SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Quick Feet."

TEXT: "When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod."—Matthew xiv., 6.

It is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading thereto are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread with all the luxuries that royal purveyors can gather. The guest, white robed and anointed and perfumed, come in and sit at the table. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Repartee is indulged. Toasts are drunk. The brain is befogged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light. Pour out more wine. Music. Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dance! Bring in Salome, the beautiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer. The lords are enchanted.

Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations! These men never saw such "poetry of motion." Their soul whirls in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and everything but the fascinations of Salome. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirls on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. After awhile he sits in enchanted silence looking at the flashing, leaping, bounding beauty, and as the dance closes and the tinkling cymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shook the palace begin to abate the enchanted monarch swears to the princely performer, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the gospel of the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother Salome takes advantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate."

Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords! The executioners are returning from their awful errand. Open the door! They enter, and they present the platter to Salome. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony.

This woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awful burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room after an entertainment Salome carries the dissevered head of John the Baptist, while all the banqueters shout with laughter and think it a good joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister of the gospel.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman, who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit, whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement that I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old fashioned square dance, and of many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while, on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temporal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life—dissipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measure of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But whoever started it all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green corn dances, their war dances. In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the church anthematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostom says: "The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly; not to leap impudently, like camels." One of the dogma's of the ancient church reads: "A dance is the devil's possession, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many paces does he make to hell."

Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music is his bellows, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the devil." For, as when hogs are strayed, if the hogherd call one, all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some musical instruments, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride. It is the instigator of jealousy. It is the sacrificial altar of health. It is the defiler of the soul. It is the expense of lust, and it is the curse of misery-torn on both sides of the sea.

Social dissipation! It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong, he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne, which Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman, I appeal.

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in the suppers and the midnight revels and then go home in the cold unwrapped of limbs will after awhile be found to have been written down in God's eternal records as suicides—as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol or a knife or strychnine.

How many people have stepped from the ballroom into the graveyard? Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulcher floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lips bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some of the cities there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their backs upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated—worse than annihilated, for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation, and after awhile the son was tossed out into society a nonentity, and after awhile the daughter eloped with a French dancing master, and after awhile the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hide the wrinkles, but fails in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle—an old flirt, a poor, miserable butterfly without any wings.

If there is anything on earth beautiful to me, it is an aged woman, her white locks flowing back over the wrinkled brow—locks not white with frost, as the poets say, but white with the blossoms of the tree of life, in her voice the tenderness of gracious memories, her face a benediction. As grandmother passes through the room the grandchildren pull at her dress, and she almost falls in her weakness, but she has nothing but candy or cake or a kind word for the little darlings. When she gets out of the wagon in front of the house, the whole family rush out and cry, "Grandma's come!" And when she goes away from us, never to return, there is a shadow on the table, and a shadow on the hearth, and a shadow on the heart.

There is no more touching scene on earth than when grandmother sleeps the last slumber and the little child is lifted up to the casket to give the last kiss, and she says, "Goodby, grandma!" Oh, there is beauty in old age. God says so. "The hoary head is a crown of glory." Why should people decline to get old? The best things, the greatest things, I know of are aged—old mountains, old seas, old stars and old eternity. But if there is anything distressful it is to see an old woman ashamed of the fact that she is old. What with all the artificial appliances she is too much for my gravity. I laugh even in church when I see her coming. The worst looking bird on earth is a peacock when it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my old mother's gray hair for 50,000 such caricatures of humanity. And if the life of a worldling, if the life of a disciple given to the world, is sad the close of such a life is simply a tragedy.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of social life are despoiling the usefulness of a vast multitude of people. What do those people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony when they have for consideration the more important question about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravate? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the haunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Sybaris was a great city, and it once sent out 300 horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front feet seemed to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy, "You give me the mastership of the army, and I will destroy their troops when these horsemen come from Sybaris."

So they gave the old minstrel the management, and he taught all the other minstrels a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle, when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their fore feet, and in disgrace and rout the enemy fled. Ah, my friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life! Frivolity has lost the battle for 10,000 folk. Oh, what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group, looking askance at the glass, wondering with an infinity of earnestness how that last geranium leaf does look, this shriveling of man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffle, this pitching off of an immortal nature over the rocks when God created it for great and everlasting uplifting!

With many life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns, and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to the gemmed hand, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merrymaking!

But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by fallen thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench the lamp wicks almost extinguished. Torn garments will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Tones hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

Oh, how many of you have floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned, for I remember that there were two vessels on the sea in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-larboard!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation, and you are driving on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for "why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

LONGEVITY ON THE INCREASE

Men Attain to Greater Age Than Formerly, Especially in America.

The number of deceased persons who had attained an exceptional old age was probably greater in the year 1893 than in any recent period, says the Washington Post. During the last three or four months of the year the general public became familiar, through a perusal of the daily papers, with the remarkable obituaries of those who had departed having lived to a great old age. A month or so since we read of a life that had reached the extraordinary limit of 135 years. We have since read of a woman at Hartford, Conn., who was old enough to give warning of the approach of the British fleet in 1812, and so saved the New England coast from threatened devastation. And still later we have been apprised of the death at Terre Haute, Ind., of a man 104 years old who attended the funeral of Washington, cast his first vote for Madison, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. From other data it is apparent that great longevity has been on the increase for many years, particularly in America. But it may be remarked that the constitutions that carried these persons up to the centennial mark or beyond were formed very many years before Americans began living at the present rate, and that the best part of most of these old lives was passed before the modern suicidal rush of the society and business worlds.

To have a good chance for longevity is is almost unnessary to say that an originally good constitution is of the first importance, though to this primary excellence carefulness in the art of living must be added. The secret of long life is one of which nature alone holds possession. A remarkable fact is that intellectual activity and success have been no barriers to long life. Even deep philosophical studies have proved a help rather than a hindrance to men of literary pursuits. Voltaire, who at birth was put into a quart pot, could never have attained his eighty-fourth year had he not followed the strict, sober, active life which he chose. Gladstone exercises the highest powers of successful statesmanship at an age of 84 years, after having undergone the constant turmoil of political contest for considerably more than half a century. Bismarck is practically an octogenarian. Von Moltke was nearly 90 when he died. It seems that the review of these and numerous other instances would sufficiently establish the theory that continues intellectual activity is conducive to the perpetuation of good health and the prolongation of life.

Weights of Metals.

Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot, and a one-inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 36,000; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 26,000. We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are, generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested. When equal weights of the two materials are compared, it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds. the best ash 175,000 pounds, and some hemlock 200,000 pounds. Wood is bulky. It occupies ten or twelve times the space of steel. The best castings made for the United States Navy have a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch. By solidifying such castings under great pressure, a tensile strength of 80,000 to 150,000 pounds may be obtained.—Railway Review.

Prosperous Indians.

The prosperity of the Crows is shown in the fashion and furnishing of their lodges, some of which are really luxurious. Some of them are twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter and very high in proportion. With an inner lining of some bright figured cloth, good bedding, rugs, and sometimes carpeted almost to the fire hole with a profusion of fine, woven bags from the Flatheads, elk-skin furs, and utensils richly ornamented, these lodges are comfortable in the extreme, and are usually kept very clean. Of course only the richer Indians have lodges like these. A few are still left of the old-fashioned skin-made kind.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A FLORIDA paper says that Florida has an area of cultivable land greater than that of all the New England States.

THE German statistician, Bernhard Ornstein, has computed that Greece stands in the first rank among European countries in the number of centenarians. He attributes this to its climate.

OFFICIAL reports show that three-fourths of the cattle in Texas are now in the hands of persons owning less than fifty head each. This forcibly illustrates the passing away of the old ranch system in that State.

A WRITER who describes the factories at Varzin controlled by Prince Bismarck is struck by the care this man of blood and iron takes to make his workmen comfortable. "Every one of them," he says, "is well housed and well fed."

"INVESTIGATION of Bradstreet's records show that eighty per cent. of the business concerns that fail are those who do not advertise. This record is authentic, and conclusively proves that the great aid to success in mercantile pursuits is to advertise.

MR. GLADSTONE has hardly ever suffered from sleeplessness. Some years ago, when the strain of his Parliamentary life was greatest, he would go home, lie down on the sofa, tell Mrs. Gladstone he wanted to be roused at a certain time, and be sound asleep in a very few minutes.

ENGLISHMEN are all more or less discontented, from the aristocracy downwards. Are the great magnates who possess the soil satisfied? Not so! The great and wealthy Duke of Devonshire is in mourning because the new budget will mulct his heir of $5,000,000, and leave him poor, pitiable mortal, with only a little over $80,000,000 worth of property!

AT the recent session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mrs. Laura Osborne, of Washington, D. C., addressed the anthropologists on "The Child of the Future." She advocated the appointment of women physicians for each police district to watch over the interests of little children, especially by assisting ignorant, careless mothers to train and develop their children, mentally, morally and physically.

A PROFESSOR in one of the principal colleges in Paris has proposed to the French Minister of War that large blowflies should be bred and kept in large cages, being fed upon blood placed between the artificial skin of lay figures dressed up in the German uniform. When war was declared, these flies would be rendered venomous by feeding them on the sap of tropical plants and taken to the front in these cages, from which they would be released, and make short work of the enemy. Another patriot suggests that dogs should be trained to bite lay figures wearing the German uniform, and that each soldier should be accompanied by a dog in time of war.

MR. EDISON has finally decided, it is said, that the phonograph has little commercial value, that it does not fill a real need. But at the time this announcement is made someone puts the phonograph on the market in the form of a watch charm, demonstrating that it will after all be of use to mankind in its humble way. The Boston Herald thinks man assuredly lives too much by science "when it comes to carrying pet phonographs around on the end of a watch chain." But such a "still small voice in the waiscoat pocket" would be almost as useful as the watch; it would aid a man in doing his wife's errands at the dry goods store, remind him to post a letter or whisper to him the words which one plans to say and forgets when the time comes.

AN alarming bullfight accident is reported by the London Standard's Paris correspondent to have taken place in the arena of Langon, in the Landes. A superb bull, which had been let in the arena, rushed, bellowing loudly, at the double wooden barrier and brought it down. A door having been left open by negligence, the furious animal rushed into the street, where some five hundred persons were standing. Making straight for the neighboring Cafe de la Pedale, it put the customers to immediate flight, upset the tables, and broke the chairs and glasses. An old lady of seventy years, who was unable to run away so quickly as the other people, was knocked down by the bull, which tore her skirts with its horns. Fortunately, she was not injured. The toreadors, gendarmes, and all the personnel of the arena had, of course, followed quickly in pursuit; but, after a headlong chase of over two miles, the bull got into a wood and disappeared.

ELECTRICITY is now used in 300 mines in the United States, and proprietors of perhaps as many others are considering its utilization, says Engineering Mechanics. A high Western authority, in commenting on the probable future of electricity in mining, says: "Electricity fried [illegible] the arduous conditions of [illegible] ing service has been shown to [illegible] culiarly efficient, safe and re[illegible] It presents a system of the g[illegible] simplicity, completeness and f[illegible] ity, permitting power from one s[illegible] to be distributed in units of any [illegible] sired size and for any purpose to [illegible] places where it can be employed [illegible] the greatest advantage, thereby [illegible] curing the minimum consumption [illegible] power and expenditure of labor. W[illegible] electricity there is neither fric[illegible] heat nor condensation. There is [illegible] leakage nor loss of power when [illegible] in use, which especially recommen[illegible] it for intermittent work. It is [illegible] affected by heat or cold, and does [illegible] vitiate the air. The rapid deterior[illegible] ing of timbering, a source of gr[illegible] expense in all mines, due to bad [illegible] or heat, is to a great extent obvia[illegible] It has been urged against electric[illegible] that it increased the risk of fire. [illegible] a matter of fact, it greatly decrea[illegible] it, as the statistics of insurance co[illegible] panies testify. With proper safe[illegible] devices and a system of concealed [illegible] wiring it is practically impossible [illegible] start a fire from the current."

IN all the treaty ports of China, [illegible] cording to Frank G. Carpenter, [illegible] foreign as well as the native busine[illegible] is really done by the Chinese. All [illegible] the foreign firms have Chinese cl[illegible] iers, and these men make all of t[illegible] calculations and handle all of t[illegible] money. When you go into a ba[illegible] the English clerk will call a Chi[illegible] man to figure out your exchange f[illegible] him, and it will be the Chinam[illegible] who will pay you your money. If y[illegible] make a deposit or pay a bill it i[illegible] Chinaman who handles every sil[illegible] dollar, testing it carefully by ring[illegible] it before he accepts it, and estim[illegible] ing the amount and rate of exchan[illegible] with one of those boxes of ba[illegible] strung on wires, which form t[illegible] slates and pencils of the celestia[illegible] It is wonderful how fast these m[illegible] can figure in this way. They p[illegible] the balls this way and that with th[illegible] aristocratic, long finger-nailed [illegible] low hands, and in less time than [illegible] could put the figures down they g[illegible] you the result. They are alw[illegible] sure of themselves, and if they m[illegible] a mistake the firm by whom they [illegible] employed expects them to make [illegible] good. They are under heavy bon[illegible] often running up into the hundr[illegible] of thousands of dollars, and there [illegible] few defaulting Chinese cashi[illegible] These "compradors" and "shrof[illegible] as they are called, keep track of [illegible] Chinese markets for the foreign fir[illegible] They have cashiers' or bankers' m[illegible] ings, as it were, every day am[illegible] themselves, and report later on [illegible] their masters. They know all ab[illegible] the standing of different Chi[illegible] banks and firms. In speaking [illegible] them they divide them into four c[illegible] ses. If they say a bank is a num[illegible] one bank, it is sure to be as goo[illegible] the gold. If they call it num[illegible] two it is fair. If number three, [illegible] reputation is cloudy; and if [illegible] you had better let it alone.

Indians at Work.

The New York Indians are ta[illegible] up agriculture now, having [illegible] through a farming experience. [illegible] St. Regis Indians, about 2,00[illegible] number, derive a revenue of $3[illegible] a year from the sale of Indian [illegible] kets. The Indians at the Neah[illegible] agency in Washington devote th[illegible] selves entirely to fishing, and m[illegible] $20,000 by that work. But, as a [illegible] the chief revenue of the Indian t[illegible] is derived from the sale of lu[illegible] and agricultural products and [illegible] freighting. Much of their produ[illegible] sold to the government. The S[illegible] Indians of South Dakota sell [illegible] than $100,000 worth of wheat, [illegible] oats and barley to the governme[illegible] a year. The Sioux of North Da[illegible] sell $35,000 worth to the governm[illegible] This is in addition to the $3[illegible] worth of produce sold to outsi[illegible] The Mojave, Yuma and Apach[illegible] dians at the San Carlos agenc[illegible] Arizona sell $30,000 worth of g[illegible] chiefly agricultural, to the go[illegible] ment, and $20,000 worth to [illegible] siders.

Other work is found for the In[illegible] in the making of roads (of [illegible] they will make 250 miles in a [illegible] the running of saw mills and [illegible] mills and the erection of s[illegible] buildings. But the occupatio[illegible] which the industrial salvation o[illegible] Indian is to be found is agricul[illegible] and to foster development in[illegible] direction the government is ass[illegible] to irrigate the Indian lands [illegible] issuing mowing machines and [illegible] implements which will help [illegible] Indian to be a farmer instea[illegible] loafer.

The Egg Product.

According to the census the [illegible] States produced 457,000,000 [illegible] of eggs in 1879, and 817,000,00[illegible] ens in 1889. These figures are [illegible] ably under the mark, but, at t[illegible] ures given, the annual egg prod[illegible] the United States amounts to [illegible] 000,000. If to this be adde[illegible] value of the poultry sold, $[illegible] obtain a pretty high figure for t[illegible] nual output of the department [illegible] authority has placed it at $[illegible] 000. In 1893 the entire whea[illegible] of the United States amoun[illegible] 896,000,000 bushels, worth ic[illegible] $800,000,000.—[New York Adv[illegible]

Foot Binding in China.

The method of binding the feet of Chinese girls is described by Dr. Leslie as follows: While the great toe is left straight, the other toes are folded on the plantar surface of the foot, often until the tips of the toes are on a line with the edge of the inner side of the foot, and then the foot is bound "snugly." Gradually the bandage is made tighter and tighter. When the metatarsal bones begin to curve, making the characteristic lump on the dorsum of the foot, the bandages are tightened more rapidly than before. If swelling takes place above the ankle, the foot is bandaged more tightly. If ulceration occurs, the foot is bandaged still more tightly. "Swelling is not a desirable complication. Ulceration is greeted with joy, for it is usually a sign that the foot is yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

To make the smallest foot with the minimum of suffering and produce no untoward results is the desideratum; this process should take about ten years. Patience will then show her perfect work; that which foreigners call a deformity and restricted locomotion are necessary sequelæ, not untoward results. They begin to bandage the feet of a child when she is between three and four years of age. Generally the services of a professional bandager are obtained. This woman carries with her a stock of small wooden shoes of various sizes. These are the patterns. Her patrons choose the size desired. A contract is then made to have the feet of this size in a certain length of time—three years or more or less as the case may be. The professional bandagers, for the most part, fulfill their contracts with superb indifference to the children's sufferings, and sometimes with such results as the death of the child, gangrene of the feet, necrosis of bones, etc.

"Corn-Bread" Murphy.

One of the benefactors of the human race that everybody should keep his eyes on is Charles J. Murphy, now extensively known in this country and Europe as "Corn Bread" Murphy, whose labors "The Star" is constantly endeavored to aid. Colonel Murphy is now at work in Holland, where he is endeavoring to introduce cornmeal as food, and corn as a material for use in the great dikeries of Schiedam. Col. Murphy tried to have an exhibition of corn at the Paris Exposition of 1889, but was baffled by the United States Commission. Not discouraged he made corn bread and gave corn lectures in Paris. He exhibited corn at the Edinburgh Exposition, and talked corn in Scotland and England. He next induced the German Government to introduce in the army the use of Murphy bread" which is one-third cornmeal. He encouraged shipments of corn to the famine-stricken districts of Russia. He next introduced American corn in Denmark, and is now it has been stated, in Holland. Colonel Murphy has contended with immense obstacles, but has everywhere attained a degree of success. Thanks to America, wheat bread is now eaten in many districts of the Old World to which half a century ago it was almost unknown, and to America and Colonel Murphy the country of Europe will yet be indebted for something better than the hard, black bread they have been living for centuries. It is a glorious mission—that of giving the world better bread and more of it.

When Nature

[illegible] assistance it may be best to render it [illegible] only, but one should remember to use even [illegible] most perfect remedies only when needed. [illegible] best and most simple and gentle remedy is [illegible] Syrup of Figs manufactured by the Cali[illegible] Fig Syrup Co.

St. Paul, Minn., will soon have a [illegible] bridge across the Mississippi.

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