REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Festivity."

TEXT: *"Come, for all things are now ready."*—Luke xiv., 17.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating banners and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall the luxuries of which astonished the world. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. The entertainment cost $6000 each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet. Purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the King's park so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables sparkling with imperial plate and laden with the rarest of meats and abloaded with the costliest wines, and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and embassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health first of the King of England and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King is the banqueterer. Angels are the cupbearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting places. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plates, and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come now, for all things are ready."

There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the liquor failed. But I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "all things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came in the least after the first course. He came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast—aye, He has been waiting 1884 years for His guests. He has been standing on His mangled feet, He has had His sore hand on His punctured side, or He has been pressing His lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that He has not been impatient and that He has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out," but He has been waiting.

No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing He is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled His brow, and His back, and His hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that He uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming.

I gather all the pains that shot from spear and spike and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think He trifles?

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for 180 days, but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no brilliancy compared with it, His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven and swung the twelve gates, which are the twelve pearls.

There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful day-break, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus: Come, men and saints and cherubim and seraphim and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus: Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna under arches of coronation, along by the great towers shining with eternal jubilee. Chorus: "Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no alphabet enough on which to write it and no gem good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the latest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, "J-E-S-U-S." It is this one, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you, waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway.

Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! Oh, give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven and deep as hell and long as eternity! Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say, "He is waiting as only the all sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Now the knee and kiss the Son.
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hollo?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the 3000 from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant means are used for the spirit of God to produce your conversion?

There were a dozen of us in Hudson River boat to whom a strange man came. With hesitation he moved up, and they it overheard. But one fragment he had on his coat sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving Day I read for my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phœnician woman's cry to Christ, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table."

Do you know that the holy spirit almost always uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody. Philosophical sermons never save anybody. Metaphysical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit worn out with engagements and the jaded way-worn man of the world comes in, and the minister of God has only a text and two or three ideas, but he says: "O Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak Thou through my poor lips." And before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the judgment.

The great French orator, when the dead King lay before him, looked up and cried, "God only is great!" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sickroom, white and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In the great day of eternity it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ not by the Bossuets and Massillons and Bourdaloues, but by humble men, who, in the strength of God and believing in the eternal spirit, invited men to Jesus.

There were wise salves, there were excellent ointments, I suppose, in the time of Christ for blind and inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned His back upon them and put the tip of His finger to His tongue, and with the spittle that adhered to the finger He anointed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the spirit of God takes that humble prayer meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind and pours the sunlight of pardon and peace upon the soul.

Oh, my friend, I wish we could feel it more and more that if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the Scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the spirit of God may hurl the very text into your heart, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Again, the church is ready. O man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No; he is praying for your redemption and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer meeting and from Friday evening prayer meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the door of the Christian church, how quickly it would fly open! Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations."

Oh you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the church of God. A great many people do not like the church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot inclosed by grace
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun to sermonize, but for elder men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward; that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wings, while they cry, "Holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty?" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay 185,000 men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship the air is full of them. If each one of you has a guardian angel, how many celestials there are here! They crowd the place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne! A moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright, immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest! The response comes mellow on the air, "Come, for all things are now ready!"

Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to join the jubilee. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt it—they have felt what there are no tears at the graves; immortal health, but no invalids; songs, but no groans; wedding bell, but no funeral torches; eyes that never weep, hands that never blister, heads that never ache, hearts that never break, friendships that are forever weakened.

Ready, all of them! Ready, thrones, principalities and powers! Ready, seraphim and cherubim! Ready, Michael the Archangel!

Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption.

The Bible says plainly there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents, and if angels rejoice and know of it shall not our friends standing among them know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said, "Meet me in heaven," and put their hands out from the cover and said, "Goodby." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get thee gone, my sin! Fie upon all the follies! O Christ, help me or I perish! I take my promise. I believe Thy word. I enter Thy service."

Suppose you should say and do this! Why, "He is coming" and the angel posing upon the air would shout it upward, "He is coming!" and it would run all up the line of light from wing to wing and from trumpet to trumpet until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek and before you had finished your first prayer your kindred in glory would know of it, and another heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! Saved! Saved!"

If I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kindred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most importunate invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross soaked in blood from elbow to finger tip, two lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming with infinite love, saying, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the Queen came to Kenilworth Castle they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh, if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to his moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying, "Come!"

I would like to take every one of you by the hand and say, "Come!" Old man, who has been wandering sixty or seventy years, thy sun has almost gone down. Through the last of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh, that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek! After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in His praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackle. He can restore thy blasted home. Go to Jesus, libertine! Christ saw thee where thou went last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to Him this moment He will throw over it the mantle of His pardon and love. Mercy for thee, oh, thou chief of sinners! Harlot, thy feet foul with hell and thy laughter the horror of the street! Oh, Mary Magdalene, look to Jesus! Mercy for thee, poor lost waif of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God!

Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited—and the King sits with His hand on the door of the banqueting room, and He begins to swing it out? It is half way shut. It is three-fourths shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut.

"Come, for all things are now ready." Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption.

While God invites, how blest the day.
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Interesting Ordnance Experiments.

The Armstrong Company, of England, has shown some very interesting experiments with the latest ordnance. A six-inch gun was fired four times in twenty seconds, an eight-inch gun three times in thirty seconds. A torpedo was driven satisfactorily with cordite as a powder. There was a search light which would keep its beam upon an object no matter how violently the vessel rolled. A ten-inch thirty-ton gun, when it was fired, opened the breech screw by the recoil and wound up a spring, which when released, would close the breech again. A 47-100 field howitzer anchored itself after the first discharge by driving a spade-shaped plate into the ground, after which its recoil was met by a jacket which surrounds it. A quick-firing field gun, which anchored itself in a similar manner, fired five rounds of scrapnel in fifty-three seconds. A fifteen-pounder mountain howitzer could be taken to pieces so that no part of it would weigh more than 200 pounds. It was screwed together in five minutes. A six-inch gun, with light portable disappearing mountings for a siege train, could be taken apart so that no portion weighed more than three tons, ten hours being required to mount it. A six-inch naval gun fired five rounds in sixty-nine seconds, each time at a different range and target. A plate of special steel designed for a shield received rifle and Gatling gun fire at 100 yards range without a single penetration, while the plate hitherto used was penetrated at every shot, the Gatling gun almost cutting it in two.—Chicago Herald.

Horace Greeley and His Bride.

"When Horace Greeley was first married and brought his wife home on a visit a sugar party was given in their honor on a neighboring farm. All the guests had arrived, and we were looking out, watching for the belated bride and groom. At last we saw something appearing in the distance. As this same object came nearer, we discovered it was the old white horse of the Greeleys, slowly picking his way through the mud. On his back sat the bride in a brilliant yellow frock, with a green velvet belt, and behind her, wrapped in his famous white overcoat, sat the already famous editor. It was the funniest sight I ever saw, and set us off in fits of laughing. I remember," concluded my informant, laughing again at her recollection, "that I simply lay down and rolled upon the floor in a spasm of mirth." Mr. Greeley came home every year, and after a day or two on the farm, would start to walk miles and call on people. He was never known to knock at a farmhouse door. No matter whether he knew the inmates or not, he would push open the door, walk right in, sit down by the fireplace and fall to discussing crops and other topics dear to the farmer's heart. Everybody was glad to welcome this gentle, brusque intruder.—Press and Printer.

Animal Paradoxes.

Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being also among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost the power of flight. It differs from the rest of its family only in this particular and in being almost voiceless.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer notions when it attempts to walk have given its name, the tumbler.

"As thick as the hair on a dog's back," expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on his back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous, mother nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a supply of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long.

"As cunning as a fox" would have puzzled idiotic to the discoverers of Kamtschatka. There found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid, because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on but under water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is only found in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.—Sports Afield.

NOT EXPLICIT ENOUGH.

"Then you propose to give your daughter, my intended, 100,000 francs; that is not much."

"Yes, but she will come in for the whole of the property at our death."

Suitor (absently)—"About what time will that be?"—La Gaulois.

Those who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

Take up the first cross you come to and it will be your right one.

There are people in this world who never attempt to reach the top of the greased pole of success, because they cannot ascend in elevators.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.

In what part of a man's anatomy is "The right spot," where things that please him strike?

Faith does not lie dead in the breast but is lovely and fruitful in bringing forth good works.

It is in men as in soils, where sometimes their is a vein of gold which the owners knows not of.

IVORY NUTS.

A MATERIAL FROM WHICH MANY BUTTONS ARE MADE.

How the Nuts Are Grown in South America's Equatorial Regions—Principal Uses of Vegetable Ivory.

Do you know of what material the buttons on your coat are made?

Well, perhaps, if you did you would never recognize it in the raw, for in four cases out of five it is a material vulgarily known as vegetable ivory. To the trade it is the ivory nut. Down on the pier of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will be seen long rows of sacks made of jute, which bear the appearance externally of being filled with potatoes. These are stacked at the head of the pier in the open air. There is no danger of them being carried away, for they are as heavy as lead and not extremely valuable, as they are. Potatoes would not remain in that exposed position untouched a single night. The ivory nut, however, is valuable only when it comes from the hands of the manufacturer in the button or the ornamental staff.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions of South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty, incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the tree—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. The nuts are grouped together within the covering somewhat like chestnuts in the burr, which nuts they resemble in shape. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato, and as hard as an elephant's tusk.

The grain of the ivory nut is white and even of texture, so that it is easily carved, sawed and worked into any desirable shape. The ivory nut tree is not farmed or raised artifically, as is the banana tree, but grows in its natural state and after its own manner in the forests, the same as the hickory or the chestnut or walnut.

About 4000 tons of the ivory nut are brought to this country annually. Owing to the cheapness of the raw material there is not more than $150,000 per annum involved in the traffic. Perhaps 1500 persons in New York are employed in the handling and manufacturing of the nut and its products.

"The principal use of vegetable ivory now," said a broker who deals in the article incidently, "is the manufacture of buttons. A good many people probably think the buttons on their spring clothes are made of rubber or bone—and so they used to be. Now, however, vegetable ivory is the principal thing used. The nut in its green state is filled with a milky substance, which hardens upon ripening into a fine, even grained and a tough substance. In this state it is sawed into slabs of the necessary thickness and turned into buttons by machinery.

"Unlike rubber and bone, ivory is not affected by heat or cold, and is not liable to break in the eye. The manufacturers are located in a number of Eastern cities, though the raw material that comes to this country is usually landed at this port. The cost of manufacturing is the principal item of expense. About eighty per cent. of the cost of the manufactured article is in the labor.

"In the earlier stages of its use vegetable ivory was principally known in the shape of ornaments of various kinds. I you remember, some years ago it was extensively handled by train men and street fakirs, who peddled basketsful of little trinkets made from the ivory nut. At present, practically the whole product of the ivory nut goes into buttons.

"One of the peculiar features of the material in relation to buttons is its susceptibility to coloring matter. It can be colored anything that is desired by the manufacturers. You will notice that the artistic tailor makes use of this to great advantage in his adaptation of buttons to garments. In the Scotch tweed suits of light and mottled textures, or garments of any color whatever where a solid button is used, one in perfect harmony with the material may be selected. The varieties in shape and color are almost countless."

The nuts, when scraped with a knife emit a rich odor, similar to what is known as the Brazil or cream nut. Lying there, stacked up on the pier, they are interesting if only as illustrative of the great variety of extraordinary things brought to New York from various parts of the world and the ingenuity of those who have cleverly adapted them to the uses of mankind.—*New York Telegram.*

Veritable Recluses.

There is a fact about the French revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers by M. Gustave Isambert or any other searcher of public records. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the horrors around them. There was no reign of terror for them. They lived, veritable recluses, in their quiet, suburban houses, hearing nothing, reading nothing of the turmoil which startled and terrified the millions. One wonders much what manner of people these oyster-like folks might be. Nothing sounds more incredible to-day. Yet there are many things in his history not half so well authenticated, though history is curiously silent on so strange a circumstance.—*London News.*

In Florida and Southern Georgia shee are raised which still resemble the Spanish brought by Ponce de Leon in 1513.

Omaha, Neb., has a taxpayers league.

China has twenty four newspapers

5 873

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Miss Ortencia E. Allen
Salem, Mich.

Liver and Kidney

trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

and from the first felt better. I continued and am now able to assist my mother in her housework. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla."
ORTENCIA E. ALLEN. HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

DO NOT KEEP THE PIANO TOO DRY.

A piano tuner tells that the instrument suffers from too great dryness. This will be new to many who have heeded too well the oft-repeated advice not to let the piano become damp. The following is the remedy offered: Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there is something wrong with it. Just try it and see how much more water you will have to put in the flower pot in the room where your piano is than you use in any other room. Some people keep a vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge near or under the piano, and keep it moistened, just as a cigar dealer keeps his stock. They keep this up all the time the fires are on.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

MOISTURE-PAN IN OVEN.

In our own experience in baking, we find that a small pan of water placed in the oven, and filled as often as it becomes dry, is a great help. It prevents the bread or cake from burning, even with a full oven and very hot fire, saves nearly one-half the labor in watching and turning the loaves, and prevents a thick, hard crust. It is usually filled with water from the teakettle, but if the oven seems too hot, throw out the hot water, fill with cold and put back. The pan we use is ten inches long, one inch wide and one deep. It is made by folding the tin at the ends and pounding lightly until the folds are so close that the pan is water-tight. A pan made with solder will not do, for with the best of care it will sometimes become dry and the solder melt and run out. This pan slips in beside the pans of bread, next the fire box, and takes very little room. Always have a holder to handle it with, and handle carefully when pouring in water after it has become dry, or a bad scale will result.—*Albany Cultivator.*

CARE OF HARD-WOOD FLOORS.

An expert in hard-wood floors says that it is a common mistake for people to apply wax to an oiled floor before the coat of oil has become thoroughly dry. The wax surface is undoubtedly the best finish a hard-wood floor can have. It requires continual polishing with a wax polishing brush, when it is new, but when the wood has finally been brought to a high state of polish nothing is more satisfactory. A great many people who have laid down hard-wood floors in their kitchens have become dissatisfied with them because they crack and fall off in splinters when they are scrubbed and treated in the ordinary way. Such a result is likely to follow such a method of treating a hard-wood floor. Scrubbing any such floor with alkali soaps or strong alkalies is sure to produce such results. A hard-wood floor must be finished in oils, wax or shellac, and for obvious reasons the oil finish is the best for kitchen use. A dirty floor may be wiped with a moist cloth, or, if necessary, a little soap and water may be used. The spot then must be dried thoroughly and rubbed with a little parquet oil.—*New York Tribune.*

APPLES.

The season for the summer fruits having passed, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker, apples will now be found a great resource for the table, and may be served in a variety of ways to render them acceptable to every one.

Fried Apples—Slice tart, ripe apples; make egg batter, very thin; sweeten and flavor with nutmeg; dip each slice in and fry in butter.

Apple Float—Pare ripe apples; stew and strain; beat for every quart of apples the whites of six eggs, and mix in carefully with one pound of sugar; flavor with lemon extract, and serve immediately.

Apple Custard—Mash a quart of cooked apples and run through a sieve; sweeten and flavor with nutmeg; beat the whites of four eggs; put a quart of boiled custard in a glass bowl; mix the beaten eggs and apples and pour over.

Apple Meringue—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with slices of stale sponge cake, dipped in milk; pare, core and slice tart apples; spread over the cake; sprinkle with powdered sugar; grate over a little nutmeg, and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender. Make meringue with the whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar beaten to a froth, heap over the top, and set back in the oven to brown. Serve cold with sweet cream.

Apple Slump—Sift a quart of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt, and rub in a tablespoon of butter; add two teaspoonsful of baking powder, and mix with half a pint of milk; make a soft dough. Have six tart apples, peeled, quartered and cored; put them in a deep baking dish; roll out the dough; spread over the apples, and stew slowly in the oven for half an hour. When done, dust thickly with powdered sugar and serve in the dish in which it was baked with hard sauce.

Brown Betty—Pare, core and slice half a dozen large tart apples. Put a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of the apples, and more bread crumbs until the dish is full; leave the last layer of bread crumbs; mix half a cup of water and half a cup of molasses; stir in two tablespoonsful of brown sugar; pour it over the top, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

WATTS—I wonder how this world will get along when you and I have left it? Potts—You'd better be wondering how we'll get along.

Gotham Street-Car Incident.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on a Fourth avenue car going up the Bowery. On the front of the platform was a very mischievous looking youth and a very dilapidated trunk. The conductor, after collecting the boy's fare, demanded a fare for the trunk also, which the boy promptly refused to pay.

"If you don't pay for that trunk, and right away, too, I'll throw it off the car," said the conductor.

"I can't help what you do," the boy replied, "I shan't pay you a cent for it."

After a wordy dispute, in which the boy persisted in his refusal to pay for the trunk, the conductor gave it a kick which lifted it into the street. The car had gone about half a block when a sleepy-looking German with a very rubicund face, suddenly sprung from his seat and gazed wistfully back at the trunk, which was fast becoming indistinct in the distance. In an instant his face became livid with rage, and, rushing to the rear platform, he demanded of the conductor in words more forcible than elegant:

"Vat you mean by putting mein trunk off the car in dot way for?"

"If that was your trunk why didn't you pay me for it? This car ain't no free express wagon," the conductor replied.

"Vy der tuyful didn't you ask me to pay for it, den? You shust run back and get dot trunk now or I'll break your head."

After a short and bitter quarrel, in which the German seemed about to annihilate his opponent, who was by far the smaller of the two, the conductor stopped the car and ran back for the trunk. With an effort he shouldered it, and amid the jeers and laughter of the passengers and especially the small boy, who seemed to enjoy the incident hugely, placed the trunk back on the platform from which he had thrown it.—New York Advertiser.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup.

There were 402,000 men on the field of Sadowa, of whom 33,000 were killed or disabled.

215 Bus. 8 Lbs. Oats From One Bus. Seed.

This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern Oats, carefully cleaned and graded same, and believes that in 1891 he can grow from one bushel of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat. If you will CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 5c postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their mammoth farm seed catalogue. A

Doctors say that there is a small ganglia in the throat that has control of the muscles of that region and acts very much like a true brain.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by the firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The manuscripts of Tasso, which are still preserved, are ineligible from the immense number of erasures, changes and emendations.

As a Simple yet Effective Remedy for Throat Affections, Brown's Bronchial Troches stand first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivalled for the alleviation of all Throat Irritations caused by Cold or use of the voice.

The only instance of perfectly successful collaboration in English literature is found in the dramatic works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. Statements from thousands of reliable people prove that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills assist digestion.

The diamond, though hard, is one of the most brittle stones. A fall on a wooden floor will sometimes crack and ruin a fine specimen.

More diseases are produced by using brown and perfumed soaps than by any thing else. Why run such terrible risks when you know Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure and perfect. Dobbins' prevents hands from chapping.

An employe of a Washington hotel is able, it is said, to wash and dry over 1000 dishes an hour and put them in their proper places.

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

In 1356 the Royal Library of France contained twenty volumes, and was the largest possessed by any King in Europe.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

The race of baronets was created by James I. in 1611, and is found only in Great Britain.

Gold is washed in Africa by the same means employed by the California '49-ers.

Down to the year 1876 Krupp had delivered to various European Nations over 15,000 cannon.

The Congo Free State, in Africa, of which King Leopold is sovereign, has a population of 14,000,000, of whom less than 1600 are Europeans.

MOTHERS

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its terrors, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

MRS. DORA A. GUTSHIP, of Gehlen, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "When I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered as little with any of my children as I did with my last, and she is the healthiest we've got. Have induced several to try 'Favorite Prescription,' and it has proved good for them."

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

SURE CURE FOR SPRAIN, BRUISE OR HURT; USE

ST. JACOBS OIL.

YOU'LL USE IT ALWAYS FOR A LIKE MISHAP.

The California Ostrich.

The ostrich will eat and thrive on a great many plants. Their principal food is alfalfa. They will do well on natural grasses, such as alfileria, burr clover and salt grass; also, green barley and cornstalks (cut half an inch in length), red or white clover, cactus with the thorns scratched off, grape pumace, beet pulp, calla lilies, banana trunks, and sweet potato vines. Alfalfa hay and clover cut up and moistened is a good substitute when green feed is scarce, although green feed is indispensible at all times of the year. Grain is only necessary during the winter months. Potatoes, cabbage, and most kinds of vegetables rank as luxuries.

At fifteen months old a bird will yield its second crop of feathers, consisting of from forty to fifty plumes, and other short feather amounting to over half a pound in weight. The first crop of feather, when the bird is only se