic is contained in an alloy of copper, of which much of the women's jewelry is made, and a favorite mode of committing suicide adopted by females in China is to swallow their head ornaments. The horns of a kind of deer which is said to hang itself up in trees by its horns at night are recommended for apoplexy. There is a plant called the "san-tsih," the root of which is believed by soldiers to promote bravery, and its reputation is so great among them that it sells for three dollars an ounce. Amber is given as a nervine, pieces containing insects being held at a high value.

A certain perennial water plant is said to cure dropsy and to confer the power of walking upon water. One kind of fungus resembling the truffle is thought to have the power both to destroy worms and to cast out devils. Licorice root is deemed to have the property of renewing youth. Ink is recommended as a diuretic and gunpowder is put down as a vermifuge. Round concretions of iron peroxide are used in powder for fevers. A legend connects them with the great god Yu, and they are alleged to be crumbs from his table.

The cow is recommended in the Chinese pharmacopœia in the shape of beef tea. This animal has a distinct name for each year of its growth up to the seventh. It is said to be dear in its ears, but to hear in its nose. Bones of the tiger, which is accounted the king of beasts, are highly valued for ague and general debility. In fact every part of the animal is catalogued as having medicinal properties. Facts known about it are that its victims become devils after being digested, but the flesh of a dog makes the creature intoxicated. Bad smells, such as burnt horn, scare it away, and the hedgehog can get the better of it. The tiger turns gray at the close of the first five hundred years of its life.

Benzoin is supposed to be good for stomach-ache. It is much adulterated, but there is a sure test. If real its fumes will charm rats out of their holes. Wheaten bread is much prescribed for various complaints, and bread pills are an old remedy with Chinese doctors.

Cinnabar, an ore of mercury, is placed at the head of all minerals and metals, being capable of transforming itself, in equal periods of two hundred years, into each of the five principal metals successively, finally becoming gold. Worn in bags by children it warns off wicked spirits and St. Vitus' dance. Verdigris from old copper coins is thought first-rate for skin troubles. For cosmetic powders used by the women of the Flowery Kingdom the shells of various mollusks are scraped, burned and refined, scenting ingredients being added. Fossil crabs, powdered, are used to neutralize all kinds of poisons. Pieces of fossil ivory are also sold in stamped packages, to be prepared and given in cases of fever. Ambergris is declared excellent for its healing properties; it is coughed up by dragons. Fossil teeth of extinct mastodons are of great service for their action on the liver.

A fungus which grows out of a caterpillar as a disease of the insect and transforms it into a plant is good for jaundice. Extract of dandelion renews the youth, hair and teeth of old men. Plasters of elephant's hide are sold for wounds that heal with difficulty. There is an injurious fungus that is said to cause irrepressible laughter, the patient who has eaten of it being unable to restrain the cachinatory muscles.

Gold leaf is much used, by swallowing, for suicidal purposes, the metal producing irritation and death; solid gold is employed similarly. A hot needle is thrust into the gums to relieve toothache. The most common and convenient poison used in China is opium, a drug always at hand. Mandarins of high rank usually wear on their persons a small bead filled with what is called peacock's blood. This they are said to take when they desire to destroy themselves suddenly. Every part of the pig is believed to have some special medicinal property. Dried scorpions are very much employed in the treatment of very many diseases, and seed pearls likewise. Water snakes, the celestials claim, in the forefront of all medicinal agents. It is the first of the sixteen great classes of all known substances and is divided into the heavenly and the terrestial descriptions; of the former there are thirteen sorts and of the latter thirty. The hydropathic system is very ancient in that country. Water in which the "five precious metals"—gold, silver, copper, iron and tin—have been boiled is a popular remedy for domestic emergencies, such as faintness and accidents of any kind. Personal ornaments and a medley of articles generally make up the required combination of materials.

There is a certain kind of anteater, about two feet long, whose body is covered with immovable scales. It lives on insects by catching them upon its tongue, but sometimes it lies down as if dead, and as the flies collect upon its body it closes its scales suddenly upon them and entering the water floats upon the prey which floats drowned to the surface. The triangular scales of this animal were formerly prescribed for every imaginable disease, but their principal use at present is to scratch itching surfaces, for which purpose they are fixed upon a length of bamboo as a kind of currycomb.—[Washington Star.

SILVER IN BOGUS MONEY.

A Clever Scheme of Counterfeiters for Defrauding Uncle Sam.

"There are thousands of dollars in counterfeit money in circulation throughout New York city," said a member of the United States Secret Service. "I do not refer solely to what is commonly called 'green goods' although it is put in circulation by men who have dealt in that sort of stuff. The activity of the police and the heavy penalties imposed by the courts have made the counterfeiters tired of lead dollars, quarters and dimes, yet there are still a number of these in circulation, and probably always will be.

"What I refer to in particular," he continued, "is the manufacture of bogus money from good silver. You know there only 61 cents worth of metal in a silver dollar, and an expert counterfeiter, with his dies and ready facilities for coining, can make a dollar out of genuine silver just as easily as from lead. You can readily see how a dollar made from genuine silver would defy detection, excepting by those who are more than ordinarily expert. The coin will pass every time in the same place of business, and in nine out of ten banks—unless the teller is watching for it. As a matter of fact I have been puzzled myself to distinguish one of these counterfeits from a similar coin made in the United States Mint.

"Well, the cost of one of these bogus dollars to the manufacturer is about 75 cents—61 cents for the metal and about 14 cents for labor and the few other ingredients used—so that they make a clean profit of 25 cents on the dollar. The counterfeiter who has a die—and they are easy to make if one only knows how—can live like a prince on the money of his own manufacture without having to rely on outside parties to dispose of his wares for him. He can easily pay his living expenses in silver.

"But none of the men engaged in this business are satisfied to confine their operations to such a limited scale. Like men engaged in more legitimate enterprises, they want to make as much money as possible, so they resort to the methods of the regular 'green goods' operator for disposing of their stuff. The goods are sold usually at 8½ cents on the dollar, which gives the manufacturer and the go-between a profit of 12½ cents each.

"There is not, you see, a very large profit on a single coin, but the gain is much larger in the long run than on lead coins. If it wasn't for the comparative safety in the business no one would bother with it. That it is safe is illustrated by the fact that no one has even yet been caught either in manufacturing or disposing of bogus silver money. Another fact to be taken into consideration, however, is that there are probably not more than two or three people throughout the country that are engaged in the business.

"It is not often that the Secret Service is confronted with a problem that is impossible to solve, but this appears to be one of them."—[New York Recorder.

An Alarm Compass.

A resident of West Medford, Mass., has recently patented a very ingenious and useful device for warning the Captain of a ship if his vessel deviates from her course. It is apparently a compass of the usual form. The compass card carries a light wire electrically connected with a metallic cup at the center containing a few drops of mercury. This wire is bent over the edge of the compass, and as long as the ship maintains its course the wire remains out of contact with either of two metallic stops placed at a certain angular distance on either side of the bent end of the wire. These stops are set into holes in the periphery of the compass, and may be adjusted to any desired circumferential position to correspond with the position of the compass needle when the vessel is following the designed course. Into the mercury dips the tip of a wire secured to a binding post which leads to a battery, including in its circuit an electric bell, the binding post being insulated from the rim of the compass, and the return wire from the bell being secured to the rim. Thus, when the vessel deviates from its course to any determinate extent, the wire fixed to the card is brought into contact with one or the other of the stops, closing the circuit and ringing the bell. Thus the captain is notified. If the Galena on her recent disastrous trip to Gay Head had been connected in this way with the Nina's compass card, the unfortunate error in Captain Smith's steering would not have occurred and the Republican workmen in the Kiltsey navy yard would have got their $100,000 prize after all.—[Pioneer.

THE PIGEON.

Peculiarities of a Bird that is Used for Food and Ornamental.

On many farms pigeons abound and are considered both useful and ornamental, although there are some farmers who dislike them exceedingly and will not allow them upon their premises. Pigeons are a never-failing source of pleasure to children, for whom farm life should be made as attractive as possible, while many a thrifty farmer sees in them useful allies in disposing of weed seeds and insects. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must be at the beginning of each run—must "ship articles" as it is called—before a board of Trade shipping-master. As the crew has always regarded Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid on these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of Admiralty" by a paternal government. Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and asserts his rights at times with a good deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flutter onboard a few hours before the vessel sails into the stream. They fly light, these Western Ocean sailors, and their ships are such as beggars would laugh at in Ratcliffe Highway. Generally they are in debt to the Sailors' Home—they pay seventeen bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them cost their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and then see most of it disappear, for goods fairly furnished, to the superintendent's monk-bag. But they are philosophers in their sad way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of shillings in their baccy pouches, with a pan, an extra shirt, a pannikin, a box of matches, and a bar of soap, to feel that the anchor cannot be tripped too soon as they are equipped for an adventure anywhere, even to the "Hinjies, heast or west," as their doleful ditty announces.—[Scribner.

Animals that Eat Fruit.

Comment has lately been made about mice eating oranges, of horses also, and about dogs doing the same. It is not generally known to what extent animals are fruit eaters.

The fig is the favorite fruit among animals, and horses, cows, hogs, sheep, and goats will eat this fruit as readily as man. The elephant considers it a dainty, while all the fowl greedily devour figs.

The apple ranks high in favor, and horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs, and many of the wild animals eat apples with avidity. The elephant and deer are fond of them, while others become accustomed to them after a trial or two. All the domestic fowls, and many of the wild birds, are fond of apples.

The cherry is a delicacy much sought after by the whole feathered tribe.

The ostrich will consume half a dozen kinds of fruit.

Peaches not a favorite except with a few animals, though rabbits fancy them.

It is well known that rabbits, rats, and squirrels all eat apples.

The Esquimau dog will eat almost any of the dried fruits. The sour or acid fruits, as the orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, etc., as well as the sour plums and the bitter olives, are rarely eaten.

Nothing, we think, is so bitter as an olive freshly pickled, yet after they turn purple and black, hogs soon learn to devour them.

The sweet and luscious grapes are eaten with great relish by horses, cows, and sheep. Deer are fond of grapes, and often do much damage in California vineyards. Pigs fatten upon grapes, rabbits love them, and a number of the wild animals, as the elephant and camel, will eat them.

The camel will eat figs with all the relish that a person will.—[Waverley Magazine.

The Poland-China Hog.

The Poland-China hog originated in Southern Ohio, in Warren and Butler counties, in the year 1837, and was an established breed in 1840. They are produced from four pure and distinct breeds; three of which are imported, viz.: Poland, Big China, Big Irish Grazier and Bayfield. The Poland-China hog is of fine bone, but of large size, combining the excellences of both large and small breeds, being docile, excellent feeders, breeders and sucklers, capable of fattening readily at any age and yet attaining great weight at maturity. They usually dress from 300 to 500 pounds at eighteen months of age. The Poland-China hogs are dark in color, usually black with small white promiscuous spots; however, they usually have some white in the face and about the legs and feet. They have long bodies, short necks, heavy jowls, well spread, broad, straight backs, deep sides, with heavy shoulders, broad deep hams, frequently overlaying the hock joints, ears thin and drooping at the points. They have no flabby, thin belly meat, but are thick in front of ham and they have very little offal when fat. They are strong bred hardy in constitution.—[St. Louis Republic.

The German Reichstag made sixty-four trips to connect the Baltic and North Seas.

A SHIP'S CREW.

Being the Crew of the Steamship Ocean Liner.

First-class ships manned from twelve fifteen men in each watch, and all of them are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are such cattle as we see, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to add to the blue flag at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the Naval Reserve, and to be an A B there, one must hand, reef, and steer deftly. These are the people who must stand by the ship; that is, those should be made as attractive as possible to take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at the good wages per day while the ship remains in port. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must be at the beginning of each run—must "ship articles" as it is called—before a board of Trade shipping-master. As the crew has always regarded Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid on these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of Admiralty" by a paternal government. Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and asserts his rights at times with a good deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

THE INVENTOR.

"A writer in one of the Boston papers asserts that of all men the successful inventor has the best right to be called a salfmade man. "He must," says the same writer, "possess three general characteristics peculiar to all men who achieve success in life, but in more full development than most others, to wit, ingenuity, enthusiasm and perseverance." Like the true poet, his soul is in his work; but his is the poetry of substantial achievement, which gives wealth, as well as happiness, to mankind. If it be desired to harness the forces of nature for human benefit, the inventor devises the harness in the shape of machinery to operate with. Every comfort which we enjoy in civilization bears the sign manual of the inventor's skill. Our clothing, furniture, the house we live in, our means of travel, the carriages and ships we own and employ, the books and papers we use, even the luxuries we can command, are all largely due—at least their best utility and excellence are—to the genius of the inventor.

The first success of the inventor, no matter how insignificant it may be, is usually the first step in a new life of the most absorbing interest to himself, and of satisfaction also; but it is likewise the first step in the treadmill of unceasing effort and thought—a treadmill that never stops for him while life remains. Go where he will, he cannot escape its operation. Every piece of machinery he sees suggests something to his busy brain, and in fact, everything that he observes suggests an improving device to him. But it is rarely or never plain sailing with him in anything he undertakes. One of the things that troubles him a great deal is the improvements he is all the time making of his own work; and often, when he has secured a patent on some machine, his mind has so far advanced in improved devices for it that what he has secured is practically valueless to him. One of the main things for an inventor to learn in the invention of machinery is to have in every machine as few parts as possible, to make them direct acting, and have the machine or thing, as a whole, easily operated.

The new fields of invention are most promising for the inventor. One of these is electricity. The best inventions in this field have mostly been made in the last fifteen years—largely indeed, inside of the past decade. Here the field is opening out and widening all the time, as new applications of the electric current or electric energy are being constantly discovered. Already the inventors in this field can be counted by the hundred, and there are, perhaps, more successful ones among them—that is, the ratio is greater than in any other field of invention. Just for a moment look at the prospect here presented. In the electric current we have an element of power that is more easily controlled and handled, more easily diffused over large areas, more adaptable to a greater variety of purposes, than any other of the forces of nature within our control. It will heat our houses, do our cooking, furnish us with light, and convey power anywhere that we may desire it to and in any proportion we may call for. This covers a wide range of application, but it by no means exhausts the uses and purposes to which electricity can be applied, and this field, it will be seen, is therefore a most promising one to the young inventor.

The Servant Question.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chambermaids. We never think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own, and this fact seems to damage most of our arguments for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, rightfully, that it was "menial service." Now, if we draw the line at menial service for ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much-vexed question seems to lie precisely there.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Vienna, Austria, has a collection of 125,000 coins.

There are 1,500 grade crossings in Massachusetts without gate or flagman.

Was it Hypnotism.

As I was coming down town a few days ago I met Grizzly in the car, and as we were old chummies we had not seen each other for a few weeks, I greeted him very cordially.

"What's new in the papers this morning?" I inquired, to set the conversational ball comfortably rolling.

"Paper isn't out yet this week. Say, I hear they have discovered gold in California."

I looked at him a little curiously, and before I could make up my mind what he was driving at, he said:

"No use talking, Gen. Taylor is our man for president."

Then I looked at him rather closely to see if he showed any symptoms of insanity in his eye; but he was in appearance as calm and rational as ever.

"Now that we've got the Mexican war closed up in good shape and the Oregon question settled, it is time we——"

"Say!" said I breaking in upon him, "Are you crazy or just giving me a whirl of some kind?"

He looked at me blankly for half a minute, and then a smile began to spread over his face.

"I beg your pardon, old man, I believe I am getting a trifle off. You see, I got one of those forty-year-old dictionaries as a premium the other day for subscribing to a newspaper that is of no earthly good itself, and it just keeps my mind working about forty years behind the times. Let's get out and take something."—*West Shore.*

A Home-Made Bicycle.

There is a genius in Hartwell, whose name is Sloan Reeder. He is a colored lad who is about sixteen years old, and is an apprentice in a blacksmith shop. Sloan has constructed a bicycle out of raw material. The wheels are made of tire iron and steel rods, the beam of an old iron pipe and the saddle of scrap iron. It is very strong, and while not quite as light running as the factory machines, answers the purpose admirably. Sloan rides his bicycle with skill. He is at work upon another invention, but will not divulge the nature of it.—[Atlanta Constitution.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick-Headache.

Of 45,000 persons ill of cholera in Japan last year, 31,500 died.

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.

Kansas appropriates $60,000 for seed for needy settlers.

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the *hard cash* of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, *it means business!*

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood-purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only *one guaranteed* blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That *one*—standing solitary and alone—sold *on trial*, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it don't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it *on trial*, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is *guaranteed.*

Good Blood

Is absolutely

Essential to

Good Health

You may have

both by taking the

best Blood Purifier.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT ESTABLISHED 1810

For Internal and External Use.

Stops Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in body or limb. Relieves Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Cramps, Colic, Asthma, Coughs, Catarrh, Chills, Fever and Ague. Multitudes testify to its wonderful efficacy. Prepared only by I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston. Sold by all Druggists. 25 cts. 100 pad.

The Chinese spend $200,000,000 annually on their religious worship.

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of millions of users, that the 84 years it has been on the market *must* prove it, Ask your grocer for it. Take no information.

Henry George says that the bicycle is the best thing ever invented for man.

TO DISPEL COLDS,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

The once mighty Indian population of the United States has dwindled to 244,075.

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

TOLEDO, O., January 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 I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with the much 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. GONSTCH, M. D.,
Office, 255 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of catarrh that we cannot cure with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Moreland, Montana, has a 100 horse-power plow.

"What's the matter here?" asked an officer as he came along to the house of a colored man who had gone home to find the man at the gate with a club in his hand at midnight.

"Reckon somebody was a-trying' to git in, sah," was the reply.

"Of co'se dey was!" added his wife from the shelter of the doorway.

"Robbers?"

"Yes, sah!"

"But, man, what on earth have you got in the house to tempt robbers?" asked the officer.

"It hain't what we has dun got in dar", but what de robbers 'spose dey'll find."

"But what could they suppose?"

"Wall, sah, I was down at de bank to-day to see 'boat hittin' a job. P'raps some robber seed me. P'raps he dun got de ideah dat I drawed out a thousand dollars in cash. Wouldn't dat bring him up hear mighty sartin?"

"You'd better go in and go to bed," advised the officer as he sauntered on.

"Yes, sah; but not now, sah. We heard sunthin' go woosh-biff-squash! right by de front doah, sah, an' we hain't gwine to lie still an' let dem robbers git no bulge on us! Good-night, sah, but I'll circle aroun' a bit wid dis club an' let 'em know I'ze prepared fur bizness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is an offense.

In the case of a South Carolina negro, charged with stealing chickens, an entire colored jury was put on, and they found him guilty in two minutes after being sent out. Heretofore South Carolina chickens have hardly been considered property, and their loss was considered an act of Providence.

"On a Supposition.

You can make $25 per week at an honorable business at your residence. Enclose 2c. stamp for particulars to C. S. APPLE, Bellaire, Ohio.

If you are sick spend your summer in the Rocky Mountains and regain your health. For information write with stamp to W. C. KNIGHT, B.S., Laramie, Wyo.

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SUCCESS SECRETS.—268 pages, cloth. A treasure to farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, modern, common-sense crop growing, etc. Postpaid, $1.25. H. H. DEWESES, Fremont, Ohio.

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BUY A BUFFALO

Wyoming lot. It's the coming city of Wyoming. Has water-works, electric lights, flouring mills. Located in the garden of Wyoming. Produced the prize potato crop of the United States in 1890. For maps and information apply to MANN & THOM, Buffalo, Wyo.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls