A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER.

He Took For His Subject "Light on a Hidden Way"—Every Life Should Be an Open, Self-Contained Providence—Lose Not Heart and Hope.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Robert Collyer, who recently passed his eightieth birthday, preached Sunday morning in the Second Unitarian Church. The audience filled the church and listened with great attention to the eloquent words of the famous preacher. Dr. Collyer took for his subject "Light on a Hidden Way." His text was Job iii:23: "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid?" He said:

"The Book of Job," says Thomas Carlyle, "is one of the grandest things eyer written with a pen; our first statement, in books, of the problem of the destiny of man and the way God takes with him on this earth; grand in its simplicity and epic melody, sublime in its sorrow and reconciliation; a choral melody, old as the heart of man, soft as the summer midnight, wonderful as the world with its seas and stars; and there is no other thing in the Bible, or out of it, of equal merit." I suppose it is not possible now to tell whether the book is a true story or a sort of Oriental drama. The question is one that will always keep the critics at work as long as there are rational and what ought, in all fairness, to be called not rational schools in theology. My own idea is that the rude outline of the story was floating about the desert, as the story of Lear or Macbeth floated about in later times among our own fore-elders, and that, like those great dramas, it was taken into the heart of some man now forgotten and came out again endowed with this wondrous quality of inspiration and life, that will bear it onward through all time. But whatever the truth may be in this direction this is clear, that when Job put the question I have taken for a text he was as far down in the world as a man can be who is not abased by sin.

Job had been the richest man in the countryside, honored by all who knew him for his wisdom, his goodness or his money. He was now so poor that, he says, men derided him whose fathers he would not have set with the dogs of his flock. He had been a sound, healthy man, full of human impulses and activities; he had been sight to the blind, feet to the lame, a father to the poor and a defender of the oppressed. He was now a diseased and broken man, sitting in the ashes of a ruined home; his fires all gone out, his household goods all shattered, his children all dead, and his wife, the mother of his ten children, lost to the mighty love which will take ever so delicate and true-hearted a woman at such a time and make her a tower of strength to the man. His wife, who should have stood, as the angels stand, at once by his side and above him, turned on him in his uttermost sorrow, and said, "Curse God, and die."

Two things, in this sad time, seem to have smitten Job with unconquerable pain. First, he could not make his condition chord with his conviction of what ought to have happened. He had been trained to believe in the axiom we put up in our Sunday-schools, that to be good is to be happy. Now he had been good and yet here he was, as miserable as it was possible for a man to be. And the worst of all was, he could not deaden down to the level of his misery. The light given him on the divine justice would not let him rest. His subtle spirit, pierced, restless, dissatisfied, tried him every moment. Questions like these came up in his mind: "Why have I lost my money? I made it honestly, and made good use of it. Why is my home ruined? I never brought upon it one shadow of disgrace. Why am I bereaven of my children, and worse than bereaven of my wife? If this is the result of goodness, where is cause and effect? What is there to hold on by, if all this misery and mildew can come of upright, downright truth and purity?"

Questions like these forced themselves upon him and would not be silenced. If these spirits that troubled him could have whispered, "Now, Job, what is the use of your whining? You know that you have got just what you deserve; that you are a poor, old pewter Pecksniff, with not one grain of real silver about you. Your whole life has been a sham."

The second element in Job's misery seems to lie in the fact that there appeared to be light everywhere except on his own life. If life would only strike a fair average; if other good men had suffered, too, or even bad men—then he could bear it better. But the world went on just the same. The sun shone with as much splendor as on his wedding day. The moon poured out her tides of moulton gold, night fretted the blue vault with fires, trees blossomed, birds sang, and young men and maidens danced under the palms. Other homes were full of gladness. This man had sold his clip for a great price; the lightning had slain Job's sheep. That man had done well in dates; the tornado had twisted Job's trees down. Nay, worst of all, here were wicked men, mighty in wealth; their houses in peace, without fear; their children established in their sight, sending forth little ones like a flock, spending their days in prosperity and yet saying, "Who is the Almighty that we should fear Him?" While here he was, a poor wreck, stranded on a desolate shore; a broken man, crying, "Oh, that it were with me as in days gone by, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me; when I took my seat in the market place, and justice was my robe and diadem! When I think of it, I am confounded. One dieth in the fullness of his prosperity, wholly at ease and quiet; another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, not having tasted pleasure. How is it? What does it mean? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid?"

Now, I suppose that not many men ever fall into such supreme desolation as this, that is made to centre in the life of this most sorrowful man. "It is the possible of that which is in itself positive." But then, it is true that we may reach out in all directions and find men and women who are conscious of the light shining, but who cannot find the way; whose condition will not chord with their conception of life, and who, in a certain sense, would be better if they were not so good. The very perfection of their nature is the way by which they are most easily bruised. Keen, earnest, onward, not satisfied to be below their own ideal, they are yet turned so woefully this way and that by adverse circumstances that, at the last, they come to accept their life as a doom, and bear it in grim silence, or they cut the masts when the storm comes and drift, a helpless hull, broadside to the breakers, to go down finally like a stone.

A young man comes to town from the country full of purpose and hope. He finds difficulties confront him; he strives, but remains poor. At last, when hungry and faint and alone, the devil comes—a nice person, probably, but still a devil—and tempts him. The young man yields. Or, he succeeds, and then slides into the belief that there is a Providence that will keep him prosperous because he is a good man. Disaster comes, and he loses his all, including his belief in God. Or, a maiden leaves her home full of trust and love. Under adverse conditions she loses hope, and asks: "Why is life given when the way is hid?"

Or, here, in the larger life, is a prince and leader of men. The roots of his power begin to ramify through all the land. He seems to be the one indispensable man of the time. In the sorest need of all, he is smitten down and dies. Or here is a great cause, reaching back into a great principle. The light of the divine justice shines on the principle and so wins men to it that they cannot rest. Year after year they will stand, suffering, toiling, dying for their cause; but the way does not open. Yet they cannot choose but follow the light. If the light had not shone so in our own land we might have ground along in some sort of affinity to slavery. It was light poured on the conscience of the nation that brought on the war; it was light shining through the darkness that kept the nation steady. Had no such light shone, we should have constructed a new Union with the shackles of the slave for a wedding ring. But the light stood like a wall of fire; yet how long it was only a light shining on a hidden way! Our homes, black with desolation; fathers, mothers, wives, only putting on a cheerful look, because they would not, by their sadness, dishearten the great heart of the nation.

And so, I say, in men and nations you will find everywhere this discord between the longing that is in the soul, and what the man can do. Our life, as some one said of the Cathedral of Cologne, seems to be a broken promise made to God.

Now, in trying to find some solution of this question, I want to say frankly that I cannot pretend to make the mystery all clear, so that it will give you no more trouble; because I cannot put a girdle around the world in forty minutes, and also because a full solution must depend greatly on our own dissolution. I believe, also, that the man who thinks he has left nothing unexplained, in the mystery of providence and life, has rather explained nothing. I listen to him, if I am in trouble, and then go home and break my heart all the same, because I see that he has not only not cleared up the mystery, but that he does not know enough about it to trouble him. The "Principia" and the Single Rule of Three are alike simple and easy to him because he does not know the Rule of Three. And so I cannot be satisfied with the last words which some later hand has added to the book that holds this sad history. They tell us how Job has all his property doubled, to the last ass and camel—has seven sons again and three daughters, has entire satisfaction of all his accusers, lives a hundred and forty years, sees four generations of his line and then dies—satisfied.

Need I say that this solution will not stand the test of life, and that if life, on the average, came out so from its most trying ordeal, there would be little need for our sermons. For then, every life would be an open, self-contained providence and the last page in time would vindicate the first. Men do not so live and die; and such cannot have been the primitive conclusion of the history. It has deeper meaning and a sublimer justification, or it had never been inspired by the Holy Ghost.

And this issure to suggest itself to you as you read the story, that Job, in his trouble, would have lost nothing and gained very much if he had not been so impatient in coming to the conclusion that God had left him, that life was a mere apple of Sodom, that he had backed up to great walls of fate and he had not a friend left on the earth. His soul, looking through her darkened windows, concluded the heavens were dark. The nerve, quivering at the gentlest touch, mistook the ministration of mercy for a blow. He might have found some cool shelter for his agony; he preferred to sit on the ashes in the burning sun. He knew not where the next robe was to come from; this did not deter him from tearing to shreds the robe that was to shelter him from the keen winds. It was a dreadful trial at the best; it was worse for his way of meeting it; and, when he was at once in the worst health and temper possible, he said: "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid?" Is not this now, as it was then, one of the most serious mistakes that can be made? I try to solve great problems of providence, perhaps, when I am so unstrung as to be entirely unfitted to touch their more subtle, delicate and far reaching harmonies. As well might you decide on some exquisite anthem when your organ is broken, and conclude there is no music in it because you can make no music of it, as, in such a condition of life and such a temper of the spirit, try to find these great harmonies of God. When I am in trouble, then, and darkness comes down on me like a pall, the first question ought to be, "How much of this unbelief about providence and life, like Cowper's sense of the unpardonable sin, comes from the most material disorganization? Is the darkness I feel in the soul, or is it on the windows through which the soul must see?" Then, clear on this matter, the man tried so will endeavor to stand at the first, where this sad hearted man stood at the last, in the shadow of the Almighty, if he must stand in a shadow, and hold on to the confidence that somewhere within all this trial is the eternal, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Friends speculate all about the mystery, and their conclusions from their premises are entirely correct; but they have forgetten to take in the separate sovereign will of God, as working out a great purpose in the man's life, by which he is to be lifted into a grander reach of insight and experience than ever he had before. Job said: "I suffer, I am in darkness and disappointment and pain, because it is fate." Job's friends said: "No, you suffer because you have sinned. Rushes never grow without mire." They were both wrong, and all wrong. He suffered because that was the divine way of bringing him out of his sleek, well satisfied content; and when through suffering this was done he said: "I have heard of Thee with mine ears, but now mine eye seeth Thee."

If I had never gone into darkened rooms, where the soul stands at the parting of the worlds; or sat down beside widows and little children, when the desire of their eyes was taken away with a stroke, or grasped the hands of strong men, when all they had toiled for was gone, nothing left but honor; or ministered to men mangled on the battlefield beyond all telling; and heard in all these places where darkness was on the way, melodies, melodies that I never heard among the commonplaces of prosperity, I could not be so sure as I am that God often darkens the way so that the melody may grow clear and entire in the soul.

There is a story in the annals of science touching this principle, that we cannot struggle faithfully with these things and leave them as we found them. Plato, piercing here and there with his wonderful Greek eyes:

"Searching through all, he felt and saw
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
To reach the law within the law,"

was impressed by the suggestive beauty of the elliptic figure. He tried to search out its full meaning, but died without the sight. A century and a half after Plato, Appolonius came, was arrested in the same way, took up the question where Plato left it, tried to find out its full meanings, and died without the sight. And so, says a fine writer, for eighteen centuries some of the best minds were fascinated by this problem, drew from it strength and discipline; and yet, in all this time, the problem was an abstract form, a beautiful or painful speculation. It did not open out into any harmonious principle. There was light on the thing, but no light on the way. In the full time, Kepler came; sat down to the study; and by what we call the suggestion of genius, but ought to call the inspiration of the Almighty, found that the orbits of the planets were elliptical, and he died. Then Newton was born, took up the problem where Kepler had laid it down, made all the established facts the base of his mightier labors; and, when he had done, he had shown that this figure, this problem, which had held men spellbound through the ages, is a prime element in the law of universal gravitation—at once the most beautiful theory and the most absolute conclusion of science. Then men could see how it was, because God had made the light shine on the thing, that the way was found. From Newton back to Plato, in true apsotolic order, every man, bending over this mystery of a light where there was no way, and wrestling faithfully with it, had not only grown more noble in his own soul in the struggle, but had done his share toward the solution found by this greatest and last, who was also "born under the law that they might receive the adoption of sons."

So, I tell you, is this restless search for a condition that shall answer to our conception; this fascination, which compels us to search out the elliptic of providence, the geometric certainty underlying the apparent eccentricity. And every struggle to find this certainty; every endeavor to plumb the deepest causes of the discord between what the nature bears and what the soul believes; every striving to find the God of our loftiest faith in our darkest day, will, in some way, aid the demonstration, until, in the full time, some Newton of the soul will come and, gathering the result of all these struggles between our conception of life and our condition in life, will make it the base of some vast generalization, that will bring the ripest conclusions of the science of providence into perfect accord with the grand apostolic revelation. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

We wrong the deepest revelations of life when we are not content to let this one little segment in the arc of our existence stand in its own simple, separate intention, whether it be gladness or gloom; and trust surely, if we are faithful, the full and perfect intention must come out in the full range of our being. God seldom perhaps never, works out His visible purpose in one life, how, then, shall He in one life work out His perfect will? The dumb poetry in William Burns, the father, had to wait for Robert Burns, the son; Bernardo waited to be perfected in his son, Torquato Tasso; William Herschel left many a problem in the heavens for John Herschel to make clear; Leopold Mozart wrestled with melodies that Chrysostom Mozart found afterward of themselves in every chamber of his brain, and Raymond Bonheur needed his daughter Rosa to come and paint out his pictures for him. Dr. Reid has said, that when the bee makes its cell so geometrically, the geometry is not in the bee, but in the geometrician that made the bee. Alas, if in the Maker there is no such order for us as there is for the bee! If God so instruct the bee; if God so feed the bird; if even the lions, roaring after their prey, seek their meat from God; if He not only holds the linnet on the spray, but the lion on the spring, how shall we dare lose heart and hope?

So, then, while we may not know what trials wait on any of us, we can believe that as the days in which this man wrestled with his dark maladies are the only days that make him worth remembrance, and but for which his name had never been written in the book of life; so the days through which we struggle, finding no way, but never losing the light, will be the most significant we are called to live. Indeed, men of all ages have wrestled with this problem of the difference between the conception and the condition. Life is full of these appeals, from the doom that is on us to the love that is over us—from the God we fear to the God we worship. The very Christ cries once: "My God! Why hst Thou forsaken Me?" Yet never did our noblest and best, our apostles, martyrs and confessors, flinch finally from their trust, that God is light; that life is divine; that there is a way, though we may not see it; and have gone singing of their deep confidence, by fire and cross into the shadow of death. It is true, nay, it is truest of all, that "men who suffered countless ills, in battles for the true and just," have had the strongest conviction, like old Latimer, that a way would open in those moments when it seemed most impossible. Their light on the thing brought a commanding assurance that there must somewhere, sometime, be light on the way.

Aim High.

If one seems to promote his own personal welfare, it is at the best a low aim, unworthy of a true man. Selfishness, or selfness, even of the highest sort, is ever below what is superior to a man and any man and every man should always be aspiring and striving toward that which is superior to himself.

There are two vital difficulties in the way of a selfish man's strivings for his own personal good, even the highest. In the first place, it is a man's duty to seek what is more important than his own personal good; and in the second place, the man who strives to secure his own highest personal good is pretty sure to fail in his pursuit. Any man who does his duty and fills his place has some object of pursuit which he deems more important than himself; and, on the other hand, only the man who lives for something outside of himself is successful in his striving. It is a mistake and a folly to strive in an effort where, at the best, he will hopelessly fail. In every sphere of life the highst interest of self comes as an incidental consequence of living for something which one deems superior to self. Self is at the best unworthy of our life and endeavors.

A citizen who lives for himself, for his own welfare and happiness, is not likely to have happiness, or to find true enjoyment, or to secure the highest personal welfare. His fellow-citizens are pretty sure to be giving their thoughts and best regard to those who show themselves worthy of their devotion and honor.

Striving to gain in one's own way one's personal good is, at the best, a low aim. A better way is living for others, denying self for the good of others, or in obedience to God, and to honor Him. Those who live for self dishonor God and lose their best selves. Those who live for God, or for those to whom they are sent or set in the providence of God, honor God, and incidentally have honor secured to themselves.—Sunday School Times.

"Pray Through."

An interesting incident of how far-reaching is the influence of two words, occurred recently at Liverpool, England, during the Torrey-Alexander meeting. Mr. Alexander had occasion to go with a friend to one of the leading banks in the city, in order to exchange some American coinage for British currency. While he was waiting at the counter he traced on the blotting paper in front of him the words "Pray through," which he had been using in the course of an address. These words formed the motto of the convention at the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago. Almost unconsciously Mr. Alexander wrote the two words several times on the blotting paper; then, having finished his business in the bank, he and his friend left. Shortly afterwards a customer of the bank came in. He had been passing through a time of great anxiety, and while he was waiting at the counter his eye fell on the words, "Pray through." It interested him, and he asked the clerk who had written them. The clerk was not able to tell him, but the gentleman felt it was a direct message to himself to cease his anxiety and to con- His crown; be sure that unless you follow tinue in prayer until the cause of it was removed, or he was given strength to understand the Divine plan.

Helping the Poor.

The great need of the world to-day is not some one to bear its burden for it, but some one who will teach it how to bear its own burden. There is much done for the poor and afflicted in the name of charity that falls far short of the highest helpfulness. On every hand organizations are springing up to provide food for the hungry and clothing for the naked, and some Christians are foolish enough to say that they are of more value to the community than the church. To improve a man's circumstances without improving the man is to do him more of evil than of good. It is better to open the eyes of the blind and thus enable him to provide for himself than to give him alms. The cure of pauperism will not be found in the generosity of the rich, but in the regeneration of the poor.—W. W. Weeks, D. D.

FOR THE FAIR

APRONS USEFUL AND ARTISTIC.

One of the season's innovations is the apron. It is dainty, beruffled and picturespue, and is to be worn both ornamentally and for use. But even the useful ones are so pretty and becoming as to make every girl feel industrious. They come in coarse linens, holland and crash, and are trimmed with bands of a contrasting color or braid. Make them with ruffles running over the sleeve tops and a poke shape belt of some soft material, perhaps percale.

One that is striking and becoming to a brunette is of turkey red. It has the advantage, too, of not soiling so easily as lighter colored materials.

The woman who does her own housework will find the artist apron a good one and very comfortable to work in. It is usually made of striped or checked gingham.

The dainty little sewing aprons are made of some pretty colored or flowered muslin cut in squares or circles, with very full frills all round, and tiny pockets set on. The prettiest ones can be made from large handkerchiefs.—New York American.

HAVE YOU A PURPOSE?

What have you planned to accomplish my fair reader in this glad new year that has just dawned—you, who are living from day to day with no possible excuse for existing, except the fact that you are in the world, have been missing the joys that belong to those who are really alive. Wake up and look about you and you will behold the wondrous scene. The lethargy that has dulled your sense of appreciation may easily be shaken, if you will but resolve to act your part. Happiness comes from within, not without, and the consciousness that you have done well that thing, however great or small, which has come to your hand, will smooth away the wrinkles of discontent and make life worth living. Take a little time for self-communion—if you have not done so already—and see if you cannot figure out a new and more beautiful pattern for the coming years, for, as someone has said, "Life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes; we cannot wait to pick up a false stitch or pause long before we set another." So we dare not dally too long, lest time is no more for us.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WOMEN IN FIELDS OF ART.

There are carping critics—masculine, of course—who point to the failure of women in certain fields of art as evidence that they do not constitute, as Mrs. Grand and others would have us believe, the superior sex. Men may be ethically and morally debased, but in poetry, music, painting, sculpture, they have manifested a supreme genius which the other sex does not possess. Of course, there are various explanations of a fact which can hardly be disputed. One is that women have not had the chance that men have had, and that in the coming centuries they will outdo all that men have done in the past. But this argument involves a pure assumption. Besides, it remains to be demonstrated that genius develops in exact ratio with opportunity. Men with few advantages have risen to the heights of achievement; and in the arts, especially, competition is free. The women who have become great artists have not usually been conscious of the limitations of sex. There are women painters whose place is not so very far below the highest, though their number is scanty; and in poetry, too, they have accomplished at least something, even if no woman poet can be ranked with Shakespeare or Goethe or Dante. It seems to be in music chiefly that they are dumb. The list of a thousand women composers which an industrious German has compiled is not convincing. One could easily make up a list of a thousand men composers of whom only a few had heard. The point is that of these women not more than a dozen can fairly be called eminent, and of the dozen none has the genius of Wagner, Bach and Beethoven, of Gounod, Schubert and Verdi.—Providence Journal.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

"The only way to successfully and permanently remove superfluous hair is by the electric needle in the hands of a skin specialist. Do not think of attempting the work yourself for you run the danger of disfiguring yourself, perhaps beyond remedy. About twenty seconds is required to kill the hair follicide after the injection of the electric needle. While the operation is rather painful, as well as very tedious, forty and fifty hairs may be destroyed at a sitting and without injury to the most delicate skin. Of course this treatment is only practicable when there is a growth of coarse irregular hairs on the face; the fine thick growth on the arms cannot be removed by this method, the hairs are too numerous.

The application of a good caustic or depilatory in the form of a paste is the best thing to use for the growth on the arms; the first removal will not be permanent as the caustic rarely reaches to the roots of all of the offending hairs; after a time many will grow again and the treatment must be repeated. However, the depilatory affords relief and if persisted in will, in time, destroy the disfiguring hair permanently. A reliable depilatory is made of one part quicklime and two quarts of sulphurate of calsium. Reduce the ingredients to a fine powder, mix, bottle, and keep closely corked. When required for use mix a small quantity with enough water to form a thin paste. Apply a thin coating to the hairy skin and allow it to remain until the skin begins to prickle; then wash off immediately with warm water and soap. If left on too long it will blister the skin. Should the skin feel sensitive after the operation bathe with witch hazel to allay the irritation.—Mirror and Farmer.

FOR WOMEN WHO TRAVEL.

Few women have traveled more widely in out-of-the-way places of the world than Miss Flora Shaw, the well-known correspondent of the London Tinmes, who came before the public come years ago by plotting the Jameson raid in conjunction with the late Cecil Rhodes.

When asked if she had met with some terrible experiences on her travels in the Klondike, West Africa, South Africa, Australia and elsewhere, Miss Shaw replied:

"No, I cannot lay claim to heroic hardihood, and I do not believe any other woman traveler can. If you travel in savage or unsettled countries as a woman everything is made smooth for you. Every man who has acquaintance with rough traveling will know how much easier it was for me to do such journeys than it would have been for a man in my position.

"I was usually the only woman of the party, and where a man would have to make a way for himself, my way was made for me by common consent of kindness by the men around me. The best that there was was always at my disposal. Generally I had my tent; but if, when sleeping out of doors one stone was softer than another, it was mine. If food was short, there was always a portion for 'the lady,' which someone declared himself not hungry enough to eat. If streams were too deep to ford, there was always somebody ready to pull me through or help me over.

"All through the wide world the rough edge of adventure is tempered for women. Judging from my own experience, I always take with a pinch of salt the thrilling accounts which some women travelers write about their hardships."

Boudoir CHAT:

While women are not allowed to plead as lawyers in German courts, not a few are otherwise employed as experts in various branches of the profession.

A delightful essence to inhale when suffering from headache is composed of one drachm of oil of lavender, one ounce lump camphor, three ounces liquid ammonia and one pint alcohol. Dissolve and bottle.

Women deans of several Western universities who recently met in Chicago voted to change the name of buildings in which young women live at college from "dormitories" to "halls of residence."

It is only a question of time when syndicate dinners will be the rage. Many a woman who cannot often give large dinners is glad to put her house and her servants at the disposal of a group of friends, each of whom contributes one course on the menu. The affair thus becomes a sort of dining club banquet.

Living in a farm house near Taunton, Mass., is the last descendant of the Massasoit Indians, Princess Teweerlerna, of the Wampanoags. She is called Miss Mitchel by her neighbors. Her face, it is said, is of the pure olive type so rarely seen, and although sixty-seven she is in full possession of her mental and physical vigor.

Pretty Things to Wear.

Full bishop sleeves are the rule for most youthful garments.

A shorter style of fitted coat is to be the correct shape for spring.

Tiny ruches, now a very smart trimming feature, is an old fashion revived.

Newer by far than either tucks or shirrings are the old-time gaugings and smockings.

Silk linings, as a rule, match the dress, though in some cases they match the trimming.

Broad or narrow fittings of mousseline de soie are preferred to lace for ornamenting lace blouses.

Skirts are much shorter in the back, longer in front, and very much fuller than they have been for some time.

The desired slooping shoulder is often effectively obtained by letting tucks in the upper part of the sleeve.

Velvet often is the choice for the princess dress and makes up finely in the severity that is most becoming to this cut.

The chain has extended to the arm, and with the open hanging sleeves of tea gowns and other house frocks rows of pearls or other jewels encircle the wrist or are wound high on the arm.

The separate silk waist of a shade to match the cloth or velvet skirt is steadily increasing in favor, and it is expected that the old favorite soft white waist will have to take second place.

The United States has gone into the propagating business to the extent of hatching and distributing nearly 1,200,000,000 fish a year.

TWENTY-SEVEN SHARKS.

Caught on One Hook When Deep Sea Fishing Was Good.

"Did you ever hear of catching twenty-seven sharks with one hook?" asked Bo'sn L. W. Eacott of the British bark Antigua, recently. The bark Captain Brady lies at the foot of Richards street, Brooklyn.

"I never heard tell of such a thing until fair and full winds left us on the homeward way from Buenos Ayres, just above the equator. The ship hadn't been becalmed in the tropics more'n fifteen minutes when along came an ordinary sized shark nosing around.

"Word was passed up forra'd, and a chunk of pork as big as my head was baited on a hook and cast astern. The shark took right hold and we hauled it alongside and aboard.

"It was a peculiar kind of shark that didn't have no teeth whatever, and its tail, which had two flukes to it, was about half as long as its body.

"Well, we cut open the shark to see if we could find any curios inside. There were no curios, nor nothing of that sort. All there was in that shark that we could find was twenty-six little sharks, so that made twenty-seven sharks all told caught with one hook.

"The little ones were about six inches long, all alive, and all were toothless and having white stomachs.

"I wanted the cook to make a shark stew, for young shark is tender and good eatin', but the other hands wouldn't listen to it, so we threw 'em all overboard and the cook put another bit of beef in soak."—New York World.

WISE WORDS.

The process of repentance is bitter, but its fruits are sweet.

A changed life and a changed mind are both essential parts of true repentance.

You cannot start the fire of feud without getting the smoke in your own eyes.

An instantaneous perfection would be as valueless as an instantaneous education.

A man is diligent to cultivate his corn, but expects his character to grow without.

No girl can be provident of her time who is not prudent in the choice of her company.

Don't keep any company in your heart that you have to apologize to yourself for.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—James Russell Lowell.

There is more danger in the underground currents of desire than in the over-head winds of temptation.

When we look on the world as our own plum we are almost sure to find that we have eaten it too green.

Civility is a charm that attracts the love of all men, and too much is better than to show too little.—Answers.

Where Skulls Are in Demand.

In the northern Shan States, on the border of Burma, is a tribe called the Wild Was. These people propitiate with human skulls the demons whom they worship. Outside every village in their country there are many posts, all in one line, decked with human skulls. A niche is cut in the back of each post, with a ledge on which the skull can rest and grin through a hole in front of it. Every village has a dozen and some as many as a hundred of these head posts. Fresh skulls are in special request at harvest time and are purchased for large sums, those of distinguished visitors being particularly desired. So, as Mr. Scott, the British superintendent of the States, remarked some years ago: "The Was States are, therefore, no place for missionaries or globe trotters."

The Research Assistants.

There is one feature in the work of the Carnegie Institution, which is of widespread importance, and that is the selection of twenty-five "research assistants," to each of whom is given a sum of $1000 or $1200. These "research assistants" are for the most part young persons who have already been well trained and are prepared to prosecute definite lines of investigation under the guidance of older, higher qualified leaders. These men are not allowed to be "assistants" in the ordinary use of that word, nor to engage in instruction.

United Ages Mark 480 Years.

Six Shaffer brothers, sons of John Shaffer, of Highland County, Ohio, were photographed in a group at Hillsborough, Ohio, a short time ago. The oldest is eighty-six years of age, and the youngest seventy-four. Their united ages amount to 480 years. Their father's children numbered thirteen, and the children of these six brothers number, respectively, eleven, eight, nine, thirteen, twelve and five, giving the list in the order of the fathers' ages.

The Growth of London.

During the nineteenth century London grew from a city of 800,000 people to one of 6,500,000—that is, increased eight fold. New York increased from 60,000 to 3,500,000—nearly sixty fold. London is now increasing seventeen per cent. in a decade, and New York thirty-five per cent., or twice as fast. If this rate should hold good for thirty years more New York would have over 15,000,000 population and be 1,000,000 ahead of London.

A Long Weather Cycle.

A long weather cycle of about thirty-five years seems to appear in the British Isles. From records of ninety years, Mr. Douglas Archibald concludes that a dry period has just passed, and that the years 1903 to about 1920 will show more than an average rainfall and low barometer, and two bushels per acre deficiency in wheat yield.