SUNDAY'S SERMON.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE'S

STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Astray, But Recovered."

TEXT: *"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all."*—Isaiah liii. 6.

Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can you not drop the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point from where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the parable, went to his day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways, either by trying to get into other pastures, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of divine streams or under great oaks on the other side of some hill we might be better fed.

We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on and wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharpened rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sung to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child in the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any separate condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage amid the thunders of applause of a vast assemblage, and many thought it was the proudest moment of his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up! wake up!"

So one little annoyance has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has chased you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal.

What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man goes overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No language can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor sheep fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the sheep never gets home—unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man! that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God.

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position of some of you occupy before God this morning, your cheeks would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with threars. "God have mercy!" Sinai's lightnings have been flashing above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

When Sodom was being bombarded, Lot's family began behind all night in the cellar, thought a fiery hail was the traditional fortress, and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The earthquake and the conflagration, the multiplications of your sorrows, will smother you. They will make the wings of God's hovering mercy shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough for us all to get out to the all heaven in. Sound it on the ocean with all the slope cue. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain who he meant by "Him," Him of the manger, Him of the blessed sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet." But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything demeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does.

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to see us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and to glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much do you carry away all the sins of your lifetime! Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of bleeding hands and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder; put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been ridded of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God, as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know my Redeemer that when you say this morning is true, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until the day I got a letter saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything, and pray earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, I have been the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on, and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

All may come, whoever will,
This may receive poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me." My home is restored, my wife forgives me, I work during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my home still is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day I am proclaiming, "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the story that poets call a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot sands; I was a lost soul, when one night I came home and the walls of my father's house became to me a shelter from the storm of God's wrath. Poor thing, wandering your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you, 'Come home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out; I added one my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a man who would say: "I had a Christian training up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night as the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church and the young man met me and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh, my brother, without stopping to look at to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you a warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who pierce with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone!" I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people."

And He kneels and He says: "Put on My shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yes," He says, "more."

But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take away your sins to-day? Or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself; I will fight my own battles: I will risk eternity on my own account." A clergyman said in his pulpit on a Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it. I'm-an to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied; "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pusses a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—just suicide—that has perished, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I'm a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

Quit Bumming.

There is only one way to remain young, and that is to take of yourself, and quit bumming around. The men in Atchison who look the youngest at fifty, are the men who went to bed early and behaved themselves when they were younger. If you want to look like a man of seventy when you are forty, get drunk occasionally, stay out nights, and misbehave yourself in every way.—*Atchison Globe.*

VERY few girls like to be called soft, but very few girls reach 20 without frankly confessing to themselves that there was a time in their lives when that word just fitted them.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned parents who, whenever his boy received a whipping at school, gave him another walloping at home to show that he did not approve of his badness?

THE French Society of Men of Letters, which held its convention in Paris on April 6, has a pension fund of $300,000 for old and indigent members. Its whole property is worth in round $500,000 and $600,000. Its annual expenditures are $100,000, or about $50,000 less than its receipts.

AGUAS CALIENTES.

THE CELEBRATED MEXICAN WATERING-PLACE.

Few Pictures of Life and Business in the Old Aztec Town—Expensive Hats and Pantaloons.

I am at Aguas Calientes, the famous Hot Springs of Mexico, writes Frank Carpenter in the Courier-Journal. It is altogether different from an American health or summer resort, and it might be bodily transplanted to the soil of Western India and not seem out of place.

Aguas Calientes contains about 40,000 people, and nine-tenths of the houses are one-story. They all have flat roofs, and the water is drained off through pipes of clay, which jut out about a foot from the edge of the walls. These walls are very thick. They are built of stone or sun-dried brick, and are stuccoed where they face the street, and this plastering-like stucco has been painted in delicate blues, or pinks, or yellows, making the whole form one mass of rainbow colors, which, strange to say, does not look out of place under this bright Mexican sun. None of these houses have gardens in front of them. They are built close up to the cobblestone sidewalks, so that, in going through the town, you seem to be passing between walls of gaily-colored billboards, ready for the posters, each of rainbow colors, which form one mass of high winds. The same firm sold lad hats. Most of these came from Par They were very high-priced and not all pretty. Near by I stopped at a Mexican clothing store and looked at some Mexican pantaloons. I here, agai found that the dude of our sis Republic has to pay for his style. Many of the pantaloo were made of buckskin, and the nice pair, which were lined with solid silk cost down the sides, cost as high fifty and seventy-five dollars, and co are likewise high. It is not hard for Mexican country gentleman to spe from three to four hundred dollars i his clothes, and when you take into co sideration that he has to sport a saddl spurs and revolver of like gorgeo character, you see that if one of the big farmers has a crowd of growin boys his clothing bills amount to som thing. This, however, is the case wi only the rich. The poor here are so po that they don't know how poor they ar and their clothes cost practically no ing. A pair of these cast-off buckskin pantaloons will last a long time, and t ordinary cotton suits worn by the po though high considering their charact cost but little. A blanket costs from dollar or two up, and the leather sand which has a hole in its centre for a door. The poorer houses have doors very roughly made, and in the galloping mule street-car that takes you from the depot to the centre of the town, you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking dark-faced people. The men in their red and gaily colored blankets look picturesque, and the women, with their dark, mahogany faces, their long black hair streaming down their backs, freshly wet from their last bath in the hot waters, are, in some cases, very pretty, and in others as ugly as the Witch of Endor after an attack of the smallpox.

As you leave the station you pass the public bath-houses, low Spanish buildings, where you can get for from twenty to thirty cents a bath of any kind you want, and go on up a long, dusty thoroughfare, under wide-spreading green trees, into the business part of the city. The business of this city of 40,000 people is a fair sample of that of the interior Mexican town. It is big only in the prices asked for the articles sold. Mexico is not a great business country. The most of the firms are run on small capital, and there are hundreds of stores which have not more than $200 worth of stock. Many of these here have even less, and the storekeeper, in the majority of instances, has a little cave of a store, without any windows, opening out on the street, and he stands behind a counter which runs right across the store in front of the door, and offers his goods for sale for three times what he expects to get. In the case of the smaller businesses the trader is generally a Mexican, and there are more peddlers in one city in this country than you will find in ten cities of the same size of the United States.

I have just come from the market. Imagine a long tier of stalls, around two hollow squares, which cover the area of a city block. These stalls are occupied by the butchers, and bakers and the candlestick makers, who have the biggest stocks, and the squares are filled with the big-hatted men in white cotton clothes, and by red-skirted women in white waists and red skirts, who sit under white umbrellas as big as the top of a small camping tent, with little piles of vegetables and fruit around them. I asked as to prices and found that things were sold in piles and not by measures. So many little potatoes made up a pile, and I was asked two cents for four potatoes, each of which was as big as a buckeye. A pile of four eggs costs here three cents, and a little pile of tomatoes and peppers was among the things sold. Peppers, both green and red, were sold everywhere, and I saw that some of the bigger market men had great bins of them. They form a part of every Mexican dish and are eaten in great quantities. The average Mexican, however, eats very little in comparison with us. His market bills are not half as heavy as those of his American brother, and a sewing basket would contain the daily supply for a large family. The cheapest thing sold seems to be fruit, which grows in the shape of oranges, bananas and lemons, very abundantly about here, and I got splendid oranges for a cent apiece.

About this market the Mexican peddlers had collected themselves by the dozens. Here was a woman with two great jars of what looked like very thin buttermilk before her. She was selling it in glasses which held from a half-pint to a pint, to the passers by, at one and two cents a glass. I asked what it was, and was told that it was pulque, the Mexican beer, which comes from a species of cactus, and which is drank by the barrel every day throughout Mexico. At the corner beside her, before a case which looked like a book-case, stood a shoe-peddler. His stock was made up of shaped-toed gaiters, and by actual count he had only twenty pairs to sell. A little further on a yellow-faced woman in her bare feet sat, with ten pairs of baby shoes beside her. This made up the whole establishment, and around the corner I found a very pretty Aztec maiden sitting on a stool and rolling black tobacco into cigarettes. The paper she used was thicker than the newspaper in which this letter will be printed, and she doubled the paper over the cigarettes so both ends to make it stay together.

Near by, in another place, I found a few very fine straw hats, which would sell in Paris for from $5 to $8 apiece, but which in Chicago or Omaha, and I suppose city of Mexico, would show many more than the thousands of people who passed by.

Hats were not the whole front of this store, and only the biggest of them had the windows. The rest of the goods stored consisted chiefly French goods, and c merchants were in most cases French Germans, though I found some of the Mexicans. I stopped in front of a t store which had a most gorgeous dis in its window and priced some sco brgeros. They ranged from a dollar up seventy-five dollars apiece, and I am tol that some of these Mexican dudes w ing that out more than one hundre dollars. Some of the hats were trimme with gold and silver cord, and I look at a fifty-dollar one which weighed abo ten pounds and which measured eighte inches from one side of the brim to th other. It had a crown a foot high, a there was a cord of gold rope as big as my wrist around it. Many of the ha had gold and silver letters upon the and I saw many worn which have t monograms of their owners cut out silver and sewed to the sides. They of many colors—a delicate cream, a de and a black being very common, a they are beautifully made and are s to be just the thing for this hot sun a high winds. The same firm sold lad hats. Most of these came from Par They were very high-priced and not all pretty. Near by I stopped at a Mex ican clothing store and looked at so Mexican pantaloons. I here, agai found that the dude of our sis Republic has to pay for his style. Many of the pantaloo were made of buckskin, and the nice pair, which were lined with solid silk cost down the sides, cost as high fifty and seventy-five dollars, and co are likewise high. It is not hard for Mexican country gentleman to spe from three to four hundred dollars i his clothes, and when you take into co sideration that he has to sport a saddl spurs and revolver of like gorgeo character, you see that if one of the big farmers has a crowd of growin boys his clothing bills amount to som thing. This, however, is the case wi only the rich. The poor here are so po that they don't know how poor they ar and their clothes cost practically no ing. A pair of these cast-off buckskin pantaloons will last a long time, and t ordinary cotton suits worn by the po though high considering their charact cost but little. A blanket costs from dollar or two up, and the leather sand which has a hole in its centre for a door. The poorer houses have doors very roughly made, and in the galloping mule street-car that takes you from the depot to the centre of the town, you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking dark-faced people. The men in their red and gaily colored blankets look picturesque, and the women, with their dark, mahogany faces, their long black hair streaming down their backs, freshly wet from their last bath in the hot waters, are, in some cases, very pretty, and in others as ugly as the Witch of Endor after an attack of the smallpox.

As you leave the station you pass the public bath-houses, low Spanish buildings, where you can get for from twenty to thirty cents a bath of any kind you want, and go on up a long, dusty thoroughfare, under wide-spreading green trees, into the business part of the city. The business of this city of 40,000 people is a fair sample of that of the interior Mexican town. It is big only in the prices asked for the articles sold. Mexico is not a great business country. The most of the firms are run on small capital, and there are hundreds of stores which have not more than $200 worth of stock. Many of these here have even less, and the storekeeper, in the majority of instances, has a little cave of a store, without any windows, opening out on the street, and he stands behind a counter which runs right across the store in front of the door, and offers his goods for sale for three times what he expects to get. In the case of the smaller businesses the trader is generally a Mexican, and there are more peddlers in one city in this country than you will find in ten cities of the same size of the United States.

I have just come from the market. Imagine a long tier of stalls, around two hollow squares, which cover the area of a city block. These stalls are occupied by the butchers, and bakers and the candlestick makers, who have the biggest stocks, and the squares are filled with the big-hatted men in white cotton clothes, and by red-skirted women in white waists and red skirts, who sit under white umbrellas as big as the top of a small camping tent, with little piles of vegetables and fruit around them. I asked as to prices and found that things were sold in piles and not by measures. So many little potatoes made up a pile, and I was asked two cents for four potatoes, each of which was as big as a buckeye. A pile of four eggs costs here three cents, and a little pile of tomatoes and peppers was among the things sold. Peppers, both green and red, were sold everywhere, and I saw that some of the bigger market men had great bins of them. They form a part of every Mexican dish and are eaten in great quantities. The average Mexican, however, eats very little in comparison with us. His market bills are not half as heavy as those of his American brother, and a sewing basket would contain the daily supply for a large family. The cheapest thing sold seems to be fruit, which grows in the shape of oranges, bananas and lemons, very abundantly about here, and I got splendid oranges for a cent apiece.

About this market the Mexican peddlers had collected themselves by the dozens. Here was a woman with two great jars of what looked like very thin buttermilk before her. She was selling it in glasses which held from a half-pint to a pint, to the passers by, at one and two cents a glass. I asked what it was, and was told that it was pulque, the Mexican beer, which comes from a species of cactus, and which is drank by the barrel every day throughout Mexico. At the corner beside her, before a case which looked like a book-case, stood a shoe-peddler. His stock was made up of shaped-toed gaiters, and by actual count he had only twenty pairs to sell. A little further on a yellow-faced woman in her bare feet sat, with ten pairs of baby shoes beside her. This made up the whole establishment, and around the corner I found a very pretty Aztec maiden sitting on a stool and rolling black tobacco into cigarettes. The paper she used was thicker than the newspaper in which this letter will be printed, and she doubled the paper over the cigarettes so both ends to make it stay together.

Near by, in another place, I found a few very fine straw hats, which would sell in Paris for from $5 to $8 apiece, but which in Chicago or Omaha, and I suppose city of Mexico, would show many more than the thousands of people who passed by.

Hats were not the whole front of this store, and only the biggest of them had