

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Unappreciated Services."

Text: "Through a window, in a basket, I let down by the wall."—II Corinthians xi, 33.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for sword blades, Damascus blades, Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric, called damasks.

A horseman of the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from a saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that he thereafter speaks of "thorns in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police. The Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets of these balconies, and to fill up fruits and flowers from the garden. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets.

Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents of his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evaded the police. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street he is recognized by his features, but he hides himself on the rooftops. At last the infuriated people get on sure track of him.

They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, a balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" the vociferous and blasphemous howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly, but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and a foot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels through that window, in a basket, was let down by the wall.

Observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew that he would be the strength of it. How if it had been broken, and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean encircled, under flagellation and at his head-banging would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But the rope that held that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousands tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had one boat of leaves, from raffia to stem only four or five feet, the vessel made water by a storm of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the ruler and governor of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crush it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Yet that tiny boat, with forty guns looking through the portholes and ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance.

The paragon at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and flung his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasants' shoulders.

Practical inference—There are no insignificant things in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a despatch sailor's trunk, the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do it if you mean it. Make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happens so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the li-

lustrous preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face, as the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say, "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him and took command of the Alexandria court and when the sailors were nearly scared to death and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat! I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talked in private over the matter, and saying, "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about 60,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,000, I warrant, came from early homes, which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants, generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrible struggle to get their way up the ladder. The collegiate and theological education of the son took even in luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every day got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, and late at night, her sight not so good as once it was, and there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite oblivious of the fact, sit at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the pipe and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall.

And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influence of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy! It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it; but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father. "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Oh, men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not come to you from among the New England hills, or from western prairies, or from southern plantation, or from English or Irish homes, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a wrong, has recalled you? The rope may have been as long as thirty years, or may be miles long or 3000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope.

You want a very swift horse, and you need to reveal him the sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to shout to a racer if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't be steered from them! A sailor who finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, when he turns in why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly held the rope.

But the most come a time when we shall find out who these Damascus were who lowered Paul in the basket and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascus peril.

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the sea, and the waves struck through the skylights, and rushed down into the hold, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one, before leaving, had thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews and his crew. He is the man who saved us, and I am impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool.

Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care And spend the hours of setting day In a humble prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting services? We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences if others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twelve-hour hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with any earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while

right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and meet those in this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge, and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "Living by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and ministered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor fellow in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and they all have been blessed, and I got us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus—a house on the wall. A man who preached for Christ was chased from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a hawk was sent down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" And he answered, "That is all."

And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that said, "I thought it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumph as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said, 'Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen—yes, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence.' And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, 'Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall.'"

Heavenly Father, think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cuneader put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting away a stove in a closet, a driver too near the compass. You know how the nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 300 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cuneader. Small ropes hold mighty things.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, put his hand behind his head and tilted back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry on a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England, but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accused institution into the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three ciphers placed on the right side of the figure I make a thousand, and six ciphers on the right side of the figure I a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation limitless. All the ages of time and eternity will be as the basket let down from a Damascus balcony!

Biggest Railroad Station in England.

The enlargement of Liverpool street station, London, is proceeding apace, and when the alterations are quite completed the station will be the largest in the country—almost the largest in the world. The station will have eighteen platforms and twenty lines. At the narrowest part of the approach there will be six lines, and with the new signal arrangements and short blocks it will be possible to run trains in and out every two minutes. At present between 700 and 800 trains are run in and out daily, but the enlargement will enable the company to run in and out 1000 trains a day. All the iron work is English. In the roof the glass is secured by copper, and there is not a bit of putty in the whole. Handsome open arches form a support for the new roof at the point where it joins the old building. A feature is the new parcels office, 188 feet long by sixty feet wide, with the roadways, in and out, each thirty feet wide. Also, a feature will be the enormous addition to the circulating space; that is the area between the entrance hall and booking offices and the platform. Space will be gained in one way by placing all the lavatories underground. The station is to be lighted throughout with the electric light.—Westminster Gazette.

To Prevent Burying Alive.

The present talk about the danger of persons being buried alive has led a genius of St. George, Mo., to invent and patent what he calls a "grave alarm." In the coffin is placed a small electric battery, to which is attached an alarm, something like the contrivance that is placed in clocks. The alarm is fastened to the lid of the coffin. A strap is attached to it and to the hand of the corpse, so that the slightest movement will set the alarm in motion. A wire attached to the alarm runs up through the grave, up a pole and to the house of the sexton, where a battery and bell are attached. A slight movement in the coffin will start the alarm and ring the bell in the sexton's house, and if a person has been buried alive the alarm in the sexton's house notifies him of the fact at once. The inventor of the "grave alarm" has also provided an iron pipe to be used on the graves where the attachment is to be set. The pipe will furnish enough fresh air to sustain life, and can be taken up when the friends of the deceased have become fully satisfied that death has really taken place. The device has been adopted for use in the Iowa cemetery, but so far it has not been put into operation by any of the corpses.—Plymouth.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 25.

Lesson Text: "The Resurrection of Christ" (An Easter Lesson), Mark xvi, 1-8—Golden Text: I Cor. xv, 20—Commentary.

When the Sabbath was past. "They would not break the Sabbath. The Sabbath was rest only about to begin. There are no endings God's blessings. There is an end to sin, to death, but not to blessings.—Parker. Anoint Him. With spices. This is proof that they did not expect Him to rise again; and this fact adds new force to their testimony.—Jacobus. "The woman who went very early in the morning. John says, while it was yet dark; Matthew, as it began to dawn. Yes, that is just what it did. That is the very poetry of the occasion—the word written in apparent accident is the very expression of heaven's truth. "It began to dawn." When Christ comes, the light comes. There is a joyousness, an activity, a hopefulness, an energy about the early morning.—Parker.

The first day of the week. The day has kept its place ever since, always the first. "This is the day the Lord hath made." Christianity has its primary persons—Christ in grace—charity; in days—the Sabbath. They came to the sepulchre. But not to Christ's. They who seek Christ in unbelief to-day are simply visiting empty tombs. Do not be disturbed or wonder if in trumpet tones they declare: "He is not here."

And they said among themselves. How many of our anxieties are needless, grounded in absurdity. The worst difficulties are those which never happen. The stone was rolled away. The stone was turned to new uses, for an angel sat upon it.—Parker. The seal, the watch, the guard—and yet the open tomb. Who can stay his hand? Entering—they saw a young man. There was the vision and the voice. The vision was a vision of youth. Young—life, power, promise, eagerness, belong to youth. They were amazed. "Fear not, ye seek Jesus." Explanatory—"He is not here; He is risen."

Compliment—"Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Inspiring—"Go ye—tell."—Parker. The empty tomb brought confusion, terror, fearful forebodings to the enemies of Christ; but hope, comfort, confidence, to His friends.

Tell his disciples and Peter. Christ's first appearance was to Mary Magdalene. John xx, 18, out of whom He had cast seven devils; so His special message is to Peter, who had denied Him.—Alford. Tell Peter—although he has sinned so grievously. Tell Peter—for he has sinned so grievously that his children cease with the commencement of their penitence. Tell Peter—for he is dear to Christ. Sin can grieve Christ, cause Him to withdraw, wound and disgrace us, but it cannot alter His love. Tell Peter—for he is your brother. They had sinned. Have not we denied our Lord?—Stems and Twigs.

The result of it all on the women—fear, haste, energy. They were afraid, they ran, they trembled, and were amazed. From Matthew we learn that as they "met Jesus in the way." All who go upon gracious errands meet Him in the way. He is risen. Through woman death was first introduced into the world; to woman the first announcement was made of the resurrection. Proofs of Christ's resurrection. I have been used for many years to study the history of the mind of a fair inquirer, to examine and weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every kind, to the mind of a fair inquirer, than that Christ died and rose again from the dead.—Dr. Arnold. Moreover, it was precisely the same body which was buried that rose again, as the proofs fall.

Tell the apostles by the friends of Christ. 1. The apostles had the most powerful faith in the fact. They were unanimous in their declaration of it a few days after on the very spot on which it occurred, and that to men who were prepared to do anything to conceal the fact. 2. This faith came in direct opposition to their previous beliefs and worldly interests. They had no expectation and no hope of such resurrection. 3. They had every opportunity for thoroughly satisfying themselves on the point. 4. By their declaration of the fact they induced thousands of the very enemies of Christ to believe in it, and that close to the time and near the very spot on which it occurred. The early Church universally believed in it; and it is incredible that a myth, a false story, should have so grown up without substantial foundation.—From Thomas's Genesis of Christ's Resurrection. They attested it not only by their lives, but by their death. 6. Only the fact of the resurrection can account for the marvelous change in the spirit and character of the apostles. The resurrection transformed them, inspired them with a new conception of Christ's Kingdom as for all people, with a new courage to suffer for the sake of their risen Lord and His Kingdom, and with a new power to preach Christ and His Kingdom everywhere as a spiritual redemption for sin. Acts ii, 39; v, 41; x, 43. Neither fraud nor fiction is competent to account for the moral contrast.

It proved by the enemies of Christ. 1. It was impossible for them to deny that they had seen the body. 2. It was impossible for them to give any other explanation than that which they now invented—that His disciples stole the body. 3. It was impossible for them to deny that they could give to be credited; for (a) the disciples could not have stolen Him if they would; (b) it was in the last degree improbable that all the Roman watch were asleep; (c) not so early as the Jews had charged; (d) they could not have reported a truth; (e) if the soldiers slept, they could not have known that the disciples stole the body; (f) their story contradicted itself.—Genesis of the Gospel.

Leif Erlerson Must Move On.

Six or seven years ago there was set up in Commonwealth avenue, Boston, a bronze statue of Leif Erlerson, which has been the subject of much censure. He stands posed like a stage villain, with one hand on his trusty rapier and the other shading his eyes for a searching gaze out over the fens toward Brighton. It was the first thing Alderman Lew's eyes took when morning came, coming to town. The Alderman declares that, inspired in what respect he could not say, but when he introduced the order for its removal to Wood Island Park, East Boston, it passed without opposition. Several art critics have denounced it. Max Boehman, the sculptor, declares that it is not clothed in the armor worn by fighting men of the eleventh century. Professor Horsford is dead, and I there is no one to champion the explorer's cause, so it must go.

Voting by Machinery.

At an election held the other day at Johns town, N. Y., a test was made of the merits of the Myers voting machine, and it is said to have given great satisfaction. Four machines were used, doing the work that thirty polling booths have hitherto been necessary for. An old blind man managed to get in his vote in eighty-eight seconds without any assistance, and a great many people voted in eight and ten seconds. The machines registered 1905 votes, and gave the returns promptly and satisfactorily.

The Eiffel Tower to Staan.

The project of taking down the Eiffel Tower in Paris will probably not be carried out, as it would cost \$600,000.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Ruffles are out circular. Coxcomb red and tan are extensively worn.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro is said to be an accomplished banjo player. Katherine E. Kelsey is Probate Register of Shiawassee County, Michigan.

Although the parents of Mrs. Eames-Story are Americans, the prima donna was born in China. A woman in Iowa who boxed a man's ears will have to pay \$500 damages because she injured his ear-drum.

Miss Emma K. Henry, an evangelist, is meeting with great success among the Congregational churches of South Dakota.

In the beginning two women were appointed members of the British Royal Academy. None has since been elected.

There are twenty-two woman physicians in the foreign field who are sent and sustained by the Presbyterian Church, North.

The First National Bank, of Lexington, Neb., has for its President Mrs. R. H. Temple, and for Vice-President Miss E. A. Temple.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Massey succeeded to the law practice of her late husband, General Massey, and is one of the most successful lawyers in Washington.

The richest young woman in her own right in Washington is Helen Carroll. She inherited \$40,000 a year from her grandfather, Royal Phelps, of New York.

The influence of the Columbian Exposition is apparent, for there are a lot of new and strange fabrics shown that have never been worn before in a general manner.

Pet dogs across the Atlantic are now dyed to harmonize with the prevailing tint of their mistress's bouidoir. Two shades of violet form the most popular coloring for white dogs.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, who was not long ago a guest at dinner with Queen Victoria, has now only careworn lines and a sad, dullish expression on the face that was once the admiration of Europe.

There are women who keep their silver in woolen bags and wonder why it tarnishes. It is supposed that the sulphur in the cloth causes the metal to blacken. Chamois bags are best for silver.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, President of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Kansas, gives her entire time to the interest of the cause she represents. She is on the road all the time traveling through Kansas.

The Princess of Bulgaria has won the hearts of her people by her simplicity. She attends the weekly market on foot, going from stall to stall to make her purchases, escorted only by a respectful crowd of peasants.

Lady Battersea spoke before the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Brecon, Wales, some time since, and women acted as stewards, attending to all the details of the meeting for the first time in history.

The new fad now in Paris is for young girls to appear as old as possible, ingenues being out of the mode. Young girls are seen quite often, particularly debutantes, with powdered hair and make-up as elderly as can be assumed.

In the face of the absolutely stupendous number of pictures which represent Queen Victoria or any and every domestic occasion with her crown on it is rather curious to learn that she has not, as a matter of fact, worn it more than twenty times during her whole reign.

The finishing push to the animal craze has come in the bow cravats of lace, pinned into position with dainty sticket pins, jeweled or not, as the resources of the wearer may permit. No woman now considers her street suit complete, without cravat, which is superseding both feathers and fur neck bows.

In a ballot taken among its women readers to ascertain their favorite authors, Figaro (Paris) found Bourget to occupy first and Pierre Loti second place. Many of the women who expressed an opinion wrote gratuitously and with much energy, pitching into Zola, denouncing him and all his works.

The novelist Onida is decidedly plain-looking, about fifty years old, and "overdresses shockingly." She drives on the fashionable thoroughfares in Florence every bright day, a gay picture against the turquoise blue satin of her smart oroungian, in an orange-colored batiste, much trimmed with lace, and a black guipure mantilla.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson possesses beauty of face, figure and mind, and her big, soft eyes can, if the occasion demands, bester and impress. She is a blue-stocking who disowns blue-stockingdom. When she wants extra pin money she knocks off work in her Samoa flower garden and dashes off stories and articles for which there is always a market.

The Duchess of Sutherland is the only little lady entitled to be called "Your Grace" in Great Britain. When a child Lady Milliecent St. Clair Eskine, as she then was known, was an active contributor to the writing competitions in various young people's periodicals. Shortly after her marriage she went on a yachting tour and on her return published a volume of travels, "How I Went Round the World in My Twentieth Year."

Took the Hint.

There was a man in our town Who was not wondrous wise: For though he had fresh goods to sell He would not advertise.

But when he saw his rival sell More goods than e'er could he, He stormed about his grocery As mad as mast could be.

He soon found out the other man Had "ads" in sheets, botimes; He took the hint and did likewise, And now he piles 'em in the dices.

When the "Teens" Begin.

A girl is not in her teens until she becomes thirteen years old. The word "teens" means the years of one's age has "ag" the termination "teen," beginning with "thirteen" and ending with "nineteen." A girl only twelve years old is not in her teens, although she is in her thirteenth year.—Chicago Herald.

SELECT SIGHTINGS.

Pekin, China, has 15,000 police. Venice is built on eighty islands. California stands first in gold and grapes.

The Union Pacific Railway crosses nine mountain ranges. Brandy is a contraction of the old English brand wine, burnt wine.

There are 1620 counties in the United States named after the Father of His Country. Enfantia, Ala., has a curiosity in the shape of a chicken with three bills and three eyes.

Wolves have been killing sheep at a great rate in parts of Minnesota not very remote. So far as can be discovered, the first use of an iron roof was on a building erected in Ohio in 1868.

In Maine a widow has recently married the man who put the rope around her husband's neck when he was lynched last July.

In Nagano Ken, Japan, there is a mulberry fifty feet high and thirteen feet in circumference. It is commonly believed to be more than 500 years old.

The highest suspension bridge in the world is at Fribourg, in Switzerland, where one is thrown over the gorge of Gotheron, which is 317 feet above the valley.

A sugar maple chair that was a wedding gift to the parents of Mrs. A. D. Morris, of Albany, Oregon, nearly seventy years ago, is now in the possession of Mrs. Morris.

A Florida hunter reports the discovery of a reptile—closely resembling a snake, which climbs trees and feasts on oranges. Small and sharp claws, scarcely visible, were discovered along its skin.

Plans have been approved in London for a great Ferris wheel after the Chicago pattern. It is to cost a quarter of a million dollars and will be known as the "Gigantic Wheel and Recreation Tower."

Two West Virginia hunters, who had camped out for the night, were surrounded and savagely attacked by wildcats. There were twenty of the animals, but the hunters, after a desperate battle, succeeded in killing ten of them.

A cock fowl on the farm of James N. Lenow, at Little Rock, Ark., has not only intelligently expressed a decided preference for the companionship of English sparrows, but appears inseparable from them. The fowl is also great friends with a cat, and at night time the bird and the cat roost together.

A strange discovery was made in an old shallow working at Pelsall, Staffordshire, England, just before the crisis in the coal trade stopped work there. At a depth of fifteen or sixteen yards a curious wooden sleigh was found loaded with some bolts of coal. This is how the miners, two or three hundred years ago, got the mineral to the surface.

The Ashantee Army is the mark of the Ashantee nation. Every man who can keep up on the march is obliged to serve, and after an expedition has set out the women scour the streets and almost beat to death any man whom they may discover skulking around. In battle the generals occupy the rear, so as to cut down any one who may try to run away. If the battle goes against them they often commit suicide.

Justice.

An English lady, walking down the Lung 'Arno, in Florence, missed her purse. The suspicious movements of a man in front made her boldly demand the stolen property. Too amazed to refuse, the thief actually handed over the purse. Indignant at such broad-day robbery, the lady stopped an elegantly dressed man, and, in excited tones, began to pour out her grievance. Merely waiting to hear "That man stole my purse!" the gallant Italian rushed after the thief, who promptly took to his heels. They had a good run before the thief could dodge his pursuer. The sun of a summer day did not help the polite Florentine to keep cool; so, red-faced and out of breath, he turned back to meet the English lady with profound apologies.

"Madam, I am very sorry. I did my best, but your purse is gone." "Oh, no!" she replied sweetly; "I have my purse. I got it back from the man."

"Got your purse back! Per Bacco! What did you want then?" "Want! Why, I want justice."

It was too much even for proverbial Italian urbanity, and, almost choking with sudden vexation, he gasped: "Justice! To think I should have run myself into a preparation for justice."—Boston Home Journal.

Selected Hints.

There was a man in our town Who was not wondrous wise: For though he had fresh goods to sell He would not advertise.

But when he saw his rival sell More goods than e'er could he, He stormed about his grocery As mad as mast could be.

He soon found out the other man Had "ads" in