

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Sustaining Power of Religion."

Text: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalm lxxviii, 13.

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brickkiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food, and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest they lay down among the implements of cookery and the utensils of the brickkiln. When they arose in the morning, they found their garments covered with the clay, and the smoke, and the dust, and besmear'd and begrimed with the utensils of cookery.

But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, brighter and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. No more bricks to make their own bricks. When David, in my text, comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brickkilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen just before sundown pigeons and doves, which had during the day been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find. Just about the hour of sunset they would spread their wings and fly toward, entirely unscathed by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it is not a far-fetched simile or an unnatural comparison when David, in my text, says to those who have been brought out of any kind of trouble into a kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us drudging in a most degrading service, but after awhile Christ comes, and He says, "Let My people go," and we pass out from among the brickkilns of sin into the liberty of the gospel. We put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. It is a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible. They have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the pulpit of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said, "I have examined the subject, and you have not. And I am assured that you professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you have never examined."

And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something undesirable, something that will not work, something Pockelfishian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin, you might compare it to a dove—its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the business circles where he is known, there is commotion. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular benefit to the world!" Here is a young man who becomes a Christian—her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing room.

Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful girl should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion is before conversion, a pleasantness and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful and lacrymose and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder. I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged, but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has a pleasant home, now he has more money than he knows how to spend. Everything goes bright and well with him.

But trouble comes. There are many young men in the house this morning who can testify to their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble comes—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone. He goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes. He says, "What shall I do? No! He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says, 'God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine, Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my body-guard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scant? I sit at the King's banquet!"

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron-bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there you thought of the chapter written by the painter, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said, "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters. He has everlasting rest in any way. Other plumes may be torn in a storm, but that which is adorned with Christian grace is fairer than the dove—its wings covered with silver and its feathers with gold.

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into rollicking drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the bar onto the counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure young man sleeps.

Ah, no! When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night to his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades and father and mother and brothers and sisters far away? No, no! His laugh will ring out from the saloon so that you will turn your pass by, but his face is hidden in prayer. In it is the snapping of heart-strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy—that young man happy?

Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death; let the brilliancy of the scene catch his eye, let him for the last look of his mother when he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son, you will do right; I am sure you will do right. You will, won't you?" Let that young man happy? Why, across every night there are shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled in every cup; there are vipers of despair striking their iron beaks into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief plucking at the throat.

In some of the clanking of the glasses and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry: "Woe! Woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgression is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of sensual delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the wings of the dove, which come through the window of this heavenly ark, has wings like the dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.

Again, I remark, religion is an adornment in the eyes of usefulness into which it indudes a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief aim is for his own comfort. He lives selfishly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good; his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys trying themselves by carrying me to the hospital. Let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a shadow of a man, the other a man.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy introduced into a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are 500,000,000 perishing in midnight heathen darkness. By all possible means he tries to send them light. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere saying: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. It is the power of God unto the salvation of all who believe." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him. I show you three spectacles.

Spectacle the First—Napoleon passed by with the host that went down with him to Egypt and up with him through Russia and across the continent on the bleeding heart and his iron heel, and across the sea, and he left a trail of death and grinding wheels of his gun-carriages—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the Second—Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and strategy infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of throngs and empires, and his last words, "I die in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words, 'Crush that wretch!'"

Spectacle the Third—Paul—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking of the light which light up the gloom of widowhood and orphanage and want with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eyes introduced into a mission school, defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that day: and I will not be ashamed." Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel, they were tossed like sea gulls in a tempest, drenched of the waves and torn of the hurricanes, their bodies voluted through the everlasting storm, but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an albatross, he made a throne of the tempest and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dawn. Its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives and so much for a man when he comes to die?

I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, dying in agony because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered by the other end of the table; Zeno, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hand; Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself.

All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch Minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest as to whether I live or die. If I die I shall live with the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington, "It is well." Or the last words of McInosh, "I have learned the lesson, 'Happy are the last words of Hannah More, 'The Christian poetess, 'Joy!' Or those thousands of Christians who have gone saying: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in skepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you something from observation—that while skeptics know from observation—that while skeptics

is a beautiful land at the start, it is a great Sahara desert at the last.

Years ago a minister's son went off from home to a college in the West. He formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity and when he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on, and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me, except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering."

The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself: "Now, there is only a thin wall between the college student and the sick man. Ellison should know how my heart flutters? What if Ellison knew my skepticism gave way? He slept not."

In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel keeper, "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow. The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name—where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! What is his name?" "Ellison," or "Ellison." Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college mate—dead without any hope.

It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist and one of the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, the young man who was stunned, or the Christian life, Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable and more beautiful.

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in heaven? Here is the thought that comes to your mind. If a soldier goes to battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory. If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright will it be in heaven? I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly coils is gone and he rises up with the great majority.

I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in the land where they are all kings and queens, and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship. I may not hear your voice when you are in a hospital, and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered.

That I might want you to a better life, and that I might see the greatest with which God clothes His dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph that has been won. I wish I could see the splendor of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister or dear little child garnered away.

You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing! You want to know what they are doing. Singing! You wonder why they look to the gate of the temple and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming! I shout upon the news that the troops are in the city, you will repeat and start for heaven: "Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming! Angels poising midair, cry up the name! Gatekeeper of heaven, send forward the tidings! Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal!"

"Oh, you say, 'religion I am going to have. It is only a question of time.' My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven. The Parisian mob came around the Tuilleries, the national guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: 'Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire?' 'No, no, we can clear the place.' 'No,' said Louis Philippe, 'not yet.' A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general, 'Now is the time to fire.' 'No,' said the general, 'it is too late now. Don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late.'"

Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the house of the king, and all because the king said, "Not yet, not yet!" May God forbid that any of you should adjourn the great subject of religion and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late, when you are losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

When the Judge descends in might, Clad in majesty and light; Who the earth shall quake with fear, Where, oh, where will you appear?

A Mastodon's Tusks.

A prospector who came down on the steamship City of Topeka Thursday night from the gold fields of Alaska brought a number of curious relics from that far-away region. The most interesting of the collection is a set of ivory tusks of an enormous size, the remains of a mastodon. A great tooth was also found with the tusks, which were discovered in a deep canyon several hundred miles back in the mountains from Juneau. The size of the tusks in question is something phenomenal. They form almost a semicircle, the circumference being ten feet by actual measurement, tapering down to a point from a thickness of about six inches, where the tusks project from the head. The elements of ages have apparently had but little effect on these mastodon ornaments, for the surface is almost smooth and nearly as hard as rock, and the combined weight of the two tusks exceeds 350 pounds. The tooth found is of irregular shape, probably fourteen inches long, six inches through, and weighs ten or fifteen pounds.—Seattle (Wash.) Telegraph.

It is claimed for Hachaliah Bailey, of Somers, N. Y., that about 1815 he brought into the United States the first elephant, called "Old Bet" which, with other animals soon afterward imported, formed the first traveling menagerie in this country. Van Amberg, the noted lion tamer, was subsequently associated with the company.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 15.

Lesson Text: "Joseph Sold into Egypt." Gen. xxxvii., 23-36.—Golden Text: Gen. 1, 20.—Commentary.

23. "And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto his brethren that they stripped Joseph out of his coat." Being sent by his father he went forth cheerfully to see if it was well with his brethren, but when they saw him coming they determined to kill him (Gen. 37, 18, 20). How suggestive of the Jews' hatred of Jesus, their brother who was making their welfare (Math. xxiii, 35; xxvii, 1). They stripped him to mock him, and when crucified parted his garments among them (Math. xxvii, 35, 36).

24. "And they took him and cast him into a pit, and the pit was empty; there was no water in it." Gen. xxxvii, 24. The contrast the miry pit in which Joseph was put (Jer. xxxviii, 6). The sterner's deliverance from sin is compared to being taken from a horrible pit and miry clay and having his feet placed on a rock (Is. xlv, 2). "25. 'And they sat down to eat bread.' When the decree had gone forth to kill all Jews, it is written that the king and Haman sat down to drink (Esth. iii, 15). When they were drinking they were eating, and they watched him there" (Math. xxvii, 36). The question of Jeremiah concerning the sorrows of Jerusalem, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? (Lam. i, 12) should come home to all who are indifferent to the sufferings of Jesus."

26. "And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? This same Judah long ago became surety for Joseph's brothers against the king (Gen. xli, 23, 24). It was from him that the Messiah, the great deliverer, came in the fullness of time (I Chron. v, 2; Heb. viii, 14). They might conceal Joseph's blood from his father, but like Abel's it would cry to God (Gen. iv, 10)."

27. "Come and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content. Thus Judah saved his brother from death, and his brethren from actual bloodshed. See how one can influence a number! One with God can chase a thousand (Deut. xxxii, 30).

28. "And they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt." Thirty pieces of silver was afterward in Israel the value of a slave (Ex. xxi, 32). This was the price at which they sold their dear brother, and for this amount Judah sold his younger brother to-day sent to sell Jesus for the vilest trifles—that is, they do not care what becomes of Him, or His cause, if only they can be gratified.

29. "And Reuben returned unto the pit, and beheld; Joseph was not in the pit, and he rent his clothes." It was Reuben who persuaded the other brother not to kill Joseph, but to cast him into a well, thinking that he might, unobserved, get him out and restore him to his father (Gen. 22, 23). Reuben was the oldest of all the brothers, he was a Judah being both sons of Leah (Gen. xxx, 32, 35). He was a hospital, to save his brother, but not the power to deliver him from those who hated him. He was evidently absent when Joseph was sold.

30. "And he returned to his brethren and said, 'I have seen your countenance, and I have said, 'I will be a prophet to you.' The same phrase is used concerning the absent in chapter xlii, 13, 19, and Jer. xxxi, 15. What a contrast in that glorious name of Jehovah, 'I am' (Ex. iii, 14)! Joseph was identified with Christ, we are never said to be, for He is our life, and because He lives we live (John xvi, 19). The same phrase is used as he brought his brethren not to sell him is spoken of in chapter xlii, 21.

31. "And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in blood. Since the day that Adam sinned it has been sorrow and suffering and death all along the line, and will be till He shall come again, when He first came, bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and His own body bore our sins on the tree of the cross (Is. liii, 4). While the blood of a kid stained Joseph's coat, it was Jesus' own blood that soiled His garments, even the blood that poor, scourged back and forward crowned head. But the day comes when the enemies' blood shall stain His garment (Isa. liii, 3, 4).

32. "And they sold the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father and said, 'This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.' Joseph was truly their father after the flesh, but they were making it very plain that they, like their descendants long afterward, had another father, even he who is the father of all life and milleniums (John viii, 44). "33. 'And he knew it, and said, 'It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.' There was no chemical analysis to prove that the coat was not human; there was no son honest enough to tell the truth in the case, and so Jacob must be allowed to think that his much loved son was actually slain, and for twenty years he believed the same thing. "34. 'What an evil beast is envy and hatred, true children of the roaring lion (I Pet. v, 8)!"

34. "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days." Whatever we saw we weep. Jacob had seen the wife, and was weeping the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 7; Heb. viii, 7). He had earnestly desired his father and lied to himself (Chapter xxvii, 24), and now he was reaping a terrible harvest. This principle of retribution is seen continually in the life of it to make all but the most hardened believe that God means what He says.

35. "And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, 'For will I go down into the grave unto my son mourning; thus his father wept for him.' How many daughters Jacob had we are not told. One, Dinah, is mentioned by name (xxvii, 1). We can understand how they tried to sincerely try to comfort their father, but how these young sons could comfort him is somewhat of a mystery. He is surely to be pitied, for he had not the light which we have upon the future. He had to take the grave, to look up and know that "to die is gain," "to depart and be with Christ is far better" (Phil. i, 21, 23).

36. "And the Midianites sold him into Egypt, Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard." The certain falls upon the sorrowing father and the deceitful sons, and we are given one glimpse of the poor boy so cruelly torn away from his home. He was sold into Egypt, into the house of the chief of the executioners (see margin). But whether a slave in Potiphar's house or a prisoner falsely accused he is always prosperous, for "the Lord was with him" (Chapter xxxix, 2, 3, 21, 23) and there was blessing everywhere. He was one of the blessed men of Pa. 1, 1-3.—Lesson Helper.

The Mary Washington Monument. The Fredericksburg (Va.) City Council has invited President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, Vice-President Stevenson, Chief Justice Fuller, the members of the Cabinet, Governor O'Fallon and their ladies to attend the dedication of the Mary Washington monument to take place in that city May 16. A committee of twelve citizens has been appointed to act in conjunction with the Mayor and City Council.

Revival of Business. Springfield weather caused a general revival of business at all trade centers.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A farmer living near Bowling Green, Ky., was recently married to his seventh wife.

An ugly man's competition is the latest rival to the beauty show in Brussels, Belgium.

The first finger is sacred to Jupiter, and is supposed to indicate the nobler elements of character.

Five hundred thousand men are estimated to ride in the elevators of New York City every day.

London was the first city in the world to use coal for fuel, this in the latter part of the twelfth century.

A pond near Nashville, Tenn., has just been stocked with rainbow fish from the United States hatchery in Missouri.

There is a man named Cobb, near Roswell, Ga., who has a biscuit in his possession which he brought home from the war.

Firemen were driven out of a burning store in New York by the odor of burning snuff, which set them all to sneezing violently.

The average height of men in Europe is five feet seven inches; of women, five feet four inches. The English and Russians are the tallest of European peoples.

In Robeson County, North Carolina, Ira H. Lee set fire to a pine tree on his farm. He was working under it, when the top burned off and fell, killing him instantly.

Wheat is so low just now that the farmers of Bent County, Colorado, will take up most of their acreage this season with Kaffir corn and Jerusalem corn, which are expected to pay better.

Marble playing was taught the other afternoon, by example, in Frankfort, Ky. Lieutenant Governor Alvord and Assemblyman Weissinger had a match game in the rear of the State Court House.

Mario Santa Ana, who has just completed a fifty-eight years' term of imprisonment at Manila, Philippine Islands, and is 117 years old, wants to go back to prison because he is too old to work.

A Pueblo (Col.) street car horse has gone through the operation of having a tooth pulled, with fortitude and resignation. The gum had to be lanced before the extraction, but the company couldn't afford anesthetics.

An interesting find of Indian relics has been made on the shores of Muskego and Wind Lakes, Wis., by two Milwaukee sportsmen. Among the find are a war canoe thirty feet long, made of a single log of black walnut, arrow heads, tomahawks and the like.

The Chinese surname comes first. Li Chang is not Mr. Chang, but Mr. Li. The theory is that when a child is born it already possesses the family name of its parents, and that its given name is properly second in importance. The majority of American writers in newspapers, however, persist in regarding the first name as the surname.

Dress Ruined by Electricity.

It is not often that you hear of a dress being ruined by electricity, yet such an accident recently occurred at the Alvin Theatre Tuesday night. In one act Miss Robinson wears a handsome gown, which is trimmed around the bottom and the waist with a sort of metallic bronze embroidery. On Monday night, when she answered her cue by coming out of the house which is in the setting, she noticed a bright flash of light just as she stepped out of the door before the audience. She thought nothing of it, attributing the flash to the stage hands making some electric connection back in the wings.

On Tuesday night, at the same part of the play, Miss Robinson was walking slowly to the door awaiting her cue, when she again saw the flash, and looking down saw herself enveloped in a ring of fire around the bottom of her skirt. She had no time to call for assistance, but, hearing her cue, stepped upon the stage, delighted to find the fire did not follow her. After the act was over she examined her dress, and found that it was ruined, the metallic trimming around the skirt having been melted entirely off.

The cause of the strange accident was soon found. The metallic embroidery had come in contact with one of the electric sockets in the floor, from which current is obtained to light the bunch lights. A circuit breaker formed, the continuous trimming made a sort of arc. Had there been any metallic connection with the copious trimming of the same kind upon the waist, the accident might have cost the actress her life.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Freak in Corn.

John G. Cates, of Drone, Ga., has a curious ear of corn—rather a multi-plated ear. If it were a real species instead of a lusus nature, it would most likely take the name of multum in parvo, for there is a large central ear, as large as the common ear raised in Burke County, and around it are eight distinct good sized nibbins, with a disposition to bear two more, if it had been a good day for nibbins. Taking it all in all it is a curious little family.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Strange Funeral.

A strange funeral could be seen going down Church street Saturday afternoon. The participants were all very poor. A Mexican, perhaps the father of the dead child, was carrying the coffin on his head. It was a large coffin, that of a person over half grown. Behind him, with weep depicted on faces seldom expressive of any emotion, followed two or three women. They attracted considerable attention.—Arizona Citizen.

A MODEL HORSE PASTURE.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S STUD FARM AT TRAKEHNNEN.

A Swamp Converted into the Richest Pasture Land in Germany—Care of the Young Horses.

EXTRAORDINARY pains are taken in Germany with the breeding of cavalry horses, and most of this work, according to an article in Harper's Magazine on "Emperor William's Stud Farm and Hunting Forest," is still carried on near the little town of Trakehnen, on the eastern frontier of Prussia, where Frederick the Great established a great stud farm. In 1848 the Prussian Crown made a present of these estates to the Government on condition that each year the King should be allowed to choose thirty horses for his private use. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that those selected are not the worst in the stud.

The secret of Trakehnen's fame as a horse breeding place is the fact that it is irrigated in every direction in such a manner that the grass is rich and sweet to an extraordinary extent. The soil, too, is most favorable—deep and spongy. When it was originally selected for the purpose it was nothing better than a vast swamp over which the moose roamed wild, as he still roams in a circumscribed section of the Baltic shores near the mouth of the Memel River. The father of Frederick the Great was a capital farmer, and had a good eye for horses as well. He converted this swamp into the richest pasture land of Germany, where even to-day one cannot dig two feet without striking water. In winter the meadows are flooded, and only the most careful irrigation preserves them in good condition for the balance of the year. There are no fences anywhere upon the estate, which stretches about nine miles in one direction and three or four in the other, and were the horses less docile than they are, it would seem an easy thing for them to get lost many times in the year.

Major von Frankenberg (the superintendent) has an enormous admiration for this particular horse, and as he goes to England every year for the purpose of selecting thoroughbreds, and has visited the stud-farms of nearly every country in the world, it is fair to conclude that his feelings are not the result of bias.

"But," said he, "I insist on one indispensable condition—our horses must not be used until he is six years old. He must be allowed to get his growth and seasoning before using. We made a great mistake in 1870 in permitting many young horses, as young as four years of age, to come into the army. They nearly all broke down, and in the long run were a source of great loss to us—far beyond their cost. With proper food and treatment, however, I will back him against any horse I know."

All the young horses are carefully rubbed clean and inspected every day, the brush and currycomb being used in cleaning. During this process the young colts are tied, but when three or four years old they stand quietly enough and enjoy it. In order to insure docility on the part of these animals it is made a rule that each day the colts are to be stroked with the hand, their feet raised—in other words, treated in such a way as to make them familiar with their future masters.

It would seem as though the rich succulent grass produced by the pastures would be enough food for these young animals, but the Major said that they did better when they received two portions of oats a day, once in the morning and again at noon, but never at night.

One evening the Major took us to see the horses called home from the pasture. They came in troops of hundreds, and gathered in large enclosures facing the stables, or rather the large spaces in which they all spent the night in common, in groups of one hundred or less. These paddocks were formed by planting railway sleepers on end at short intervals, connected by gas-pipes—a very simple and economical arrangement. Here the young horses are exercised in the winter when it would be unsuitable to them out in the snow. They go round and round in a ring under the eye of the groom.

On the occasion of our visit I noticed that the main body divided itself according to color—the blacks going to one corner, the browns to another, the bays to a third; of whites or grays I saw no specimens. Here and there would be one who had mistaken his corner, or was