SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The City of Ephesus."

TEXT: "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*"—Acts xix., 34.

We have landed this morning at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues and bloodhounds of war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheater and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom the proconsul saying, "Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ," replied, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?"

When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrown, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake he said: "Let me remain as I am, for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also without your securing me with nails to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him, and under the pressure of the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus, about fifty miles from Smyrna. We are advised not to go to Ephesus. The bandits in that region have had an ugly practice of cutting off the ears of travelers and sending these specimens of ears down to Smyrna, demanding a ransom. The bandits suggest to the friends of the persons from whom the ears have been subtracted that if they would like to have the rest of the body they will please send an appropriate sum of money. If the money is not sent the mutilated prisoners will be assassinated. One traveler was carried off to the robber's den, and $7500 was paid for his rescue. The bandits were caught and beheaded, and pictures of these ghastly heads are on sale in the shops of Smyrna for any person who may desire to have something to look at on their way to Ephesus.

There have been cases where ten and twenty and thirty and forty thousand dollars have been demanded by these brigands. We did not feel like putting our friends to such expense, and it was suggested that it had better omit Ephesus, so that that would have been a disappointment from which we would never recover. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all, we visit the ruins of that church where once an ecumenical council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

Mark the fulfillment of the prophecy. Of the seven churches of Asia four were commended in the Book of Revelation and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theatre, which was 660 feet from wall to wall capable of holding 56,700 spectators. Here and there the walls arise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down.

As I took my place at the centre of this theatre and looked around at its broken layers of stone, gallery upon gallery, gallery upon gallery, and piled up into the bleak skies of that winter day, and thought that every hand that swung a trowel on those walls, and every foot that trod those stairs, and every eye that gazed on that amphitheatre, and every voice that greeted the combatants in that arena had gone out of hearing and sight for ages and ages, I felt a thrill of interest that almost penetrated me amid the ruins.

Standing there we could not forget that in that building once assembled a riotous throng for Paul's condemnation, because what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get in that theatre and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back, lest he be torn to pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the city had to read the riot act among the people who had shrieked for two mortal hours till their throats were sore and they were black in the face, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Now we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and appointments are left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot-races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building 680 feet long by 200 feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the city of Ephesus when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." "Yes," Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in that Stadium was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain.

It must have been great fun for these haters of Christianity to hear that on the morrow in the Stadium at Ephesus the missionary Paul would, in the presence of the crowded galleries, fight a hungry lion. The people were early there to get the best seats, and a more alert and enthusiastic crowd never assembled. They took their dinner with them. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed? Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked backed and weak eyed, but the grandest man in sixty centuries, is led to the center as the people roar, "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him."

It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the Stadium is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body crumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthralment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life.

Now, I hear the bolt of the wild beast's door shoved back, and the whole audience rise to see the fierce brute springs for the arena and toward its small occupant. I think the first plunge that was made by the wild beast at the apostle was made on the point of a sharp blade, and the snarling monster, with a howl of pain and reeking with gore, turns back. But now the little missionary has his turn of making attack, and with a few well directed thrusts the monster has died in the dust of the arena, and the apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterward uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death—"He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet"—yes, under His feet.

Paul told the literal truth when he said: "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time. As we stood that day in the middle of the Stadium and looked around at the great structure, the whole scene came back upon us.

But we came out of the Stadium, for we are in haste for other places of interest in Ephesus. To add to the excitement of the day one of our party was missing. No man is safe in that region alone unless he be armed and know how to take sure aim and not miss fire. Our companion, Dr. Louis Klopitzki, the publisher of the *Christian Herald*, had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet where no man unacquainted should adventure now. But after some time had passed and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveler appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.

In the midst of this city of Ephesus once floated an artificial lake, brilliant with painted boats, and through the river Cayster it was connected with the sea, and ships from all parts of the known earth floated in and out, carrying on a commerce which made Ephesus the envy of the world. Great was Ephesus! Its gymnasia, its hippodrome, its odeon, its amphitheatre, its forum, its aqueducts (whose skeletons are still drawn along the city), its towers, its Castle of Hadrian, its quarries, which were the grand cradle of cities, its temples, built to Apollo, to Minerva, to Neptune, to Mercury, to Bacchus, to Hercules, to Cæsar, to Fortune, to Jupiter Olympus. Yet that history and poetry and chisel and canvas have not presented has come up at the call of archæologists' powder blast and crowbar.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities. In 1863, under the patronage of the English Government, Mr. Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else besides—the temple of the goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world, and in 1869 we stood amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time.

As I sit on a piece of one of its fallen columns I said, "What earthquakes rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wine of centuries did the giant stagger and fall?" There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of its architectural successors. Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States have stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of masting those regions their playground, the temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal, covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry near by.

After it was decreed to build the temple it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands, but one day a shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the lustrous whiteness of the rock. The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which place the temple was built, and every month in all ages since the Mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth of the cities of Asia Minor.

In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled. To put the immense blocks of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking that the architect at one time gave it up, and in his chagrin attempted suicide, but one night in his sleep he dreamed that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had, by its own weight, settled to the right place.

The temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and two feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king, and inscribed with the name of the donor. Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of those pillars to the temple of Diana in his own name, chiseled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and I will write upon him the name of My God and the name of the city of My God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon Him My new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's temple, I saw afterward eight of those pillars at Constantinople, to which city they had been removed, and are now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly marbles stood up in various parts of the temple, where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grapevine. Doors of cypress wood, which had been kept in glue for years and bordered with bronze in bas relief, swung against pillars of brass and resounded with echo upon echo, caught up and sent on and buried back through the corridors.

In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad as the Bible records, that that image had dropped plumb out of heaven into that temple, and the sculptors who really made the image were put to death, so that they could not testify of its human manufacture, lest so they its celestial origin. It was thought by intelligent people that the material from which this idol was formed might have dropped out of heaven as an aerolite. We have seen in the British museum, and in universities of our own west, blocks of stone hurled off from other worlds. These aerolites were seen to fall, and witnesses have gone to the landing places, and scientists have pronounced them to be the product of other worlds.

But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicts that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spikenard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster. A necklace of acorns coiled gracefully around her. There were four lions on her arms, typical of strength. Her head was crowned. Around this figure stood statues which by wonderful invention shed tears. The air by strange machinery was made damp with descending perfumes. The walls damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by conceived mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds.

Praxiteles, the sculptor, and Apelles, the painter, filled the place with their triumphs. Croesus, the wealthiest of the ancients, put here and there in the temple golden heifers. The paintings were so vivid and lifelike that Alexander, who was moved at nothing of terror, shuddered at one battle scene on these walls, and so true to life was a painting of a horse that when Alexander's horse was led up to it he began to neigh, as one horse is accustomed to greet another. One painting in that temple cost $193,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals from all lands fled to the shelter of this temple, and the law could not touch them. It seems now the publisher of the *Christian Herald*, had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet where no man unacquainted should adventure now. But after some time had passed and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveler appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.

No wonder that even Antony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One women month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garbs of purple and violet and scarlet moved through it, and there were torches and anthems, and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resources were devoted to the support of this resplendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship.

All artists, all archæologists, all centuries, agreed in saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Paul, in the presence of this Temple of Diana, incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple, "Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, etc.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says, "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, etc.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquila and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases, and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words, "Ask Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnameneus Ai sion."

But, all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of the year awful malarias sweep over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptilian life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night slink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once started the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs. It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by the horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshipers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary god, and so in idolatrous lands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshiped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds. Our God has the sunshine and the showers and the harvests, and in proportion as He is worshiped does plenty reign.

So also in the Temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and the offenders of the law that they might escape incarceration. But she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts, and the guilty remained guilty. But, our God in Jesus Christ is a refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time, but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshipers, our Christ accomplishes for us:

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Then, in that temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure house of nations; they brought gold and silver and precious stones and crowns from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured or destroyed. Vandals robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasure but our God, to whom we may intrust all our treasures for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in Him He never will. After the last juggernaut column has fallen, and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins, and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

But notice what killed Ephesus and what has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city became its curse. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath takes four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough one of the rulers said, "You blame him for making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all."

But that warm bath which enervated Ephesus, and which is always enervating except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesus. Luxury, self-indulgence Ephesus fell, and the last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasium, and the last racer took his grand exit in the Stadium, and the last plan was heard in her Forum, and even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London and all modern cities, transatlantic and transcontinental, take warning. What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus! What luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people and splendor to all the land, but at the same time, may He grant the righteous use of them.

"Gymnasium? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them is consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and empty pomp of service there be warmth of devotion and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all the printing presses be marshaled for happiness and truth. Great postoffice buildings? Yes, but through them day by day, may correspondence hospital, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnitude, Berlin for universities, Paris for fashions, Rome for cathedrals, Athens for classics, Thebes for hieroglyphics, Memphis for tombs, Babylon for gardens, Ephesus for idolatry, our great cities! Let the sacrifices of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would have attained their full stature? Would they be in the Lord? Would they be in that holiness to the Lord? Would they be consecrated unto all our municipalities. One consecrated unto all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is that our idolatry must come down. When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, enshrined in the greatest temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth, and anything or any one more than God is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the Nineteenth century as in the First, and in America as in Asia.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, all of them scowling in a wrangle with each other and trying to get a wrangle with us, we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with stork's nest, having built their nests there, and we rolled down toward Smyrna, and we met in a sailor's bethel as we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between our lips and graves there could not be anything much more enthralling for body, mind and soul than our visit to Ephesus.

A Rival of the Yosemite.

In the Sierra wilderness far to the southward of the famous Yosemite Valley, there is a yet grander valley of the same kind. It is situated on the South Fork of King's River, above the most extensive groves and forests of the giant sequoia, and beneath the shadows of the highest mountains in the range, where the canyons are deepest and the snow-laden peaks are crowded most closely together. It is called the Big King's River Canyon, or King's River Yosemite, and is reached by way of Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from which the distance is about forty-five miles, or by the Kearsarge Pass from the east side of the range. It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide, and the stupendous rocks of purplish gray granite that forms the walls are from 2,500 to 5,000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain mass from which it has been carved is considerably more than a mile. Thus it appears that this new Yosemite is longer and deeper, and lies imbedded in grander mountains than the well-known Yosemite of the Merced. Their general characters, however, are wonderfully alike, and they bear the same relationship to the fountains of the ancient glaciers above them.—Century.

Thought It Was a Gun.

A correspondent who has had considerable experience in South Africa narrates an incident which occurred on the Limpopo River, the northern boundary of the Transvaal. One of his drivers was a Hottentot named Cigar, and though the roads were heavy, he had to hurry on, time being an object, not even halting for the usual siesta in the middle of the day. But one day the bullocks stopped suddenly and refused to advance further. The Hottentot's experience told him there was something ahead that frightened the oxen, so, seizing his whip, he went forward to reconnoiter. He was not long in discovering the cause of the trouble, namely, a splendid couple of lions with their cubs, enjoying a mid-day snooze. Without hesitation he measured with his eye the distance, then raising his giant ox-whip, brought it down among them with a succession of cracks that rivaled the report of a gun. Thus abruptly awakened, neither of the parents stopped to learn who had disturbed them, but bounded off into the adjoining jungle, closely followed by their progeny.

IN nearly every case where the funds held in a fiduciary capacity have disappeared the method of easy plunder has been due to two causes: First, the absence of supervision, leaving bank officers without external check when exposed to the temptation of cupidity or dishonesty; and, second, the disposition of the officials to use the funds intrusted to their charge in speculative enterprises generally akin to pure gambling. Back of all this, of course, is the prevalent social theory that it is the duty of every man to get rich without much regard to the means by which he does so.

BUFFALO BILL is soon to bring his "Wild West" show back to this country for new features. He might obtain some of his wildest Western features from Omaha, Neb.

THE New York ball-players accused of throwing games to Boston have testified that everything was straight and honorable in their conduct. What more does anybody want?

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE GARDENER.

He was hard at work in the garden,
Though the day was very hot,
Busy planting and watering something
With his little sprinkling pot.

He came in warm and breathless
And startled me with the query:
"Will my cookies be up soon?"

Then, before I had time to ask him
What his funny question meant,
He went on and told me the labor
On which his thoughts were bent.

"I broke some cookies in pieces,
And picked out the little seeds,
And I planted them in my garden
When I'd pulled up all my weeds.

"I watered them very often—
Perhaps they're a little too wet,
For though I've watched every minute,
Not one has come up yet!

"I put on the dirt very lightly,
So they'd hurry and come through,
And the very first cookie that blossoms
I'm going to pick for you.

"I've got a few seeds left over,
Here in this little tin cup,
Mamma, don't you think by to-morrow
A few cookies will be up?"

Such an earnest little gardener
It was hard to tell, indeed,
That the world has never tasted
Cookies raised from caraway seed.
—Little Men and Women.

QUEER ANIMALS.

It is a strange fact in regard to New Zealand that the country is almost entirely lacking in indigenous animals. The only animals it possessed before the arrival of Captain Cook, in 1769, says the author of "New Zealand After Fifty Years," were the kiore—a little, dark-brown rat—and two very small bats. The kiore is now a rare and very shy animal, but there are times when it makes its appearance in vast numbers, coming nobody knows whence, and going nobody knows whither. Three or four years ago such a visitation of rats occurred on the west coast of one of the islands; a countless swarm of these little creatures traveled along the shore for a distance of 150 miles, all going one way. Many of them died of hunger by the way, and they were all exposed to terrible attacks from a rat larger and stronger than themselves. Another New Zealand animal which is somewhat peculiar in its habits is the tuatara, a lizard which grows from six inches to a foot in length. This creature is the very embodiment of a negative existence. It is usually found clinging motionless to a rock, perfectly regardless of driving spray or blinding sun. It wants neither food nor drink but is perfectly content to be kept in a glass case for months or even years and is very slightly affected by the want of air. It makes no noise and moves so seldom and so slowly that many persons have watched those confined in a glass case for a long period and then left them under the impression that the creatures were only stuffed specimens after all. Yet the solemn blinking of the golden eyes and the slow palpitation of their leathery sides bear slight witness to their sluggish vitality.

A WELL-TRAINED TEAM.

So much praise is accorded to the intelligence of the higher dumb animals that some credence is put in the large number of unpretending little creatures who are willing to be loving and companionable, if we will but encourage them. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine thus describes a duck, which evidently possessed the power of thought and feeling quite equal to that of some dogs. This was not a domestic duck, but a teal, which my friend brought down with his gun, slightly wounded. Out of compassion he tied it up in a handkerchief and carried it home. The captive soon grew accustomed to its new mode of existence, and strongly attached to all the members of the family, seeking for them when it felt lonely, and always exhibiting anger and distress in the presence of strangers. When a cat or dog was fondled in its presence, it would run to the spot, administer a few vindictive blows to the animal with its soft bill, and solicit a caress for itself. The most curious thing in its history was that it took a special liking to its captor, and singled him out to receive its most marked attentions. When he went away to business in the morning the teal would accompany him to the street door to see him off, then return contentedly to the yard; and in the afternoon it would again repair to the door—always left open—and, standing composedly on the middle of the step, await its master's return for this teal took account of time. If, while it stood there watching the road, a stranger came in it would open its beak, hiss, strike at his legs, showing as much suspicion and sense of proprietorship as a dog does when it barks and snaps at a visitor. Its owner's arrival was greeted with demonstrations of affection and joy. It would follow him into the house, and spend an hour or two very happily, if allowed to sit on his feet, or nestle against them on the hearth rug.

MARGARET RILEY of South Glens Falls, N. Y., has just passed her 106th year, and still retains to a remarkable degree all her faculties, and is as active as a young person. She has never worn glasses, and can thread a needle as well as well as in years gone by. She is also intelligent and agreeable in conversation.

THE LADIES.

AN ORIGINAL AND THRIFTY MAIDEN.

Here is a story of an original and thrifty maiden. For many years she hoarded the envelopes of all the letters she received. And when she had accumulated enough for her purpose she papered the wall of her bedroom with them. The letters were from all manner of people and all manner of places. And thus the young lady kept ever before her eyes reminiscences—pleasant or painful, amusing or harrowing—of all her dearest friends. Her love letters she used for a dado, with the signatures cut off, of course.—[New York Press.

SAVED HUMAN LIVES.

Froken Anette Weber and Froken Augusta Weber, from Stordaen, in Norway, will obtain the medal for saving life as a reward for the plucky and resolute manner in which they, some time ago, saved two men from drowning outside the Lervik lighthouse. The lighthouse, and, although there was a strong wind and a heavy sea, they at once entered a small boat that was lying close by, and without thinking of the danger to which they exposed themselves, they rowed out and saved the two men, who would undoubtedly have drowned had it not been for their aid. Two other Norwegian women hold the medal for saving life.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TO BOOM FALSE HAIR.

The French hairdressers are circulating a petition which they will submit to the Minister of Fine Arts when it has 50,000 signatures. The purport of the document is that women be prohibited from appearing in their hats in the theatres subsidized by the government, and that the coiffure of the ladies at such entertainments be according to the fashions devised by the Hair Dressers' Association. The cause of this strange request is that the trade in false hair has greatly decreased for the last few years and the present fashion of dressing the hair in German style threatens a still greater falling off of the trade.—New Orleans Picayune.

A RECENT SWELL WEDDING.

At the recent wedding in London, England, of the Countess of Dudley, nee Gurney, the bridesmaids wore black hats, and not only were the hats black, but the plumes also, relieved, however, by knots of cream lace. The Countess went away in a tailor gown of soft dove color and white, the material of the finest cloth, cut with absolute plainness, and white vest and collar and cuffs relieved the bodice. Georgina Lady Dudley was by many considered to look even lovelier than the bride. The former's dress of gray corded silk, trimmed with fine gauze, worn with a stylish princesse bonnet, was most becoming. It is said that in answer to a question put to the German Kaiser, as to whom he considered the most beautiful woman he had met in England, he unhesitatingly gave the palm to Georgina Countess of Dudley.—[New York Post.

HAWAII'S QUEEN.

It is not so hard to pronounce the name of her gracious majesty the Hawaiian Queen, as it may at first sight seem, who last month became a widow. Try this — Lil-liue-woke-a-lanny. Accent firmly the "eee," and, if you can, run the whole glibly off the tongue. Liliuokalani means Lily-of-the-Sky, but in everyday life the queen has been known until recently as Princess Lydia, or Mrs. Dominis. Dominis, her husband, was of American birth. The Lily-of-the-Sky is past fifty, good looking, well educated, a member of the woman's board of missions, childless and credited with being sensible. She is not supposed to like the new constitution, which has limited her powers, but has honestly accepted the situation. People who think they know something about her say she will never expose herself to ridicule as did her brother, the late King Kalakaua. Her heir is a girl of sixteen with pretty eyes, the Princess V. Kaiulani Cleghorn. Her father is Archibald Cleghorn, and she is at school, much as if the Hawaiian end of her name didn't belong to her, in England.—[Chicago Post.

AMAZONS OF THE FORGE.

Efforts are being made in Great Britain to secure legislation that would prohibit the employment of women and girls in the business of making nails, spikes and chains. It has been said that female employment in this direction was of compulsion, not of choice. Philanthropists have pictured the dingy smithy, with its lurid glare of leaping sparks, its sonorous chime of the falling hammer, and the British amazon with the biceps of an athlete pounding the red-hot metal. Eve waiting on Vulcan has invoked the pity and caress of humanity, and furnished the text for many a political tirade against the government and civilization that made such conditions a necessity in industrial life.

We have nothing to say against the crusade for female emancipation, though if the truth be told the amazons of the black country, with its countless furnaces and its smoke-darkened sky, are by no means the serfs they seem to be, and are so far exempt from the Winchesters that have been conspicuous in some labor troubles this side the Atlantic.

We do not believe in female employment in such a masculine business as making spikes and chains, says the Age of Steel. The forge is no place for a woman, but if she chooses to swing a hammer, who can prevent it? It may be an abnormal prediction, and by no means coincident with the parlor and piano idea of the modern Eve, but in an age when women are captains of ships and running municipal government of cities, no law can annul the right of the gentle sex to make the shoe or pound the anvil.

That there are two sides of this question of female blacksmiths can no longer be doubted, since a delegation of lady ironworkers waited on the home secretary to protest against interference with their rights. There was nothing savoring of sickness, atrophy or nervousness in this amazonian deputation. If dry goods were but poorly represented, force and flesh were there in robust condition. One of the speakers had reached the modest age of fifty-seven years, of which quite fifty had been spent in hammering iron, with occasional relapses, during which she had bequeathed fourteen children to her husband's care and the census of the nation.

A lass of sixteen years, who wielded a hammer weighing eighteen pounds, pleaded her inapprentice in health as a reason why the law should not interfere with her business. Appearances justified her logic, for she had the nerve of a lioness and the shoulders of an athlete.

FASHION NOTES.

Solid silver photo frames come in pierced work threaded through with fancy velvets.

Emery bags devised as peaches, mounted with silver tops, are among quaint offerings.

An exceedingly neat ring consists of a slender gold wire with three diamonds set above the other, in an inclined position.

English women continue to wear with their tailor-made suits very high collars—collars that only seem possible in the long, English throat.

It is gravely announced, by a fashionable shoemaker, that women really in the best style, as far as shoes are concerned, will have on those made of green calf-skin, lined with brown. It would be rather curious to see the woman who would dare wear these.

The daintiest stockings to be worn by a bride are of fine white silk with a medallion of Valenciennes lace set in the instep.

Lizards, spiders, and serpents are approved ornaments for the hair, the grotesque in jewelry reigning supreme at the present moment.

Nowadays the wearing of false hair is barely tolerated, and women with but little of their own arrange what they have to the best advantage.

Quaint old china and pottery models are being received for flower holders—a milk maid and her buckets, and maidens with flowers springing from their backs.

One of fashion's bizarre fads is the Red Riding hood cape, which is of cloth of the most vivid tone but of the finest quality.

Dress skirts are being made narrower even than they were worn a few months ago; indeed, those who affect the exaggerated mode find difficulty in walking.

An expensive but handsome novelty is a razor cloth ornamented with a flat band of feather trimming made of lophophore, peacock or other brilliant plumage.

The most elegant material for visiting and dining gowns this season is the finest plain cloth. Its weight makes it possible to use brighter colors than would be desirable in a less solid fabric.

Just at the present moment millinery particularly favor bronze browns and the different varieties of green. With these colors are combined very bright shades of pink, rose, scarlet and yellow.

What is known as the sanglier felt hat has a rough surface, and is designed expressly to wear with shaggy tweed and rough camel's-hair costumes. The trimming of these hats is either eagles' plumes or other stiff feathers, secured with a knot of brilliant scarlet or equally brilliant marigold yellow ribbon.

Elegant evening dresses are ornamented with delicate silk embroideries or handsome jeweled passementeries around the hem, often arranged in deep points. The bodice is made with a collar with deep points standing like a Stuart fraise and with cuffs, extending nearly to the elbow, of the deeply vandyked trimming.

The heavy foundation-skirt is omitted in many of the most elegant and expensive imported gowns. The one skirt is either in bell or circular shape, and is lined throughout, or, when the cloth is extra heavy, it is faced up about half a yard on the under side and for a quarter of a yard only in case a reversed hem is used to finish the skirt on the outside.

Very handsome are some of the French walking-coats made of deep Alderney cream-colored billiard cloth and trimmed with cut jet cabochons and faceted nailheads. The coats are lined with black satin and finished with a large revers collar of black-fox fur. Other models in cafe-au-lait brown of the palest tint, are lined and trimmed with very dark musk fur.

"Ultan blue" is a very favorite shade of that color. It appears among wool fabrics in ladies' cloth, camel's-hair, India cashmere and Syrian cloth, also occasionally among the fancy Bedford cords and corded silks. It is devoid of any purple tights and has no hard, metallic shades by day or by night, and it is, therefore, exceptionally becoming to blondes and to brunettes with color.

The velvet rosettes that have obtained so much lately are still fashionable, and, to carry out this artistic idea, are to be preferred to bows, as a bow should not be placed where something does not seem to require joining together, whereas a rosette, being purely an ornament, can be placed where it fulfils its duty in life, and is simply decorative.

MICROBE OF LEPROSY DISCOVERED.

M. Pasteur Talks on the Find of an English Doctor in India.

Great interest was caused in medical and other circles in Paris at the report from Simla, India, that an English doctor there had succeeded in discovering, separating, and neutralizing the special microbe of leprosy. In view of the great interest which attaches to this subject in America a correspondent called upon M. Pasteur in the Institute in the Rue Dutat in order to obtain his views. The great bacteriologist said:

"The news of the discovery of the leprosy microbe is no surprise to me. In fact, with the progress of science and by following the lines already laid down, I have not the slightest doubt but that in time the microbes of all diseases which attack the human body will be discovered and cultivated. How to exterminate them is another question. One point of your information, however, is inexact, as the statement that an English doctor has discovered the leprosy microbe is not true. The microbe has been understood for some time by medical men. The Swedish doctor, Hankel, first discovered its existence; he first showed it to me, and I examined it most carefully in his laboratory. The microbe is remarkable for its infinitesimal size and its extreme activity. It may be found in vast numbers even in the cells attacked by the contagion.

"Leprosy usually develops itself in hot climates where the high temperature, the absence of hygienic appliances, and personal uncleanliness aid its development immensely. Yet in Sweden, where the temperature is low, its ravages are very great.

"As for the English doctor, it is probable he found a physiological medium favorable to the culture of the microbe, which is an important point. There is no doubt that with our growing experience leprous vaccine will soon be discovered; and it is even possible that with the experience already gained such a result may be at once obtained. To say, however, that leprosy may from the present moment be cured is quite another affair, as we must await results which are often disappointing."

Then turning to the subject of hydrophobia, the savant said:

"During last year we have taken care of 1,546 cases at the institute and have had on an average one death in every 250 cases treated. These were due entirely to the fact that the treatment commenced too late. I have had less patients from abroad than formerly. This is due to the fact that in almost every country there is an institute for the same purpose; but I still take a large number of Portuguese, Italians, and Roumanians. In fact, not a day passes without bringing me new patients. Proper police regulations would quickly reduce the immense number of new cases, but it is difficult to influence such a reform when we find so many people love dogs more than their own children."

"WHAT makes a woman marry?" asks an article in the North American Review. And we answer, man.

"A Yard of Roses."

One of the popular paintings at the New York Academy of Design was a yard-long panel of Roses. A crowd was always before it. One art critic claimed, "Such a bit of nature should belong to all the people, it is too beautiful for one man to hide away."

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars to reproduce the painting. The result has been a triumph of artistic delicacy and color.

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