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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Rescue."

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. Is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped—very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philipp Melanchthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—put his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cried out: "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm! We are all here!"

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all had of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and hesays to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happiness and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe on? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No; you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me" was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love Him. How attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring before Me these sores. Do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

"I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how." And the great question asked by many is, "How, how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with Him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope, no hope! We are lost, we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the robes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane decks shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cried the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room for only one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith—in other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" Instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, yes, there ever was a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I stop to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it, for my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yes, further than that, it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing round about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright.

What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battleax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with effloresceuse. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquiet in here, saying, "You suffered with Me on earth; come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said; "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavement of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

It is a strange desire which men have to seek power and lose liberty.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in doing good.

Sufficient for the right is the consciousness of being right.

MY QUEST.

When Time and I set forth together
In April weather,
Oh, tender was the lilacs' morning
For winter dead;
Green tassels, maple-tops adorning,
Tossed high o'erhead;
And underneath a blue and sparkling sky
We journeyed joyously, young Time and I.

I could not tell you how it happened so,
But this I know,
That some time 'twixt bright day and darksome night,
Time slipped away,
Vanished—this airy winged sprite
Who will not stay
The kings by suble art strive to unchain,
And left me only hope—"We meet again."

What should I do? Send criers through the town
To hunt him down?
Or should I pray the clocks, "When next you chime
Some passing hour,
With both hands seize this truant, Time!
Once in my power
I'd clip his wings, he could not fly so fast.
Already golden summer is o'erpast?"

At length we met, both gray and bent and old,
With greetings cold;
The snowflakes fell from out the leaden sky,
And in my ears
The wind's sad spirit seemed to sigh,
"Alas, the years!
Where are the deeds thou promised in thy prime,
Who now art old, but in thy youth lost Time?"

—Nancy Mann Waddle, in the Independent.

A GRAND JUROR.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE day Mary Hammond accepted Joyce, her mother handed her a thousand-dollar bond, her share of her father's life insurance. She thought of pretty gowns—to be worn as a bride. Then she sobered up. David would think her silly, he was so practical. She was sorry for David.

About a month after the engagement John Alroy was made postmaster of Garrett. He was young, quick and clever, and handsome.

Joyce was busy at the store, so Mary often went to social gatherings without him, he calling for her later on in the evening. He did not dance; Alroy did. It gradually dawned upon him that Mary danced a good deal with the postmaster. He also found that the postmaster often met Mary by chance when she took sunny walks.

In April he made his usual spring trip to buy goods. He had been away a week when he received a letter from Mary. She asked to be absolved from her engagement with him. The calmness with which Mary met him told him his doom.

"It is Alroy, of course?" he said.

"It may seem to you that I treat you badly," she returned, "but I never knew what love was till I met him;" and Joyce went away.

Throughout the summer he saw little of the happy pair, invented business excuses taking him much from home. Winter came, and the store claimed him. April loomed up—the anniversary of his shattered hopes—and he heard that Mary would be married in June. In June the marriage was put off till autumn.

This was the reason. The postoffice at Garrett was third-class. Out of his salary the postmaster was expected to defray all office expenses. In a second-class office, clerk hire and other liabilities were met by the Government, while the salary of the master was considerably increased. Alroy proposed to raise his office to second class, so as to be in a position to marry. To do this he must prove that the business of his office had increased for a year to such an extent that it equalled existing second-class offices. Late in the summer he said that this was so. In September an expert discovered that, while the sale of stamps for a year equalled that of an office of the higher grade, it did not represent a corresponding increase in mailed matter. Alroy was accused of fraud.

In January Joyce was summoned to act as grand juror on the 20th of February, in the city, more than a hundred miles away.

The afternoon of the 18th brought Garrett a blinding snow-storms: the streets were deserted, business was at a standstill. About four o'clock and nearly dark, a lady entered Joyce's private room at the store. It was Mary Hammond.

"I have heard," she said at once, "that you are a grand juror in the February term. The postmaster's case comes up before you."

Joyce's heart gave a bound. He had not thought of that.

"The grand jury, I am informed," she went on, "decide if there is sufficient ground to make out a case to go before the court. You will have a voice in deciding whether or not there is a case against the postmaster."

Joyce's eyes were like coals of fire.

"If it were in your power, you would convict the postmaster," she said.

Joyce found his voice.

"If I knew him to be guilty, yes," he said.

"He is guilty," she went on. "The stamps were bought by me, with the thousand dollars of my father's insurance. I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done; love for me made him do the rest."

Without another word she went from the room out into the snow-storm.

Joyce trembled in every limb. The insult drove him wild. She knew that he still loved her, and she called upon that love to save Alroy even at the cost of honor. The outrage of it! Alroy was guilty, and there was but one thing to do. Love and honor contended—hopeless love, inalienable honor. There could be no question as to which would win.

The following day, the outrage—the insult—gnawing at him, he went on the hundred-mile journey. On the morning of the 20th he took oath that he would do his duty as a good and loyal man in the matters to be placed before the grand jury. In a few minutes more he was sitting with twenty-three other men round a long table listening to detectives and others testifying against unseen people.

How many cases were disposed of he hardly knew, when he heard the name he had waited for. Joyce raised his head. Now would come the revenge for all the pain he had silently suffered; and yet his revenge would be only his honest duty. His face grew hard and grim.

A postoffice expert testified among other thing, that Alroy had openly boasted that he would raise his office to second grade so that the increase of salary would warrant his marriage. Two other witnesses testified as to the facts already known.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman of the jury.

"I move that a true bill be found," cried a juror.

"I second the motion," said another.

"All in favor of a true bill signify their assent by saying 'Aye.'"

Several "Ayes."

"Contray 'No.'"

Several "Nos."

The foreman and an officer of the court looked round the table.

"He may, or may not, have thought the sales legitimate," said one.

"Oughtn't he to have the benefit of the doubt?" asked another. "It is getting very easy to accuse men in office of dishonesty."

"An official like a postmaster," said a third, "should be above suspicion."

"Rather unfair to make his wish to be married the cause for his rascality," said the youngest juryman.

"And to blame him for his ambition in trying to raise his office," said a kind voice.

"Gentlemen," said the court officer, "a majority of one is sufficient to make out a true bill, and a like majority of one may ignore a bill. Those in favor of a true bill will please rise."

The man next to Joyce sprang up to his feet. Another got up. Joyce counted three, four, five.

"If he knew the bare sale of the stamps did not substantiate his claim, that would make a true bill against him," said a juror. Another man stood up, still another.

"Only seven. Ah, eight, nine, ten, eleven."

The juror on the other side of Joyce rose.

"Twelve."

Joyce with a feeling of exultation that his revenge was to be even greater than he had hoped—when he could give the casting vote to decide the case against Alroy—staightened his knees to rise and form the majority of one. At that moment he heard a low, tremulous voice: "I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done; love for me made him do the rest." He glanced fearfully around, almost expecting to see the owner of that voice—the woman he loved—the woman who had treated him so badly—the woman who had gauged his honor and his love.

"Your duty as a good and loyal man—"

"No majority," sang out the court officer, "a tie. Let me try again another way. Those in favor of ignoring the bill please to rise."

("Your duty as a good and loyal may—")

Twelve men were standing up.

"How is this gentlemen," said the court officer, "still a tie."

("I proposed the fraud," came that low, tremulous voice. "Love for him made me do as I have done.")

Love. Did Joyce know what love was? Did he know the power Mary's love must have exercised over the man she loved—the man she had ruined? Did he know her suffering now that she realized what she done? And did he think of Alroy's love for her; of his striving after happiness with her even at the price of that which men hold to be the first principle of manhood—honor? Was there not yet a chance for retrieving, a chance for their peace, made purer by mistake and suffering? Was there nothing higher than mere duty? Was it duty to irretrievably ruin two lives which might yet be made better? Mary would never be sure of the part her discarded lover played in this case, despite her guessing, and—oh, his honor, his honor! and oh, his pain—his hopeless love!

"Still a tie," impatiently said the court officer.

Oh, his honor! and oh, his pain—his hopeless love! But oh, Mary's happiness!

Joyce, the thirteenth juror, suddenly shot up on his feet, making the majority of one.

"Majority!" proclaimed the court officer. "The bill is ignored."

The thirteenth juror fell in a heap to the floor.—New York Storiettes.

Queer Matrimonial Methods.

A convenient way they have in Holland and Batavia of tying the matrimonial knot when the lady is in one country and the gentleman in the other. For the Hollanders are such a thrifty industrious people that they like not to lose time even over the most solemn services. The marriage is affected by procuration. The watches of the two parties—the one say in Amsterdam and the other in Batavia—are regulated to accord, or the difference in longitude allowed for. Then at the same instant of time the marriage ceremony is performed in both places, and the thing is done.

The Perils of the Deep.

Belated Passenger—Oh, captain, I was so afraid that I should miss the steamer I hardly took time to swallow my lunch.

Gruff Captain—Well, never mind, it will be all the same in an hour's time.—King's Jester.

A Sure Thing.

Miss Jones (the daughter of his employer)—I don't believe Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent.

Mr. Cashier—Oh, yes, he will after he has examined the books. He will want to keep the money in the family.—Texas Siftings.

Stiff Formality.

She—Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it?

He—Yes. When I was there I called at a friend's house, but the footman declined to take in my card until I was identified.—Life.

Cork pits makes the best matches.

OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

A Question of Vast Interest to Farmers and the Country at Large.

Why do not our farmers think and talk more about the really very important part they must take regarding our country schools? asks a writer in the Western Rural. We know that thousands of them in our own State will not even attend the school meeting for electing their officers. But leave those "devoted few" who feel honor bound to help keep up the proper form of school government in their districts. I wonder if the people of this beautiful State of ours will ever awaken to a full realization of their responsibilities as intelligent citizens.

In every one of our towns and villages we find a good public school the center of attraction there, they are a blessing and an honor to the people. Still how many short-sighted farmers we see every year who are renting their farms and moving to town where they may have better facilities for educating their children, than is afforded them at the little schoolhouse at the cross-roads.

The result of this mode of action is of too common an occurrence to need description. If those same farmers would only take the same interest in the management and growth of their schools that the majority of them take in politics there would be little or no necessity for such wild-goose moves. Why should not the farmer feel just as proud of his own little district schoolhouse as the rich men of the city do of their grand college buildings? Surely the success of these colleges is dependent upon the success of these same country schools. Our free schools are for the benefit of our farmers.

Then is it not the duty of every farmer to help make those schools a glorious success? One reason that our village schools are so superior to our country schools, is that the people take so much more interest in their schools than those of the rural districts do. They will occasionally visit the school while in operation, thus encouraging both the children and the teachers and see that the children do the work assigned them. On the other hand thousands of our farmers shirk the important responsibilities of school directors, often stating as a reason that there is neither thanks or pay connected with it. Who never visit the school or take any interest whatever in any educational work. And yet did you ever notice those same careless, negligent fellows are the very worst class of people to grumble and complain about poor teachers and poor schools. They can seldom keep the same teacher in the same district two years in succession.

How can a wide-awake, progressive teacher afford to remain and labor among a class of people who are seemingly dead or perfectly indifferent to all responsibility of true citizenship? Who think it is the teacher's duty to take their children, keep them out of mischief and "train them up in the way they should go" without one particle of help or word of encouragement from the parents themselves. Let us as farmers, citizens, and parents arouse ourselves to the importance and grandeur of this work of educating our children.

We can make our country schools a glorious success if we only so will it. Then let us co-operate with a hearty good will, each one with a determination to do all in our power to advance and perfect our free country schools which are "with the farmers, by the farmers, and for the farmers."

Wedding Customs.

In all civilized countries the bride contributes her share of the household goods. Here they follow the cosy German custom, although not entirely, for whereas the "Fraulein" begins to have table-cloths, napery, and sheets made up for her future wedding long before any bridegroom makes his appearance, and in fact while she is at her school-books, the American girl's purchases of house-linen are the first indication that the wedding is near at hand.

There is a great deal of pride and considerable money to be expended in these dainty preparations, and the poorest girl in that country much prefers to furnish this part of her future home-stores for herself.

In France, however, the expectant husband begins to pay his lady-love's bills before marriage. The bridegroom-elect formerly sent unmade dress patterns of rich materials. He now has to present them already made up.

The bride's mother usually furnishes three gowns, the wedding-dress, the traveling-dress, and one other, which is worn at the family party preceding the wedding, called the "contract" party. The future husband is expected to furnish all the others, the number varying from four to twelve.

In England the husband's share of wedding preparations includes the house-linen, which is, of course, marked with his family initial, and not that of the bride.

What a diversity of good taste, or what is considered good taste, in different countries these wedding customs show! Though we take many fashions from France, it is not likely this will ever or soon be adopted here.

As if Clothes Did It.

The man's the man for a' that and a' that, and so is the woman, but it isn't everybody knows, especially women. The other day two fashionable ladies were going along Woodward avenue, when they met a very poorly dressed little woman, whom one of them seem to know in an eleemosynary way. She stopped the little woman and engaged her in conversation for three or four minutes, the other, meanwhile, listening to her and noting her manners. Then they passed on.

"Who is she?" asked the one who had been observing.

"Oh, she's a little woman I have on my charity list. What do you think of her?"

"Think of her? Why, if she had on good clothes she'd be a lady."

The man's a man for a' that and a' that, and so's the woman.—Free Press.

FAST SKATING IN HOLLAND

The Dutchman Doesn't Look Handsome But He Goes a Lively Gait.

The average Dutchman of the South, though he can skate very well, looks rather foolish on the ice. His short legs and wide breeches are admirable adjuncts to his nose, his thin cocked beard and the lumpishness of his expression, says Chambers' Journal. To be sure, this breadth makes him look important, but if he were less muscular it would be a sad hindrance to him in battling with the wind, which in winter is apt to make skating in one direction somewhat of a trial. The Frieslander, however, is taller, better proportioned and in all respects a handsome fellow. The yellow beard he sometimes wears seems to put him at once on a footing of affinity with the other members of that respectable Anglo-Saxon family to which we ourselves belong quite as much as his provincial speech and his blue eyes. He is a most masterful creature when once he has put on those quaint old-fashioned skates of his, and thinks nothing of making a score of miles from one village to another before you and I are out of bed. As for the cold, what cares he for it? He knows he must rely on that lusty circulation of his to keep him from being benumbed, though he clothe ever so lightly, and seems more regardful for his head—which a sealskin cap takes care of — than of his well-shaped body. A Friesland canal in winter is as lively as anything can be. The ice may not be very good or of unquestionable strength, but no sooner are the boats penned in and the broken pieces of ice sufficiently welded to allow him to skate between them than the sport begins. It is a feat of honor to be the first in the district to cross the canal when the wintry season is in its youth. The name of the bold lad is remembered for a week or two, and I have no doubt his pluck stands him in good stead in the esteem of the cherry-cheeked damsels of his province, whose eyes dance past one so brightly when the ice festival is in full swing and journeying is all done on skates.

Emerald-Mining.

Few persons who are familiar with emeralds in their cut and mounted stated have any idea of the difficulties experienced by those who would traverse that part of the Andes where lie the celebrated emerald mines of Muzo. The scenery is of extraordinary beauty, but in two days' riding the traveler is obliged to follow some most dangerous mountain passes, and to make his way over precipices where a single false step would dash him to destruction.

The emerald mines, says Albert Millican, in "Travels and Adventures of an Orchid Hunter," lie in a basin surrounded by high mountains in the form of a circle. These mines are now the property of the Government of Columbia, which rents them to a company employing five or six overseers and about four hundred native workmen.

The means used for working the mines are very primitive, but they yield every year a large amount of precious stones, which are immediately shipped to Europe.

The band of rock containing the precious crystals is more than a thousand feet high, formed of black shale veined with pyrites of iron. Very few emeralds are found in the black stone, but by cutting down the face of the immense precipice, veins of white stone are uncovered; this is known as calcite, a crystallized form of carbonate of lime. The emeralds are sometimes embedded, and sometimes found in hollow cavities, and the work of cutting down the side of the rock is done by natives, mostly with a crowbar.

A piece of rock a yard wide is selected, running the whole length of the mine, on the top, this is cut down a few yards, and then another level of the same is begun again at the top, until the whole breast of the rock appears to be a monster staircase, the broken rubbish having been thrown down to the bottom of the precipice.

On the opposite bank from the spot where the emeralds are taken out a stream of water is kept running by means of sluices in a reservoir, and as the sluices are opened every fifteen minutes, the water is allowed to rush down the rocks with great force, the torrent clearing away all the broken stone thrown down by the miners since the last discharge.

A Queer People.

The Chinese do everything backwards. Their compass points to the South instead of the North. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dress-makers are men; the women carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens these functionaries are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of the hands of one whom they would greet.

Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinners with dessert, and end up with soup and fish.

In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs.

TO TELL a dignified citizen to pull down his vest, is apt to make him raise his choler.

Overwhelmed by Sadness.

Friend—I suppose there are times when sad thoughts come to one who is to leave college for good. Graduate—Yes; I was just thinking that I would have to buy my own tobacco after this.—Judge.

The Unkind After-Thought.

"Dickey is studying medicine." "What for?" "He says he want to be a philanthropist and help people." "Into the next world?"—Washington Star.

WOMEN AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Admitting That She Ever Gets There, That Is Her Most Charming Age.

In reality, at 35 a woman is still pausing at the height of her personal charm. She gained the height perhaps seven or eight years before, has had small experience of sorrow and pain and apprehension, has not had too hard work for mind or body, has had but little illness, has kept her temper and spared herself worry, she has not fairly begun the descent; or if she has, then there is a slightly pathetic charm about her, says Harper's Bazaar, as about the golden tarnish of a rose that drops its first petal, but is still the rose.

For into the beauty of 20, gradually unfolding and expanding up to 25 or 26, the soul unfolding and expanding, too, has infiltrated a new quality, one which is wanting to youth except in extraordinary instances, and this beauty of spirit and of intellect has been added to beauty of flesh with ever-increasing power. And then just as the contours begin to yield and the beauty of the flesh assumes a doubtful part, when diet and exercise and massage and sleep, and the right colors, and not too much light, all have to be carefully considered, and a veil is needed to hide the fine times when in the sun—and if Betty gives "the cheek a touch of red" and the hair a dust of gold powder it is not our affair to know of it, nor does it diminish the fascination she unconsciously exerts—then, if she improved the years, comes the second stage—the stage of a superior captivation to that exercised by the mere fleshy beauty. It is in the years of this period that unconsciously and unwillingly women charm men much younger than themselves, and always men of rather extraordinary intellectual power, into proposals of marriage. At this time a woman understands herself and knows how to balance and counterbalance the circumstances of the world about her. She has probably read many books, she has seen many people; if she amounts to anything worth considering she has taught and skill and ease of manner, she has learned something of the intricacies of human nature and of the secrets of the heart: she has learned how to render not only herself but her surroundings attractive; she is no longer exacting; she makes people near her comfortable; she puts them into conceit of themselves—that inexplicably pleasant mood. And people seek her presently for the sake of being comfortable, and for the delightful atmosphere that her presence seems to create; men admire her, women adore her, young people follow her; she is a social power; and is of more weight and consequence than any young person not upon a throne—for although she live to threescore and ten, her throne is upon men's hearts.

Poet and Musician.

One of the most beautiful and interesting things to be remembered concerning Sidney Lanier, the poet whose life was full of promise, and who nobly fulfilled it so far as time and disease would let him, is his love of music. A recent writer in the Independent quotes the words of another, saying:

"I have never cared for the flute, but to me Lanier did not 'play the flute;' I only heard a voice breathing unutterable longings and messages of joy and love and sorrow."

His playing did not seem to present the bare melody. It was a creator of broken chords and of unexpected cadences, like those of a bird. The effect of this was illustrated during the winter of 1873, when he was called upon to play a solo at the meeting of a choral society in San Antonio. When he had finished, the old German leader ran over to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed:

"I hif never heart de flude accompany itself pefore!"

In his youth Lanier was always improvising, and when a friend once asked him how he could invariably respond when asked to play, he replied that he was forever hearing a flow of melody, and needed only to utter it in tone. His great difficulty was to keep from listening to it when outside matters demanded his attention.

When he played before Doctor Damrosch, in New York, he confided to him his wish to pursue the study of music.

"Do you know what that means?" asked Damrosch. "It means a great deal of work; a thousand sacrifices. It is very hardous."

"I know all that," says Lanier. "It is not a matter of mere preference. I must be a musician. It is a spiritual necessity."

But ill health fettered him, and the necessity of earning a living kept him too busy even to devote himself to his beloved poetry. He died young, but never to be forgotten.—Youth's Companion.

How Helena Started.

The mines which built the city of Helena, in Montana, were discovered by a party of four prospectors who were on their way to a well-known camp in the Kootenai country. Learning that the diggings in that quarter had failed, they turned aside to prospect in another direction, and for some time wandered about, digging holes here and there, but finding nothing that they considered worth working. About noon of the 15th day of July, 1864, they arrived on the site of the city of Helena, halted for dinner and to rest their horses. Dinner over, their horses were saddled, when one of their number walked down to the stream to get a drink before mounting. From mere force of habit he began mechanically scratching the gravel with his hands, when to his astonishment he drew out a nugget as big as a gold dollar. A hundred dollars' worth of gold was taken out in about twenty minutes. The men then immediately settled down and located claims. In a short time news of their success spread abroad. Hundreds of other miners flocked to the spot, and a mining camp of unprecedented richness was established. The city of Helena grew up on the spot, and it is said that one of the banks of that city is situated on a portion of the first claim located by the lucky quartet.

The pupil of the cat's eye always contracts during sleep.

Russian Idea of a Joke.

An inhabitant of Voro, in Finland, named Sellquist, who for a long time past has been living on bad terms with his wife, had lately a narrow escape from being poisoned by her. She called at a chemist's and asked for some rat poison. As these creatures are very rarely seen in that neighborhood the chemist had his suspicions aroused and gave the woman a perfectly harmless drug. On second thought he decided to mention the matter to the husband, and requested him to say nothing about it to his wife. In the evening, as she was preparing the porridge, the man kept a watchful eye on her movements, and noticed that she scattered something out of a paper into the saucepan. When the porridge was ready he sat down to the table and began to eat. After awhile he got up in great excitement, paced up and down the room, and at last fell fainting on the floor. This was what the woman expected. She now pulled down a rope through a hole in the ceiling with a noose, which she placed around her husband's neck, whereupon she ran upstairs into the garret in order to pull up the rope and hang her husband in that fashion. Meantime the husband got up and tied a few chairs to the rope. The wife did not return to the room, as she dreaded the sight, but went out in the village to raise an alarm, saying that her husband had hanged himself in her absence. When she came back with a host of neighbors and crocodile tears in her eyes there was her husband sitting at the table laughing till his sides ached. The chairs were still dangling on the rope.—Novoe Vremya.

Speed of Torpedo Craft.

How high will the speed standard be carried in torpedo craft? The Havoc, only a little while ago, made a record exceeding twenty-seven knots. Shortly afterward it was eclipsed by another Yarrow boat, the Hornet, with twenty-eight. Now a Thorneycroft torpedo boat destroyer, the Daring, has outdone the Hornet. The figures chalked upon the Daring's funnels at the conclusion of her steam trials were 29.238. It is true that this great speed of 29½ knots was not the average of her performance, but the best of three spins on the measured mile. Still it was, in its way, unequaled, and in spite of the great speed there was very little vibration, this drawback having been overcome in modern torpedo craft.

Will not the maximum in torpedo boats beat thirty knots? It certainly looks so now. The Decoy is the mate to the Daring, and, taking together the torpedo craft building or to be built on the Clyde, the Mersey, the Tyne, the Thames, and elsewhere, more than twenty new boats are aspirants for great speed records. Across the Channel, too, M. Normand, it is said, expects to touch the thirty-knot notch with his unfinished wonder, and presumably Shichau of Elbing, will not yield the laurels he held so long, with out a struggle to regain them. Perhaps thirty-five knots for torpedo boats and something like thirty for transatlantic steamers will be here before any young man living has grandchildren.—New York Sun.

How?

It is a significant question which comes to The Youth's Companion from a lady in Rhode Island who is the secretary of a Children's Friend Society, and who has read that there are many farms suffering from want of help to till them, while there are thousand of men out of work in the Eastern manufacturing cities and towns.

"Only this afternoon," this lady writes, "I have had an application to receive into our home the little child of a worthy English couple who can not get work. The man is used to farming, and the woman to house work. Both are honest, industrious persons.

"I asked the woman, who washes for me, if her husband would be willing to go West and work on the land. 'Oh, indeed he would,'