REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

"The Lightning of the Subject; Sea."

TEXT: "He maketh a path to shine after -Job xli., 32.

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible, there will yet be texts unexpounded and unex-plained and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What preature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now ex-No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the bext, "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after wake of a stip in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appear-ance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an Amerlean magazine an account of my voyage, which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called it the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel, I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he

ealled it "the lightning of the sea."

Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the maga-zine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the seacoast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope pearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea diamonded; it is the inflorescence of the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned as was the deep after the sea fight of Lepanto;

the waves of the sea on fire.

There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflag-ration with this strange splendor as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer, watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as He walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No pleture can present it, for photographer's camera cannot be successully trained to catch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil, over-

awed and powerless. sphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animalcules for nearly 150 ears have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God, who puts in His Bible nothing trivial or usecalls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence, and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past points out the fact that "he maketh a path

ns truthfully as the text says of the leviathan | In of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While after him?" For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thrash in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we

will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac, or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other feet may trip and stumble and halt, but the feet of not one moment for the last sixty centuries has tripped or stumbled or halted. Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Eternity moving on! Therefore it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine It may be a peculiar question,

but my text suggests it.
What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices; "we are not one of tions. the immortals. Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never in-You are wrong in saying that. I pass down through this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I cannot find.

I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history, and I find that by a yes or a no he decided some one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some ter tion which another, hearing of, was induced

to decide in the same way.

Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets or along that country road 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the

path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific Ocean, and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atiantic Ocean? Every man, every woman, atands at a point where words uttered, or stands at a point where words decide oppo-deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities. We see a man planting a tree, and treading sod on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its cul-

planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead—orchards of golden fruit or groves of deadly upas.

I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasms that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as a firefly; not a white seroll of surf: not a taper to illuminate the mighty of surf; not a taper to illuminate the mighty sepulchers of dead ships; darkness 3000 feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vaster ocean

of the great future. of the great future.

Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery or business office among clerks gives himself to jolly skepticism. He laughs at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes and laughs at revivals as a frolic, and at the passage of a funeral procession, which always solemnizes sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against temptation and prays night and morning and reads his Bible and is asking God for help day by day. But that guffaw against Chris-

Another young man who heard that johy skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," and began as a consequence to purloin. Some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other. haps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the peni-tentiary. That scoffer who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life and out of it and into a future that I am

not now going to depict. I do not propose with a searchlight to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the wave—two young men destroyed by reckless skepticism, an unillumined ocean beneath and on all sides of them. Blackness of dark-

You know what a gloriously good man Rey. John Newton was the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor, and on board the ship Har-wich instilled infidelity and vice into the mind of a young man—principles which de-stroyed him. Afterward the two met, and stroyed him. Afterward the two met, and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse and died a profligate, horrifying those

who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start, for you may not be able to stop it. does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated and

the banks weakened until the flood burst. But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering but he will try to alleviate it, and never see discouragement but he will try to cheer it, and never meet

talking in the business office with a pen be hind his ear, or making a bargain with a fel-low rader, or out in the field discussing with his next neighbor the wisest rotation o the crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding sole leather, there is something in his face, and in his phraseology and in his manner, that demonistrates the grace of God in his heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. He loves God and loves the souls of all whom he meets and is interested in their present and

eternal destiny.

For fifty or sixty years he lives that life, and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into which that ship has entered.

I am not going to describe the Pilot who met him outside at the "lightship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of grands who met him on the arrest life. of friends who met him on the cyrstalline wharves up which he goes on steps of chrysoprases. For God in His words to Job callis me to look at the path of foam in the wake of that ship, and I tell you ft is all a-gleam with splendors of kindness done, and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away, and a-dash with congratula-tions, and clear cut to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling, flashing, billowing phosphorescence of a Christian life. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

And here I correct one of the mean no-

tions which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of huto shine after him."

Is that true of us now, and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of next trulfully as the text says of the levisther. good on a large or small scale earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, trolley car accidents, death itself, can no more destroy his life than they can tear down one of the rings of Saturn. You can start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens, never to halt as long as God lives.

There were in the seventeenth century men and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, colleges, churches, Nations. You can no more measure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star line 1500 miles out at sea. How the star line 1500 miles our at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspire us to follow, as a general in the American army, ecol amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder went on." Aye, we are all following body, either in right or wrong direcand went on."

A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy an evangelist spending a hight at my father's house, who said something so tender and beautiful and impressive that it led me into the kingdom of God and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be able to realize that it ever existed at all.

I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fishing smack. God makes thunderbolts out of sparks, and out of the small words and deeds of a small life He can launch a power that will flash and burn and thunder through the

How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms scraphic is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents and will live on forever in the his-tory of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the oppor-tunity of those who have especial intellectual

or social or monetary equipment?

Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of our good and gracious friend who a lew days ago went up to rest—George W. Childs, of Philadelphia? From a newspaper that was printed for thirty years without one word of defamaweather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any fruits from its bough. But his children will. We are all planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead—orehards of golden fruit or groves of deadly upas.

I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasps for large heartedness and sympathy and help and highest style of Christian gentle-

In an era which had in the chairs of its ournalism a Horace Greeley, and a Henry J. Raymond, and a James Gordon Bennett, and Raymond, and a James Gordon Bennett, and an Erastus Brooks, and a George William Curtis, and an Irenaeus Prime, none of them will be longer remembered than George W. Childs. Staying away from the unveiling of the monument he had reared at large expense in our Greenwood in memory of Professor Proctor, the astronomer, lest I should say something in praise of the man who had paid for the monument. By all acknowledged a representative of the highest American journalism.

If you would calculate his influence for good, you must count how many sheets of his newspapers have been published in the last quarter of a century, and how many people have read them, and the effect not only upon those readers, but upon all whom

tianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things, and he gives up Sabbata and church and morals and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field.

Another young man who heard that jolly in the wake of that ship of the Celestial line. Who can tell the post mortem influence of a Marlborough, a Decatur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar, a Ciarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlan Page, who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eightyfour of whom became Christians, and six of them ministers of the gospel.

With grattiude and penitence and worship I mention the grandest life that was ever lived. That ship of light was launched from the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angelic hosts chanting, and from the celestial wharves the ship sprang into the roughest sea that ever tossed. Its billows were made up of the wrath of men and devils, Herodic and sanhedrinic persecutions stirring the deep with red wrath, and all the burricanes of woe smote it until on the rocks of Golgo-tha that life struck with a resound of agony that appalled the earth and the heavens But in the wake of that life what a phospho rescence of smiles on the cheeks of souls pardoned, and lives reformed, and Nations redeemed. The millennium itself is only one roll of that iradiated wave of gladness and benediction. In the sublimest of all senses it may be said of Him, "He maketh a path to shine after Him.'

But I cannot look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fond the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is life, myriads of creatures all a-swim and aplay and a-romp in parks of marine beauty laid out and partened and roseated and blossomed by Omnipotenee. What is the use of those creatures called by the naturalists "crustaceans" and "copepods," not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which tre ever seen by human eye? God created ahem for the same reason that He creates flowers in places where no human foot ever flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human nostril ever inhales their redolence, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphori prove that He loves life, and He loves life in play, life in

brilliancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that He loves our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as the phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God came "that we might have life and have it more abundantly." But I am glad to tell you that our God is not the God sometimes described as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold, or a God that loves funerals better than weddings, or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious Nana Sahib, but the loveliest Being in the universe, loving flowers and life and play, whether of phos-phori in the wake of the Majestic or of the uman race keeping a holiday. But mark you that the phosphorescen

has a glow that the night m ask you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to brow across the world's night of sin and orrow? People who are sailing on smooth ea and at noon do not need much sympathy, but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop on them shadow, or will you kindle for them

At this moment there are more people crying than laughing, more people on the round world this moment hungry than well fed, more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it?
"Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to
do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I cannot

Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? 'Oh, yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you cannot get that seewl off your forehead, that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparet. Do not any longer imper-sonate a funeral. Shine! Do say something ciety and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your disposition. Once in a while substitute a sweet orange for a sour lemon.

Remember that pessimism is blasphemy and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you can-not be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Make one person happy every day, and do that for twenty years, and you will have made 7300 happy. You know a man who has ost all his property by an unfortunate in-restment or by putting his name on the back of a triend's note. After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps rou, say something that will do him good after both of you have been dead a thousand

Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has can away from home. Go be-fore night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in heir lives and ran away from ho You know of a family that has lost a child and the silence of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily escaped, since the most prosperon earth is a struggle,

Shine !- You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She cannot get will because she cannot eat. Broil a ea and take it to her before night and cheat her poor appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray

Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we cannot help but shine! Remember if you cannot be a but shine! Remember if you cannot be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who of-

ficiates at your obsequies.

The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they cannot hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in sub stance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away, how many burdens he lifted, or how many souls he was, under God, instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him.

"That pillow of flowers on the easket was presented by his Sabbath-school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal and one was by a waif of the street whom h rescued through the midnight mission, and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong. "Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the gariands now breathing their

aroma through this saddened home crowded with sympathizers. 'Bleased are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and e let down from the stern of the vessel into the resplendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to

Virginia City, Nev., is 6400 feet

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 4.

Lesson Text: "Selling the Birt" right," Genesis xxv., 27-34-Golden Text: Luke xii., 23-Commentary.

The topic in this section of eight verses is "Selling the Birthright." Evidently the committee were not looking for the richest and most instructive selections in Genesis, but we will find something even, The intervening events have been the death of Sarah, aged 127-said to be the only woman whose age is recorded in Scripture—and the purchase of the cave of Machpelah at Hebron as a burial place (chapter xxiii.). Isaac marries Rebekah (chapter xxiv.). Abraham dies, aged 175, and is buried by Isaac and Ishmael. Ishmael dies at the age When Isaac was sixty years of age,

of 137. When Isaac was sixty years of age, Jacob and Esau are born (chapter xxv., 1-26), and that brings us to the lesson.

27. "And the boys grew, and Esau was a cuning herder. a man of the field, and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents."

Why should the Spirit write "And the boys grew?" Don't all boys grow? Yet the Spirit saw fit to write concerning Jesus Spirit saw fit to write concerning Jesus "And the child grew" (Luke ii., 40), and of Samuel it is said, "And the child Samuel grew on," "And Samuel grew" (I Sam. ii., iii., 19). The same is written of Isaac, Ishmael, Moses and Samson (Gen. xxi. 8. 29; Ex. ii., 10; Judg. xiii., 24). Why this statement should be made of these seven ordinary boys and of Him whose name is Wonderful let some one tell who knows. is worthy of note that the Old Testament word signifies to become great. Nimrod, who built Babel and other cities (Gen. x., 8-10), is the only other person spoken of as a mighty hunter. Neither his record nor Esau's are among the best. In the R. V. margin it is said Jacob was a quiet, harm-

less, perfect man, "And Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison, but Rebekah loved Jacob." So each of the parents had their favorite; one was father's boy and one was mother's boy. This would not tend to peace in the household nor to love between the brothers. If it were wrong in their day, with their comparatively little light, how much more to be condemned in the light in which we live! Then how humiliating to see Isaac partial to Esau for his stomach's sake. But Philippi there were those whose god was their belly and who minded earthly things (Phil. iii., 19). And such may be found to-

29. "And Jacob sod pottage, and Esau came from the field, and he was faint." The first sin was through something good for food and pleasant to the senses (Gen. iii. 6). The Lord Jesus when He had fasted forty days and was afterward an hungered, was able to resist the devil, saying, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Math. iv., 2, 4). He afterward taught, "Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall dring." "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, ch the Son of Man shall give unto you'

(Math. vi., 25; John vi., 27). 30. "And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage, for I Therefore was his name Edom." See the margin for the meaning of Edom. One of the interesting things in Genesis is to note words used for the first time and trace them on through Scripture. Also the origin of Nations. The wretched origin of the Moabites and Ammonites is seen in Gen, xix., 30-38, and now we have the ori-gin of the Edomites, and you can hardly meet then anywhere in Scripture without for red pottage. He did not know the words of our text, "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment," nor those words of the Spirit. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

31. "And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright." What a lovely brother that wouldn't give his poor, hungry, only brother food without a recompense! Ah, Jacob, you are a poor specimen! God's grace to you was wonderful, and it is the same to us. In you we see too oft ourselves. From Deut. xxi. 17, we learn that one item in the birthright was a double portion of the inheritance. And from I Chron. v., 2, we see that the birth-right did not always fail to the first born, for while Reuben was the first born the birthright became Joseph's.
32. "And Esau said, Behold, I am at the

point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Some one thinks it as if he said: "How exposed is my manner of life! I may at any time be cut off. My birthright I little value and never did me any go If Jacob thinks he can do something with it, let him haveit. Give me the pottage! Let the birthright go" Or it may be that he was so faint he actually thought he would then die, for afterward we find him earnestly, but vainly, seeking the blessing with tears (Heb. xii., 16, 17). How many there are who say, What profit is it to serve God? (Job xxi., 15, Mal. iii., 14), and are sorry when it is too late? How lew lay to heart the solemn words, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Math. xvi., 26). Esau represents those who prefer a present enjoyment and are willing to let the future look out for itself, while Jacob, with all his crookedness, thought of the future.

"And Jacob said, Swear to me this day. And he sware upon him, and he sold his birthright unto Jacob." In Heb. xl. scob has honorable mention among those who had faith in God, but there is no room for faith in this transaction. It was selfish and crooked and scheming. Faith would have said, If God means me to have the birthright. He knows how to give it to if not, I am content. Anyhow, I will love my brother and do right before God. But such

was not Jacob's way at this time. 31. "Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles, and he did eat and drink and rose up and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright." Israel despised the pleasant land; they believed not His word. They also despised and rejected Him who came as their Messiah and Redeemer and made light of His invitations (Ps. cvi., 24; Isa, Hil., 3; Math. xxii., 5). Man has no heart for the things of God. The present is everything with him until he is born from above, and even then, unless he is fliled with the Spirit, he is apt to despise the riches God's grace and glory. A right spirit will think more of the things of the kingdom than of all present things.-Lesson Helper.

DRANK COLD TOASTS. The town of Westfield, N. Y., celebrated is 100th anniversary the other day, and as a part of the exercises of the festive occasion, a great banquet was projected. When the ministers of the town heard this they appearance to the state of the town heard the them. pointed a committee to look after the public morals on the occasion, and the committee insisted that there should be no wins at the banquet. The management denurred at first, but when the threat was made that none of the ministers would honor the occasion with their presence else, nor allow the members of their churches to, if they could help it, the managers gave in. So the anquet was held without wine, and the oasts on the occasion were drunk in cold water. - Picayane.

The Uriginal Declaration Fading.

The rapid fading of the text of the original Declaration of Independence and the deterioration of the parchment upon which it is engrossed, from exposure to the light and from lapse of time, render it impractic able for the State Department longer to ex-hibit it or to han the it. In lieu of the orig wal document a jac-simile is placed on ex

STATION HOUSE LODGERS.

WHERE NEW YORK'S HOMELESS ARMY SLEEP.

Scenes at Midnight in a Police Station -Going to the "Island" Until Mild Weather Comes.

UT of the black shadow of the alley, like a great bat's wing, came the head of the line of men across Oak street to the basement gate of the station-house. The doorman now developed as much activity as the German had shown. He flew at the first man in the line, and catching his shoulders, flung him ten feet away along the pavement.

"Git out of here," said he; "a-a-a-h, give me no talk. I know yer. You was here last night. Git, now, or I'll give yer my foot. And you too; git, now, and don't let me see yer any more.

As his eye rested on each familiar face he leaped at the owner of it and gave him a knock or a twist that sent him spinning out of the line like a top. "Them's old soaks, that's been here before," said he in explanation, "and we don't take 'em if they're regulars. There's not room enough for them that deserves a lodging."

I suppose those poor devils were the most to be pitied of all the men I saw that day. What under heaven they were to do if the station-house spurned them was indeed a question. But they were spun out of sight and out of mind. Down in the brightly lighted basement of the station-house the German and the doorman lined up the men in a crescent-shaped file with many a curt order to "turn your face this way; let's see your face, man." The manner of the policeman was rough, his tones were sharp; but it was only a manner and a tone. The New York policeman is a professional man. His business is adopted for life, and familiarity with the conditions in which he moves renders him decidedly businesslike. As for the men, those who were jerked out of the line like calves in a cattle-yard, simply hung their heads and shuffled away like calves. Those who were admitted to the station-house and ordered about moved dully and mechanically, as if they were rather helpless than stupid, and had made up their minds to pay that price for a lodging without complaint or resentment.

They were new to such a place. They were not tramps or professional lodgers. Seven in ten were such men as one is used to seeing about the wharves, or carrying dinner pails homeward in the uptown streets at supper t me. They were unskilled laborers, with here and there a man not so easy to place-a countryman, perhaps, or a man from a distant city. They stood with their heads up and their eyes moving, to take in everything around them. The German patrolman began at the head of the line and asked for recruits for the workhouse-2a new departure in lodging-room practice.

"Do you want to go 'way?" he asked of each. "Do you want to go 'way'

Do you want to go 'way?" How these unfortunates understood him I don't know, for I had to have his meaning explained. The fact was that the Department of Charities and Correction has determined in order to relieve the distress and pressure for lodging room, to send to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island all New Yorkers of several years' residence who have no homes and are willing to leave town for the winter. The strangers' are to be sent back to the places they hail from.

"Do you want to go 'way?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want to go 'way?" "I don't mind." It was a longshoreman who spoke.

"No, sir;" "No, sir;" "No, sir," said others in monotonous succession. Then a second man, who might have long been a truck-driver, said he, "didn't care." And a third one, a young fellow, answered, "Yes, if you please." There were boys in the line -at least two lads of seventeen or eighteen years-badly off, but yet better placed than if they had ten cents with which to get into the average lodging house, where thieves are made as if they were factories for turning liscouragement and poverty into crime.

"What do you want to go to the Island for?" I asked the man who had been a longshoremun.

"Well, sir, what else can I do?" he replied. "I have no work and no money and no home. I buried my wife five years ago, and I have no children. I've been here twenty-five years, and I understand I can be took care of for the winter-till times is better."

Some one slipped some silver in his hand-for tobacco on the Island .-Harper's Weekly.

The Stamp Collecting Fiend. "I know a stamp collecting fiend,"

said Earl Becker, "who never tires of disputing the correctness of the oftrepeated statement that used stamps have no value, and that the million stamp charity story is a myth. He carries around with him a written offer of \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps and shows it with great glee. Any man who wants to get rich should avoid filling an order of this kind, if he gets one, because to collect 1,000,000 stamps it is necessary to secure more than 300 a day for ten years, without even resting on Sunday. To get this number daily would take at least half a man's time, unless he happened to have access to the waste basket of a large firm, and for his reward he would get just \$10 a year, waiting, however, ten years for pay day. Under these circumstances it seems pretty safe to offer \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps, for no one acquainted with principles of arithmetic would be very likely to seriously consider the proposition. -St. Louis

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Kentucky is first in tobacco. Red is the Chinese lucky color.

The Isle of Man has no pawnshop. Furlong was a furrow-long, or the

length of a plowed furrow. Russian farmers hold an average of twenty-seven acres to each family.

Sparrow have so much curiosity that they will gaze in mirrors by the hour if not disturbed. At the beginning of the eighteenth

century people were hanged in Great Britain for the illicit manufacture of salt. There are over 6000 persons fed three times a day at Dolma-Bagtch

Palace while the Sultan of Turkey is

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dat-

ing back to 1783. An authority is of the opinion that the natives of Mashonaland are all descended from a commercial people who, some 3000 years ago, penetrated

from Arabia. The wonderful miniature watch of King George III., which was kept for years as a curiosity in the Kensington Museum, was about the size of one of

our silver dimes. The total number of capital letters in the whole Bible is 106,990; of small caps, 6897, and of lower case, 3,452,-593; grand total of letters, including

one æ, 3,566,481. St. John's Lodge, in Boston, is the oldest lodge of Freemasons in the United States. It recently installed new officers at its one hundred and

sixtieth annual meeting. The oldest mathematical book in the world is called the "Papyrus Rhind." It is in manuscript, of course, and was written by one Ahmet, an Egyptian, who lived in the year 2000 B. C. The book is now in the British Mu-

A single pair of robins have built a chain of eleven nests tightly linked together by means of dried orchard grass on a girder in a tobacco shed, on the plantation of Howard Pitkin, at East Hartford, Conn. The string

of nests were built last spring. In the brave days of Queen Elizabeth the handkerchief had a sentimental as well as useful mission. In that day tiny squares of finest lawn, finely and delicately wrought and edged with gold lace, were made purposely for ladies to give to their lovers, who wore these tokens neatly

folded in their hats. A widow in Vienna, having asked whether she would be allowed to preserve the ashes of her husband in an urn in her apartment, has been told by the Government that this could not be permitted. The minister responsible says the custom, if it became general, "might lead to strange eccen-

tricity and superstition." A murderer in Alabama fled the scene of his crime. Soon after, a man of the same name and appearance, including a peculiar scar, was positively identified as the murderer, found guilty and sentenced to death. Before the fatal day ample evidence was furnished proving that he was at work in Tennessee at the time of the murder.

A Longshereman's Trick.

A boss longshoreman, whose gang is never idle if there is anything to do along the docks, explained the other day the secret of his popularity with the captains of grain carriers, particularly the canal boat men.

"I know," he said, "how to unload a cargo so that it will overrun instead of falling short.

'Take a canaller freighted with wheat, for instance. The grain is in bulk, and when it is unshipped the consignee or purchaser has some one present to keep tally. The first bushel out is weighed. Then the next 100 go by measure, and are heavy or short bushels according to weight of the first bushel.

"Then there is a new weighing and a new standard, 100 by 100, until the boat is emptied. Well, bulk grain is always heaviest at the centre of a pile.

"So, when the clerk calls out 'Weigh,' I weigh him a heavy bushel. Then I take the measured bushels from the side. Consequently the cargos I unload overrun, the captains are pleased, the consignees can't understand it, and I and my men are busy all the time."-Detroit Free Press.

Antiquity of Chess and Checkers,

Chess has been attributed to Palamedes, sho flourished 680 years B. C.; also to the Hindoos. Some authorities consider checkers a very angight game also; in fact, the origin of checkers and chess may be identical. Strutt, however, considers checkers a "modern invention." Mr. Mallet published in 1668 a treatise on the subject of draughts, and the game is known to have been played in Europe at least a century before. The Romans had a game called latrun culi, which was very similar in character to checkers, the pieces moving diagonally, capturing by leaping over and obtaining superior power upon arriving safely at the thither side of the board. The board, however, consisted of but sixteen squares. - Pitisburg Dispatch.

Freezing Didn't Bother Him.

Last winter while eatching chubs for live bait I caught a small salt water perch. He was kept alive for over two months in a cold outhouse. Every night the water, fish and all, would freeze to a solid cake; every day he would be melted out, and in a short while he would be as lively as ever. He must have been frozen and thawed out at least forty times withont receiving the slighest injury .-Forest and Stream.