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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: "Victory Over Pain."

TEXT: "Neither shall there be any more pain."—Revelation xxi., 4.

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hair is worn, and your brain was racked, and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties, pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointment. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other city, you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach their realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems, the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony, all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are tiredness, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to delve, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these goods to be sold?

Ah, the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmakers. No more stooping until the back aches. No more application until the brain is jaded. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all rejoiced. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coal war out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to your hand work for your children; to live in an unpaying row and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting, with a mind capable of research and high contemplation to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all princes; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, or the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshipers; no hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat."—Rev. vii., 16.

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on the errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is growing weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control to suddenly come upon some little coat or picture or shoe half worn out and low all the floodgates of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the lips that will never again do so as a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted, but anyhow and anyway you make it it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at railcar window we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodbys at the depot!—they just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses, into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the wine-press round and round until we are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, on every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand claspings and embracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft, but in one where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole nations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill, the feet cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pinchers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital, scores of diseases, like vultures, continually for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child cries at the entrance of the manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the tempest strikes into the hollow gun. You see the head in consumption carry us that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short breathed and dim sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisies and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street and up every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk and adder's sting and crocodile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1000 gravediggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813 ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where 30,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Marius' fight, in which 290,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle.

Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 250,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of 1,816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Edmund Burke, that the loss by war had been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the saber wounds, the gashes of the battleax, the stain of bomb-shell and exploded mine and falling wall and those destroyed under the gun carriage, and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirst, the camp fevers, the frosts that shiver, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, put it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Aye, the world has writhed in 6000 years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sevastopol, coming over to army of the allies, pointed back to the fortress and said, "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "twinge," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every sickroom, for every lifelong invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

No malaria float in the air. No tainted food. No hot, throbbing brow. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becomes an athlete. The first kiss of that summer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters not one diseased throat. The first flash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart and the dumb sing. From that bath of infinite delight we will step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold physical torture. All well. No more pain. Here, too, are the Theban legion, a great host of 6666 put to the sword for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and impressations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of Him who helped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain.

I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this refreshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day the ice cold chink in an ice pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Clambering among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after awhile, I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire fountains, and flowed down in face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on the errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

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News in Brief.

—Cloves grow wild in the Moluccas.

—During the last 2,000 years Britain has been invaded by foes from over the sea no less than 48 times.

—The most rapidly moving star known in space does not move along with one thousandth part of the speed imparted to the light which it radiates, and by which alone we become aware of its existence.

—A house well built of first-class brick will outlast one constructed of granite.

—Astronomers claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

—Six years ago the price for a complete equipment of a trolley car was $4500; now it is between $1000 and $1200.

—A grafted tree at Monticello, Fla., annually bears a mixed crop of peaches, apples, pears, quinces and crabs.

—A Boston naturalist, with a tuning fork, has discovered that crickets chirp in unison, and that their note is Enatural.

—Robert Browning wrote "The Ring and the Book" at fifty seven.

—Professor Ball says the actual momentum of some of the tiniest meteors is equivalent to that of a cannon ball.

—Peanut oil is a valuable ingredient of soap.

—The National Toothpick Association claims an output of fifty-two car loads of tooth picks annually.

Fruit wrapped in heavy brown paper will stand fifteen degrees more cold than if not wrapped.

—Many Chinese books are made of wood, each page being cut from a block after the manner of an engraving.

—A growing pumpkin or melon vine will reach a pail of water left near it in a few days.

—A deer was shot through the heart in the woods of northern Maine recently and traveled for three quarters of a mile after the shot was fired before he fell dead.

—A scientific Frenchman has discovered that potatoes planted near an electric wire grow to be very large, and tomatoes in contact with the same object ripen eight days earlier than usual.

SHE AND I.

Why do I love my love so well?
Why is she all in all to me?
I try to tell, I cannot tell,
It still remains a mystery;
And why to her I am so dear
I cannot tell, although I try.
Unless I find both answers here;
She is herself, and I am I.

Her face is very dear to me,
Her eyes beam tenderly on mine,
But can I say I never see
Face fairer, eyes that brighter shine?
This thing I cannot surely say,
If I speak truth and do not lie;
Yet here I am in love to-day,
For she's herself, and I am I.

It cannot be that I fulfill
Completely all her girlish dreams,
For far beyond me still
Her old ideal surely gleams!
And yet I know her love is mine,
A flowing spring that cannot dry.
What explanation? This, in fine,
She is herself, and I am I.

Mild all the cords by which fond hearts
Are drawn together into one,
This is a cord which never parts,
But strengthens as the years roll on;
And though, as seasons hurry past,
Grace, beauty, wit and genius die,
Till the last hour this charm will last,
She is herself, and I am I.

She is herself, and I am I.
Now, henceforth, evermore the same,
Till the dark angel draweth nigh
And calls her and me by name.
Yes, after death has done its worst,
Each risen soul will straightway fly
To meet the other. As at first,
She will be herself. I shall be I.

—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

A WOMAN'S TRIAL.

BY RUTH HALL.

CAPTAIN BERTRAM'S wife, Lily, was a frail, delicate young woman, with blue eyes, brown hair and a soft, low voice.

"In fact, she looks as if a breath of wind would blow her overboard," said the captain, one morning to his mate, as they stood on the quarter-deck of his ship, the Flying Arrow, which was standing along past the coast of lower Guinea, Africa, on her way to the Cape of Good Hope.

"Aye," said the mate, glancing toward the pretty wife, who sat not far off, talking to her son, a little boy of six years. "But in spite of what you say, I have no doubt she has courage, her accompanying you on a sea voyage proves that."

"Courage! She has none at all. I have known her to be frightened by a mouse! You yourself witnessed her terror in the storm we had a few days ago."

"I think I have heard you say she is a good shot with the rifle."

"Yes; all habit. Her father was a great sportsman, and he taught her not to be afraid of a gun. But she would tremble at the thought of shooting a bird—that I know. She could never be persuaded to fire at anything but a wooden target."

"In case of an emergency, however—"

"Nonsense, man!" laughed the captain. "She would be as women always are in time of peril—too flurried—too excited to do anything, how much soever she might have the wish to be otherwise. But I like her none the less for this feminine failing," added Bertram, who, being a strong, powerful, decided man, seemed an excellent match for his frail looking, gentle partner.

"But persons like her sometimes show more real courage than larger and more masculine women."

"All bosh! People say that, but they seldom really think so."

On the day after this conversation, a gale from the west drove the ship toward the coast, compelling the captain to anchor within a hundred yards of the land, in a small sheltered bay, to save his craft from going ashore.

By the next morning the gale had subsided, but the breeze soon fell away to a dead calm, preventing the skipper from sailing.

He had lowered his gig to enable some of his men to repair certain damage which the cabin window had sustained during the tempest.

At night, the men not having yet finished their work, the boat was left astern, with the warp attached to a pin aboard. Little Thomas, the captain's six-year-old son, was in the cabin just after the men left the boat.

The night was very dark, and none of the occupants of the craft observed the movements of the youngster, who, when the cabin was deserted, opened the window, seized the warp of the boat, and, drawing the latter close to the vessel, got into it.

An hour later, Mrs. Bertram, missing her little boy, went on deck to look for him.

But she could not find him.

The captain and his men joined in the search, but it was soon evident that he was not aboard.

At length it was discovered that the boat which had been left astern was gone. The pin to which the warp had been fastened was found broken, showing that the boat had got adrift.

"I see," said the captain. "Thomas must have got into the boat, and began pulling on the rope, in this way parting the pin."

"My boy! My boy!" cried Mrs. Bertram, in anguish. "Where is he? Where can he be?"

The captain tried to laugh away her fears.

"The boat has drifted ashore," said he. "The current sets that way. Don't worry, Lily; we will soon have him back."

He lowered a boat, and was soon taking for the shore, with a good crew, one of the men standing in the bow, holding up a large lantern, which threw a broad gleam across the water.

The sailors were soon ashore, but saw nothing of the boat.

They shouted the little boy's name again and again, but there came no response.

Far along the shore they pulled, but they discovered no sign either of the boy or the gig.

For hours they vainly continued the search.

"What surprises me," said an old sailor, "is that we did not hear the little fellow sing out when he found himself going adrift. Can it be, sir, he fell over and was drowned right under the ship's stern?"

Bertram bowed his head on his hands and groaned.

"I have had that same thought," he said.

It was past midnight when the searchers returned aboard. The poor mother, as pale as death, seemed almost ready to swoon, when she learned that no trace of the little one had been found.

"We will look again in the morning," said the captain. "Don't despond, Lily."

All that night he endeavored to soothe his wife; but her anguish was almost beyond endurance, such as no pen could describe.

At daybreak the captain had his boat down again.

Besides the crew, it now contained Mrs. Bertram, who had insisted in accompanying the party.

After a long search, the boat was discovered among some rocks, where the breakers had almost dashed it to pieces.

Had little Thomas been drowned, or had he contrived to get out of the boat and reach the sandy beach a few feet distant?

A cry of joy escaped the vigilant mother.

She pointed to the sand, where the impressions of little shoes, not yet washed away, were visible.

Leaving two men in charge of the boat, the captain, followed by his wife and the rest of the crew, and armed with a loaded rifle which he had brought with him from the ship, made his way inland. There was a thicket a short distance beyond the beach, and this the party entered.

The ground was marshy in some places, and the tracks of the lost boy were occasionally seen.

Following these traces carefully, the party at length beheld, ahead of them, a small opening, and there, not a hundred yards off, apparently asleep, on the bank of a shallow stream, they beheld little Thomas!

He lay upon his side, his cheek resting upon one arm, his long curls streaming on the ground.

The rosy, healthy color upon his face at once convinced his mother that he was unharmed as well.

At first the happy woman could not utter a word for joy.

Then, with a cry of gladness, with outstretched arms, she ran toward the slumberer.

But she had not taken ten steps when her cheeks blanched, and an exclamation of dismay escaped the whole party.

An enormous crocodile had slowly lifted its hideous proportion from amongst the long reeds fringing the lower part of the bank, and was now crawling toward the sleeper.

The animal, half covered with mud and green slime, presented an appearance at once uncouth and horrible.

It was full twenty feet in length, its body covered with rough, irregular scales, its legs spotted, its claws sharp and crooked.

The jaw wide open, revealed rows of sharp teeth which were not close together, but a little apart. Each of its eyes, of an oval shape, and of a fiery, blood red hue, looked as if separated by a dark line, which gave to it an aspect of indescribble ferocity and voraciousness.

The terrible jaw was already within a few feet of the child's head.

Before the most active of the sailors could reach it, the teeth would close over that bright face; those golden curls would disappear in that ugly mouth forever.

The captain stopped and quickly raised his rifle.

"Fire, fire, for God's sake!" screamed his wife.

But Bertram's hand shook. Even had it been steady, he would not have dared to fire, lest his bullet should strike his boy instead of the crocodile.

He was a good shot, but so near was the fierce animal to the sleeper that the chances were ten to one that he would hit the child.

Lily understood the cause of her husband's hesitation.

Meanwhile the frightful teeth of the crocodile were now within a few feet of the boy; the bloodshot eyes snapped with greed and ferocity.

In a few seconds more the little one must become the monster's victim.

And now over the mother's face there came an expression of iron firmness.

From the quaking hands of her excited husband, who, still fearful of hitting the child, could not bring himself to fire, she snatched the rifle, raised it and took aim at the crocodile's eye.

Like a statue she stood for an instant; then the sharp report of the rifle smote upon the air, the teeth of the crocodile closed with a click, its head dropped to the earth, it smote the bank a few moments with its hard tail and then fell on its side—dead!

The mother's aim had been true; the bullet had struck the target, had penetrated the monster's eye and lodged in its brain.

Such a cheer as then went up to the sky was never heard before.

But Mrs. Bertram thought of nothing just then but her child.

The report of the rifle had waked him, and he was soon in his mother's arms.

His story was to this effect: After he got into the boat, he had commenced to pull on the warp-rope, which, suddenly parting, he fell backward, striking his head against a thwart.

He was stunned, and for some time after he was so confused that he hardly realized what had taken place, but lay with dizzy brain, perfectly still.

When at last he realized his situation, he was too far off to make his feeble voice heard. When the boat struck the rocks, he got out on the sand.

After vainly shouting, he thought he would try to get nearer the ship. He left the beach, wandered about for awhile; then he became very drowsy near the close, marshy thicket, and so lay down and fell asleep.

"Aye, aye, my boy," said the captain, and you may thank your mother for saving your life. Lily," he continued, turning to her, after they arrived aboard ship. "God bless you! You have proved yourself a noble creature. The other day I thought and expressed the thought, that one so frail and usually so timid as you could never be brought to show courage. Now I perceive and acknowledge my mistake, for you have shown me that the softest and most gentle woman may, in certain situations, exhibit more firmness and resolution than a strong man."—New York Ledger.

Light and Darkness.

A New York electrical journal some time ago told of an incident that occurred in the fitting up of a new office building near the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. The engineer of the building wished to wire the offices throughout for the electric light in addition to the gas pipes on which the conservative proprietor insisted. But all his arguments were in vain, and the apparently useless extravagance of electric wiring was obstinately vetoed. Suddenly, however, a happy thought struck the venerable owner. "Why," he said, "if the wires carry electricity, can't you make them carry gas, too?" A counterpart of this story is now told of a shipyard carpenter, a native of Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland. When the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted with electric light at the Troon shipyard was completed this man formed one of a social party gathered to treat the electricians who had made the installation and otherwise celebrate the event.

In a burst of candor and comradeship, he was overheard saying to one of the wiremen: "Man, Peter, a'm workin' wi' you on they boats I believe I could put in the electric light myse'l', but there's only ae thing that bates me." "Ay, what is that?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power. "It's this, man; I dinna ken hoo you get the ile along the wires!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Lost People Walk in Circles.

It is a matter of common knowledge that when a man is walking blindfold or is lost in a fog or in some unknown forest or desert instead of walking straight he has always a tendency to work round in a circle. The most commonly accepted explanation of this curious fact is the slight inequality in the length of a man's legs. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longest limb, and consequently will trend to the right or to the left, according as the left or right is the longer, unless the tendency to deviation is corrected by the eye. The explanation is supported by the fact that in the enormous majority of cases the human legs are proved to be of unequal length. The careful measurements of a series of skeletons showed that no less than ninety per cent. had the lower limbs unequal in length; thirty-five per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in fifty-five per cent. the left leg was the longer. The left leg being, therefore, more often the longest, it is to be expected that the inclination should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded.—Science Siftings.

Three Tall Brothers.

"The life of a Maine woodsman and hunter is very healthy," said Charles E. Hayden of Auburn, "and it is not an unusual thing that men who follow the life from boyhood develop into the veritable giant of old. While I was at Castle Hill, Aroostook, I made the acquaintance of three brothers, who were said to be the tallest men in the county. Their names were Allie, Elihu and Eliadad Frank. These three brothers, laid along in a line on the floor, would measure twenty-one feet to an inch in their stocking feet, and without their caps on. Two of them were more than seven feet tall, and the other one was a little less. Old Mr. Frank, their father, was taller than any of them. Their occupation is that of woodsmen, farmers, hunters and horse swappers."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Rosy Cheeks and Bald Heads.

It was a noticeable fact that a large percentage of the Union League members who waited in the club assembly-room for election returns on Tuesday night were rosy-cheeked and bald-headed, says the Philadelphia Press. A well-known doctor, who was in the room and who is as bald as a billiard ball himself, took occasion to explain the singular matter by remarking:

"The scalp and the stomach are so closely connected that the condition of one easily exerts a strong influence on the other. Hair falls out because the scalp is feverish. A man who loves to eat and drink the best he can get is very apt to have a feverish stomach. If he keeps this up the fever is permanently imparted to the scalp and the hair falls out. Show me a rosy-cheeked man with a bald head and I'll show you a person who loves to live well, and who has an inexhaustible fund of good nature. They like fun and excitement, and for that reason can often be found in the front rows of our theaters."

Aphorisms.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Swift.

A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.—Alexander Smith.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson.

Wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial.—Hume.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

God asks no man whether he will accept life. That is not the choice. You must take it. The only choice is how.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Benjamin Franklin.

The laughter of man is the contentment of God.—John Weiss.

It has been computed that the death rate of the globe is sixty-eight per minute.

CHINESE LEGEND ABOUT MUSIC.

How the Divine Art Was Reduced to a System.

"The legend tells us that Lyng-Lun wandered, deep in thought, to the land of Lijoimig, where the bamboos grow. He took one, cut a piece of it between two of the knots, and having pushed out the pith, blew into the hollow, whereby he produced a beautiful tone, like the sound of his own voice. At this moment, the river Hoangho, which ran boiling along a few paces off, roared with its waves, and the noise it made was also in unison with the sound of Lyng-Lun's beautiful voice, and the sound of the bamboo.

"'Behold them,' cried Lyng-Lun, 'the fundamental sound of nature!' And as he was musing on this wonderful coincidence, the magic bird Foung-hoang and his mate came flying along. They perched on a tree, and began to sing. Imagine the delight of our musician when he found that their song was also in unison with the sounds of the river, the bamboo, and his own voice. Then all the winds were hushed, and all the birds of the air were silent, as they listened to the song of the magic bird and his mate.

"As they sang, Lyng-Lun, who had found his opportunity and like a wise man meant to use it, kept cutting bamboos, and tuning them to the notes of the birds, six to the notes of the male and six to the notes of the female. When they had finished singing, Lyng-Lun had twelve bamboos cut and tuned, which he bound together and took to the King, and they gave forth the twelve notes of our modern chromatic scale.

"The odd notes F, G, A, B, C, sharp, D sharp were the male notes, and the even notes F sharp, G sharp, A sharp, C, D, E, were the female, and with that partiality for the masculine sex which is not peculiar to the Chinese, they pronounced the six odd or male tones perfect, and called them 'Yang,' and the six even or female notes they pronounced imperfect, and called them 'Yu'"

The writer thinks that, with an origin so poetic, we might certainly have expected music to develop into something which would justify its being called in China, as with us, "the Divine Art," but, according to her account, a Chinese orchestra is the most atrocious, ear splitting performance one could possibly listen to. Still, as she remarks, there are two sides to every question, and the Chinese and Japanese trained musicians listen to the efforts of western artists with a tolerance born of a sense of lofty superiority. The gourd, or ching, is said by the writer to be the most pleasing of Chinese instruments, and she tells us, apparently without the slightest attempt at humor, that "it seems to be something akin to the Scotch bagpipes." Another instrument, the ou, is a very poetic conception. It is described as in the form of a crouching tiger, with twenty-seven teeth on its back, like the teeth of a saw, and is scraped these with a stick.—Music.

Life of a Trained Nurse.

The number of books, with their big, unpronounceable names which nurses in training have to study frighten away all rattle-brained applicants, leaving only the studious, determined, and reliable, says Donahoe's Magazine. Heroines they are, every one of them who finishes the course, as anyone must see who has lived among them and watched them through each busy day, dressing wounds, bandaging and making bandages and rollers and linings of splints, cooking and serving delicacies, dressing the newly born and preparing the dead for burial, and making the rounds with physicians and surgeons, from whom they receive their practical training. In addition to these few duties mentioned out of the thousand and one that will suggest themselves they must attend lectures, recitations, and demonstrations, and prepare for their own examinations, which in some schools occur each months. Even from this brief showing, it will be seen the life of a trained nurse is a ceaselessly busy one, helpful and truly noble, but in no way a sinecure. No one but the fairly educated and cultivated should enter the profession, since nurses should have these qualifications quite as much as the mechanical skill in order to render them agreeable to the class of people who commonly employ nurses. And none but the patient and self-sacrificing need enter the profession expecting to rise to the rank of a Florence Nightingale; at least, that is the conclusion of one who has lived with them, studied their life, and profited by their training.

"At Home."

A story used by the current among the students in Aberdeen which showed that, up to a comparatively recent date, ancient prejudices were retained by the old-fashioned Scotch professor. It related to the late Principal Pirie, who had a weakness for the refinements of life.

Just after, "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the direst specimens of the old professional régime was surprised to receive a missive which read as follows:

"Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T. and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be 'at home' on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock."

This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote:

"Professor T. returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is very well. Professor T. is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Professor T. will also be at home."

MANY men are like a bird on a branch—always wavering.

Cincinnati was originally called Losantiville.

The total hog slaughter last year was 18,996,530.

Russia produces 111,649 barrels of petroleum daily.

Colorado has 3,000,000 acres under artificial irrigation.

Admiral Newport gave a name to the Rhode Island city.

An autograph of Napoleon sold in London recently for $60.

LAND OF DROUTHIE CRONIES.

Convival Caledonia's Curious Inns and Hotels and Some Facts About Them.

Robert Kempt has gathered together many interesting historical items and quaint anecdotes about the inns and hotels of Scotland, says the Caterer. It must be confessed the historical side begins very late, for in olden days inns were practically unknown over the border, travelers being received in private houses as guests. Consequently there is no record of such ancient London hostelries as the Tabard, in Southwark; the Mermaid, in Bread Street, or the Blue Boar, in Eastcheap. When Defoe went to Scotland he had difficulty in finding an inn at Aberdeen, and thus in spite of a royal edict issued by James I. in 1424, to the effect that in all borough towns where there was considerable traffic, hostelries should be established, but these institutions did not flourish till very much later. Mr. Kempt gives some amusing information as to the pains and penalties enacted in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries regarding the hours of closing, drunkenness, etc. The inns of Aberdeen are accorded a whole chapter, for there is much to say about those of the last century. They practically formed open clubs for the wits and learned men of the hospitable city. Over very modest repasts and potations, grand symposia were held; the philosophers lived low, but thought and spoke high.

Dr. Johnson seems to have appreciated the Aberdeen inns; he found them almost as congenial as his haunts in Fleet Street, and certainly far better than the Scottish houses of entertainment. Among other interesting items of information Mr. Kempt points out that whisky is a comparatively modern beverage, and that in olden days claret was almost as much drank as ale. The Regent Albany is supposed to have made claret popular. In 1480 red Gascony wine sold in Aberdeen at sixpence a pint, and later on claret and port wine could be had at eighteenpence a bottle. Indeed, claret and port in those early days could be procured cheaper in Scotland than in most parts of England. In the cities and country side are many inns with historical interests attached to them. In the Inveravauld Arms Hotel, Braemar, is the stone on which the standard of Mar was raised in 1745, the beginning of Prince Charle's wild escape. Other inns are associated with names venerated in Scottish history and literature. There are many inns in the Highlands closely connected with Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, Sir Walter Scott, and other kindred giants of old. Scott mentions that it used to be the fashion to eat oysters in the Covenant Close, Edinburgh, and Mr. Kempt has gathered together many details as to this once fashionable form of indulgence. During the eighteenth century it seems that the best society in the Scottish capital, ladies and gentlemen, used to make parties at one of the taverns in "Auld Reekie," there to partake of oysters and porter, ending up with brandy and rum punch, with songs and dancing. Some of these old Aberdonian and Edinburgh inns were the ancient houses of noble families, great rambling buildings, with many rooms, some of remarkably fine proportions. Even a few of the country inns were former mansions of the lairds of the soil.

Baby Liked It.

It is not to be expected that every mother who sings her baby to sleep is the owner of a voice full of melody and harmony. If good singers were common they would not be appreciated.

Of course, it is hard on the babies, but then there are so many things that they have to endure without murmur, that this affliction is only one of few. Being kissed by people to whom they have not been introduced usually heads such a list, says the Philadelphia Press.

But a mother's voice always sounds sweet to the baby, and has the desired effect of throwing him into a trance. Other people in the house may not be entertained to the same degree. Some of them have been known to say so.

A young mother who has an interesting infant had such an experience. Her voice, she knew, was not in Patti's class, but it answered the purpose nicely. The other evening, without informing the maid of the kitchen that she would be away from home for an hour, she left the baby in care of her sister, who has a charming voice. On her return she mentioned the fact of her absence to the maid and was surprised at the reply:

"Yes, ma'am, I knew it. I could tell the difference in the singing to the baby. You must excuse me, but I can't help saying, Mrs. J——, that you have no voice for singing."

No Objections Offered.

A young man of Detroit, who writes poetry now and then, spent several weeks of the past summer in one of the interior towns, where he loafed around a newspaper office, and did up a number of local events in poetic measure. One day a prominent citizen died and a friend of his, who knew the young man and his poetry, called on the editor to see about a funeral notice.

"We have it in good shape," said the editor.

"All the facts?" inquired the friend.

"Yes, and a poem by our visiting poet from Detroit."

The friend began rubbing his chin in grave doubt.

"All right, all right," he exclaimed, brightening; "I suppose it will be safe enough for the young fellow the man will be buried before the poem appears."

Unquestionably Insane.

Conductor (to passenger)—Do you see that young man in the forward end of the car who is occupying four seats?

Passenger—Yes.

Conductor—I think he is crazy—something wrong with him. He is a Chicago drummer and when I asked him how trade was he said d