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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sleepers Awakened."

TEXT: *"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."*—I Corinthians xv., 20.

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you a Christian salutation. This morning Russian meets Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens, and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and His religion that brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance pretending you are better than I am because of your superbriousness, you cannot cheat me. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be more than a conqueror. It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear.

These gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I never see them again. The women came to the Savior's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Savior's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

My friends, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has arisen so His people will rise. He—the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He—"the first fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your beloved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave, and while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ the first fruits of them that slept."

If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all of these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He who rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death.

Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries.

You come to me this morning and say, "If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that?" And you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer, but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

I find my strength in this passage, "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn. When he was in China, his foot was amputated. He lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated. He is buried to-day in Greenwood. In the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into dust and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable. An animal may eat the vegetable, men eat the animal. In the resurrection that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's word, "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum, where silence has reigned a thousand years, that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool at every few miles where a steamer went down departed spirits coming back hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. Here is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and orators come forth; wonderful ming ling of good and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or a clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the cities of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountains. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence.

But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ocean, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions, gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true as prefigured by this Easter morning, Christ, 'the first fruits of them that slept,' Christ rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all His people, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark, in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone.

Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infirmities of past generations, but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body.

In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face, but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years, but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! Oh, glorious resurrected body!

But I remark also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blood vessels are canals taking the breakfastuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their prey under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal.

No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! Oh ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning—Oh ye who are never well—Oh ye who are lacerated with physical distresses, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

I will go further and say, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a powerful body. We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run or fly or climb or dodge, because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours vigorously, and then we are weary, but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonday is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth His children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is characteristic of the human body in this condition. We must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that after a while we are going to have a body that will never get weary? Oh, glorious resurrection day. Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at Thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That was a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung at my father's burial:

So Jesus slept. God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers, while you tell of a risen Christ and tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid in a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be when we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us. Coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will and let this brilliant scene of the morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne.

This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation!

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away
To aid the song, the palm to bear
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

—From statistics covering the last 32 years it is computed that the average life of women in France has been 38 years, and of men 36 years. During last year, however, the average rose to 40 years for both sexes.

—M. Felix, the well known Parisian man-milliner, has always condemned crinolines in any shape. He takes some credit to himself for having brought into vogue the infinitely more graceful style that has reigned of late.

—Reports from New Orleans show that the Louisiana sugar crop reached last year 189,500 tons, upon which the bounty will be $7,580,000, as against $6,882,590 paid in bounties last year.

—A body weighing 10,000 pounds at the equator would weigh 10,031 pounds in London.

—Trailer, the famous dog which died in Southern Oregon the other day, during his lifetime caught 105 bears, besides panthers and wildcats.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tone in which you convey it.

'Come here!" I sharply did bid,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I coaxed, and he looked and smiled
And straight to my lap he crept.

The work may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the Summer air,
And the tone may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger only not out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—*Selected.*

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Mr. Joseph Tonce was a spare-built clean-shaven man of about forty, with gray hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him except a deep cut over his right eyebrow.

When he first came into the neighborhood the gossips of Bradtown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures.

About the time our story commences the Captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy-going, well-to-do tradesman, began to think that, as he said, he should like see the color of the Captain's money.

The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular letter was sent to them appointing a meeting for 12 o'clock on the following Monday, "when," the Captain wrote, "he would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid into his account at the Balston Bank."

On Saturday the Captain hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilson, the landlord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he staid about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the breast pocket of his coat a fat-looking pocket-book. Johnny waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At 6 o'clock on Sunday morning the inhabitants of quiet High street were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the police station.

The policeman who was on night duty opened the door and Mary Wilcombe, the Captain's servant, white with terror and panting with exertion, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out that her master, the Captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night.

The Inspector was immediately called and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the "building."

Mary Wilcombe, who seemed utterly prostrated, remained under the care of the Inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building" the Inspector found the front undisturbed, the windows closed and the doors locked.

On going round to the back the door leading from the dining-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden door.

On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent.

The bedroom, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were found lying on the floor.

The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it.

A large clasp-knife, stained with blood, was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book.

So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book and looked carefully through it.

It was empty; but lying near it and behind the door was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents.

It was a half-sheet of note paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of the bank notes, the total of which amounted to £270.

Policeman Jones was immediately sent off to Balston with the paper to inquire of the bank manager whether those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the Captain the day before, and if so to take measures to stop them.

He also received orders to telegraph immediately to Scotland Yard an account of the murder and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

After locking the bed-room door the inspector proceeded to the garden.

Outside the door, on the grass, were the footprints of a man, the toes pointing toward the house and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth.

The rest of the footprints were partially obliterated, as if something heavy had been dragged over them.

The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body of his victim after him.

Across the small grass plot and half-way through the belt of trees the footsteps continued. There they ceased.

On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a heavy body had been laid there. Near the impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at a distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there.

On the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward and not backward, and the impression was clear and sharp.

The body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish; there would be no little difficulty in dragging it.

Drags were sent for and the Inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises with orders to admit no one except on business.

The Inspector had hardly finished his breakfast when Policeman Jones returned from Balston.

He had been eminently successful. The bank manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank notes paid the day before to the Captain.

The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondent, Cowie, Nabob & Co., the great China and Indian bankers.

The drags had now been at work some time, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and sideways and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found.

The Inspector was getting impatient, when a gig drove up to the "building" and a dapper little man in a frock coat, buttoned to his chin, and with a heavy black mustache, jumped out.

The crowd which had collected by this time made way very respectfully, for it was whispered that this stranger was no other than Detective Perkins from London.

In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the Inspector had to tell.

They entered the "building." The crowd outside was getting more excited.

They thought that now the London detective had come the murderer would soon be dragged from his hiding place and handed over to justice.

Time, however, went on and Perkins was still inspecting the premises, while his character was rapidly falling in the opinion of the crowd outside.

"He's no conjuror. I told ye so afore," said one sturdy countryman who had been a skeptic from the first.

And this time his assertion did not meet with the disapprobation it had alled forth when pronounced half an hour before. The crowd was tired of waiting.

Perkins, meanwhile, unconscious of hostile criticism, had looked over the kitchen and Mary's bedroom, but without making any discovery. When he came to the Captain's bedroom he stood in the middle of it and took a general survey.

He then proceeded to the details. He raised the chairs and then put them down again in their original position, repeating this operation two or three times, watching with great interest how they fell.

Then he came to the bed. He looked at it from all points—first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side view, and then the other side till he had exhausted it and the patience of the Inspector.

He then stood and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to make the impression which still remained on it.

There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He pulled out the drawers and examined the wardrobe of the deceased man.

A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next attracted his attention.

He examined them carefully. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he brought out his pocket-book and referred to something written in it. He then examined the boot again and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed it.

At last Perkins finished his examination of the bedroom and went down-stairs, inspecting each stair as he went.

These were apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the tracks of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded to a broad grin.

"You see how it was done?" asked the Inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb.

Perkins smiled; he was not the man to commit himself.

He walked to the table and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting paper.

These he examined attentively, holding them in every possible direction. The result seemed to be very satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

The footprints in the garden, the half-dug grave under the trees and the impression in the wet leaves seemed to interest him little.

He examined them, but only like one preoccupied with his own thoughts. They came to the river bank.

"We've dragged the river," said the Inspector, pointing to the two boats which had now been working unsuccessfully for some hours.

"Ah, yes!" said Perkins, as if the necessity of doing it had never struck him.

"The man's a perfect idiot," thought the Inspector.

"And now about this Captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Tonce, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"China?" repeated Perkins, as if the idea of that country gave him exquisite delight.

"Yes, China," repeated the Inspector, gruffly. He was losing all patience; how on earth did such a born idiot become a detective?"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Tall, spare-built, about 40, gray hair and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow?" added Perkins, quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot into the impression.

"Yes," said the Inspector, puzzled at Perkin's knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" said Perkins, handing the boot to the Inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Compton."

"Never." He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Tonce; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the Inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough here." And he jerked his head toward the river.

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's nearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope round his neck yet. It's a plant, man. Don't you see? He has murdered himself and bolted with the swag. That room somehow looked queer. It was overdone; too much blood and too regular. When I found that boot I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkins, pulling the sheets of blotting paper out of his pocket and handing them to the Inspector.

There, all over them, were the words Cowie, Nabob & Co., in a neat clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who have dealings with that eminent house knew so well.

"That letter to the Balston bank is a forgery. It is not the first time he has screwed Cowie, Nabob & Co. this trick. He was in their counting-room for five years, came over with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of £2,000 and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But when is the next train to town? I wouldn't miss him for anything."

Perkins was right.

The manager of the Balston bank found to his astonishment that Cowie, Nabob & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery.

On the following Tuesday the Captain was arrested at the London docks as he was booking his passage for Melbourne, and at the Balston assizes he was tried by the name of Joseph Tonce on a charge of forgery and sentenced to penal servitude for the rest of his natural life. His creditors at Bradtown were the only persons who regretted him.

OSTRICH FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

Most people have heard something of ostrich-farming in South Africa, but few, comparatively, know that within the last ten years ostriches have been imported into Southern California, and thrive well in that beautiful climate. "I was lately staying," writes our correspondent, "on an ostrich-farm, owned by an Englishman, at Norwalk, Los Angeles County, California, and took some instantaneous photographs of these interesting big birds, with their 'attitudes queer and quaint,' as well as some sketches. When going amongst the birds it is sometimes necessary to carry a long, forked stick, and if they should show fight they are literally 'choked-off' by the application of the fork of the stick to their necks, fighting in the paddock, and the men rushing up with forked sticks to choke them off before they have time to injure their feathers. Their diet is varied by giving them chopped up sugar-beets, maize, and alfalfa-hay, cut up and well moistened, and thus even a small farm of twenty acres, highly cultivated, can support one hundred ostriches. The first plucking, from chicks six months old, averages 17*s.* per bird at wholesale prices, after which the birds are plucked every seven months, the second plucking averaging 2*l.* 10*s.*, the third and after 4*l.* until the birds are full-grown, when the annual proceeds from the feathers of an ostrich are over 7*l.* The unfertile eggs are blown, and have a ready sale at 3*l.* and upwards, a dozen. The admission fees of visitors to the ostrich-farms are also another source of profit. A duty of twenty-five per cent. levied on raw feathers imported into the United States gives the ostrich-farmer there an additional advantage."

About the Potato.

This bacciferous herb with esculent roots, as Houghton calls it, or optimum benignl Numinis donum, dapes grata diviti; pauperi panis, as an eminent botanist styles it, was first discovered in America, according to Gerard's Herbal, published in 1597, which authority is quoted by the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The Spaniards met with it in the neighborhood of Quito, and Spanish books refer to it as early as 1553. It was introduced into Spain from Peru by Hieronymus Cardan, a monk. Thence it passed into Italy and Belgium.

Sir Walter Raleigh carried it from Virginia to Ireland, according to the same authority, in 1610.

The American Encyclopædia says: "It is thought that its (the potato's) occurrence in Virginia was due to a recent introduction by the Spaniards; there is no proof that it was in cultivation by the aborigines of this country or those of Mexico."

THE FOREMAN.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

The foreman's head sticks through the door,
"I want to get," we hear him roar,
"Three columns added to this tale
In thirteen seconds without fail!
And this seven-column piece you see
I want to get cut down to three.
Your editorials to-day
Are seventeen inches out the way,
They are far too long to read, I know,
But seventeen inches short for show.
And that new ad' of Washem's Soap
So crowds your ten-versed pome on 'Hope,'
That I can see no way to do
But you must cut it down to two.
Hold on! I have not finished yet,
There's lots er more I want to get.
I want four 'takes' of funny column
With which you make your readers solemn,
Five chunks of anecdote and stuff
And two more stories's enough;
And after you've got this much writ,
I'll tell what else I want to get."

The foreman's word fills me with awe
'Tis like a Mede and Persian law,
I do not dare to answer nay,
But just keep silent and obey.
For what are foremen for, good sirs,
But just to edit editors?

My editorials I dilute
To fill the proper place to suit,
My poem fair I cut and gash—
A heart string snaps at every slash—
Though through grief's darkness drear I grope
I must make room for Washem's Soap;
I bear e'en this outrageous stroke
For lo! the foreman he has spoke!

And so I smother down my bile
And greet him with my sweetest smile,
For it is my especial pride
To keep the monster satisfied;
I've stuffed him with my loftiest themes,
I've fed him on my sweetest dreams,
And part he eats with eager zest
And asks me to "hash up" the rest.

But once I near slipped his control
A mighty courage filled my soul.
That day, I well remember yet,
He came and said, "I want to get—"
And I was just about to say,
(My courage was immense that day),
"'You want to get,' without a doubt,
'You want to get.' Well, then, get out!"
But, ah, those words were never said
For fear that he would smite me dead.
It was a grand and glorious joke,
But, like my best jokes, staid unspoke.

—*Yankee Blade.*

THE USE OF EMPTIES.

BY MARY EVANGELINE BURCH.

In many houses empty boxes and pots, etc., are often thrown away, when, with the expenditure of a little time and trouble, they might be easily converted into pretty and useful articles, the list of which it would not be possible to exhaust. However, I intend here to suggest how some of these can be made, and inventive minds and handy fingers will soon evolve many varieties for themselves.

Empty fruit-boxes can be utilized in many ways. They make capital flower-boxes if painted green, and used with a little drainage in the way of broken flower pots and stones placed at the bottom, and the boxes themselves stood on small supports an inch or so high, so as to allow water to escape.

In Fig. 1 you will see exactly how an empty box can be turned into a very convenient receptacle for hanging above your washstand, to contain the

FIG. 1.

many bottles, etc., which, though useful, are not as a rule ornamental. If you merely stain the box, you should plane any uneven surface, and then use whatever stain or enamel you select. But if you cover the entire box, inside and out, with either some pretty chintz or calico, or with artistic wall paper, all inflexities of unevenness are hidden. A frill or curtain, as you will see, is nailed across the box, and this keeps the contents of the latter free from dust. If you prefer

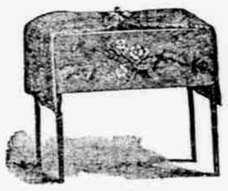

FIG. 2.

to have it so that it can be drawn quite aside, you should mount it upon rings to run upon a stout cord, or better still, a rod fastened on the box. At any house furnishing store you will get some "eyes," to be fastened at the back of the box, by which it can be hung against the wall. This kind of thing, if made with a larger box, is very useful as a boot-box. Boots and shoes are by no means improved by being left out in the dust, nor are they an ornament to a bed-room.

A charming work-box—or table, rather—which I once saw made by a friend of mine, is well illustrated in Fig. 2. This is made of a square empty wooden box, which is fastened upon four legs. The latter are simply broomsticks cut the length suitable for a table, and fastened into the box by being pushed through holes easily made in the bottom of the box, a red-hot poker being a handy way of doing this. The legs

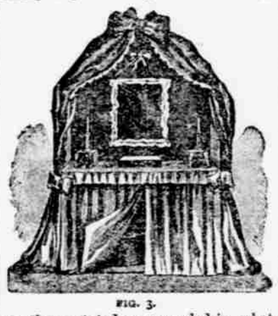

FIG. 3.

are then painted or enameled in whatever color you select, and the box itself is lined carefully with sateen, cretonne, silk, or anything you please. You should make pockets to hold spools, etc.; fasten a pin-cushion in one corner, and nail down a strap with intervals at various distances, which can hold scissors, crochet-hooks, thimble, etc. The bottom of the box is covered neatly by taking a piece of cardboard the

FIG. 4.

exact size, and after laying some wadding upon it, turning the edge of the material over it, gluing it down, and then gluing the whole thing upon the bottom. This secures the hiding of all the edges of the lining, which thus can be left a few inches beyond the inner edge of the box. Round the outside of the box is drawn a piece of embroidered material of a color to harmonize with the lining. Art serge embroidered in crewels is very pretty; and if you wish for something that shall be richer in effect, you can use Roman satin, and embroider your pattern in filoselle or other silks. This band is nailed down with fancy nails, and the cover, which is loose, should be of the same material, also embroidered. If you like it you can fasten castors to the legs of the table, which, when complete, is extremely pretty.

In Fig. 4 you see how an *etagere* is made with a couple of boxes fastened one on top of another, side upon side. These are also planed and enamelled, or grained, or else covered and lined according to fancy.

An embroidered strip of material is nailed at the top, and the same or a narrower border where the boxes join. A pretty scrim is draped at the sides, and the whole stand is found very ornamental. If at all inclined to be ricketty, you can secure it in its place by screwing it to the floor and attaching "eyes" as for the boot-box. Of course the size of the stand depends upon the boxes you obtain. These, by the way, if you have not got them by you, can be obtained very easily and cheaply at any grocer's.

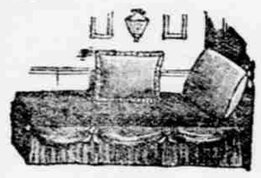

FIG. 5.

A large empty box can be converted into a lounge if some little trouble and taste are exercised upon it. Unless you have a good box with a hinge which, when covered, will serve as an ottoman to open and shut, it is better to nail down the cover, or, if it is broken, to take it off altogether, and turn the case down, bottom upwards. On this you can place a narrow mattress. Cover this in any way you like—the plan admits of many variations in the way of frills and drapery generally; and when done with taste, and pretty cushions placed upon it, the lounge is one which few would guess is made out of a packing-case (Fig. 5).

Window-seats and "cosy-corners" can be made very easily out of cases managed in the same way. Fig. 3 shows us a dressing-table also made out of packing-cases, with small boxes, enmelled and draped, which serve as supports for the candles, and also to contain any odds and ends. The front of the case is, as you see, facing you, and the empty space forms a capital place for bonnet-boxes, etc. The drapery, if it is intended to be washed often, should be mounted on a running string and just nailed at the corners, and here and there, under the loose toilet-cover. In draping the wall above and round the looking-glass, it is well to remember the proximity of the candles, and to bear in mind the danger of fire which might easily be induced if great care was not taken. Unless the muslin is fire proof I cannot recommend this, in spite of the pretty appearance of the plan as seen in the drawing. If obtainable, an electric light, well protected, might be placed over the table and no danger incurred.

FIG. 6.

Foot-stools can easily be made from small square boxes turned over, padded well, and covered with some pretty stuff, embroidered or not, as your taste and power of working dictate.

The work-bag in Fig 6 is made from an old barrel covered with embroidered material, and lined carefully with some pretty stuff or silk which, drawn up as you will see it done, makes a capital bag. The lining can be glued down inside.

The above plan answers very well for a waste-paper basket—box rather—which is such a convenient appendage to a writing-table. It is often useful too in any room, whether writing be done there or no, for, as the French so truly call it, it is a *cache d' ordre.* Ends of strings, snippings of paper or stuff, and any odds and ends to be thrown away, often litter a room, particularly when there is not a fire into which to throw them.

Empty baskets, such as strawberries are sold in, can be turned into very charming pincushions if stuffed and trimmed, and these also form good foundations for work-bags.

These are merely suggestions, and I have no doubt that if you are clever and inventive, you will soon have a list of your own of the many pretty and useful things which can be made out of what is often thrown away, or looked upon as useless lumber.

FAMOUS GERMAN BANDS.

Two Now Rehearsing in Berlin Preparatory to Coming to the Fair.

Two of the most famous military bands in Germany are coming to the World's Fair. These bands are to appear in the German village, on Midway Plaisance, and give concerts frequently during the day. They are the flower of the German army. Before any of the musicians were accepted they had to submit to a rigid examination, conducted by the royal army band inspector, G. Rossberg; the royal court musician, J. Kosleck; the royal musical director, E. Ruscheweyh; cavalry bandmaster, G. Herrold, and other eminent musicians. The last two named gentlemen were engaged as leaders of the bands.

HERR E. RUSCHEWEYH.

In the brilliant uniforms of the German army these famous musicians will give frequent concerts at the Fair. E. Ruscheweyh, one of the conductors, is famous beyond the frontiers of Germany. He has conducted the Tivoli concerts for fifteen years. Herr Ruscheweyh looks back upon a military career of more than thirty years. Herr Herrold, master of the cavalry band, has served in that capacity for twenty years. From 1881 to 1885 he was attached to the Royal Music Academy at Berlin. Royal Court Musician Kosleck, who is also coming, has taken charge of the exercises of the old historic trumpet music upon the antique valveless trumpets. This sort of music was, by special order of the Emperor, introduced in several cavalry regiments of the Prussian army.

HERR G. HERROLD.

SILK manufactures were established in Europe in A. D. 550.

THE notation system of writing music was invented in 1070.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Weekly Winnowing of the Epigrammatic Ram's Horn.

SMALL people like to be made much of.

THE candle is not seen until it is lighted.

"HE that covereth his sins shall not prosper."

THE man who buries his talent buries himself.

NOBODY can be happy without first being useful.

EVERY big devil was once an innocent-looking imp.

PEOPLE who claim to love God should not hate soap.

GOD is dead to us until we find out that he loves us.

WHEN children get hungry they cry for bread, not pie.

"EVERY one of us shall give account of himself to God."

IF your burden is heavy it is not the burden of Christ.

EVERY step we take in grace makes our Bible bigger.

OUR best successes are built upon a foundation of failures.

THE cross we pick out for ourselves is always the heaviest.

TO REJECT God's word means that you have rejected his Christ.

AN optimist is a man who believes that all eggs will hatch.

"TO HIM that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

THE only people who love the world are those who do not love Christ.

GOD is not in the revival that winds up with a church entertainment.

UNTIL you can see God in your own heart you can not see Him anywhere.

CHRIST only had to say, "It is written," three times to make the devil run.

"THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

GOD is a stranger in the world where He can not prove that He can suffer.

THE nearer a Christian gets to Christ the more charity he has for others.

A PESSIMIST is a man who believes that all the chestnuts have worms in them.

"HAPPY is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

THE worst thing about some business men's failures is the failure of conscience.

IT is only in a world where there is suffering that God can prove that He suffers.

AS SURE as you undertake to fight the devil with fire you will get the worst of it.

THE Christian is the only man who can go straight forward while looking straight up.

THE devil's power over us is destroyed when we find out that God loves us.

THE money that is the root of all evil is the money that is in another's pocket.

THE children of a millionaire never get much acquainted with their father.

THE Christian army divided, is beaten as Napoleon defeated his enemies—in detail.

"GOD is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

HEAVEN means more to those in it because of what they see of God's doings on earth.

THE less religion there is in a church the more oysters and ice cream it takes to run it.

GOD does nothing for which we should not adore Him, if we could know the whole truth.

A Hirsute Humbug.

The American Analyst is a journal published in New York, and is of very modest, unpretentious size. But the character of its contents more than compensates for this disadvantage, if indeed it be a disadvantage. The Analyst is each week a veritable gold mine of reliable information. From it we quote the following:

"Ladies should be careful how they use vaseline on the face, for the result of a number of experiments has induced the suspicion that a persistent use of it will cause hair to grow on almost any part of the face. There have been instances known of ladies inducing a heavy growth of hair on the upper lip and chin by using vaseline to drive away pimples. Like some other medicaments, vaseline is too new to allow of all its properties being yet fully known, but the fact that it will induce a growth of hair