

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

The Different Lives Men Lead—Why Some Are Successful and Others Fail—A Life of Sin and Worldly Indulgence is a Dire Failure—The Life Worth Living. Text: "What is your life?"—James IV, 14.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here on this earth. It is some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt that the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon, in his unhappy moments, says it is not, "Vanity, vexation of spirit," "no good," and in his estimate, the fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to a single wife, and his words here were written, as far as we can read them, were the words, "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and epithet-laden and filled with "exclamations," he plainly intimates that the blessings of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden times. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and generous salary and happily allied and on the way to become a particular in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and his money has been honestly made he has been cheated out of. His investments are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and tubercular and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter rightly and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from exuberance to despondency, if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a grand convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say, "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands of those who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the news would have it. The answer I shall give will differ from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. You ask me, "Is life worth living?" I will answer, "It all depends upon the kind of life you live."

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The people who are millionaires in the country are the millionaires. There is not a scold on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as those men who have piled up fortunes year after year in stores, houses, and other securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in the excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. You ought to see them on Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, more probably they have a telegraph or telephone in their own houses, so they catch every breeze of news from the market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bowels. Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these men, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthly pleasures, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every conceivable happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postioned equipage to bring her. She will not ride to their door. They send princely escort of footmanned and postioned equipage. They make their gateways triumphal arches. She will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden altar. She will not sit on it. They call to her from upholstered balcony. She will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that one out of every one hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life upon one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living. So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midnight these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these two nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse and the falsehood, and the caricature and the anathema, and the caterwauling and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangulated and never again return to consciousness they will be battered at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that. Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrible tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely

indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of them out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost irretrievable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and come back and start in the same business. Do you see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling forty or fifty years when you can buy it by three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you got the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve great breaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let suffer. They are always pushing out, and the table is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominates in the realm, wretchedness enthroned, tore to a premium and a life not worth living!

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life of luxury, a life of dissipation, a life of extravagance, a life of failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that erudite or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living, for the young man says, "I am here, I am not responsible for my ancestors. Others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am in the evening of the nineteenth century, and I must take an account of myself. Here I have a body, which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best use, and I must allow nothing to suffer. I must have the most perfect feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telegraphs of communication with all the worlds, and they mean capacity to catch the sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinite articulation. Yes, with a mouth by which to receive or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantle of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantle of the night. Yes, I have that at twenty of age, which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Spinoza says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relies, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages yellowed and faded, but which joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently for the long life. Sixty years add up to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief span in the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe so wise and all-beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on the other, he falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he meets, and he is in contact with God. He forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it he says to him; "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80 years of age; you can cheat right under his name on the tombstone these words, and his life was worth living. Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough. They work the land with a wooden plow, and they make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief guiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she knits. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys want to go to college there is a hard battle for bread. One of those boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment, temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after awhile he commands listening ears. He makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old: "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon she is seen driving to the door of her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discour-

aged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last office of respect. But as the farming son and the clergyman, and the Senator and the merchant and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look or nursing the little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for father, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropic which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthem through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leers was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the orphan and the sick when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches and with her weak arms—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door and said, "Let me go, let me go to my liege mother, a major general standing back to let pass this angel of mercy."

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living, a life of heroism of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands asked for her lifeboat and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theatre in London offered her \$100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted. But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you to-day. You say, "While I live on this earth, I will be content with what God has given to the people who had no talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of a Medusa because she is not a grander glories within? Your life, if rigidly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and whodspices the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is the more your living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

WHEAT CROP SITUATION.

Estimated Deficiency of 14,000,000 Quarters in the World's Supply.

The Mark Lane Express, of London, reviewing the crop situation, says: "The weather has been adverse to the completion of the harvest, and the quantity of grain still in the field is small. The French wheat crop is estimated at 31,000,000 quarters by the chief writers of the Paris press. Correspondents of English business firms state that the crop amounts to from 33,000,000 to 36,000,000 quarters. The Austro-Hungarian crop is stated to be 17,000,000 quarters. If this is true, it adds greatly to the gravity of the situation.

"The American crop is reckoned by careful judges to be 68,500,000 quarters, or 11,000,000 quarters improvement, to offset a decline of 7,000,000 quarters in Russia and 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 quarters in France. "All the figures point, therefore, to a deficiency in the world's supply of 14,000,000 quarters. Should the demand be actually as large as this, the price of wheat would be raised to a crisis, and the price of corn would only be prevented by generally good prospects for the spring of 1893. We are not, however, entitled to argue that such prospects will be more than the average.

STUDENTS' AWFUL CRUELTY.

A Horrible Hazing Episode at the University of California.

There will be no more "rushes" at the University of California if President Kellogg's latest mandate is exercised. A bleeding man, Benjamin Carr, a newly elected freshman, was found wandering about the campus after the rush between the two lower classes. In the struggle some one of the older boys used a knife as a result he is disgraced for life and may have sustained injury of the brain. An examination showed that a piece of flesh had been torn from his nostril. The upper lip hung only by a shred and the repulsive nature of the scar made the injury all the more serious. The front teeth were gone. Four teeth had been knocked out of the upper jaw, and one of the lower teeth had been embedded, and part of the bone was broken out with them.

Both the upper and lower jaws were smashed and the flesh of all the face crushed and bleeding. There were two other serious casualties.

HER SPECIALTY IS TWINS.

A Colored Wife, Under Eighteen, Has Given Birth to Four Pairs.

Not yet eighteen years old and the mother of four pairs of twins. This is the record made by Pearly Bradford, a colored woman of East St. Louis, Ill. The remarkable young mother asked Dr. Woods, Supervisor of the Poor, for food to let herself and the children from starving. She has been a resident of East St. Louis five years, she says, having come there from New Orleans, where her husband had not tried to get employment. All but three of her children are dead. The live ones are healthy and strong, though quite young.

Mrs. Bradford is very black. She will not let her children be educated. She was born November 25th, and is again approaching motherhood. She was married when a child. Dr. Woods made a careful investigation into the statements made by Mr. Bradford and found them to be correct and the woman honest and truthful.

Not Young, But They Married. Isaac Selover, seventy-four years old, a widower and a wealthy farmer of Spotswood, N. J., and Miss Mary Phillips, a spinster, sixty years old, have just been married. Selover lived with his son, a boy named Selover, and the girl had thought that he and his son did not agree. So he thought he would get married again, and Phillips agreed to become his wife. His children were opposed to the marriage, but Selover insisted that he knew his own business.

Mutineers Kill Fifty-Nine Men. A mutiny has occurred among the troops of the Congo Free State in the Toro District of Africa. The mutineers, it is said, killed fifty-nine Belgian officers and men and destroyed all the forts, committing depredations rich and left.

STATISTICS OF CROPS.

THE EVOLUTION OF A RATIONAL BASIS OF INFORMATION.

Stimulus to the Science in This Country—Work and Reputation of Two Experts—Discrediting of the Government's Reports—Advantage Gained by a Few Speculators.

The development of statistics, which in modern times has become one of the marked characteristics of intellectual nations—being in Germany carried to the height of a science and pervading nearly all their "problems" as an element in their solution—has been chiefly neglected in this country, although of late years a beginning has been made. It would not be surprising if the principal advance in the science in this country should be made through the perceived value of scientifically gathered and prepared statistics to money-making, especially in the field of speculation. Abroad it is the Government which has been the promoter of statistics; in the United States it has been less so, and the Government results have been less perfect, because of the complication of civil service with politics.

Three or four years ago two men—B. W. Snow and E. M. Thoman—who had been employed in the division of statistics of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, having learned all that the Government had to teach them in the way of gathering crop reports and estimating conditions and yield, and having perceived that the Government was handicapped by the burden of politics which lay on all Government endeavor, and that much better results were attainable if the same aims were prosecuted as a private enterprise, went to Chicago, and there separately established themselves as crop statisticians. They utilized what they had learned at Washington, and they added what they saw was lacking to the Government work. They opened large offices, and secured correspondents at every essential point throughout the country—not as many as the Government had, but a better selected and more compact and better organized corps. They adopted classifications and a method only known to themselves, for secrecy is one of the accompaniments of their business. Judged by the results, the method is certainly scientific and sound.

Their rise in reputation was rapid. The comparatively brief period during which they have been putting out their reports has sufficed to place them in the front rank in their line. They speedily gained the patronage of some of the richest and heaviest dealers and speculators in the country, and their reports are to-day regarded as little less than infallible. The most significant feature of the business is that each of the statisticians labors and grows rich (such is the report, at all events) with an exceedingly limited number of subscribers. In other words, the enormous expense the statisticians incur in acquiring the vast amount of information necessary from an army of correspondents, and in maintaining a large office force to deal with this mass of communications, is borne by a few men, who find it profitable to bear it and to add large sums for the compensation of the statisticians. Just how limited the number of subscribers is is not known to any except the statisticians themselves, and, perhaps, their most confidential employees. It is not known to the subscribers, nor does any one of them know who the other subscribers are. It is, however, known, or at least thoroughly believed, that the number is very small, for upon that fact depends the value of the reports to speculators. If everybody, or any great number, had them, so many would have an equal knowledge that all special advantage would be gone. The subscribers, therefore, are held a "close corporation," and the reports command a high figure. Not an exchange in the country receives them. After the few have seen and acted, then they are published, and if any gleanings are to be had, "very good, you are welcome," say Messrs. Snow and Thoman and their subscribers. One of the statisticians' performances is to parallel the Government reports—that is, knowing the methods employed by the Government, they use of the same, and produce almost duplicates of them. These are also for their subscribers, and enable them to anticipate those competitors who have faith in the Government reports, or are unable to command the special service of the experts. The more thorough test to which the Government reports have been subjected since such rivals have risen has led to the discovery—or the belief—that Government is often exceedingly erroneous in its estimates, and in consequence its publications on the crops have been greatly discredited within the last few years. They have been found to differ both as to acreage and crop production, not only with the statisticians and the trade papers, but with the several State reports, and the public has preferred to believe that the Government is wrong. The discrepancy has amounted to as much as 75,000,000 bushels and from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 million acres, on the wheat crop alone. It may be curious, but it is true, that investors and speculators prefer to take as accurate almost any report rather than the Government's.—New York Post.

While bicycling in moderation is one of the best forms of exercise for many adults, particularly the gouty and those who lead sedentary indoor lives, indulgence in it by the young should be hedged about with many precautions. When not overdone, it is probably as beneficial to children as to their elders, but it is less useful, since the young,

especially boys, seldom suffer for want of exercise, their outdoor games giving them, as a rule, all they need. But aside from this there is positive danger in the wheel, arising from the proneness of children to compete with adults—to ride too long, too fast and too far.

Wheeling resembles stair-climbing in its nature and effects. No mother would allow her child to run up the steps of the Washington Monument two or three times a day, yet she will let him take his bicycle and race over country roads for miles, his little heart pumping 150 or 200 times a minute, and fondly thinks it is doing him good. It is just here that the danger lies—the heart is strained, overstrained; it is dilated and then enlarged; it works continuously to its full strength, drawing on all its reserve force, and by the time the child has become a man the heart is permanently tired and may possibly stop short some day without warning.

Children need not be forbidden the use of the bicycle, but parents should see to it that they have properly constructed saddles, and that they do not "scorch," climb steep hills, ride against high winds or ride at all more than a few miles at a stretch. Unfortunately it is these very feats that they are often incited by their elders to perform. There are few more piteous sights, to one who has seen the consequences of such folly, than that of a tiny child on a tiny wheel struggling up a hill after a six-foot father and a seasoned mother.—Youth's Companion.

Bridging the St. Lawrence.

It is a curious and interesting fact that a plan for a bridge across the St. Lawrence River opposite Quebec, which was made upwards of forty years ago, is quite as applicable to present-day ideas as the more recent designs.

In fact, with some slight modifications, this plan would work admirably under our present system of bridge building. The difficulties attending an undertaking of this sort may be imagined when it is taken into consideration that the distance across the river from cliff to cliff is 4,800 feet. It was proposed to span this distance by three 1,000-foot sections, with shorter ones at the shore ends. The truss suspension system was to be employed and the bridge was to have upper and lower decks, the one for wheel and foot traffic and the other for railroad trains. One of the greatest points in undertakings of this sort is to be secured by foundations built of solid masonry started 150 feet below high-water mark. The masonry was to be carried up to the floor level of the bridge in solid columns. Five cables were to be used and on these the remainder of the structure was to rest. There is little trouble with modern appliances in carrying the foundations of buildings down as far as one chooses; indeed, a bridge recently erected in Australia has piers 180 feet in length and these were carried down through mud and sand to their solid foundations.

The Champion Big Dog.

The largest dog in this country is the property of Wayne Bailey of Rutland, Vt. When weighed the other day he tipped the scales at 267 pounds.

When the animal weighed 244 pounds a prominent dog fancier declared him to be the largest dog in the world. Repeatedly Mr. Bailey has been urged to put Nero on exhibition at the big dog shows, but he has never thought it advisable. Nero is a handsome half-German and half-English mastiff, fawn brindle in color, his huge head being of a trifle darker shade. He sets up firmly on his legs and is remarkably well proportioned. He is as agile and lively on his feet as a cat, and the other day caught a big rat in his master's barn.

He makes a splendid watchdog, but is withal a kind and affectionate animal. Mr. Bailey bought him at West Rutland when he was six months old. He is now 4 years old. At the time of purchase Nero weighed 162 pounds. The animal is a product of Mr. Winchester's kennels at Fair Haven.

Nero is provided with a strong leather harness, as he cannot wear a collar. The animal stands up from the ground .5 inches and girls 50 inches. The dog's neck is unusually large, measuring 30 inches, and from tip to tip he measures 6 feet 5½ inches.

Wound Once in Forty Years.

Two years ago a South Chicago jeweler did some figuring. He calculated he would in all probability live forty years. He knew it takes at least two minutes to wind the ordinary clock. At that rate he figured he would, during the rest of his life, spend about sixty days of his valuable time winding the clock, to say nothing of time and temper lost through forgetting it. Then he decided to make a clock that would have to be wound but once in forty years.

He spent his odd minutes at the task, and has succeeded in producing a wonderful piece of mechanism—the only one of its kind, he claims in the world. This forty-year timepiece is fifteen inches in diameter, and weighs seventy-five pounds. The movement is geared so that the barrel-wheel containing the mainspring revolves once in two and a half years.

The South as a Coffee Field.

Mr. J. C. Huffman, of Eighty-eight, this county, has just harvested and roasted some coffee which was grown on his farm near that place, and says it is better than the best. He secured the seed from parties in Garrard County, and planted it according to directions sent with the coffee, and says he can raise it as easily as anything that grows on the farm. He says he can produce it for 2 cents a pound, and will put in a good crop of it next year.—Glasgow (Ky.) News.

Switzerland's Army.

Switzerland, though she spends only half a million dollars yearly on her army, can turn out 100,000 trained men in two days in case of need, and has a reserve of 100,000 men and a Landstrum of 270,000.

The Last Bugle-Call.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has discovered that the last summons to battle in the Civil War was a bugle-call to charge, given by Nathaniel Sisson on the field of Appomattox.

Mr. Sisson enlisted when the war broke out, and at its close was a bugler under Custer. His regiment was in the saddle before day on the eventful eighth day of April, and began to skirmish with the enemy. An hour later they reached the position from which the memorable call to charge was blown.

The next moment two of General Gordon's aids rode out in advance of the column. One of them carried a towel fastened to a musket. General Gordon stated afterward that the towel was soiled and ragged; but, old and torn as it was, it carried a message of peace to the whole country.

General Custer, seeing this flag of truce, halted his charging column, and rode alone to the tent of the Confederate General. When he came out he said to General Kapehart, uncovering his head, "General Lee is treating for capitulation."

The war was over. The men nearest to him caught the quiet words and burst into a frenzied cheer. They were men who had fought bravely, but who thanked God now that the war was ended. The cheer swept down the valley, and the hills shook with the shout—which meant peace.

Let us hope that Nathaniel Sisson's bugle-call to battle on that April morning was the last that shall ever summon brother to charge against brother in this land of ours.—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Pump.

A pump built for the stamp mills of the Calumet & Hecla Company is considered one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism ever put together. Without crowding in the least and with as much apparent ease as one would work an ordinary cistern pump, this great engine delivers 2,500,000 gallons of water in twenty-four consecutive hours, and does this continuously. It is almost noiseless; so perfect is the adjustment; indeed, persons standing just outside of the building can scarcely hear its beating. Standing inside by the great pit from which the water is drawn almost the only sound is the inrush of the water as the pump lifts more than a thousand gallons at every stroke. This immense piece of machinery is engaged in supplying water to the works, where 5,000 tons per day of conglomerate rock are pulverized into sand, fine enough to be swept away by the rush of water. The nicety of adjustment may be imagined from the fact that the current of water lifts and sweeps away the sand, but does not disturb the copper that settles to the bottom of the pans.

The Chilkoot Indian Packers.

"At Dyea is a small trading post, kept by a white man, around which is gathered a village of Indians or Siwash, belonging to the Chilkoot tribe. They are by no means ill-looking people. The men are strong and well-formed; the women (naturally, when one considers their mode of life) are inferior to the men in good looks. These women have a habit of painting their faces uniformly black with a mixture of soot and grease, a covering which is said to prevent snow-blindness in the winter and to be a protection in summer against the mosquitoes. Some have only the upper part of their faces painted, and the black part terminates in a straight line, giving the effect of a half mask. At the time of our arrival the Indians were engaged very busily in catching and drying small fish. This fish is very oily, and when dried can be lighted at one end and used as a candle; and for this purpose it is stored away against the long winter night."—Outing.

A Cow With a Wooden Leg.

Director-General E. C. Lewis, of the Tennessee Centennial, who owns a farm at Sycamore, Tenn., had a very valuable Jersey cow that in some way or other broke her left hind leg. Because of certain feelings of sentiment, he was very loath to shoot her if it could possibly be avoided.

Major Lewis called in a surgeon and had the leg amputated, and then a carpenter carefully fitted a wooden leg to the stump. It healed readily, and in a very short time the cow could get around as well as any animal on the place.

Peggy lived for several years after losing her leg and died only a month ago. She would, when things did not go just right, stand on her three good legs and kick everything within reach with her artificial member.

Immigration Figures.

The highest immigration record, excluding the arrivals of aliens not so classified, is that of 1882, when the prodigious number of 788,962 came, following the previous year's 693,431, till then unprecedented. In 1883 there was a heavy falling off to 603,322, and the decrease went on until 334,203 was reached in 1886. Then the tide again turned, and with some variations another climax was reached in 1892, when the figures were 623,084, the third highest mark, and not far behind that of 1881. But then began another ebb, with 502,917 in 1893, followed by 314,467, then 279,948, then by 343,267, and now this year by an astonishing reduction to 230,832, as shown by a special bulletin of the Treasury Department.

Switzerland's Army.

Switzerland, though she spends only half a million dollars yearly on her army, can turn out 100,000 trained men in two days in case of need, and has a reserve of 100,000 men and a Landstrum of 270,000.