SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Shortened Lives."

TEXT: "*The righteous is taken away from the evil to come.*"—Isaiah lvii., i.

We have written for the last time at the head of our letters and business documents the figures 1893. With this day closes the year. In January last we celebrated its birth. To-day we attend its obsequies. Another twelve months have been cut out of our earthly continuance, and it is a time for absorbing reflection.

We all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth, we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg in old age said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

I would not live alway.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at eighty-two years of age, standing in my house in a festal group reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at eighteen years of age he wrote the immortal threnody. Cato feared at eighty years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus writing a book at ninety years of age was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed at about eighty-six years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician.

Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world, at seventy said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days. Indeed I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1893, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about the advantages of an abbreviated earthly existence.

If I were an agnostic, I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on "terra firma," because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or 100 years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes and life preservers and bronze armor and weapons of defense lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing because it makes one's life work very compact.

Some men go to business at 7 o'clock in the morning and return at 7 in the evening. Others go at 8 o'clock and return at 12. Others go at 10 and return at 4. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well—they do their entire work, and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at 9 o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at 12 o'clock noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to 11 o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble field, but, shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under a tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done and well done; the quicker the better.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. A man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years before there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were schoolmates or college mates of some great defrauder: "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said: "Why, he was a splendid fellow. I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in midlife or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible soaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth: the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction. At about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up until the stimulants keep him down, or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonored action he can lift himself and his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm, and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man makes a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until middle or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been full of arrogance or worldliness in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and eternal damage.

Concerning many people it may be said it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age. Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty-five? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself, he is put on his guard. Bolts on the door to keep out the robbers. Fireproof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accidents. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse airbreak against railroad collision. There are many against railroad collision. There are many ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defense against cold, defense against heat, defense against sickness, defense against the world's abuse, defense all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when someone comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defense and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet? In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle go, personal friends whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Besides that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during forty or fifty or sixty years this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at sixteen years of age. He escapes fifty funerals, fifty caskets, fifty obsequies, fifty awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear fifty departures? Shall we not, by the grace of God, rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it!"

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king, he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short lived child or the long lived father? Had David died as early as that child, he would in the first place have that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worst bereavement of Absalom, his recreant son and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and, above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean, and He put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the centre of things. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth His hand to create the universe, He did not strike that hand at right angles, but He waved it in a circle, and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, that centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is the great metropolis of immensity.

Now, does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre toward the circumference, where our world is? We are like those who study the American continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact that we are studying under such great disadvantage.

Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory, is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone up stairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the freshman class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of Him, but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him for fifty years through pictures of words. The little child that died last night to-day knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick, and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health, where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the centre! What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Maytime orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle, surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We stick to the world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and I want to break up your infatuation for this world. I tell you if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity, I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your families that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up the spring-time hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world "in transitu." It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone. But we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living, not according to that old maxim which I used so hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas morning one of my neighbors, an old sea captain, died. After life had departed, his face was illuminated as though he were just going into harbor. That fact was, he had already gone through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lightship.

The captain often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go in New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat, he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and the captain said to his mate, "You will call me at 10 o'clock at night."

At 12 o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at 10 o'clock, and here it is 12." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at 10 o'clock, and you got up looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at 12 o'clock." Said the captain: "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At 12 o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with 100 struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the reseue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything. All I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

MEANWHILE THE POOR SUFFER

Providence Officials Wrangling Over the Amount to Pay for a Day's Labor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 29.—A special meeting of the common council was called for noon by Mayor Potter, that there might be concurrent action which would permit the park commissioners to expend a portion of the $300,000 appropriated last week for park construction in the employment of the poor. The common council made the per diem 75 cents and the aldermen made it $1. Neither branch would agree to the rate of pay voted by the other. So the aldermen passed another joint resolution referring the whole question to the park commissioners, with authority to hire as many men as they pleased and at any wages they might think proper. The council to-day not only refused to concur but also refused to consent to a conference of conference which had been asked by the aldermen.

Death of an Old Jerseyite.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 29.—Aaron P. Mitchell, one of the most widely known men of Essex county, died in East Orange yesterday of cancer of the stomach. Mr. Mitchell was born in East Orage in 1820. He entered Hamilton college and was graduated in 1850. He engaged in the dairy business in East Orange. Four years ago he retired with an ample fortune. He married Miss Elizabeth Dodd, who survives him with four grown children.

New England Railroad Shops Close.

NORWOOD, Mass., Dec. 30.—The repair shops of the New York and New England railroad company have been closed and about 600 employees were thrown out of work, with no notice when they will return. This is a severe blow to the town.

INSTINCT OF INDUSTRY.

Animals and Insects are Adepts in the Art of Collecting Provisions.

A recent and interesting contribution to the sum of popular knowledge of animal instincts is M. Frederic Houssay's work on "The Industries of Animals," published in the "Contemporary Science Series," by Mr. Walter Scott. It is an ingenious attempt to bring man and animals into line on the common ground of their provision by industry of the necessities of life. The arts of collecting provisions, storing and preserving food, domesticating and managing flocks, and capturing slaves, are quite as well understood by animals and insects as by man in the earlier stages of his civilization, and show a curious analogy in their development in the case of the more backward among human communities.

Ants of the same species both have and have not learned to keep "cattle." Lespes found a tribe of black ants which had a flock of "cows," which they milked daily. But he also discovered a nest of the same species which had no flocks. These he presented with some of the aphides used by their cow-keeping relations. The ants instantly attacked, killed and ate them, behaving in exactly the same improvident manner as a tribe of Australian "black fellows" when presented with a flock of sheep. A little-known and striking instance of foresight and industry exhibited by a bird is that of the California woodpecker. Like others of its kind, this bird is an insect eater. Yet in view of the approach of winter, it prepares a store of food of a wholly different character, and arranges this with as much care as an epicure might devote to the storage of his wine in a cellar. In the summer the woodpecker lives on ants. For the winter it stores up acorns. To hold each acorn it hollows a small hole in a tree, into which the acorn is exactly fitted, and is ready to be split by the strong beak of the climbing woodpecker, though to tightly held to be stolen either by squirrels or other birds. A relation of this woodpecker inhabits the dryest parts of Mexico, where during the droughts it must die of starvation unless it made a store. To prevent this it selects the hollow stem of a specie of aloe, the bore of which is just large enough to hold a nut. The woodpecker drills holes at intervals in the stem and fills it from bottom to top with the nuts, the separate holes being apparently made for convenience of access to the column of nuts within. The intelligence which not only constructs a special storehouse, but teaches the woodpecker to lay by only the nuts which will keep, and not the insects which would decay, is perhaps the highest form of bird reasoning which has yet been observed.

Small Pocket Change.

"A 'congress to abolish the small-change' would be an appropriate way in which to wind up the series of meetings under President Benny," remarked a sad-eyed man yesterday to a reporter for the Chicago Tribune. "There is nothing in the world that tends more in the direction of profligate expenditures.

"The Sherman law has had the major part of the burden of hard times laid upon its shoulders, but no greater evil to the prosperity and financial well-doing of humanity exists to-day than the little receptacle on the right-hand side of a man's coat, where the stray nickels, dimes, quarters and halves find their way when a large bill is changed.

"From the moment the coins drop into the pocket they might as well be charged up to dead loss, for the owner loses their identity right then and there so far as value is concerned.

"It is so easy, when passing along through the streets, in the shops, or the many places where there are opportunities to spend money in little driblets, to dip into this pocket, and it is cleaned out before one has any notion of it. To the change pocket also, I lay the blame to a considerable extent of the increase in the drink habit. Many a man has indulged himself in a cocktail simply because he had the price so handy, whereas had he kept it in a purse he might have thought twice before drinking."

Sincere Devoutness of the Turks.

Near this spot is the Yeni Jami, one of the beautiful mosques of Stamboul, frequented at all hours by a motley crowd of worshippers. Leave behind you the glare, the hurry, and the rush of the thronged street, thrust your feet into the wide slippers at the door, and enter the beautiful building at the hour of prayer. The contrast is sudden, solemn and grand, and something of the deep mystery of Oriental life is all at once made clear to you. In the cool shadows Mussulmans of all ages are prostrating themselves before the Mihrab,—the small shrine which in every mosque shows the exact direction of Mecca—or before the sacred writings in other parts of the wall. There is profound belief and devotion in their attitudes, gestures and accents, a belief as superior to the idolatrous superstition of the far East as it is beyond the conviction of the ordinary Christian in simplicity and sincerity. It is indeed impossible to spend much time among Mussulmans without acquiring the certainty that they are profoundly in earnest in religious matters, and that the unfurling of the Standard of the Prophet which is occasionally hinted at as a vague possibility would be productive of results not dreamed of in the philosophy of Europe.—[Scribner's

Russia is making such successful efforts in increasing her cotton production that within five years she expects to raise all that she needs for home consumption.

There was [illegible] Great Exposition at Chicago [illegible] in full view, by easy arrangements, [illegible] comparative vital statistics of our own general health as compared with other nations, and our scientific facilities for the relief of human suffering. Then it would have appeared how much we are misrepresented and how, even in all those minor ills which beset mankind, we are masters of cure and alleviation. In the line of general ailments which all nations have in common, such as rheumatic or neuralgic afflictions, there is no prompt and permanent cure in the world the equal of what we could have shown. St. Jacobs Oil, for instance, for this purpose, would have taken any premium that might have been offered. It has done so at many of the great fairs of the world. As for the ordinary casualties of every-day, busy life, such as sprains, bruises, burns, wounds or cuts, of course it is well known as the superior remedy of the age. Perhaps doctors disagree, but the people are never mistaken in knowing what is best.

This Lord Peddles Milk.

To be a tradesman, i. e., to sell anything at retail, is the one unpardonable sin in England that bars the unfortunate criminal out of the charmed circle of good society. A lord, you know, would be forever disgraced if by any chance he should associate with such a low personage. It seems, however, that there are ways of getting around the disgrace of such callings. A recent lawsuit in England brings out the fact that the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh is engaged in business as a milk seller. He has applied for an injunction to restrain one Sullivan from peddling milk over a certain "walk" in opposition to his lordship. It appeared that Sullivan had been in Lord Rayleigh's service, and on leaving it had made an agreement with him that he would not conduct a milk business within a certain district for the period of two years. So the lord is a milk peddler, but, then, of course, he does not drive his own wagons, but just takes the money. That makes a difference—a distinction, at any rate.—[New Orleans Picayune.

BAD CASE OF SCROFULA

I was a great sufferer from scrofula, having dreadful sores in my ears and on my head, sometimes like large boils, discharging all the time. My husband insisted that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. At the first bottle

MY APPETITE IMPROVED,

and I felt somewhat better. So I bought another bottle, and by the time it was half gone the scrofu a had entirely disappeared. I am now entirely free from scrofula and was never in better health.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

also cured me of a terrible pain in my side, which was caused by neuralgia of the heart."
MRS. A. C. MEDLOCK, Orleans, Ind.

Hood's Pills cure constipation, biliousness.

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McCLAVE, Schoolteacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.
DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Warren's Natural ASPHALT Ready-to-Roofing. Durable—Easily Applied. This roofing contains no coal tar and will not dry up and become brittle under exposure to the weather. Send for free samples and Circular. Warren Chemical & Mfg. Co., 81 and 83 Fulton Street, New York, U. S. A.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

A GLANCE AT MOROCCO

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE DESPOTISM.

One of the Mandates of Its Ruler That His Subjects Shall Obey A... Foreigners—Atrocious Cruelties.

It has been often remarked of late th... the Emperor of Morocco is about t... most absolutely despotic monarch ... whom the world knows anything ... these days. He has Ministers, but th... are merely his favorites for the time bei... and subject to his whim. He has ... laws to bother him save his will, and ... precedents to respect or unpopular r... resentatives to fear. He, himself, is l... and justice, and 3,000,000 people h... their lives and property subject to ... nod.

And yet his power is in many di... tions very narrowly circumscribed. T... representatives of foreign nations h... very diligently cut his claws. They h... taken the natives under consular prot... tion so freely that Emperor Muley Has... must frequently have wondered whet... or no he has any subjects to punish... that portion of his domains oc... pied by the foreigners. That is a g... thing in its way, but a few years ... there was an angry dispute when it ... found that, though there were only th... Americans in Morocco, our consul th... had made 150 American citizens ou... the natives, that he himself insis... upon being their judge, and that he ... in the habit of thrusting into prison ... body against whom they made c... plaint. The Emperor has been fri... ened out of his wits by these proc... ings, fearing that they might lead to ... dismemberment of his empire; an... few years ago he ordered his subj... implicitly to obey all foreigners an... people protected by them. Dark cr... against person and property have ... committed under this sanction, and n... of these shrewd proteges, and not a... consuls as well have grown rich fro...

Though the Moors have been nom... rulers of Morocco for 400 years they ... never really been rulers of the w... country. The native Berbers ... driven to the mountains, and there ... have ever since remained, defiant and ... conquered, and the emperors of Mo... have been glad enough to let them a... The Kabyles of the Riff coast, wh... cently opposed the Spaniards at Me... belong to his stock, and Muley Ha... can in no way control them. The... a far superior race to the Moors, ... are in fact largely Arabs diluted ... Spanish and other blood.

Human slavery flourishes openly ... without hindrance there, even in th... cessible cities, and almost within ... of Gibraltar; while the poor Jew ... most the only thrifty and peaceful ... ment of the urban populations, are ... most unmercifully. Morocco is a f... country, and rich in copper and ... minerals. But the government ... neither develop these resources itse... allow anybody else to do so. The ... lack the foresight needful for ag... turists, and they never plant or g... enough to carry them through ti... succeeding season, so that one bad ... vest means great suffering.

The spirit of the Arabs is inhe... antagonistic to Christian civilizatio... were it not so the Government of M... co would make thrift and industr... possible. Fez might readily be br... into direct steam communication ... the world by means of the Sebou ... Instead, it was until very recent ... almost an unknown city. There ... a highway worthy of the ... leading from it. Indeed, there ar... to be only two wagons in all Mo... One is the coach presented by ... Victoria to Muley Hassan a few ... ago. He uses it, though he mak... driver walk, since no man must sit ... the Emperor. The young Hessian ... who fifty years ago took the first ca... to Tangiers, was only permitted to ... after he had taken off its wheels.

There is no regular means for t... tribution of justice and none for t... lection of taxes. When the E... needs money he directs the pas... collect the tenth prescribed b... Koran. The pashas add a ter... themselves, and the actual col... put on another tenth for their t... If there is any suspicion that the ... not paying all he ought, the tortu... prompt and efficacious way of inc... the pile.

Justice is openly sold to the ... bidder, and to be accused of an ... against the government is to enta... fiscation of all visible property, ... found guilty or not. It is no... wondered at, then, that the inha... of Morocco live in squalor; th... bury their money whenever the... they can safely do so; that the... dilapidated clothes and let their ... go to decay. To show any evid... wealth is to invite misery and ... death.

Roasting, stretching, pinching ... ping, branding and mutilating ... milar forms of punishment in M... Revolts are put down by wholes... sacres. Slow beheading with b... knives and daggers in the publ... are of common occurrence. T... punished by cutting off the righ... eyes are torn out, ears and noses ... off for various offenses, and the ... of the poor are mutilated in s... horrible ways. Nor does convi... ways precede punishment. It i... rily quite sufficient to have b... cused, if the persecutor be a p... consequence.—[New York Press

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"I thought Belle was to m... Kentucky colonel?"

"So; the engagement is off. ... he drink bad [illegible]."—[Indianapolis