A SERMON ON HUNTING.

WHERE MEN MAKE MISTAKES.

Dr. Talmage Gives an Interesting Talk Appropriate to the Season.

TEXT: *"In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."*—Genesis xlix., 27.

A few nights ago 800 men encamped along the Long Island railroad so as to be ready for the next morning, which was the first "open day" for deer hunting. Between sunrise and 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day fifteen deer were shot. On the 29th of October out woods and forests resound with the shock of firearms and are tracked of pointers and setters because the quail are then a lawful prize for the sportsman.

On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun, because grouse hunting has begun, and every man that can afford the time and ammunition and can draw a head starts for the fields. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd fall over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox chase and at the stag hunt. Francis I was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore, in all ages of the world, the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive, whether it means a wolf after a fox or a man after a lion

Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder, and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey and then drag it back to the cave or lair and divide it among the young.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward, by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house, who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life they were after the world as intense as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. They wanted the world's plaudits and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything. Some of them started out for the pleasures of the world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee and conundrum and burlesque and madrigal.

They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods or Charles Lambs or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine and music and the spectacular. They were worshipers of the harlequin, and the Merry Andrew, and the buffoon, and the jester. Life was to them foam and bauble and cachinnation and roystering and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the burial because there was something so dolorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker.

After awhile misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found there was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave way or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfoliated. They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God there blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and their immorality, and here they sit at sixty or seventy years of age as appreciative of all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are beat on a style of satisfaction which in early life they never hunted—the evening of their days brighter than the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they divided the spoils.

Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how limber the rim of a man's hat is when he bows down before some one transpicuous. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a $4000 turnout. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled in the headgear of a dashing span. They wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldric, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof.

Wherever a dollar was expected to be, they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled at midnight by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the Government treasury They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and the setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar, and they cried: "Hark away! A dollar! A dollar!" And when at last they came upon it and had actually captured it their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk.

In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey! But there came a better time to their soul. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Balston, living at the rate of $25,000 a month leaping from a San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earthy earthy. They saw some great souls by avarice turned into homuncull, and they said to themselves, "I will seek after higher treasure."

From that time they did not care whether they walked or rode if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion or in a hut if they dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty; nor whether they were robed in French broadcloth or in homespun if they had the robe of the Saviour's righteousness, nor if they were sandalled with morocco or calfskin if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now you see peace on their countenances. Now that man says "What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world. Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years of my life while I was gaingetting. I like this evening of my day a great deal better than I did the morning. In the morning I greedily devoured the prey, but now it is evening, and I am gloriously dividing the spoil."

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt. It rekindles the luster of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheumatic limbs the strength to leap like a roe. Christopher North's pet gun, the muckle-mou'd Meg, going off in the summer in the forest had its echo in the winter time in the eloquence that rang through the university halls of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields, but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwarfing and belaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the guncap, and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing.

When you turn out to hunt the world, the world turns out to hunt you, and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a panther's heart, has gone down under the striped claws, so while you have been attempting to devour this world the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Coleridge. So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances struck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life at one stroke. Mary Queen of Scots wrote on the window of her castle

> From the top of all my trust
> Mishap hath laid me in the dust.

The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on, but they were poisoned gloves, and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success. "Oh," says some young man in the audience, "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoils of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats, and then I will be good."

Young man, did you ever take the census of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two or none? How many in a vast assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of snow here and there in the fields on a late April day. The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be forty, before they get to be thirty; and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days in devouring the prey the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ postpones it forever.

Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision, or the steamboat explosion, or the slip on the ice, or the falling ladder, or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity again. They locked the door of heaven against their soul, and they threw away the keys. They chased the world, and they died in the chase The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, they leaped the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world, they lost both and got neither

While this is an encouragement to old people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cautiously. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine given to different patients, in one case it saves life and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the young. Be cautious in taking it.

Again, my subject is descriptive of those who come to a sudden and radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night—only seven or eight hours. You know that the day has a very brief life. Its heart beats twenty-four times, and then it is dead. How quick this transition in the character of these Benjamites! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoils." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes, a man may be at 7 o'clock in the morning an all devouring worldling, and at 7 o'clock at night he may be a peaceful distributive Christian.

Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs zigzag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the reformation of his character and have that resolution going on a great while, that does not make him a Caristian. But the very instant when he flings his soul on the mercy of Jesus Carist, that instant is lustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment devouring the prey, after that moment dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years.

My hearer, you know very well that the best things you have done you have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy, or to sell or to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you had missed that one chance, you would have missed it forever. Now, just as precipitate and quick and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. Some morning you were making a calculation. You got on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you were pursuing it. That very morning you were devouring the prey, but that very night you were in a different mood. You found that all heaven was offered you. You wondered how you could get it for yourself and for your family. You wondered what resources it would give you now and hereafter. You are dividing peace and comforts and satisfaction and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

One Sabbath night at the close of the service I said to some persons, "When did you first become serious about your soul?" And they told me, "To-night." And I said to others, "When did you give your heart to God?" And they said, "To-night." And I said to still others, "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" And they said, "To-night." I saw by the gayety of their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey, but I saw also in the flood of joyful tears, and in the kindling raptures on their brow, and in their exhilarant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the spoil.

If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night, you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your soul might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people suppose. You thought it was a decadence. You thought religion was maceration. You thought it was highway robbery; that it struck one down and left him half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it broke the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing with its black talons through the air. No, that is not religion.

What is religion? It is dividing the spoil. It is taking a defenseless soul and panoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the king's hand, every medal stamped with a coronation. It is an exhilaration, expansion. It is imparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth, of death and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of heaven, and the glory of realms terrestrial and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoils.

What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moments he said: "Christ is all! Christ is all?" Why, he was entering into light. He was rounding the Cape of Good Hope. He was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when at eighty years of age she arose in the meeting one day and said: "The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are falling off?" She was dividing the spoil.

> She longed with wings to fly away
> And mix with that eternal day.

What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer, and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming coursers, and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake, and all the other victims of flood and fire and wreck and guillotine—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

> Ten thousand times ten thousand,
> In sparkling raiment bright,
> The armies of the ransomed saints
> Throng up the steeps of light.

> 'Tis finished, all is finished,
> Their fight with death and sin.
> Lift high your golden gates
> And let the victors in.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty struck soul, there is a business despoiled soul, there is a sin struck soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name?

Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your hand tremble in fear, though your eyes rain tears of uncontrollable weeping—come and get the spoil. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Rescue for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here downcast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away saying:

> I came to Jesus as I was,
> Weary and worn and sad.
> I found in Him a resting place,
> And He has made me glad.

Though you came in children of the world, you may go away heirs of heaven. Though this very autumnal morning you were devouring the prey, now, all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

TEMPERANCE.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

Would ye shrink from the vile haunts of disgrace
And see not the agony in friend's loving face?
Would ye turn from the dens of infamy and woe
And mingle not with the degraded and low?
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye seek honest face and feature
And most admired be by fellow creature?
Would ye be lithe of limb, bright of eye
And fearless stand before great and high?
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye be pure, and free and great,
Crowned with honor's high estate?
Would ye strive to other's burdens bear,
And rescue them from the tempter's snare!
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye save from deep and dark despair
A mother's heart, and her sweetest blessings share?
Would ye hear a father's noblest praise
Ever ringing to your latest days?
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye serve your home, your God, your race,
And share in the rewards of infinite grace?
Would ye care to have a part in the endless love
Of God and angels in the realms above?
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye wish a mansion in the city of gold,
Prepared by the Master with grandeur untold?
Would ye rest 'neath the shade of life's tree,
Clothed in the robes of immortality?
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

Would ye wish a kingly jewel to wear,
A scepter to wield, a crown to bear?
Would ye dwell in the realms bright and fair,
Of which we're told, "No drunkard is there?"
Then shun the cup, and turn from the brink
Where others fall through the curse of drink.

—H. S. Irwin, in Ladies' Home Companion.

TEN YEARS FOR A DRINK.

James Lysaight, of Rochester, N. Y., will have to go to prison ten years for taking one drink of whisky.

It seems that Lysaight had served three years of a thirteen years' sentence in the penitentiary, when the Governor pardoned him on condition that he should forfeit his freedom if he drank intoxicating liquors. The man got along very well for six months and then violated the condition. When the case was tried it was proved that he had not been intoxicated, and his lawyer argued that he had a Constitutional right to take a drink and that the Governor could not take it away from him.

The court sided with the Governor, and ordered the defendant to be turned over to the prison warden to serve out the remaining ten years of his sentence. Lysaight will pay a fancy price for his tipple, and his case will furnish one more illustration for the temperance lecturers. But many a man has lost more than his liberty for the same thing—sometimes a man loses his life for a few drops of liquor.—Atlanta Constitution.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The Bishop of Zululand is a Good Templar.

Scotland has a band of 30,411 Juvenile Templars.

You can sometimes tell where a man stands by his breath.

There are now 1015 licensed places for the sale of liquor in Jersey City, N. J.

There are in the world 51,000 breweries, Germany leading the list with 26,240.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is the devil's way of saying that he is ashamed of himself.

There are people who claim not to believe in a hell who live in plain sight of a drunkard's home.

Nine drunkards out of ten are so to-day because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

France now has 448,000 places for the sale of liquor, an increase of nearly 90,000 in twenty years.

The man who is not against the liquor traffic with all his weight is in favor of giving the devil a license to do business on earth.

The Pall Mall Gazette says 3,000,000,000 gallons of beer were imbibed in Europe last year, of which Germany consumed 1,051,000,000 gallons.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the well-known statistician, recently stated that facts show that "for every dollar the people receive from the saloon they pay out twenty-one."

The W. C. T. U. coffee house in Menomonee, Wis., is now the only public eating place in the city without a "bar" attachment. It is gaining favor and doing a good business.

Miss Alys Pearsall Smith, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, has just been appointed General Secretary of the Young Woman's Branch of the British Woman's Temperance Association.

Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or other injured by it, benefited by it, never.—Sir Andrew Clark, M. D.

Alcoholic insanity is twice as common in France now as it was fifteen years ago, and the number of persons placed under restraint on account of it has increased twenty-five per cent. in the last three years.

The thirty-fifth Report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of whom 112,000 are men and the rest women.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 3.

Lesson Text: "Grateful Obedience," James i., 16-27—Golden Text: I John iv., 19—Commentary.

16. "Do not err, my beloved brethren." This epistle has been designated as "love manifested in obedience, or the perfect man continuing in the gospel law of liberty." There is nothing in the whole letter which conflicts with the doctrine that we are saved by Christ alone without any works of ours (Rom. iv., 5; Eph. ii., 8), but the complementary truth is made clear that being justified by faith we must by our works make our faith manifest. Compare Eph. ii., 10; Titus iii., 8. Part of these works which give evidence of the reality of our faith consist of patient endurance of trial, which patience will bring to the person enduring the reward of the crown of life (verse 12). But while God tries us for His glory and our good we must never think that He tempts us to do wrong. On this point we must not err.

17. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." All gifts of God must be good and perfect, and He who gave His own Son will with Him give us all things (Rom. viii., 32). Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift which includes all other gifts (II Cor. ix., 15). God is light (I John i., 5) and therefore the source of all light, temporal and spiritual. Dwelling in God we dwell in light and must of necessity show it. As to His unvariableness He says, "I am the Lord; I change not" (Mal. iii., 6).

18. "Of His own will begat He us with the the word of truth that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures." God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, and as it is the entrance of His word that giveth light it is thus the light comes. When we receive His word, we receive Himself, for He is the Word of God, and thus we are born again, or from above (see II Cor. iv., 6; Ps. cxix., 130; John i., 1, 12, 13). Peter also testifies that we are born again by the Word of God (I Pet. i., 2, 3), and this agrees with born of water and the Spirit (John iii., 5; vi., 63; Eph. v., 26).

19. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." Because all good is from God and all evil from us, therefore eagerly devour all He says, but be careful of what proceeds from our lips. We are to take heed what we hear, and how we hear (Mark iv., 24; Luke viii., 18), and we are to let the word of Christ dwell in us richly, so that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth may speak (Col. iii., 16; Math. xii., 34). And by this very word of God abiding in us we shall be kept from sin (Ps. cxix., 11).

20. "For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Angry argument and disputing never accomplished the glory of God, and yet some preachers cannot talk on holy things and keep their tempers. Paul's advice to Timothy is good, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient" (II Tim. ii., 24).

21. "Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." Here is testimony as clear as Paul ever gave that it is the word that saves. By the word comes the new birth as we have seen, and by the word comes the assurance of salvation (I John v., 11-13). Our part is to meekly receive the word. To this end we must simply have done with all iniquity, cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit and find perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord (II Cor. vii., 1; Heb. xii., 1, 2).

22. "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Jesus Himself said, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven" (Math. vii., 21). "My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it" (Luke viii., 21). The whole of the second chapter of this epistle from verse 14 to the end is a commentary upon the verse.

23. "For if any be a hearer of the word and not a doer he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass." The word of God is a mirror in which each one can see himself and his failures, and in which he can also see what he ought to be, for there are many illustrations of men and women in whom God dwelt and wrought for the good of others—people who were not hearers only, but doers, for God wrought in them both to will and to do. See II Chron. xxxi., 21, and xxxiv., 1, 2, also I Cor. xv., 10; Phil. ii., 20-22.

24. "For he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." It is a good thing for a man to see himself if he will only profit by it and become a better man, but this knowledge of one's failures and yet continuing in the same old way is a terribly hardening process. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Now consider this ye that forget God lest I tear you in pieces and there be none to deliver" (Heb. ii., 3; Ps. l., 22).

25. "But who so looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." The laver in the tabernacle at which the priests washed their hands and feet is suggestive of the word of God by which we are daily cleansed (Eph. v., 26; Ps. cxix., 9), and it was made out of the looking glasses of the women (Ex. xxxviii., 8). Instead of looking at ourselves, we are to look at Him who is revealed to us in the word of God.

26. "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." The third chapter is a discourse upon this little unruly member which oftimes works so much mischief. The tongue is harder to manage than horses or wild beasts or serpents, but although no man can tame it God can, for the things which are impossible with men are possible with God, and there is nothing too hard for Him (Math. xix., 26; Jer. xxxii., 17).

27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The religion that is manifest in talk, however good, and is not accompanied by a consistent life is vain. The church member whose tongue is given to slander and back-biting is worse than vain and is heaping upon torment for himself. But that Christian who, constrained by the love of Christ, goes about doing good, making the widow's heart to sing for joy (Job xxix., 13), is glorifying God and helpful to men whether they say much or little. See Math. v., 16; I Cor. xv., 58; Titus iii., 8; Rom. xii., 1, 2.—Lesson Helper.

Grandma Was Shocked.

Grandma had not been to the circus for many years, but the younger generation prevailed upon her, and she went to this one, much against her principles. Grandma does not approve of circuses, and she watched the performance with ill-concealed perturbation. Presently there was a bareback act which introduced a man and a woman who rode together in many and wonderful positions. The act ended in a burst of applause, and Mabelle turned to grandma.

"Oh, grandma, wasn't it grand?"

"Perhaps it was," answered grandma, severely. "But all I can say is, I hope they're married."—Boston Budget.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

BARBAROUS ROBBERS.

THEY TORTURE A LAWRENCE COUNTY WOMAN NEARLY TO DEATH.

One of the boldest robberies ever perpetrated in Lawrence county occurred a short distance from Enon Valley. The victim was Mrs. Mary Williams, the aged wife of John Williams, a farmer. Williams was away from home, and at 11 o'clock there was a rap at the door. When Mrs. Williams opened it she was confronted by three revolvers in the hands of masked men. All three sprang upon her and in a minute she was knocked helpless, bound and gagged. The ruffians punched her in the face with their pistols to frighten her into telling them where they could find her money. She pluckily refused to answer their questions, although they threatened all sorts of tortures. It was about midnight when the old lady surrendered, but she was unable to speak, and only pointed to the hiding place of the money, $200. Mrs. Williams lay on the floor until morning, when a neighbor found her. It is probable that she will not survive.

MORE FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

WHERE AND WHEN THE AGRICULTURISTS' WILL MEET IN ANNUAL SESSION.

HARRISBURG—T. G. Edge, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, has announced the following additional dates for farmers' institutes to be held in Pennsylvania: Sligo December 6, 7; Bellevue December 8, 9; Sandy Valley December 11, 12; Guys Mills December 12, 13; Blair December 12, 13; Punxsutawney December 13, 14; Lock Haven December 12, 13; Clearfield December 14, 15; Dubois December 15, 16; Clintonville December 14, 15; Somerset December 20, 21; East Waterford December 20, 21; Uniontown December 22, 23; Loysburg January 2, 3; Union City January 2, 3; Spartansburg January 4, 5; Warren January 11, 12; Mansfield, Tioga county January 16, 17; Tioga, Knoxville, January 18, 19; Cooperstown January 16, 17; Lewision January 18, 20; New Paris February 20, 21; Burgettstown February 20, 21.

REVOLUTIONIZING COKE BURNING.

SCOTTDALE—A revolution in the burning of coke in the Connellsville region is being agitated and by a practical demonstration has proved to be successful. Kramer Eberhart, an experienced coke burner for many years, has made a discovery of interest. By a simple hot air appliance he has devised a plan to burn off the oven instead of introducing cold air at the door. By the new plan the inventor claims that better coke can be made and the percentage of loss by burning will be much less, at least 20 per cent., than under the old process.

A LAND OFFICE BUSINESS IN TURKEYS.

Two immense droves of turkeys were driven into Uniontown by George Hibbs and shipped East. The two droves contained 2,500 turkeys and it required three cars to transport them. Besides the turkeys 2,000 chickens were shipped from here. The fowls are being purchased by wholesale dealers in Eastern cities.

WORK FOR MANY.

JOHNSTOWN—Blast furnace of the Cambria iron works, after being idle nine months, has just been lighted. It will give employment to hundreds and means resumption in other departments. Great rejoicing followed the announcement.

MINERS ACCEPT A REDUCTION.

DUBOIS—The miners of this district decided to accept a reduction of 10 per cent. and will go to work. This affects 2,000 men.

THE citizens of Altoona have agreed to subscribe $5,000 monthly for the relief of the needy of that city. Unemployed men will be required to earn their portion by working on the street or in the stone quarries.

THE body of Ko Hang, a Chinese laundryman of West Newton, was found on the bank of the Youghiogheny at Scott Haven. It is thought he was demented and wandered about until he succumbed to exposure.

ONE employes of the J. P. Witherow works, at New Castle, are being notified to report for duty December 1, at which time the works are expected to start.

JULIUS FRALEY, a coke worker at Leith, was taken sick at the stomach. He was given an emetic and vomited a live lizard three and a half inches long.

ELMER LYON, principal of a public school at Rochester, was acquitted of a charge of assault and battery for switching Edward Fehr, a 10-year-old pupil.

TENNEYSON ROSS, a pumper, was held up by a highwayman near Emsenton, Monday evening and robbed of a gold watch and chain and $198.

THE strike in the Wilkesbarre lace mill, which has lasted for some months, is ended. The strikers will return to work at a 20 per cent. reduction.

BY the shutting down of the Union Coal Company's collieries in the Shamokin district 3,000 miners are thrown out of employment.

WORK has begun on a new sheet plant of four mills at Saltsburg, which is to be ready for operation next summer.

THE Enterprise Glass Works Beaver Falls, which have been idle for several months, has started in full.

FARMERS near Derry are watching for barn burners. Two barns were burned in one night by incendiaries.

WILLIAM HOLDEN, colored was fatally crushed by tons of clay in a Braddock brickyard.

AN explosion of powder fatally injured a little son of Thomas Freebie near Greensburg.

THE Frick Coke Company will build a 1,000,000 gallon reservoir at Connellsville.

SIXTY men were laid off at the Nypano car shops in Meadville

He Knew Better.

A well-known New England clergyman once exchanged with a brother clergyman and was entertained at the house of a parishioner who was even too hospitable. She insisted upon his eating a large piece of mince-pie for dinner, and the minister yielded, against his better judgment. The consequence was that he became violently ill, and was unable to preach that afternoon. The doctor was summoned, and while he was ministering to his agonized patient, the latter looked up and said, feebly, but with an inimitable twinkle of the eye: "Doctor, I'm not afraid to die, but I'm ashamed to!"

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Thirty-four cases in a hundred of suicide are caused by insanity.

The climate at the South Pole is much more rigorous than that of the North.

The waters of the ocean compose 1-1786th part of the weight of the world.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has equipped one of its towers, operating fourteen switches, with electricity.

If a pint of water be added to a pint of proof spirit, the mixture will not make a quart. A chemical change is the explanation.

Maps for the use of farmers, describing the chemical qualities of the land in various parts of the country and naming the best manures for each section, have been proposed in France.

The anableb, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils to each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

The National Observatory at Greenwich, England, is to be lighted by electricity and will have an electric plant of its own, the dynamo of which will be driven by a gas engine. To prevent any effect upon the magnetographs the dynamo will be inclosed in a triple iron shield.

An electric railway is to be constructed to connect the cities of Detroit and Toledo, which will be used to carry passengers, express matter and light freight. A part of the road is to be built this year, and when it is completed it is the intention to run trains between the two cities every half hour.

Some interesting experiments have been conducted within the last twelve years regarding the durability of Indian timber. The tests were made by the Foreign School of Dehra, and out of forty different specimens of the trunks fixed in the ground as posts only three have survived the attacks of rot and white ants. These were the Himalayan cypress, teak and anjan, which have been exposed for ten, nine and seven years respectively.

The Weehawken tunnel of the West Shore road is 4200 feet long. A very ingenious and effective system of block signaling has just been installed there. It consists of a row of incandescent lamps placed throughout the tunnel at about the height of the engineer's eye. A train on entering lights up all the lamps, and in passing along turns out the lamps 1100 feet in its rear, so that it is only safe for a train to go as far as there is light.

A Vienna scientist has made a series of interesting experiments with the virus of such insects as bees and wasps, and comes to the conclusion that the effectiveness of the irritating substance depends largely upon the [illegible] of the insect. A drop of the [illegible] taken from the poison bag of a [illegible] for instance, produces a [illegible] stinging [illegible] inflammation caused by a hornet sting with a much smaller quantity of the same virus. This theory is supported by the curious fact that under the influence of rage the saliva of all sorts of otherwise harmless animals can become virulent enough to produce alarming and even fatal symptoms. Death by blood poisoning has more than once resulted from the bite of a wounded squirrel, a chipmunk or a caged rat.

Life on a Light Ship.

Talk about a vessel rolling and pitching! No vessel rolls, pitches and plunges like a light ship. Its anchors hold it firm to the shock of the waves. There is no yielding, no graceful swaying to the swelling of the seas. There are days, too, when a fierce fog horn torments the ear with a noise such as Nature in her angriest moods never invented. There is always a glare of light at night. There is no constant expectation of reaching port, and life soon becomes a dreary monotony.

In case the light ship should be cast adrift, it has been fitted with sails which will enable it to hold its own in storm and stress. The hold is fitted with spacious store rooms and sleeping quarters, and a machine for compressing the air which blows the fog horn. These fog horns are what are known in this country as "siren" whistles. They are called sirens probably because that is what they least resemble. They begin their noise with a very low note, and rise rapidly in a sliding scale to a very thin note that distresses the ear. Then they descend to the low note, and up and down in rapid succession the shrieking demonlike noises race. One French writer has said that the possibilities of this fog horn are such that he wonders that some music leader has not introduced it into the orchestra when the Wagner operas are played. A compressed air trumpet, he thinks—and it is just possible that there may be a little National prejudice in his opinion—would go well with mythological characters and dragons and unearthly storms and noises. The writer says the fog horn is simply a "terrible instrument," and therefore in time the Wagnerians must adopt it. A big bell is placed on the ship for use in case the fog horn should break down or scare itself useless.—Harper's Young People.

Wigs and Tories.

"Whigs" were originally teamsters in Scotland, who used the term "whiggam" to encourage their horses. Opponents of the Government in the restoration period were derided as favoring the Scotch covenanters, and hence were called "whiggams," afterward "whigs." "Tories" were originally bands of Irish outlaws. The Celtic word "torce" means robber.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.