

OLD-TIME HUSKING BEES.

Memory often takes an outing
From the present passing show
Spreads her pinions and goes scouting
To the scenes of long ago.

'Mid the husks upon the floor,
For which the girl would saugle
To him closer than before,
Blushing to her flager tips

Beat him to a jelly! Let no bone, no
smallest bit of shell, remain unbroke!
May his feet, his fins, his eyes,—yes,
an his liver—all become one shapless
mass."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED
DIVINE.

Subject: Our Father's House—God's
Homestead, Built on the Hills of
Heaven, Provided Rooms For All—
Vivid Picture of the Celestial Home.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)
Washington, D. C. A unique way the
heavenly world is disclosed upon Dr.
Talmage in this sermon under the figure of
a home; text, John xiv., 2, "In My Father's
house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a
cure in the discipline of our race and
Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a
stimulant and a tonic. He shows them
that their sorrows are only a dark back-
ground of a bright picture of coming
glory. He never owned a house, although he
now they live on the lowlands, they shall
yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly
all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be
figurative. I am not positive that in all
heaven there is a literal crown or harp or
pearly gate or throne or chiot. They
may be only used to illustrate the glories
of the place, but how well they do it!

The favorite symbol by which the Bible pre-
sents celestial happiness is a house. Paul,
while he never owned a house, although he
lived for two years in Italy, speaks of
heaven as a "house not made with hands,"
and Christ in our text, the translation of
which is a little changed, so as to give the
more accurate meaning, says: "In My
Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of
heaven to a great homestead of large ac-
commodations I propose to carry out. In
some healthy neighborhood a man builds
a very commodious habitation. He must
have room for all his children. The rooms
come to be called after the different mem-
bers of the family. That is mother's room,
that is George's room, that is Henry's room,
that is Flora's room, that is Harry's room,
and the house is occupied by all. They
goes by, and the sons go out into the
world and build their own homes, and the
daughters are married or have talents
enough singly to go out and do a good
thing in the world. The father and mother
and mother are almost alone in the
big house, and, seated by the evening
stand, they say: "Well, our family is no
larger now than when we started together
four years ago." But time goes still
further by, and one of the children, an
unfortunate and return to the old home-
stead to live, and the grandchildren come
with them and perhaps grand-grandchildren,
and again the house is full.

The old homestead on the hills of
heaven a great homestead for a family in-
numerable, yet to be at first he lived alone
in that great house, but after awhile it
was occupied by a very large family, cher-
ished, cherished, angelic. The cherishes
became wayward and left, never to return,
and many of the apartments were vacant.
I refer to the fallen angels. Now these
apartments are filling up again. There are
angels of the old homestead of God's
children every day, and the day will come
when there will be no unoccupied room in
all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make
there eternal residence, I thought you
would like to get a better idea of the particu-
lars about the many roomed homestead. "In
my Father's house are many rooms." You
see, the place is to be apportioned off into
apartments. We shall live all who are in
heaven, but there are some very good peo-
ple who are not yet in heaven, but I am glad
to say that they will be in the same room.
They may be better than we are, but they are
of a divergent temperament. We would like
to meet with them on the golden streets and
worship with them in the temple and walk
with them in the garden. I am glad to say
that we shall live in different apart-
ments. "In my Father's house are many
rooms." You see, heaven will be so large
that if one wants an entire room to himself
it can be had.

An ingenious statistician, taking the
statement made in Revelation, twenty-first
chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was
measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs
and that the length and height and breadth
of it are equal, says that would make
heaven in size 945 sextillion 988 quintillion
cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain
portion for the court of heaven and the
streets and estimating that the world may
last a hundred thousand years, he figures
out that there would be 5,000,000,000,000
rooms, each room seventeen feet long, six-
teen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have
no faith in the accuracy of that calculation.
He makes the rooms too small. From
what I have seen of the palaces of the
world, and those who have not had enough of
this world will have plenty of room at the
last. I should not wonder if, instead
of the room that the statistician ciphered
out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it
should be the size of the palaces of Berlin,
St. James or Winter palace. "In my
Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism
of the text, let us join hands and go up to
the majestic homestead and see for our-
selves what the golden streets and the
invisible guardsman swings open the front
door, and we are ushered to the right into
the reception room of the old homestead.
That is the place where we first meet the
angelic spirits. There must be a place
where the departed spirit goes to rest, a
place in which it confronts the inhabitants
of the new world—what scenes it
must have witnessed since the first great
spiritual resurrection! How glorious and
glorious! In that room Christ lovingly
greeted all newcomers. He redeemed them,
and He has the right to their embrace on
arrival. What a minute when the ascended
spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all
else that we can see. Him or talk with Him;
Him or sang about Him in all the churches
and through all our earthly lifetime will
it be, just for one second to see Him.
The most rapturous idea we ever had of
Him in our mortal days or at the resurrection
of some great revival or under the uplifted
baton of an orator is a bankruptcy of
thought compared with the first flash of
His appearance in that reception room. At
that moment when you confront each
other Christ is looking upon you and there
looking upon Christ, there will be an ec-
static thrill and surging of emotion that
beggars all description. Look! They need
no introduction. Long ago Christ chose
that repentant sinner and that repentant
sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of
an immortal history—the first kiss of
heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and
Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour
the glorified spirits, enough of earthly
retention to let you know them, but with-
out their wounds or their sicknesses or
their troubles. See what heaven has done
for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so
transportingly lovely! They call you by
name. The great joy of an angel is ap-
portioned to the anguish of your parting
and the length of your separation.
Father! Mother! There is your child.
Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you
were here to see me. I wish you were
in the reception room of the old homestead.
You see, they will know you are coming.
There are so many immortals filling all the
spaces between here and heaven that news
like that is like lightning. They will be
there in an instant. Though they were in
some other world on errand from God, a
signal would be thrown that would
fetch them. Though you might at first
feel dazed and overawed at their super-
natural splendor, that feeling will be
gone at their first touch of heavenly
salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost
boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh,
my lost friend! Are we here together!"
That is the reception room of the old
homestead have been witnessed! There
met Joseph and Jacob, finding a brighter
room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's
palace; David and the little child for whom
he once fasted and wept; Mary and Laz-

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A young man in Buffalo, N. Y.,
from some impulsive freak, took it
into his head to save all his cents. He
wreathed for two years when he got
1200 of them and tried to sell them,
but nobody would buy even at 80 cents
on the dollar. Some shopkeepers in-
timated that he might have been rob-
bing poor boxes, and the agony of the
young man is not to be measured by a
boxful of cents.

They say that on Moosehead Lake,
Maine, an angler recently was fishin'
with a steel rod during a thunder-
storm and struck a trout at the same
instant that a thunderbolt dallied with
his rod. The cork handle prevented the
angler feeling anything more than a
slight shock, but when he hauled it in
he found the rod stone dead. He
figured it out that the lightning bolt
followed the rod and the enameled
line down to where the trout had just
taken hold of the hook, and there
killed him.

A workman drove a wagon loaded
with sixty gallons of nitro-glycerine
into Van Buren, Ind., the other day
and dismounted to transact some busi-
ness. The horses became frightened
and ran down the principal street of
the town, causing a panic. Citizens
ran from their offices and stores, de-
serting their business and seeking
safety by getting a distance from the
wagon, which was expected to explode
every second. Finally the horses
broke loose from the wagon and left
it standing in the street.

English police report the strange
death of a valuable horse belonging
to the Lancashire & Yorkshire Rail-
way company, which had been placed
in a field under suspicion of madness.
At midnight it escaped from the field
and knocked up the landlord of the
Fields Arms by battering his front
door with its forefeet. Driven thence,
it was seen to try to scale several cot-
tage bedroom windows, and being at
length captured by the village con-
stable and sundry helpers, and placed
in another field, it dashed away at a
gallop and leaped madly into the
swamp, breaking its neck against a
brick culvert.

It has just been made public that a
find of incalculable value to science
was made at a stone quarry near Akron,
Ohio. The find consists of the skele-
ton of a gigantic man, believed to
have lived in prehistoric times, and
relics of a time when civilization was
just beginning to dawn. In clearing
away refuse quarrymen found the
almost complete skeleton of a man.
The skull was entire and the lower jaw
bone of such proportions as to easily
fit over the outside of the jaw of the
largest modern man. Vertebrae were
found, as were a few ribs and femurs
and the large pelvis bone, which was
broken in two. It is believed the man
must have been at least ten feet in
height.

Gwanlu in Africa, which contains
between 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants,
is surrounded by a palisade of tree
poles, the top of every pole being
crowned with a human skull. There
are six gates, and the approach of each
gate is laid with a pavement of human
skulls, the tops being the only part
that shows above ground. More than
2000 skulls are used in the pavement
leading up to the gate. The pavement
is of snowy whiteness, polished to
the smoothness of ivory by the dai-
ly passage of hundreds of naked feet.

Among other curious materials which
have been used for pavements may be
mentioned molasses mixed with sand
and compressed into blocks; horse's
teeth set in cement, granulated cork,
India rubber, shells, steel and glass.
A pavement of grass blocks has been
laid in the city of Lyons, France.
The costliest macadam on record is
that which once paved the streets of
Kimberley, South Africa. It was so
thickly studded with diamonds that
gems worth millions were taken from
it.

Traveling in Java.

A man who has been traveling in
Java thus writes about the Dutch
colonial railways. He says: "Trains
are used in Java, not on account of
their speed, but on account of the
long distances one has to cover. If
you are in a hurry and you haven't
more than five miles to go—walk.
You may find some difficulty in keep-
ing up to the train if it is going down
a stiff gradient, but you will more
than make this up on coming to the
slightest ascent. It is a solemn fact,"
he continues, "that once in the course
of a mile walk along a highway run-
ning parallel with the railway line I
caught up to and passed a 'snel' (ex-
press train). Toward the end of the
walk I entered a shop to purchase
an article, and only after I had been
in the shop ten minutes did the train
again pass me."—Pinnaz Gazette.

WHY IS A JELLY-FISH?

A WONDERFUL TALE OF JAPAN.

BY F. W. REMY.

You little children of today, who
are so wise in school-room lore, may
object to the title of my story,— "Why
is a jelly-fish?" I hear you say in
scoffing tones, "Why, because it is,
of course,—just like a clam or an
oyster; it just is a jelly-fish!"

But I am going to give you the
answer that the Japanese fairy-tales
give to the brown-eyed little ones of
old Japan. You know how very old
Japan is—so it is quite likely that in
her past history she would have seen
the very beginning of many things;
and she says that the jelly-fish was
not always the helpless, quivering
mass that you see lying helpless
among the bright hued shells and
shining pebbles on the seashore.

Years and years ago, when the
world was very young, the Japanese
fairy tales tell us that the jelly-fish
was far more active and spry than any
of his funny brothers; for he, besides
his fins and tail, had tiny feet, which
enabled him to walk upon the land
with the utmost ease and grace.

I do not myself believe that his brain
was very active; for I think that any
fish—yes, even a clam—would today
be wise enough to escape the horrible
fate by which one silly jelly-fish
ruined a whole race of active, agile
creatures. For just see what
happened.

The old king of the dragons, who
had for many years been a cross,
cranky old bachelor, fell in love with
and married a beautiful young
dragoness. So lovely was she, with
sea green eyes, coral lips, and yellow
hair, that it was no wonder the old
king adored her. Great was the re-
joicing throughout all the kingdom at
the marriage festivities. Every fish
that could swim, from the least to the
greatest, came bearing beautiful gifts.
But the clams and the oysters were
considered in those days the wise
men of the kingdom; and royalty even
deferred to them, waiting for hours at
a time for them to open the r mouths
on grave questions of state. So, they
never left home, but received in great
remoture in their own domains. To
them, attended by a long train of
courtiers, composed of the finest
scholars in all the schools of fish,
went the dragon king and his wis-
some bride; and so everyone in Dragon
Land welcome to the sovereign; and all
was joy. But, alas! this happiness
was too great to last! At the zenith of
the honeymoon the sweet young
dragon queen became mysteriously
ill; and in spite of constant care from
the best doctors in the realm, she
sined away, and seemed about to die.
One day, in a voice as soft as a fish's
breath, she said to her husband: "In
a dream I learned of what will cure
me. Fetch me the liver of a live
monkey, and your little periwinkle"—
for so the king had often called her
in a tender moment—"will get strong
again." "The liver of a live monkey,
periwinkle of my heart!" cried the
astounded king. "Why, monkeys
live far away, among the great forests
on the land! They, poor things, can-
not swim nor live in the water
kingdom of the dragons! Heart's
periwinkle you must be mad!"

Then the young queen moaned and
sobbed: "Ah! it is true what mamma
said. You never loved me! One
little thing I ask, to save my life; and
you will not give it to me. Go away!
Disport among fairer and younger
dragonesses!" In great distress the
dragon king sought counsel among the
scholars of the jelly-fish school, and,
after listening to the strange fancy of
their idolized queen, the bravest
among them said:

"Listen, O dragon king! I will
swim across the waters, and climb the
forest hills; and so sweetly will I sing
of the beauties and delights of Dragon
Land that I will entice the monkeys
from the tree tops, and they will all
clamor to return with me. But I will
choose the plumpest and the youngest
and bring him on my back to your
august dragonship."

"Do this," said the dragon king,
and the choicest coral house, inlaid
with pearl, and the most radiant
dragoness in the kingdom shall be
yours!" So the gallant jelly-fish started
on his "Liver Quest." He swiftly
swam across the water; and—fortune
always favors the brave—just where
he happened to land stood a grove of
trees, and up in the top of one he saw
a beautiful young monkey. He knew
by the monkey's cheerful face, and the
enjoyment with which he was eating
nuts, that his liver was in good shape.
So he commenced his beguiling
talk:

"O Mr. Monkey, jump down from your tree!
Come, cross the beautiful water with me.
There shall you see a beautiful land,

Where fruit-trees and nut-trees grow stately
and grand;
And man, who is always annoying you here,
That radiant country does never come near."

The monkey, entranced by this
lovely song, forgot the ties of his
home, and clambering quickly down
from his perch, said: "I accept your
invitation. Lend me your bathing
suit."

"No," said the wily jelly-fish.
"Jump on my back, and I will take
you there. It is not fitting that a
guest to my king should even wet his
worshipful feet." Now you know
how impulsive a monkey is, and also
how clever. So it is no wonder that,
after they had started, the monkey be-
gan to think and wonder if he had
not been acting unwisely in trusting
himself to this stranger. So he put
on his most winning manner, and
offering the jelly-fish his last nut,
said: "How clever you are! You
walk so beautiful on the shore, and
swim with such ease in the water! If
all your people are so smart, why
should you care to take such a clumsy
creature as I to your beautiful
country." And now the jelly-fish,
who had become very tired of carrying
his heavy load, and also was not loath
to show that his brain was quite as
clever as his shell, felt that he could
safely tell his real reason for taking
the monkey on his journey. "Oh!"
said he, in an airy manner, as he shook
the salt drops from his tail and wiped
the water from his eyes with one tiny
foot, "Oh, I forgot to mention that,
although Dragon Land is far more
lovely than I have ever told you,
your visit will be short. His majesty,
the dragon king, really wishes for
your liver, that it may be made into a
medicine for his wife, the lovely young
queen."

Now the shell of the jelly-fish was
so thick in those days that he could
not feel the shiver of fear that shook
the monkey from head to tail, and the
roar of the waters drowned the gasp
of horror that the monkey gave.

He only heard him say: "I ask
nothing better than to yield up my
chattering, frivolous life for the sake
of the queen of the dragons, the fame
of whose beauty has mounted to the
tops of our highest trees. But, un-
fortunately, I left my liver hanging
on the branch of the tree in which I
was playing. You see a good liver—
and mine is of the best—is too precious
a thing to carry about with one; and
so I usually take mine out when I am
playing, and only put it in when I am
ready to go home. I am so sorry to
ask you to go back for it. But, you
see, I would be of no service to the
queen at present, unless,"—a sudden
thought seemed to strike him,—
"unless my heart, lungs, or brains
would be of use. All I have is
hers!"

"No," said the jelly-fish: "only a
liver. We must go back for yours.
I wish I had told you at first what I
really wanted you for, but I had no
idea you tree dwellers were so good
natured." The jelly-fish was so ill-
natured on the return trip that he
chose the roughest course he
could, and the monkey became
very sea-sick before they reached the
shore again.

"Now hurry up your liver!" called
the jelly-fish, as the monkey bounded
from his back as soon as they touched
the shore of Monkey Land.

Up to the topmost branch of the
tree climbed the monkey in less than
no time; and then, after scrambling
about in the branches, and making a
great fuss, he called out: "I cannot
find my liver anywhere. Some one
must have stolen it, or perhaps my
mother has taken it home to keep it
safely for me. I will go and look for
it; but you had better go home and
tell your king about it, or he may be
worried about you. Come for me to-
morrow at this time, and I'll have my
liver all ready and waiting for you."

Of course, you all know what the
silly jelly-fish never dreamed of,
that the monkey had no intention of
giving up his liver for any dragon
queen, and that he was chuckling to
himself at the ease with which he had
fooled the jelly-fish.

But the jelly-fish started off in high
good humor, and hastened to the
dragon king with a glad heart. What
was his amazement, however, when,
after telling the king all that had
happened, he beheld his briny majesty
fly into a fearful rage.

So wild with fury and disappoint-
ment did the king become that he
called to his "officers of shell-fish
law,"—the sword-fish and the whale,
and bade them deal with the jelly-fish
to the fullest extent of the law.
"Away with this barnacle of stupidity!

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE
VICE OF INTemperance.

Co. 1 Water—A Pleasant Cure For The
Liquor Habit—Fresh Fruit Will Take
Away The Craving For Drink—Distilla-
tions of Nature's Laboratory.

Shall ever cold water be forgot,
When we sit down to dine?
Ah, no my friends, for is it not
Poured out by hands divine?
Poured out by hands divine, my friends,
Poured out by hands divine,
From springs and wells it gushes forth,
Poured out by hands divine.

Cold water, too (tho' wonderful
'Tis not less true again),
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men, my friends.

And as the bells of tulips tura
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds, then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle,
What sweeter more, than water pure,
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak, full many a cup,
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain, then drink it up,
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
By having water in its cups—
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies fling
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like water get strong,
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

—Linton Minor, in the New York Observer.

Antidote For Liquor.

A writer in a European temperance jour-
nal, called attention to the value of fruit as
an antidote for the craving for liquor. He
says: "In Germany, a nation greatly in
advance of other countries in matters re-
lating to hygiene, alcoholic disease has
been successfully combated by the adop-
tion of pure fruit and natural curative
agencies. I have said that the use of fresh
fruit is an antidote for the drink crave, and
this is true. I have met men who have
told me that fruit has often taken away
the craving for liquor, and leave behind
How can fruit and pure diet do all this?
The explanation is simple.

"Fruit may be called nature's medicine
Every apple, every orange, every plum
and every grape is a bottle of medicine. At
nature's laboratory—but this water is rich
in peculiar fruit acids medicinally bal-
anced, which are specially cooling to the
tissues of the drunkard and soothing to the
irritated state of the system. An apple
or orange eaten when the desire for
liquor arises would generally take away
that desire, and every victory would make
less strong each recurring temptation.
The function of fresh fruits and succulent
vegetables is to supply the needed acid
nourishment as to supply the needed acid
and alkalies for the purification of the
blood. Once get the blood pure, every
time its pure nutrient stream bathes the
several tissues in the body it will bring
away some impurity and leave behind an
atom of healthy tissue until in time the
drunkard shall stand up purified and it
his right mind."—Christian Worker.

A Great Physician on Moderate Drinking.

One of the most famous medical men of
Europe is Sir Henry Thompson, surgeon of
the University College Hospital, fellow of
the Royal Society, and a man of extraor-
dinary to the King of the Belgians. Sir
Henry has made an especial study of alcohol
and its effect upon the human system,
and has been most vigorous in his denun-
ciations of the business of selling it as a
average and of its use as a beverage. On one
occasion he made this observation:
"I have long had the conviction that
there is no greater cause of evil, moral and
physical, in this country than the use of
alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by
this that extreme indulgence may be
doomed drunkenness. The habitual use of
fermented liquors to an extent far short
of what is necessary to produce that con-
dition, and such as is common in all ranks
of society, injures the body and diminishes
the mental power to an extent which few
people are aware of. I have no hesita-
tion in attributing a very large proportion of
the most painful and dangerous
maladies which come under my notice, as
well as those of the mind, to the use of
alcohol. I do not mean to say that it is
to be treated, to the ordinary and daily use
of fermented drink taken in the quantity
which is conventionally deemed moder-
ate."—Presbyterian Banner.

The Boys Got Scared.

As a result of the recent visit of Dr.
Crothers (editor of the Journal of Inebri-
ety) to Butte, Mont., whether he was called
to give expert testimony in a case before
the courts, the saloon keepers of that city
report a perceptible decrease in their cash
receipts. So says a leading liquor organ.
The doctor, it is stated, "drew such a dis-
tinct picture of the dangers of alcoholism,
declaring that every man who had once
been drunk is never afterward perfectly
sane, that the boys have got scared and
have been thinking in double shifts." The
anti-liquor forces would make much more
rapid strides toward victory if there were
more such specialists as Dr. Crothers in
the field to testify by voice and pen to the
true nature of alcohol. The most potent
arguments for total abstinence in these
days—the arguments which cause quickest
greatest of the other will return to be
found in the scientific phases of the prob-
lem.—Union Signal.

Manila Getting "Civilized."

C. E. Banker, a St. Paul (Minn.) police-
man, who joined the Thirtieth Minnesota
and is just home from service in the Phil-
ippines, is quoted by a St. Paul paper as
saying:
"Manila is getting to be a real hot town
and it has assimilated American ways very
rapidly. On the Escholts there are some
flair saloons, and you can buy American
beer there—that is, if you want to pay
eighty cents a bottle (Mexican money) for
it. Some of the saloons take in as high as
\$8000 a day, which is not so bad."

The Gin-Mill Road.

Joseph Cook says that "the road to po-
litical preferment runs through the gin-
mill," and the voting church appears to
have deliberately elected to travel that
road in peace rather than run the risk of
temporary defeat by making an heroic ef-
fort to remove the gin-mill from its path.

The Crusade in Brief.

Total abstinence is self-discipline.
Drunkenness is individual anarchy.
The saloon never takes a vacation.
'Tis better to abstain than to reform.
The saloon stays because we are too lazy
to be earnest.
Day and night, Sunday and week-day,
liquor continues its ruinous work.
With the sanction of the law the liquor
traffic robs men of money and health and
character.
An ordinance has been passed in West
Palm Beach, Fla., forbidding females to
own saloons.