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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: "Communion of Saints."

TEXT: "Then said they unto him, Say now shibboleth, and he said, sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii., 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river.

The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth, they said sibboleth and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth, and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Prestyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious bodies and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals and in religion let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep purely by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press and rack and gibbet and hot lead down the throat tried to make people orthodox, but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head nor make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of pollution broke loose and flooded the church. After awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion there were twenty men ready to advocate it, so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between truth and error. The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let error run if you only let truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place and drag it out of the caverns of darkness and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference and dislike, that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain clerical apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled out of the waters of a holy font, children "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said "George, I am as thou art. I am for bringing all men to the hope of the gospel. Therefore, if thou will not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism or bigotry I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education sets just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and after awhile go and see for themselves, and looking in those churches and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep His commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the gospel who spent their whole life bombarding other denominations, and who lived to see their children preach the gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots ten years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head and wants other denominations to know their places.

It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long drawn aisle and an angel from heaven in the pulpit if there be no Christ in the chancel and no Christ in the robes.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was the great Great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side, and they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came and said: "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who only sees one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the cause of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong and I am right, and that settles it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a cornshock. It stops all investigation.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people from the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement and missiles flying through the air and you hear the shock of firearms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? "Oh, no," you will say; "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbat flying every whither, and they say: "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road. There is so much sharpshooting on the narrow road I guess I'll try the broad road!"

Francis I so hated the Lutherans that he said that if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition, how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other, you would cry out: "National suicide! Why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on—church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay!

What did intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church, it would not have to-day a disciple left. The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were imprisoned, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf all the men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed 25,000 churches an 1,000,000 communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No! Who became prime minister of England? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counselor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to began our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat or by the collar because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then, I think, we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarian from our heart and the sectarianism from the world by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree rather than those in which we differ.

Perhaps I might forcefully illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place about twenty years ago. One Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangway and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead threw two continents into terror.

But see the brave quartermaster pushing out with the lifeline until he gets to the rock, and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked and taking them into the cabins and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm, and see that minister of the gospel, with three other men, getting into a lifeboat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night, and can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet they will be friends when they mention the story of that night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempest of 6000 years. Out with the lifeline! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the lifeboat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in life everlasting. Amen!"

—The highest masts of railway vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high and spread from 6,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

—According to a custom of Korea all loyal Koreans must wear a white hat for three years after the death of one of the royal family.

—In a well stocked hive there are from 15,000 to 20,000 working bees.

—Camels are being imported into Australia for use in the gold field.

—Motion has been conveyed by electric wires a distance of 120 miles.

—Potatoes cooked in the skins contain more nutriment than if peeled before boiling.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

I had a friend who lived for Truth,
Who sought it east, who sought it west,
In city streets and lonely haunts,
And died unprospered in the quest.

Another, who for beauty lived,
For Beauty bartered all beside,
And in the evening of his days
For Beauty, as was fit, he died.

And many a time between them both
Contention on the point was long:
One Truth's brave knight in weal and woe
The other Beauty's champion strong.

But when they crossed the flood of death,
The eternal, all revealing flame
Dashed on their souls, and then knew they
That Truth and Beauty are the same!

—William Cowan, in Good Words.

Brother Sam's Daughter.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"WELVE o'clock, and the washin ain't out yet!" said Nancy Norton, with a frightened glance at the clock. "But I've had such a sight o' setbacks! I'll have to wait a spell now, till the hired men have had their dinner!"

She blew the horn, at the back door then made all haste to set the plenti ful, if plain, meal on the table, which feat she had barely accomplished before Uncle Peter and his three stalwar helpers arrived on the scene.

"Nancy does make A Number One pies!" said Hiram Jenifer, reaching he for a second slice.

"I don't mind if I drink another cup o' coffee," observed Noah Johnson, "with plenty o' sugar, Nancy, please!"

While Hezekiah Hopper made a plunge at the butter with his own knife, remarking, sotto voce, "that to his taste there wa'nt no butter like June butter, an' it didn't come but once a year!"

"No hot bread," said Uncle Peter with a comprehensive glance around the board, "nor riz biscuit—eh Nancy?"

"I couldn't manage it to-day," said Nancy, with a conscious-stricken look. "With the washin' and all—"

"Nancy's yesterday's bread's good enough for me!" observed Hiram philosophically.

"For my part," said Uncle Peter, "I don't see how these women-folks contrive to put in the time, pottering around all day, a-doin' next to nothin'."

"Oh, now, that ain't fair?" spoke up Noah Johnson, good naturedly. "Tain't no joke to cook an' wash an iron for four men."

The color had risen in two round spots to Nancy's cheeks; a quick retort hovered on her lips, when Uncle Peter interrupted the unspoken words.

"Oh, by-the-way," said he, "I 'most forgotten to say anything about it, but brother Sam's girl's to be here to-day."

"Brother Sam's girl?"

"Why, yes—your cousin Nannie from Bridgeport—your Uncle Sam's gal, that's to teach the deestrick school here. Sam, he was inquirin' round for a place, an' I calculated we could board her here, so I told him to send her on. He's willin' to pay five dollars a week, and that counts up!"

Nancy looked at her uncle with startled eyes.

"But there ain't no room for her to sleep in," said she.

"She can have your room, and you can take the little corner chamber in the garret. One person more or less in the family don't make no difference, and five dollars is five dollars. Have some more of the dried peach sass, Johnson?"

Nancy said not a word.

Of what avail was it to remind Uncle Peter that the little garret chamber was cold in winter and hot in summer, that the roof leaked, and that rats played high carnival there?

She only helped Hiram Jenifer to a cucumber pickle, and replenished the coffee-pot for the third time.

"There's a gal now—Brother Sam's darter," reflectively observed Mr. Norton, as he sprinkled pepper and vinegar over his summer beets—"as is worth her salt. 'Arnin' twenty dollars a month at teachin.' If Nancy could make money like that! But Nancy hadn't never no faculty!"

"I never had a chance!" cried Nancy, with rising color and tear-brimmed eyes. "I've been kept hard at work since I was a child, and—and—"

"There, there! don't get excited!" said Uncle Peter, waving his hand in a patronizing manner. "Gals is queer creeturs. You can't so much as speak to 'em, but they fly off at a tangent. Get things ready for Sam's gal, that's all I ask of you—and mind you hev some fried chicken for supper. Hi Jenifer hain't had a bite o' fried chicken since he's been here. And look arter the young goslin's that's comin' outen the shell down to the barn—I suspicion there's a weasel abroad somewheres—and mind the calves don't git into the corn. I reckon must mend that gate-pin some o' these days. Come, boys, if you're sure you can't worry down no more vittles—"

It was not until the four men had shuffled off to the barnyard to look at Uncle Peter's latest investment in a new Durham cow, ere they returned to the hayfield, that Nancy sank wearily down into a patch-cushioned rocker and burst into tears.

"I'm worked harder'n any slave," said she, "and don't never have no chance to go nowhere nor see nothin', and yet Uncle Peter thinks I ain't worth my keep."

"Why, what's the matter, Nancy? You're Nancy Norton, aren't you?"

A sweet, cheery voice sounded on her ear—a light hand touched her shoulder.

Nancy jumped to her feet.

"Are you Uncle Sam's daughter?" she cried.

"Why, of course I am! Nancy Norton, just like yourself. Named after our dear old grandmother—only they call me Nannie."

A smouldering feeling of resentment had possessed Nancy's heart toward this unknown relation; but it was all dispersed now in the light of those clear, hazel eyes—the sunshine of that winning smile.

In a second she knew that she should like her new cousin.

"Nothing is the matter," said she, "except that the washin' is behind today, and I'm clean discouraged and tired out."

"Where's the girl?"

Pretty Nannie looked inquiringly around.

"I'm the girl!" Nancy answered.

"Then I'll be girl, too," Nannie laughed out, taking off her gloves and unfastening her piquant little cape. "You go and hang out the clothes and I'll see about clearing off this table. Because I'm to board here, father says, and you and I are to be great friends."

Nancy looked wistfully at her.

"Kiss me, won't you?" said she. "Oh, yes, I'd so like to be friends with you! I haven't never had no girl friends."

And Nannie kissed her with a kiss that carried a whole heart full of love with it.

The three hired men were overcome with embarrassment, when, on arriving in time for the fried chicken and hot waffles that evening, they found themselves confronted with such a daintily-dressed smiling young lady.

Even Uncle Peter himself was momentarily abashed at the style and beauty of brother Sam's daughter.

"The new deestrick school-ma'am," whispered Hiram Jenifer to Noah Johnson.

"Earns twenty dollars a month," stuttered Hezekiah Hopper. "Twenty dollars!"

"Dressed up like a fashion plate!" inwardly reflected Johnson. "Proper nice-looking, though."

Nannie would not hear of banishing Nancy to the garret chamber.

"Why can't we share the same room together?" she coaxed. "I should like a companion, and there's plenty of room."

Uncle Peter evinced ostentatious approval of his new neice, and it required all Nancy's hearty affection for the new comer to preserve her from the stings of jealousy.

"I don't see," said Uncle Peter, "why Nancy can't earn money like you do."

"How much do you pay her?" asked Nannie, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Me? Pay Nancy? Why, her board an' clothes, to-be-sure. It's all she's worth?"

"And what does she do?"

"Just odd turns arond the house. She did pester me for an allowance once, but I soon laid it down to her that it I wan't goin' to hev no such nonsense."

"Oh!" said Nannie.

Never in her life had Nancy Norton had a genuine sympathetic woman friend before, and it was an indescribable relief to pour out her troubles to Nannie's ear.

"It's a shame!" cried warm-hearted Nannie. "Why, you do the work of three women in this house. You rise early and lie down late; you have no recreations, no holidays, and Sunday you work harder than ever, because Uncle Peter likes to invite people here for the noonings, to see how nice he has things. Oh, you needn't think that I am blind! You are pale and thin, because you are overworked. You don't like to go anywhere, because Uncle Peter won't give you any new clothes until you've worn out Aunt Hepsy's old wardrobe. It's an imposition, that's what it is, and I wouldn't submit to it if I were you."

"But," sighed Nancy, "what can I do?"

"Tell him once again how matters stand!" cried Nannie, her lovely eyes flashing. "Insist upon fair wages for fair work."

Thus instigated, Nancy made her plea, but Uncle Peter's brow grew dark.

"I don't want to hear no such nonsense as this," he roared. "Wages! Ain't you got your home, and board and clothes? What else d'ye want? Why, I never heard such talk in my life!"

"Is it yes, or no?" persisted Nancy.

"It's no-o-o!" thundered Uncle Peter.

That same evening Nannie incidentally alluded to the fact that they would all rise betimes the next morning, for she was going to give them their breakfast, and hadn't much time before school hours began.

"Why, where's Nancy?" asked Hiram.

"Oh, didn't you know? She's gone!" Uncle Peter dropped the gate-pin he was whittling; Hiram let the two-days'-old copy of the Wakefield Eagle slip to the floor; Noah stared with wide-open mouth.

"She wants to make a living for herself," serenely added Nannie—"to earn a little money. Every girl wants that, you know."

"Humph!" growled Uncle Peter. "I'd like to see her make money! Why, she never had no more gumption than a katydid! She'll be back quick enough, you'll find."

"But in the meantime," said Nannie, coolly, "you must look around for some one to fill her place, for, as you can easily imagine, I have got my hands full."

"I guess that's easy done," said Uncle Peter, beginning to whittle afresh.

But, to his infinite amazement, it was not so easy a task as he had fancied, and after many vain efforts and stinging disappointments, he found himself with two wasteful, complaining, inefficient hired girls in possession for every one had resolutely refused to do the work alone.

"It was too much," they averred, "for one."

"It'll ruin me—it'll clean ruin me!" groaned Uncle Peter, wringing his hands. "Ten dollars a month for one and eight for t'other—and every Thursday afternoon and every Sunday evening out! And look at them half slices o' bread in the pig's part, and my best towels, not three years old, took for cleanin' cloths, and a broom a week stumped through; an' they won't wash unless I get 'em a new patent wringer, and the fat scraps all throwed away, an' nothin' half took care of! Don't you know anyone I could get, Nannie, as would look arter things as Nancy used to do? I declare to goodness I can't live so!"

Nannie knit her brows and reflected.

"There's a young woman working for father," said she—"a capital housekeeper and the best economist in the world—at least, so he says. And since my married sister is coming back from Nebraska next week, he may be able to dispense with her. But she has fifteen dollars a month."

"It's wuth it—it's wuth it!" breathlessly cried Uncle Peter. "I'll go to Bridgeport and see Brother Sam at once, and secure her. This hired-gal business will be the death of me!"

Brother Sam was sitting on his porch, reading the newspaper, as Mr. Norton came up.

"Yes," said he, "she's a smart gal. The best gal I ever had. Thoroughgoing New Englander. P'raps you may be able to get her—though I doubt if she'll come to you for fifteen dollars a month."

"I'll make it eighteen," gasped Uncle Peter, "since you say she's a New Englander."

"Well, you can try," said brother Sam. "Here she is!"

He flung open the door of the kitchen, and there, making a blackberry shortcake at the whitely-scoured table, stood—his own niece, Nancy Norton!

"Why—it's—Nancy!" cried he.

"Yes," nodded brother Sam, "Nancy it is! The best, smartest creetur that ever stepped, and worth her weight in gold.

Uncle Peter swallowed something like a lump in his throat.

"Nancy," said he, "will you come back"—here he swallowed a second lump—"to me for eighteen dollars a month? For I do verily b'lieve you will earn it."

Nancy went up to him and kissed him.

"Yes, Uncle Peter," said she, "I'll come back."

For the old man had learned a lesson, and his teachers had been Nancy Norton and brother Sam's daughter.—Saturday Night.

Mastodons.

Ever since Alaska came into possession of the United States there have been stories, from the lips of natives, to the effect that living mastodons existed in the northern part of the Territory. These stories were partially confirmed by the large number of tusks, bones, and in some cases nearly whole skeletons of the animal found on the surface of the ground or protruding from it. Certain tribes of Alaska Indians, whose homes are far northward, assert that they have frequently seen live mastodons within the last few years. One Indian hunter followed tracks "as large as the bottom of a salt barrel" until he came in sight of a gigantic animal, with "a mouth big enough to swallow a man.

These stories are not beyond the limit of probability. The remains of mastodons found in Siberia, as well as in Alaska, show that the animal must have lived in the the extreme northern portion of both hemispheres at a comparatively recent period. A Russian scientist is now en route to a point in Northeastern Siberia to secure what is represented to be a perfect dead mastodon—hide, flesh and all—frozen in the ice. It is only a few miles between the extreme points of Alaska and Siberia. Possibly these colossal animals, which once roamed all over North America and Europe, have left a few living descendents far up in the Arctic circle. The reports of the Alaska Indians may, and probably will, turn out to be fabrications, but there is enough plausibility in the stories to whet curiosity and stimulate scientific research.—New York News.

A Horse in a Trance.

The Baltimore Herald tells a remarkable story of a horse that was five days in a trance. A few days ago Farmer Hubbard, who lived near Baltimore, went to his stable in the morning to feed his horse, and found the animal apparently in great suffering. Thinking that the air would benefit her, he led her out of the stable, when she fell over on the ground, and after a time, to all appearance, breathed her last. He hauled the body away to a remote part of the farm, and piling some brush over it, left it to the disposal of nature. Five days after he was surprised to see a horse grazing in his pasture. He went to see how the strange animal got into his field, and was almost paralyzed to perceive that it was his faithful old Bess that he had cast out for the crows. She was rather worse for her experience, but lacked a good deal of being dead. He approached her; and she evidently recognized him, and submitted quietly to be led by the forelock to the barn. The farmer called his wife to identify the horse, which she did, and then hurried off to the place where he had deposited the supposed corpse, to make sure that he was not deceived. He found the brush, with which he had covered her, scattered about, but the body was not there. Old Bess had evidently risen from the dead, or had never been dead at all.

Collecting Wishbones.

Strange what fads possess some people. The delegate the other evening, calling upon one of the sweet girl graduates, was surprised to have her make of him this peculiar request: "Won't you," asked she, "help me in my collection?" "What postage stamps?" "No, indeed; that's only for school children. You know, collections are a present day fad. I am going to be just a bit eccentric and have started an original collection. You may think it an odd fancy, but I'm collecting wishbones." So saying, she displayed those already gathered. She has a vast assortment strung about her own room and any number put away in boxes. "Now, then," she poutingly said: "I think you might help me in my collection. If you can't get a wishbone when you dine on game at the club or at the hotel you can do another thing—save all your empty cigar boxes for me to put my gems away in, won't? you. Of course, the promise was made. Then she showed more and more of her wishbones. Among them were those of particularly large and small birds. She even had the wishbone of a humming-bird. Asked if any others were interested in this fad, she said that all the girls of "her set" were vying one with another as to who could collect the wishbones of the rarest birds. As she moves with a swell circle, and a large one at that, the wishbone collection fad will probably soon be the rage.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

MONT ST. MICHEL.

For Ages It Has Been the Site of Some Religious Building.

Edward H. Elwell, jr., writing of the experiences of a party of American bicyclers at Mont St. Michel, off the coast of France, St. Nicholas, says:

The Mont St. Michel is nearly two miles from the mouth of the river. It is but fifteen minutes' walk around the rocky beach at its base. Its height is over 350 feet. It sides are nearly as steep as the side of a house.

For ages it has been the site of some religious building. The Romans found a heathen temple there, and replaced it by an altar to their own Jupiter. The coming of Christianity saw the beginning of the present wonderful structures, the growth of centuries. The top of the rock is just large enough for the beautiful Gothic Cathedral that covers it. In size, detail, and carving it equals many of the most famous cathedrals of Europe. Above part of the building there is a promenade that is 450 feet above the sand. Around the base of the cathedral, and of course built upon the steep, rocky slopes, is a mass of huge stone buildings that have served through the centuries as monastery, prison, and feudal stronghold. They conceal all but the upper half of the cathedral, which they entirely surround. The lowest foundation is 150 feet above the sand.

The whole constitutes one mighty structure, a vast maze of great stone halls, with rows of carved pillars, of endless passages, broad flights of steps and spiral stairways, of horrible dungeons and gloomy vaults. The stone of which it is built was all brought from the mainland, nearly two miles, and, of course, hauled over the sand. Block by block, the stone was brought across the sands, hoisted up the steep cliffs by means of windlasses, and then shaped and carved with infinite patience and rare skill. The building went on at different times between the 9th and 14th centuries; and since then separate parts have been many times destroyed and restored. The architectural beauty and wonderful carving of these buildings would alone make them famous. But because of their unique location, and also because they were built by the monks who possessed here a little kingdom of their own,—so rich and powerful were they when they accomplished the stupendous task,—this crowning glory of Mont St. Michel will long remain one of the marvels of the world, and be to France almost what the Pyramids are to Egypt.

There is a tiny village on the only accessible side of the Mount. There is room for just one short, narrow street, behind the high walls that rise from the edge of the sand. On all other sides the steepness of the cliff itself is its defense. In the village there are about two hundred people, descendants of the original inhabitants of the mainland, who fled into places of safety before the attacks of the Norsemen, over one thousand years ago. They are all fishermen, except the proprietors of the three hotels. It is but recently that this quaint little village, so queerly located, has been made accessible to visitors unless under the guidance of those who had learned by experience how to cross the sand and escape its dangers. For in numerous and ever-changing places the surface is as yielding as that of the ocean itself, and strong indeed would be the swimmer who could support himself in a quicksand!

But nine years ago the French Government built a magnificent dike or stone causeway from the shore to the Mount, and over its smooth surface we hastened, that September afternoon, on our swift wheels, eager to reach the wonderful rock and its still more wonderful buildings, that had loomed before our vision during a whole hour of rapid riding.

Workers Who Ask No Pay.

It would be interesting if we could get the statistics of voluntary and unpaid work. I once investigated the statistics of a single parish, and what a very poor one. I found over 100 persons who gave their work for nothing to the parish. In fact, there are thousands and tens of thousands on whom the churches can now reckon for voluntary work. This unpaid work is the nineteenth century Franciscan; he (or she) attempts, without vows, what the predecessor of the thirteenth century attempted with the help of vows—viz., organized personal service among the humblest. He works upon the lowest and most unpromising material that the world can show; they are lads far below the reach of polytechnics; he attracts them somehow, by personal magnetism, by force of character, by skill in the things that all lads admire; he denominates them. He is perhaps a young curate of no great intellectual grasp, but he knows what he has to do, and he succeeds; or he is a layman who works in an office all day. We go back to the grand discovery of Francis—say rather the interpretation of Francis—that the great sluggish apathetic mass in which are born creatures of hideous mien and malign brain can only be moved by personal service.—Walter Besant.

Early Christian Milkmen.

St. Irenceus—one of the very early fathers of the church—in the second century after Christ, writes as follows: "As was said by one, concerning all who in any way deprave the things of God and adulterate the truth, it is evil mingling gypsum with milk.'" Some have thought that St. Peter, when he used the expression in his epistle, "the sincere milk of the word," means unadulterated milk. Certainly the Greek word which means in one version we translate 'sincere," would bear this interpretation.

A SLOW TRAIN.

It was a very slow train indeed, and the traveling man remarked to the conductor:

"Would there be any objection to my getting off this car right now?"

"Why, my dear sir, it's in motion."

"I don't doubt it. But I thought I'd like to look at it from the outside and see if I can't tell which way it is going."—Washington Star.

ARTEMUS WARD'S CHARGE.

He Led a Comedian in Chains and Had Fun with the People.

Daniel Setchell, the comedian, was at one of the theaters in Philadelphia. Artemus Ward and Setchell had been friends for a long time, and had passed through many laughable scenes together. One summer during their vacation Ward wished to visit his mother, living at that time "down east," and he conceived the idea of driving there instead of going by the usual railway and steamboat that had become quite monotonous to him. Setchell agreed to be his companion on the trip, so after all business matters had been arranged they started on their novel journey with their "hired horse and buggy." Nothing of importance happened on their way out. Ward said his time and attention were taken up by the horse. The beast desired to make the pace and he did; the persuader was useless, and Ward was compelled to allow the animal get there when he could. After two days and a night on the road they arrived at the home of Ward's mother. Some time was spent there. They enjoyed every moment of the visit and felt reluctant to leave the happy place when the day came for their departure. As they were to return by the road they came they anticipated a dull time, and, of course, two such spirits could not stand dullness at any time. Setchell was a comedian of the stage as well as on, and his facial expression was unexcelled, if not unequaled by any actor of his day. He was a stoutly built man, inclined to corpulency, with a full, round, jolly face. Just as the horse was brought up, and everything made ready for their departure, Setchell quietly said to Ward:

"Charley, (Ward's name was Charles Browne) I think I am crazy and if you don't want trouble with me you had better chain me on our down trip."

"All right," said Ward, "I've known that fact for some time, and I would really prefer to chain you, as the landlords and barkeepers would then have protection."

The chain was procured and slipped in the carriage, no one knowing it was there, and after leave-taking and many good-bys as they mounted the wagon, the return trip was begun. The ride was uneventful for some time. At noon they stopped at the road side inn, and Ward informed the landlord of his friend's mental condition. Several rustics gathered round to have a look at the lunatic, but, with the exception of a few grimaces and rolling of the eyes, nothing startling occurred. Resuming their journey, they found the road almost deserted, and, of course, no need of applying the chain. Just at dusk they arrived at the "tavern," where the night would be spent. The chain was placed on Setchell, and Ward, carefully leading him, entered the house. Ward told the landlord that his charge was harmless except at times, but he could always tell when the fit was coming on by his change of countenance which was at times startling.

The landlord got very uneasy, and hoped he would not have a fit in the house. In the early morning everybody in the house was aroused by unearthly yells coming from the supposed lunatic's room. There was a general rush of everyone, and the proprietor with pale face, seemed terror stricken. In a short time Ward succeeded in quieting his companion and the breakfast soon over, they were preparing to leave the house, when suddenly the lunatic began again yelling and distorting his features. Guests and servants flew in dismay, and the poor landlord was almost paralyzed with fear.

"Do get him out, Mr. Ward," he said, never mind the bill, get him out, get him out."

Ward, of course, paid his bill, and at last succeeded in getting his friend in his buggy.

As they were leaving, Ward said to the landlord, "we will stop here on our way back."

"No, you needn't," shouted the boniface, "I close this house for repairs to-night."

Nothing further happened until they came to a blacksmith's shop on the roadside. The chain was put on and they stopped at the shop door, without alighting. Ward called to the blacksmith requesting a drink of cold water for the imbecile by his side. The smith brought the sparkling liquid in the usual stone jug, and Setchell, after apparently taking a long draugh, with a vacant stare, and to all appearances not knowing what he was doing, threw the contents of the jug over the big blacksmith.

The man retreated a few steps, shaking the water from his eyes and then, raising his huge arm, said: "You're not as big a fool as you look, and I can lick the pair of you," and started for them with vengeance in his eye.

Ward was prepared, however, for any emergency, and before the man could get near enough to reach them, brought the whip down on the horse with such vigor that the poor beast with fright jumped into a run, fortunately for the occupants of the vehicle.

The race continued for some distance, but the horse succeeded at length in leaving the pursuing smith too far behind to be dangerous.

"I think the happiest sight of my life was that enraged and panting blacksmith at the bottom of the hill and we at a safe distance at the top," said Artemus Ward.—To-Day.

Whitening Sugar.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

ALL THE NATIONAL COLORS.

"I'm a very patriotic individual just now," observed Miss Van Braam.

"Ah," replied Mr. Manchester. "How is that?"

"I'm a white girl, with red hair, and I feel blue."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

MY HOUSE IN THE AIR.

I notice the house that I build in the air,
With the architect Fancy to plan it,
With clapboards of clouds and with shingles of mist,
And with paint of aerial amethyst,
Stands more firmly the shock of Time's rude wear and tear,
And is not so like to get out of repair
As my house with foundations of granite.

And though scoffers may jeer at my house in the air
With gibes that are glib and sarcastic,
Those hard-headed fellows of dollars and cents,
Whose whole life consists in collection of rents,
Have never yet been in my parlors up there,
And sat in my easy and dream-haunted chair
In the waving cloud turrets fantastic.

No mortgage, ye thrifty collectors of rent,
Can you clap on my cloud-bosomed mansion,
No real estate broker can enter its walls,
For the drawbridge comes up, and the portcullis falls;
Hence, ye vulgar profane, with your pride and pretence,
No welcome for you; so arise and go hence
From the home of the soul's expansion.

Then stay with your ledges, and cipher and plan,
And jeer at the house of my vision
Of snugly encoiled in its vapory walls,
Or, walking entranced in its shadowy halls,
Can laugh in my turn at your ciphering clan,
That has made such a tragic distortion of man,
And hold your whole tribe in derision.

—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

PITH AND POINT.

A music rack—The poor performer.—Puck.

A trade secret—how to get the best of the other fellow.—Truth.

Columbus's egg was one of the best jokes ever cracked.—Truth.

The quinine manufacturer seldom complains of his bitter lot.—Buffalo Courier.

The average man doesn't get much of a show in a ten-cent circus.—Buffalo Courier.

To address an army officer below his grade is to offer him a rank insult.—Buffalo Cour