SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Gleaners in Life's Field."

(Preached in Glenwood, Col.)

TEXT: *"And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."*—Ruth ii. 3.

Within a few weeks I have been in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and they are one great harvest field, and no season can be more enchanting in any country than the season of harvest.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the old custom when a sheaf fell from a loaf in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? They are too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the hot sun field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sunbrowned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and journeyed through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning!

I learn in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man: "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourse! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unsatisfactory. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys. Misfortune and trials are great educators.

A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question, but the years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sick room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow is its touch in the grandest painting—I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the foundation of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse, Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage tested by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns His children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation to that high career where it will march along after the foreign despotisms that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates oppression, and who by the strength of His own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of unfaltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity. But of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judea, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers. But I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! She won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lofty of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use. But when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse, maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining His last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchers at His crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha! were there ever darker times than those? Like the billows of a stormy midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell.

But the day of reward comes from Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on His throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before Him on whose head there are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at His feet like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judea? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine; events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the current of your life!

It seems to me of the importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy. And as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of flute and drum and cornet is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain should toss the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do. I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community, and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world they spend their time languishing over a new pattern or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lady lover who shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi.

Madame de Staël did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all of these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Elizabeths, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw and there is a straw; but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of those separate straws." But she became a gleaner. She gathered two straws and she put them together, and more straws until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down she went and gathered more straws until she had another sheaf, and another and another and another, and then she brought them altogether and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we all might be gleaners!

Benjamin Barnes learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, was a physician in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which gathered might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which taken up and bound together and beaten out will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a season of gleaning and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged or a sick relative that is near strong enough to come forth and toil in the field, let an Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

THE fact that a Michigan man is now at the head of the weather bureau augurs ill for the future of the Delaware peach crop.

CHINESE EDIBLES.

WHAT CELESTIAL EPICURES DELIGHT IN.

Many Peculiar and Strange Dishes—A Summary of the Leading Articles on a Mongolian Menu.

A Chinese dinner menu is a lengthy publication, and is a veritable roster of almost everything on this mundane sphere that walks, creeps, flies, swims or remains stationary. It has varied attractions both for the student of entomology and the botanist. From a scholastic point of view it is interesting, but the epicure with the least bit of sentiment in his character would regard it with well-grounded prejudice. In his diet the Mongolian has divested himself of all superstitious ideas, and has evidently confiscated everything in reach for conversion into a palatable dish. In youthful days "bird's nest soup" was credited with being a horrible evidence of Chinese barbarism, but it is nothing worse than Irish moss, and it is the most palatable of all Chinese concoctions for the table. The epicurean taste which shows its exalted cultivation by relishing "ripe" game and poultry is totally eclipsed by the Chinese gourmand, who would scorn the idea of even looking at the capon that was not in a fair way of attaining the end arrived at by all flesh.

The absorbing ambition of the Mongolian is to be a "high liver," and to rank as such he must indeed be one of the world's "upper ten" in a financial sense to gratify his object in life.

Chinese delicacy stores, which strikingly compare in attractiveness with a well-stocked museum, number a full score in the Mongolian quarter of this city. Among the first exhibits spread on narrow trays so tempting to Chinese eyes are large black beetles thoroughly dried. They are considered a great dessert delicacy, and are retailed to customers at 5 cents per beetle.

Small cakes of bean curd wrapped in yellow coverings and bearing Chinese inscriptions are other allurements which greet the vision of the heathen epicure. They are small cheeses made from milk curd and the pulp of boiled beans pressed into cakes. Dried ducks split down the back, pressed flat and anointed with oil to render them impervious to the air, are a sight that generally incites a purchase if the customer has the requisite 40 cents. Dressed shark fins are a relish for which the Mongolian displays a marked liking. He must pay $1.75 a pound if he desires to gratify his appetite at such expense.

A can, from which arises a vile and offensive odor, contains a quantity of small birds, about the size of swallows, preserved in oil. Duck eggs are another delicacy, preserved in a similar manner. Chinese tomatoes are composed of duck eggs and pork, combined with rice and wrapped in plantain leaves. The Chinese way of adding to the attractiveness of the oyster is to string a score or more of the bivalves on a small wisp of bamboo and allow them to dry and discolor at leisure. They are disposed of at fifty cents a pound. Shrimps are skewered by two wisps of bamboo and festoon the windows of almost every first rate delicacy store.

"Hong Yee" is the trade name of a species of codfish, caught in Mexican waters, which is dried and shipped in large quantities to this city and is highly esteemed. Duck eggs are imported from China. In order to provide against the inroads of decomposition, which would render them unsalable except in political times, they are first varnished with oil and packed in a black and forbidding mess of mud.

"Guy-na-po" is a peculiarly shaped fish imported from China, which makes a favorite soup for Celestial delectation. Strings of dark and malodorous sausages line the walls and festoon the shelves of these delicacy stores. They are credited with being imported. It is claimed that pork enters largely into their composition, but, like the American article, faith in the sausage maker's honesty must banish all doubts. Imported pork chops hanging on strings and smeared with nut oil are forbidding in the eyes of an American, but the Chinese consider them toothsome, and pay 35 cents a pound for them.

"Hoy sum" is a peculiarly shaped mollusk gathered from deep-sea soundings, which the Chinese hold in high regard as imparting a savory flavor to soups. Beans boiled down to the consistency of paste, hand-drawn into narrow strips and afterward dried on sticks are the Chinese substitute for macaroni. Imported cuttlefish are a delicacy highly prized by the Mongolian. They bear a resemblance to elongated onions with tendrils, and sell for thirty-five cents a pound.

Mushrooms are ruined when they fall into Chinese hands. They are divested of their delicate flavor by being dried and ground into a powdered state. Pickled bamboo sprouts and ginger are the only relishes of an acid nature to which the Chinese taste is addicted. Beans, after being well sprouted in water and then dried, are employed in soups and sauces.

Dried watermelon seeds are a dessert delicacy much favored by Mongolians. They are eaten like pine nuts. The meat of the abalone is extracted and sun dried into hardened black lumps, which bear a resemblance to nothing so much as a lot of discarded boot heels. These are much affected by Chinese, and abalone soup or chowder, when properly prepared, is a dish not to be despised even by a white man.

While the Chinese favor vegetables of common use in this country, they have on sale several varieties of their peculiar cultivation. They have a white radish which measures fully eight inches in length and is from one and a half to two inches in diameter. A small radish, with a disproportionate growth of top, is another vegetable fancy of Mongolian growth. The leaves are converted into a salad with duck fat or pork drippings. The Chinese pumpkin is melon-shaped and of a light-green color, ribbed with stripes of a darker hue. The orange grown in China is less than half the size of the California fruit. It is finely flavored and the peel emits an aromatic odor when rubbed or pressed. Their lime too, is of peculiar shape and has several striking features distinctive from those commonly found in the local markets. It is almost as large as a winter pear, but the only part eaten is a small piece in the center about the size of an almond. It has a very bitter flavor.

The principal article of meat diet with the Chinese is pork. It is to them what beef is to the true son of Albion's isle. The Chinese butcher, having only the one species of animal on which to exercise his skill, has become by practice a hog anatomist in the full sense of the word. A fat porker as soon as it is placed on the block in a retail Chinese butcher shop is scientifically rid of all its bones. The carcass is expertly cut into strips, so that every customer gets an equal quantity of fat and lean with his purchase. It is sold salted, smoked or roasted ready for eating. It is also smeared with nut oil and disposed of in a semi-dried state. The hungry celestial is frequently to be seen investing a five cent piece in a large strip of roasted pork, which he eats with every evidence of satisfactory relish as he strolls along the street.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

MONKEY TALK.

A Scientist's Story of a Wonderful Conversation.

Professor R. L. Garner has long studied the apes and monkeys in the zoological gardens and made most of his observations in Chicago, Cincinnati, New York and Washington. In the latter city, in company with Dr. Frank Baker, of the National "Zoo," he separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed them in different rooms. Then he arranged a phonograph in front of one monkey, which recorded its chattering. This was reeled off to the other monkey, which gave evidence of the greatest surprise and perplexity. In Chicago, at the zoological department of Lincoln Park, splendid records were made upon the phonograph, which Prof. Garner studied with diligence until he had mastered a few of the sounds. He then proposed to try the experiment, which he thus describes:

"Having described to some friends who were with me the word I would use, I stood for awhile with my side turned to the cage containing a capuchin monkey (cebus capucinus). I uttered the word or sound which I had translated 'milk.' My first effort caught his ear and caused him to turn and look at me. On repeating it about three or four times he answered me very distinctly with the same word I had used, and then turned to a small jug and kept in the cage for him to drink from. I repeated the word again and he placed the pan near the front of the cage and came quite up to the bars and uttered the word. I had not shown him any milk or anything of the kind. But the man in charge then brought me some milk, which I gave to the monkey, and he drank it with great zest, then looked at me, held up the pan and repeated the sound three or four times.

"I gave him more milk and thus continued till I was quite sure he used the same sound each time he wanted milk. I next described to the friends who were with me a word which was very hard to render well, but I translated it 'to eat.' I now held a banana in front of the cage and he at once gave the word I had described. Repeated tests showed me that he used the same word for apple, carrot, bread and banana, hence I concluded that it meant 'food' or 'hunger,' as also 'to eat.'"

Prof. Garner concludes that the capuchin monkey is the "caucasian of the monkey race," for the chimpanzee and other species have less variety in their sounds. Some of Prof. Garner's conclusions are: "The simian tongue has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number. They seem to be half way between a whistle and a pure vocal sound and have a range of four octaves and all from C sharp on the piano. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical or cardinal sounds do not have the same meaning in all tongues. When caged together one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. His replies are in his own vernacular. Simians reason from cause to effect and their reasoning differs from that of man in degree but not in kind;" and, finally, "the state of their language seems to correspond with their power to think and to express their thoughts."

A Slave's Revenge.

In Hayti and Martinique the venom of the terrible serpent indigenous to those islands, the formidable fer de lance, has been often employed by the Africans in disposing of their masters. A horrible but well authenticated instance of native ingenuity and malevolence is told in Martinique. A huge African, recently imported from the Guinea coast, had been whipped by the order of his master, one of the great planter princes of the island while in the cane fields under French rule. The victim made no complaint, but meditated revenge.

By long search he found the lair of a pair of serpents in the garden adjacent to the house. Watching his opportunity, he killed one and dragged its body to the house through a window that was open, and entering the bed-room of the beautiful daughter of the planter. He dragged it to the bed, lifted the coverings and coiled the repulsive reptile upon the sheet. When this was done he carried the dead snake away and cast it into an adjacent stream.

As night approached the serpent's mate followed the trail, crept through the window and to the bed of the planter's daughter. The latter, half awake, made a motion to brush off the intruder. Instantly the fangs were buried in her neck, and in a few hours she was a corpse.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IN A QUEER OLD PLACE.

Visit to a Second-Hand Marine Store in New York.

"Where do you gather all this stuff from?" I asked of the proprietor of a second-hand marine store on South street as I looked about to find almost everything under the sun belonging to any sort of vessel.

"From all points of the compass," he replied; "or, to speak more truthfully, from all along the Atlantic coast. Here's wreckage from Portland and wreckage from Key West, and I've got some relics of interest from almost every sea."

"Do you buy abandoned wrecks?"

"Not unless they are close by, but we buy of the wreckers. There's an anchor right there with a history. An American barge which was anchored in the Straits of Gibraltar brought that up from the bottom with her own anchor. It was lost by a British merchant vessel. Here's a piece of cable brought up in the same way by a craft somewhere on the Mexican coast."

"There's a curious-looking small anchor," I said, as I called his attention to the object.

"Too curious to sell," he dryly replied. "I've had that about ten years. I got it from a tramp steamer which ran down a Spanish fishing-boat during a gale at night. It was the boat's spare anchor and was fast on the bows when the little craft was run down. Queerly enough, it was the only relic of the disaster, being torn loose by the shocking and catching one of the flukes into the bows of the big ship. See that piece of figurehead?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was given to me by a captain who got it at Bombay. It belonged to some native craft which went ashore in a gale. The same man sold me a lot of that raffle back there, and there's a story attached to that. About 300 miles off the Cape of Good Hope he came across an abandoned and water-logged brig—an English craft. He didn't get much of her cargo, but he stripped her of sails and rigging and set her on fire. It fell calm about the time she got to blazing and he had the greatest difficulty in saving his own craft. Indeed, she was on fire in half a dozen places at once."

"Those are curious old blocks," I said, pointing to some very massive ones hanging from the ceiling.

"Those are old-fashioned man-of-war blocks, and I've had 'em so long I've forgotten who I bought them of. They are French, however, and I have no doubt they saw active service during the days of line-of-battle ships. There's a ship's bells which came from the Florida reefs; there's a fog-horn from a wreck at Sonama; there's some wreckage from the South Carolina coast, and so it goes from garret to cellar."

"And whom do you sell to?"

"Mostly to coasters. Now and then a deep-water vessel wants something, but the coasting trade brings me the most patronage. They'll take most anything to get along with until they are obliged to have a thorough refit. You have seen plenty where they had a sailing ship on the stage?"

"Yes."

"Well, the chances are that every bit of the rigging came from this place. That's a specialty with us, and many's the one I've rigged out to bring applause from the audience. It's real rigging and no deception and everybody will admit that a ship with real tackle is a great catch. You've also seen photographs taken with portions of rigging in the background?"

"Yes."

"I've fitted out fifty photographic studios with those things, and seldom a day goes by without a call for something. Some of these blocks and pulleys and other light stuff have been used in the most famous dramas of the age, and after traveling around the country for several years, or until the play was laid on the shelf, have found their way back here again. Yes, the business as a whole may be called a queer one, with a chance for lots of sentiment to creep in, but sentiment won't pay taxes and I have to hustle for dollars."—[M. Quad, in New York World.

Making a Harbor With Dynamite.

An attempt is to be made to deepen the water on the bar at the entrance to Brunswick (Ga.) harbor by using dynamite. That part of the bar where the explosive will be placed is only a few hundred feet in width, and but little trouble is anticipated in working a channel across so narrow a shoal. Divers will be sent down with the dynamite cartridges, who will place them in the desired position and sink them to the necessary depth in the sand. During strong ebb tide the explosions will be confined to the outer side of the bar, so that the sand, when loosened from its compact state, will be washed out into deep water by the force of the outgoing tide. When the flood tide sets in the work will be removed to the inner side of the bar, and the sand on that side blown up so that it can be washed into deep water in the Sound.—[Boston Transcript.

The tomato is a native of South America.

THE New Orleans Times-Democrat has made some calculations based upon the recent census figures, and concludes that of the white population of this country 50 per cent. only is English, 20 per cent. German, 15 per cent. Irish, 4 per cent. Latin, 6 per cent. Scandinavian, and 5 per cent. Slav.

Japan will have a $500,000 exhibit at the World's Fair.

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DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, $1.50. Sold by every druggist in the United States and Canada.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

REV. A. W. MANN, the pioneer deaf mute teacher, writes: "The ratio of deaf mutes to the hearing is as 1 to 1,000, so there are over 90,000 in the United States and about one million in the world."

THE great treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was $90,000,000 in silver stored there—an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

THE Society of Friends in England and America, though numbering but 100,000, contribute to foreign missions upward of $90,000 annually. A beginning was not made until 1866, and since then representatives have been sent to Syria, India, China, Madagascar, Mexico and the American Indians. Their Woman's Foreign Missionary Union raised $23,164 last year.

THE statistics of the average size of families in the various countries of Europe, which are of considerable interest for the status of public morals, are the following: France, 3.03 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83, and Ireland, 5.20.

AN exchange says that a syndicate with $1,000,000 has purchased 112,000 acres of land in Florida, and proposes to cultivate the largest single farm or plantation in the world in growing cocoanuts and raising sugar. As the cocoanut is not indigenous to the soil of Florida, the experiment will naturally be regarded with interest and, if successful, the result may be a large addition to the wealth and commerce of that State.

M. PASTEUR's official report for 1890 declares that out of 1,540 cases treated at his institute for hydrophobia, only five died, and he claims that his medicine was impotent in these instances only because it was administered too late to be effective. This showing, says the New York Tribune, is truly impressive. Learned doctors may think that M. Pasteur and his views amount to little, but the victim of a mad dog is apt to feel that he wants as many chances for his life as he can get, and Pasteur's figures show an encouraging number available at his institute.

A RUSSIAN journal is responsible for the statement that a dentist of Moscow has discovered a method of actually planting artificial teeth in the mouth in such a manner that in a short time they will grow into the gums and become to all intents and purposes real ones, with this great advantage over the genuine article, that they are free of nerves and cannot ache. The preliminary processes are not altogether cheerful to contemplate, as holes have to be bored into the jaws, but this is a small matter when the inconveniences of stings, ulcers, springs and plates are taken into consideration. This dentist is a real benefactor.

PRINCE DELLA ROCCA, of Mosino, Italy, has written to the Exposition management expressing the deepest regret that his country has felt compelled to decline the invitation to be represented at Chicago, and has offered, should it meet the approval of public opinion in this country, to form a special committee or company, among the most influential members of the Italian aristocracy, to see that a creditable exhibit is made. Prince Rocca says that he believes the Italian government would be glad to see this done. He will be informed that the Exposition officials and the people of this country will be exceedingly pleased to have at the Fair an exhibit of the art treasures and products of industry from Italy, and that he will receive hearty encouragement in effecting it.

THE New York City Directory for 1891 has made its appearance and contains 379,971 names. This is an increase over last year, and as the usual average is four names to every half inhabitants for each name in the directory, this would seem to indicate an increase of population of 85,500 during the year. The first directory in New York city was published in 1786 and contained 846 names. Since that time the number has steadily increased, reaching 16,501 in 1810, 150,993 in 1880, and 360,960 a year ago. During the last five years the number of physicians in the city has increased from 400 to 3,726; of lawyers, 1,200 to 5,026; of bakers, from 450 to 1,125, and of grocers, from 2,000 to 4,625. The increase has thus been much larger among professional men than it has among those engaged in ordinary business occupations.

THERE is said to be great uneasiness among the Christians of the Levant at the signs of growing religious fanaticism among the Turks. At Smyrna recently four Christian boys who were employed by a foreign merchant as bulb collectors disappeared, their mangled and charred remains were found shortly afterward, and though circumstances pointed out the murderers no arrests were attempted. Again, during the feast of Ramadan, Saïd-Bey, a major in the Turkish army, and a man of enlightened ideas, was accused by a mollah of smoking during the fast, and was arrested. The court-martial applied to the supreme court for advice, and received a general judgment to the effect that a failure to observe the Ramadan fast was a mortal sin. Neither the religious court nor the court martial ventured to condemn Saïd Bey to death, but the unfortunate man was found dead in his cell and it was given out that he had committed suicide. When a post-mortem was demanded, the authorities said that the body had been buried and could not be exhumed. It is also noted that denunciations of Christianity are becoming more frequent in the Mosques, and that Turkish parents have been forbidden to send their children to the Christian schools.

ANCIENT MILLING.

The Marvelous Change of Both Method and Product.

For ages the various cereals used in breadmaking were ground with very uncouth contrivances hardly deserving the name of mill, as we understand it. They consisted of two portable circular stones, the upper being the smaller and turned upon the lower and concave one by means of an iron or wooden handle, the grain being placed between them. These stones were usually obtained from a quarry in the vicinity of Babylon, from which sufficient were taken to supply all the Eastern countries.

The grinding was usually performed by two females, who sat opposite each other with mill-stones placed between them, the upper stone being kept in constant motion by the hands of the operators. Very often this tedious work was assigned to prisoners, who considered it a most degrading task. This is recorded in Holy Writ, in which we are told that Samson "did grind in the prison-house of the Philistines;" and Jeremiah bewails the fact that the Babylonians "took our young men to grind."

Two famous philosophers—Menedemus and Asclepiades—when pursuing their studies at Athens, were enabled to pay for their support and schooling by acting as millers after school hours, receiving the munificent sum of 36 cents (2 drachmæ) per night. Happily their fellow students, upon hearing this, raised a subscription sufficient to defray the expenses of these deserving young men.

While women were milling they usually relieved the monotony of their work by singing songs of a lively and cheerful character. Ordinarily they prepared as much meal in the morning as would be required for the day. On this account Hebrew writers associated the noise of the morning mill with prosperity and happiness. If, on the contrary, this work was performed in the evening, they imagined there was the sound of adversity and sadness in the notes of the song.

The Romans, among whom agriculture was a highly favored occupation, were an inventive race, especially in the matter of labor-saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of hand-mills, they invented those whose motive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen, and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the originator of this improvement in milling.

About the year 70 B. C., Mithridates, King of Cappadocia, one of the most ingenious and able princes of the time, invented the first mill driven by water. This triumph of his skill and ingenuity he caused to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace. In the course of time the Cappadocian bakers became celebrated, and were in great demand throughout all parts of the world as then known.

These mills were usually placed upon boats on the river, being so elevated and contrived as to be easily driven by the water, and the millers were thus enabled to move from place to place, distributing the meal to their customers.

Prior to the introduction of water-power mills, the public mills in Rome were operated chiefly by slaves. These establishments were located in the vaults of an immense building, known as the Pistrinum, devoted exclusively to the uses of the bakers of that city. Often it happened that this slave labor was very difficult to obtain, and to supply the want the mill proprietors resorted to violent measures. They enticed strangers and ignorant persons into the building on the plea of inspecting it. In some of the rooms ingeniously-constructed trap-doors were placed in the floors. As soon as an unsuspecting victim stepped upon the trap he was precipitated to the vaults and there imprisoned and condemned to perpetual labor. No chance of communicating with his friends was afforded the prisoner, and thus he was compelled to drudge until released by death.

This horrible state of affairs continued for many years, until it was finally unmasked by the merest accident. A lusty soldier of the guard was enticed into the Pistrinum and treated in the usual manner, but not being rendered unconscious by the fall through the trap, he drew his sword, and after killing two of his would-be enslavers forced his way out of the vault. He soon laid bare the entire scheme, the emperor immediately ordered the building to be razed to the ground, and all who were proven to have been actively engaged in this murderous method of obtaining workmen were quickly executed.

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The Tunnel Scorned Leap.

A thrilling experience, although not ending fatally, was had by a railway mail clerk who acted as distributor on a local train, says the Washington *Star*. He had a car to himself, and at one station up in the Alleghany Mountains had left his car for a minute or two to run forward to the engine, which was taking water. The water tank was directly west of the great tunnel, and when the tender was filled and the train started the clerk sprang for his car. The entrance to the car was on the side and a solitary handle was grasped, whereby the clerk pulled himself up to the door. To his horror he found the door had been jarred shut and could not be opened from the outside, and the second that he discovered this fact the train shot into the tunnel. With a desperation born of a terrible death staring him in the face the clerk hammered and kicked on the door and shrieked aloud for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car, for fear of being dashed off by the jagged sides, he was carried through the tun