

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject "Words With Young Men."

In his addresses at the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men from different parts of the Union, and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he specially addresses his discourses, the subject being "Words With Young Men."

FAYETTE, O.

Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons "Advice to Young Men." Yours respectfully,

H. S. MILLOT, CHARLES L. RUBERT,
F. O. MILLON, S. J. ALDER,
J. L. SHERRWOOD, S. J. ALDER.

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogatory points in their minds than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Do you begin their counsel by forgetting that they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May time blossom week. The east wind never did understand the south wind. An autumnal goldenrod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium.

I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of this city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tones of voice and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, while the soul of the speaker, at seventy-five years, as young in feeling as any one at twenty, arose and said, "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me just a moment, and I will tell you would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funeral tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted than he would go and spend the evening in the Hill Cemetery."

And yet these young men of Ohio and all young men have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestion as to what theories of life one ought to adopt and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men.

First, get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but, oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut the doors to all those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot step would murder and murder. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be usher to announce His arrival, and introduce the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have Him once for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes after him. You have a warrant against moral disaster and surety of a noble career. Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of good health." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, tried to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine cask, or a rum jug, or a whisky cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke pipes and cigarettes will fill his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion; yet all the while he is carrying crooked backs and cramped chests and deformed bodies, and the biggest coming down toward all fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Do not get anything that is well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todd's Manual and Coomb's Physiology and over the top of your head, and on about mastication of food and digestion of food. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead.

From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars and punching bags and pullies and weights, I thought of Satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one hour of climbing and lifting and pulling I felt like heaven had come down to earth when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since I was a boy, I read the foreword of the Manual, and my recuperation there in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve and all possible eyesight and all possible muscular development before they can get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belonging to every one that opens them. Here come deplorable newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole condition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and tea table and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages, and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobra, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called good primer type and vice in nonpareil or agate!

You have all seen the photographs of negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing black negatives of 1885 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel

on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preservative of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mall train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were in a flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: Never go any place where you will be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan and you will never go to any evil amusement nor be found in compromising situations. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put on the most important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put offending ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such situations is an important theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besetting efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snowbank with his run just close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read, "Blessed are the souls who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, if you can. Do not die in a hotel, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our tomb for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven, and the flood of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both. One room for slumber, one for food, preparation and the parking thereof. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and studded, but I am putting it down at a single room. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got there. He who wins and keeps the affection of a good practical woman has done gloriously well. Endless until, standing in his pulpit in City Road church, he complained to the people saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue of drunkenness," when his wife arose from the back part of the church and said, "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a wife proposes to her husband for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries, you six young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high the world will say, "Come down." It is a law of nature when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Bishops, who in the freshman class, blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century will see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the word of which has ever been: Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting or the winds will be howling upon the pillow of the expiring century. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from its kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

Old nineteenth century of weddings and burials, of defeats and victories, of nations born and nations dead, its pulses growing feebler now, will stop on the 31st night of December. But right beside it will be the infant century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than 1,700,000,000 inhabitants of the world will be born and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life, I think, will be under the sway of the God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth. In you, we trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the light of God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the temple service and the house of prayer, we will all come out on the battlements of Jasper and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet you may hear our voices dropping down from the sky, saying, "O thou faithful and true and though snail slow a crown!"

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compass with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 year old. But in very few people in any country reach eighty. The majority of the human race expire before thirty. Now, what an equipage in such a consideration. If things go wrong it is only for a little while. Have you not enough moral pluck to stand the jostling, and the injustices, and the mishaps of the small part of our life? It is a good thing to get ready for the one mile side the marble slab, but more important to get fixed up for the interminable miles which stretch out into the distances beyond the marble slab. A few years ago, on the Nashville and New Orleans railroad, we were waked up early in the morning, and told we must take carriages for some distance. "Why?" we all asked. But we soon saw that the first four or five spans of the bridge were up, farther on there was a span that had fallen, and we could not but shudder at what might have been the possibilities. When your rail train starts on a long bridge you want to be sure that the first span of the bridge is all right, but what if farther on there is a span of the bridge that is all wrong, how then what then? In one of the Western cities the freshets had carried away a bridge, and a man knew that the express train would soon come along. So he lighted a lantern and started up the track to stop the train. But before he had got far enough up the track the wind blew out the light of his lantern, and he stood in the darkness as the train came up. He threw the lantern into the water, crying, "Stop! Stop!" And the warning was in time to halt the train. And if any of you by evil habits are hastening on toward drink or precipices or fallen spans, I throw this Gospel lantern at your mid-

career! Stop! Stop! The end thereof is death! Young men, you are asked to be by many environment, but you will after awhile get your wings out.

Some one called a Rocky Mountain eagle least bit out on a procession you are until all the spirit and courage had gone out of it. Released one day from the cage, the eagle seemed to want to return to its native prison. The fact was that the eagle had all gone out of him. He kept his wings down. But after awhile he looked up at the sun, turning his head first this side and then that side, and then spread one wing and then the other wing and began to mount until the hills were far under his feet, and he was out of sight in the empyrean. My brother, when you leave this life, if by the grace of God you are prepared, you will come out of the cage of this hindering mortality, and looking up to the heavenly heights you will spread wing for immortal flight, leaving sun and moon and stars beneath in your snow and glory that never fade and splendors which never die. Your body is the cage, your soul is the eagle.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the world of action or profession you are about to choose or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper and Abbot Lawrence, and James Lenox and William E. Dodge and George Peabody. See how most of these men set at the start munched their noonday luncheon made up of dry bread and a hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to the top of influence which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars condensed in hospitals and schools and churches and private benefactions, where neither night had closed, and what the other hand did, going to be a physician? Read up Harvey and Gross and Sir Adam Clarke and James Y. Simpson. Read up the discoverer of chloroform, and of anæsthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his incompetent imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the centuries, and all the other mighty physicians who have handed down to us and enthroned again deposed intellects and given their lives to healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a chemist? Read up the inventors of sewing machines, and cotton gin, and steam engine, and the men who as architects and builders and manufacturers and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century more than the full 100 years of any other century.

You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men, instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the library of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who, in the sight of earth and heaven and hell, did the great things. Remember the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and contended with it Karagosa and Gettysburg, and the battle of the world, and the battle of the world, we even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The great discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered what the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently discovered the sea, and a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago, where there is no water. Only six out of the 800 grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other things to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers and consumptions and leprosy are to be transcribed from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical science is successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off to stout constitutions which will stand up to them. World like Mars and the moon will be within halting distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and volcanoes they will signal all styles of intelligence to us, and we will signal all styles of intelligence to them.

Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of the solar system, it is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities are before you, young men, in the freshman class. Blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century will see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the word of which has ever been: Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting or the winds will be howling upon the pillow of the expiring century. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from its kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

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AT A CITY POUND.

Where Many Odds and Ends Find Their Way.

The New York pound is a queer institution situated in an odd locality. It consists of a long, narrow yard, extending along Fifty-sixth street from Eleventh avenue west almost to the river. While the homeless living are transported to the Island, the unknown dead go to the Morgue, but every inanimate incumbrance found upon the city highways and byways eventually finds its way to the pound. These include almost every conceivable thing on wheels, from a fruit-vender's push-cart to enormous furniture vans large enough for a small family to live in comfortably.

Major Sullivan, who is in charge, is an old army man and was a member of the secret service after the war. "Political pulls" can't break through my guard line here," he said to the reporter, "and my sentries won't be bribed. I am not responsible for the arrest of my prisoners, but once they come here they remain until ransomed by their respective owners."

"Push carts and other similar wheeled contrivances pay a fine of \$1, while \$2 is charged for redeeming trucks and all the larger vehicles. This is of course for the first offense. If I recognize a wagon as an old offender \$2 is added to the price of ransom for each time it has been imprisoned. Over there in that corner are two trucks known as 'Brady's' and 'Flaherty's' hotels. They belong to men of those names and have been taken from West Fortieth street repeatedly. The owners have no horses, and the trucks remain in the streets week in and week out. A gang of homeless vagrants use them to sleep in regularly. Everyone in the neighborhood got to know them by the names given them by the lodgers. The 'hotels' were used by their patrons as meeting places in which to give mixed ale parties and the like."

The other portion of the corporation yard is under the control of the Department of Public Works. Here Henry Kinney is in charge of a heterogeneous collection of the city flotsam and jetsam. Every incumbrance not on wheels comes here. In the inclosure a barber's sign with a painted hand pointing toward a motley collection of bric-a-brac catches the eye. On top of the heap a transparency announced the "Annual Entertainment of the Dominican Union." A host of professional talent has been engaged for the occasion. "Another sign read, 'Welcome, Gospel Meetings. Every night except Saturday, St. John's M. E. Church. Come and hear Mrs. Clark. Bright speakers. Good singing. Come.'" Beside these stood two demijohns eight feet tall, which had been gathered in from in front of some liquor dealer's shop. Two little colored boys with the signs "Artist Tailor" and "Ladies' Hairdressing Saloon" on their backs received themselves into iron hitching posts upon closer scrutiny.

Under a shed a pile of well-worn furniture gave mute evidence of some one's misfortune. The household goods had belonged to families who had been dispossessed for one cause or another. Evicted, starving, homeless and friendless, the unfortunates had been sent to the poorhouse on the Island, while their few domestic treasures had been taken from the street to the vortex of the pound. Auction sales are held monthly in the yards, the proceeds of which go to the city treasury. Junkmen and second-hand dealers in everything flock to the scene to take advantage of the opportunity, and thus there is always room for "one more" from the driftwood of the great metropolis.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high the world will say, "Come down." It is a law of nature when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Bishops, who in the freshman class, blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century will see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the word of which has ever been: Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting or the winds will be howling upon the pillow of the expiring century. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from its kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

Old nineteenth century of weddings and burials, of defeats and victories, of nations born and nations dead, its pulses growing feebler now, will stop on the 31st night of December. But right beside it will be the infant century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than 1,700,000,000 inhabitants of the world will be born and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life, I think, will be under the sway of the God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth. In you, we trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the light of God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earth, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the temple service and the house of prayer, we will all come out on the battlements of Jasper and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet you may hear our voices dropping down from the sky, saying, "O thou faithful and true and though snail slow a crown!"

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compass with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 year old. But in very few people in any country reach eighty. The majority of the human race expire before thirty. Now, what an equipage in such a consideration. If things go wrong it is only for a little while. Have you not enough moral pluck to stand the jostling, and the injustices, and the mishaps of the small part of our life? It is a good thing to get ready for the one mile side the marble slab, but more important to get fixed up for the interminable miles which stretch out into the distances beyond the marble slab. A few years ago, on the Nashville and New Orleans railroad, we were waked up early in the morning, and told we must take carriages for some distance. "Why?" we all asked. But we soon saw that the first four or five spans of the bridge were up, farther on there was a span that had fallen, and we could not but shudder at what might have been the possibilities. When your rail train starts on a long bridge you want to be sure that the first span of the bridge is all right, but what if farther on there is a span of the bridge that is all wrong, how then what then? In one of the Western cities the freshets had carried away a bridge, and a man knew that the express train would soon come along. So he lighted a lantern and started up the track to stop the train. But before he had got far enough up the track the wind blew out the light of his lantern, and he stood in the darkness as the train came up. He threw the lantern into the water, crying, "Stop! Stop!" And the warning was in time to halt the train. And if any of you by evil habits are hastening on toward drink or precipices or fallen spans, I throw this Gospel lantern at your mid-

career! Stop! Stop! The end thereof is death! Young men, you are asked to be by many environment, but you will after awhile get your wings out.

Some one called a Rocky Mountain eagle least bit out on a procession you are until all the spirit and courage had gone out of it. Released one day from the cage, the eagle seemed to want to return to its native prison. The fact was that the eagle had all gone out of him. He kept his wings down. But after awhile he looked up at the sun, turning his head first this side and then that side, and then spread one wing and then the other wing and began to mount until the hills were far under his feet, and he was out of sight in the empyrean. My brother, when you leave this life, if by the grace of God you are prepared, you will come out of the cage of this hindering mortality, and looking up to the heavenly heights you will spread wing for immortal flight, leaving sun and moon and stars beneath in your snow and glory that never fade and splendors which never die. Your body is the cage, your soul is the eagle.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the world of action or profession you are about to choose or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper and Abbot Lawrence, and James Lenox and William E. Dodge and George Peabody. See how most of these men set at the start munched their noonday luncheon made up of dry bread and a hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to the top of influence which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars condensed in hospitals and schools and churches and private benefactions, where neither night had closed, and what the other hand did, going to be a physician? Read up Harvey and Gross and Sir Adam Clarke and James Y. Simpson. Read up the discoverer of chloroform, and of anæsthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his incompetent imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the centuries, and all the other mighty physicians who have handed down to us and enthroned again deposed intellects and given their lives to healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a chemist? Read up the inventors of sewing machines, and cotton gin, and steam engine, and the men who as architects and builders and manufacturers and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century more than the full 100 years of any other century.

You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men, instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the library of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who, in the sight of earth and heaven and hell, did the great things. Remember the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and contended with it Karagosa and Gettysburg, and the battle of the world, and the battle of the world, we even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The great discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered what the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently discovered the sea, and a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago, where there is no water. Only six out of the 800 grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other things to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers and consumptions and leprosy are to be transcribed from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical science is successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off to stout constitutions which will stand up to them. World like Mars and the moon will be within halting distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and volcanoes they will signal all styles of intelligence to us, and we will signal all styles of intelligence to them.

Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of the solar system, it is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities are before you, young men, in the freshman class. Blessed that name, will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century, and it will be no better fit to live in during this nineteenth century. During this nineteenth century the world has been Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century will see great sights and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century, the word of which has ever been: Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. I do not say that the December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting or the winds will be howling upon the pillow of the expiring century. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from its kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes.

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A Bit of Scandal.

This is a bit of genuine scandal. Everybody likes scandal. It is always such a comfort to find one's self a little better than one's neighbor. This bit of scandal is true, too. There is a young man now living in Chicago who used to live in Washington. He was engaged to a Washington girl, but rumors concerning her reached him out in Chicago. They said, these rumors, that she had gone out to supper after the theater, and looking on the wine when it was red, had become just a little boisterous.

Her immaculate fiancé came to Washington. He did not say a word to her of the rumors which had filled his soul with horror, but he took her to the theater, and to supper afterward. The widow Cluquet was the third party at the supper, and the girl, like every other woman on earth, likes champagne. Her sweetheart urged her to drink, assuring her it would do her no harm whatever. She drank. In fact, she conjugated the verb to drink in more than one tense. She became unmistakably intoxicated.

Then the gallant young man slipped her engagement ring off, bundled her into a carriage and took her home. She hasn't seen him since. Of course, he couldn't think of marrying that sort of a girl, you know. It is things like that that keep one's belief in the innate chivalry of the modern gentleman from dying. We understand the man considers it a tremendous joke and you may be able to see where the laugh comes in. We are not.

An Excellent Plan.

In a certain New England factory the fire piles are all hung on spring hooks, each hook powerful enough to lift the pile when nearly empty, but being depressed by a full pile. If the water in the buckets becomes evaporated (as water in buckets of the kind has an ugly habit of repeatedly doing), or if any one of the piles is removed, the hook rises, closes a circuit, and rings a bell in the foreman's office.