SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Power of Example."

TEXT: "An Abimelech took an ax in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees and took it and laid it on his shoulder and said unto the people that were with him: 'What ye have seen me do make haste and do as I have done.' And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough."—Judges ix., 48.

Abimelech is a name malodorous in Bible history and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home night by night I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul and Herod and Rehoboam and Jezebel and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Schechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day, and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry "Surrender!" to the beaten foe, and, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls, and there are pools of blood and dissevered limbs and glazed eyes looking up beggingly for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother or wife or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection, and groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city I find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god, do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are there fortified? Will they do it with the sword? Nay. Will they do it with the spear? Nay. With the battering ram rolled up by hundred armed strength crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his ax he hews off a limb of a tree and puts that limb upon his shoulder, and then he says to his men, "You do the same."

They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the crackling and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has a limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes, "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down, and the first platoon of soldiers come up, and they throw down their branches, and the second platoon; and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the parts of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the spark begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the basement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within and "Fire" without announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying, "Victory, victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of older times—javelins, battleaxes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during Revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech, "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly, have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the church most wants to learn this day is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle, but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen saber of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then with this pile kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all conventionalities of church and state. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer meeting at half past 7 in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching.

Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard

There is a fountain filled with blood

sung artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery until I thought of Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Sontag and all the other warblers, but there came not one tear to my eye nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman in the middle of the audience began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive—and I heard the crimson splash of the wave as we all went down under it.

For sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, my friends, the gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry; it is not polemics, or the science of squabbles. It is blood red fact; it is warm hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all summery glow; it is arborescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tiptop House, but there was no beauty in that compared with the dayspring from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parepa sing, but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when He said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let him throw it down and kindle it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the gospel shall consume the last temple of sin, and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin, and that prostrates a wrong, I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gownsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

Still further I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass and told his men to go and get the boughs and go out to the battle, they would never had gone at all, or if they had it would have been without any spirit or effective result, but when Abimelech goes with his own ax and hews down a branch and with Abimelech's arm puts it on Abimelech's shoulder and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was! What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is the father on the wrong road. All his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ. His children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe that before many of the great works of the great masters, the old masters, there would be sometimes four and five artists taking copies of pictures. These copies they were going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands, and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve Him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can gather. Oh, the infinite, the semiomnipotent power of a good or bad example!

I saw last summer, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for and thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage, and when there is any vessel in trouble or going to pieces in the offing, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering men. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So at your feet, to-day, there is an influence with a tremendous leverage. The rope attached to it swings far out into the billowy future. Your children, your children's children and all the generations that are to follow will grip that influence and feel the long reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was 1896 or 1796 or 1696 that you died.

Still further I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree branch, the work would not have been accomplished, or if ten, twenty or thirty men had gone, but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each a tree branch down and threw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, when there is one man in the church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty there are a great many who never lift an ax or saw a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were 50,000 men belonging to the reserve corps, and only 1000 active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands, but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat and pull until the oarlocks groan and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, you religious sleepyheads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God, and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge one Sabbath I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them and said: "Brethren here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks and were like as to worst kind of oil stocks and were like as to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ to-day should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in awhile should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster roll of the Lord's army—and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Suppose in military circles on the morning of battle the roll was called, and out of 1000 men only 100 men in the regiment answered. What excitement there would be in the camp! What would the colonel say? What high talking there would be among the captains and majors and the adjutants. Suppose word came to headquarters that these delinquents excused themselves on the ground that they had oversleptthemselves, or the morning was damp and they were afraid of getting their feet wet, or that they were busy cooking rations. My friends, this is the morning of the day of God Almighty's battle. Do you not see the troops? Hear ye not all the trumpets of heaven and all the drums of hell? Which side are you on? If you are on the right side, to what cavalry troop, to what artillery service, to what garrison duty do you belong? In other words, in what Sabbath school do you teach? In what prayer meeting do you extort? To what penitentiary do you declare eternal liberty? To what almshouse do you announce the riches of heaven? What broken bone of sorrow have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or woman sworn to be a follower of Jesus Christ is doing nothing? Then hide the horrible secret from the angels. Keep it away from the book of judgment. If you are doing nothing, do not let the world find it out, lest they charge your religion with being a false face. Do not let your cowardice and treason be heard among the martyrs about the throne, lest they forget the sanctity of the place and denounce your betrayal of that cause for which they agonized and died.

May the eternal God rouse us all to action! As for myself, I feel I would be ashamed to die now and enter heaven until I have accomplished something more decisive for the Lord that bought me. Oh, brethren, how swiftly the time goes by! It seems to me as if the years had gained some new power of locomotion—a kind of speed electric.

The temple of Berith is very broad, and it is very high. It has been going up by the hands of men and devils, and no human engineering can demolish it, but if the 70,000 ministers of Christ in this country should each take a branch of the tree of life, and all their congregations should do the same, and we should march on and throw these branches around the great temples of sin and worldliness and folly, it would need no match or coal or torch of ours to touch off the pile, for, as in the days of Elijah, fire would fall from heaven and kindle the bonfire of Christian victory over demolished sin.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else. He cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say, "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, may you leap in time, the gospel declaring, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower. Where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say, "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech with ruthless assault coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch and every mountain a torch and every sea a torch, and while the Alps and Pyrenees and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no. I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken, of a wall that no satanic assault can scale, of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says, "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh, fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh, get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick! Quick! Quick!

UNITED STATES HONORED.

Bogota Residents Gratified Over Cleveland's Venezuelan Message.

Colon, Jan. 27.—Tranquility has been restored in the province of Barranquilla and the state of siege proclaimed there a few days ago has been raised. At a banquet given in Bogota to the American and Venezuelan ministers the former declared that President Cleveland's message to the American congress on the Monroe doctrine as applied to the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary dispute voiced the sentiment of 70,000,000 freemen. The banquet was made the occasion for a great public demonstration in honor of the United States.

Anti-Cholera Serum.

Berlin, Jan. 27.—The Leipziger Nachrichten says that Dr. Behring has discovered an anti-cholera serum and announces that a public demonstration of its properties will be made at an early date.

For Abducting Young Girls.

Albany, Jan. 27.—Casper Leake was arrested at Gloversville yesterday on the charge of abducting young girls to his house. He gave bail for examination.

Hunting the Boar.

Here we found a still larger boar, the centre of a well-tramped circle, perhaps twenty feet in circumference, cleared by the dogs in their frantic attempts to get at his hindquarters and escape his tusks. In this the maddened pachyderm was circling, wheeling suddenly and striking from side to side in a wild attempt to do his tormentors to the death, as he described long curves through the air with his villainous-looking tusks, and all the while keeping up an odd combination of growl, grunt and squeal. The noise made it possible for us to get within fifty yards before being discovered by the enemy. Then, just as each of us was raising his rifle for a shot, without a moment's pause, entirely forgetting the small fry at his heels, he rushed upon me, head down, with seemingly no thought but to deal the dreaded upward thrust with his tusks. Just then (I had better confess it) I devoutly wished myself back on my "safety" wheel, on a hard stretch of the Jamaica highways. However, the Martini-Henry firm must know what their rifles are needed for, and, with a firm conviction in their judgment, I almost instinctively pulled the trigger. In a heap, almost at our feet, the boar struggled for a few seconds in the death throes, with the now emboldened pack doing their best to hasten his departure. The trophy, with its six inch tusks of perilous sharpness, was one to be proud of, and one that greatly surprised our guides, who came up in a few minutes. When they were twitted with the fact that they had not done as well, we were amazed to learn that they had, discarding their guns, slain the boar that we had missed by receiving him on lancewood spears, steel tipped, which to them is, by reason of its extreme danger, a far more sportsmanlike and enjoyable mode of dealing death to these brutes.

Electricity and Vegetation.

Some curios experiments have lately been performed with a view to discovering the effect of electric light on vegetation. It has been found that a continuous electric light promotes the formation of chlorophyll, which is the green essence of plants, occupying much the relative position with regard to vegetable life that blood does to animal life. The structure of the leaves also changes, the veins becoming straighter and less numerous.

Under a continuous electric light the distribution of the chlorophyll is more extended than under the influence of ordinary sunlight. The bark is less developed, and the tissue of the stem assumes a totally different appearance. When the electric light is discontinued—as, for example, when turned on twelve hours out of the twenty-four—the effect on vegetation is intermediate between that of normal sunlight and that of continuous electric light. Alpine plants cultivated under a continuous electric light like very much like arctic plants, which are exposed to almost continuous sunlight in the summer.

The cause of these changes is not known. It has only been determined that the changes do occur. The opinion is now generally entertained among scientific men that electricity is highly beneficial to vegetable life, and that the employment of electricity will be a most important factor in the agriculture of the future.

An Artificial Human Body.

Novelists have already made the public familiar with the idea of automatons turning into living beings, and doctors have of late made many clever transfers of blood and flesh and skin. It appears that the work of making an artificial human body can be carried on by purely mechanical means. A process has actually been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid a tissue is produced which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

A Tongue Twister.

Try it yourself, very slowly and carefully, until you can say it easily. Then pass it along to your friends. Here it is:

"She stood at the gate, welcoming him in."

Ten to one a person trying to pronounce the sentence for the first time will fumble it laughably. These tongue-twisting sentences, however, are good elocutionary exercises. They give you control of your vocal organs, so that you can enunciate properly, just as finger exercises on the piano or organ give control of the fingers.

What an immense amount of mechanical practice does it require to establish anything like a close sympathy between the brain and the physical organs!

Railway Axle Dynamo.

The South Australian railways have perfected a system of supplying current for lighting their cars by means of a dynamo run from the car axle. In the day time this dynamo stores up energy in accumulator cells, which is used in the night time to light the train. It is said to work satisfactorily.

The Unfortunate.

If we could only foresee, what misfortunes might be prevented. One of the most chroniclers of events in the life of Napoleon says he lost Waterloo from a pain in the back, being unfitted thereby for personal direction of the battle. It is always the unexpected that mars the best anticipations, and thus so many business men, laborers, men or women, primed for success, are taken down suddenly. Nothing comes more suddenly than an attack of lumbago. It stiffen or twist the muscles of the spine and lay one up. In ten minutes, however, Jacobs Oil will cure the soreness and stiffness and make the back supple and strong. If Napoleon could have had this great remedy at the right time, he would have changed, perhaps, the map of the whole of Europe.

The World's Earliest Potato.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 45 days. Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1 a bushel—$4000. That pays. Send word to the wise, etc.

NOW IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 10c. postage you will get, free, 7 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue.

A mass of eels weighing three hundred pounds clogged the water wheel which runs the electric plant of Riverhead, L. I., and the town was in darkness for several hours.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotted clothes. *Is that economy?* There is a 5 cents difference between the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the *best*, which is all know Dobbins' Electric.

It is estimated that the world uses 3,500,000 steel pens a day.

FOR IRRITATION OF THE THROAT caused by Cold or use of the voice, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are exceedingly beneficial.

Quadruplex telegraphy, four messages on one wire, was accomplished in 187[illegible]

Scrofula

Manifests itself in many different ways, in goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Stearns Bicycle

is known throughout cycling as a light, staunch, stylish speedy mount. There's a best in everything; the '96 Stearns is a veritable edition de luxe among bicycles. Finished in black or orange.

Stearns riders are satisfied riders, and always proud as kings of their mounts.

Your address will insure receipt of our handsome new catalogue.

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"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

Heckers Buckwheat

Makes Light, Dainty Buckwheat Cakes

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

steel arch bridge 1,240 feet long and 46 feet wide will be thrown across the river at Niagara Falls this year. It is in this fashion that we propose to treat our Canadian cousins to 4,000,000 pounds of cold steel.

A Congressman who will have to pay $1,000 if he takes a single drink of intoxicating liquor during the year 1896 and who will earn $1,000 by refraining much is Mr. Southwick, the young millionaire from Albany, N. Y. This contract he is known to have entered into with a millionaire friend who feared the temptation that the young Congressman might encounter in Washington.

The question as to whether the United States has exclusive jurisdiction over a soldiers' home, which was raised in an assault case at Milwaukee some three weeks ago, has been decided by a United States judge, who holds that the homes come under state and not federal laws, as the lands have never formally been accepted by the United States. The case was of particular interest, as, if the jurisdiction had been found to belong to the Federal Government, the inmates of the home would have been deprived of their votes.

An American lady who recently visited Para, Brazil, was invited to dine at the house of a wealthy merchant. Everything was very gorgeous and lavish in South American style, but, on arriving, she was amazed to hear her hospitable host say to her: "If you have any washing, send it here." It is a custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as an employment for their large retinue of servants. "It did, however," said the relator, "give me a turn at the end of a formal dinner party to be asked for my soiled linen."

Something novel in the way of a [illegible] society has been evolved in Maine. Instead of going back to medieval time for inspiration the founders took the conditions lying next to their hands, and in place of loading the members with grandiose and grotesque names, the understandable commonplace was drawn on. The society is called the Ambassacook Hayloft, No. —," and the officers are: Chief Haymaker, Assistant Haymaker, Overseer, Past Chief Haymaker, Boss Driver, Hornblower, Guard of Barndoor, Guard of Hayloft, Grand Keeper of Bundles.

The Rev. Edgar E. Clough, superintendent of the Black Hills Mission Conference, at Deadwood, S. D., denies the story that some cowboys in South Dakota recently gave a bullight to raise money for a church. He thus writes the Zion's Herald": "I want to say for the cowboy population that they are, in morals, behavior, refinement and courtesy far beyond the average farm hands of the East. Occasionally the son of a good family in the East comes out and puts on his war paint; but he is the exception, and soon goes down through the gates of depravity. Being a New Yorker, I am prepared to speak advisedly. Our work goes well. We have a fine company of scholarly ministers in charge of it."

The Philadelphia Record says that "Men were recently arrested for a breach of the peace. They were willing to pay their fines and wanted to be released at once. They were accordingly bundled into the patrol wagon and driven to the Magistrate's office. There the patrol sergeant stated that the "Judge" was attending divine services at a church some [illegible] distant from the house. They went to the church, and one of the policemen went in and quietly called the Judge outside. The latter went out to the wagon and proceeded at once to the court. The patrol sergeant testified as to the nature of the offense for which the men had been arrested. The magistrate inflicted the usual fine upon them. They paid promptly and were discharged, and the Judge went back to his interrupted devotions.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the passenger revenues of the railroads of the country last year reached $285,349,558, a decrease of $16,142,258. The report says the great decrease in railway earnings is in freight revenue, the earnings from freight revenue in 1894 being $[illegible],490,914, as against $829,[illegible]61 in 1893, showing a decrease in freight revenue of $129,562,948. This is a decrease of 15.63 per cent. The total earnings and income for 1894 was $[illegible]3,178,602, which is a sum greater than the aggregate expenditures of all the governments of all grades in the United States. The corresponding figures of the previous year was, however, greater, it being $1,370,401,489, and shows that the railroads had $22,887 less money with which to run their operations in 1894 than in 1893."

A French statistician, M. Bertillon, has compiled some interesting facts regarding the population of Paris and other great capitals. Only 36 per cent. of the present population was born there, and this percentage has remained practically the same for the thirty years. The native population of St. Petersburg is 32 per cent; of Berlin 45 in Vienna, and, contrary to the general opinion, 65 in London. The highest of all large cities.