SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: **"Kind Words Never Die, Cherished and Blessed."**

TEXT: *"A soft tongue breaketh the bone."*—Prov. xxv., 15.

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot and I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man in the course of his life is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted, and your religious or political principals are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to reconsider this matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature; "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As in the autumn a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became virulent, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and in the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one—the different parts of the Presbyterian order welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand; we have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one great hand shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher plane; form than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for His armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spat upon?" My advice is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life. You are to live them down. I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had settled off from the hive. As he moved and them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his face. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst with perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the caustic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue, but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras and Sterne, Dean Swift and other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord by His spirit would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I press now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head, but are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now, we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one world against the heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the death-like spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand was steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief and to ask if it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, in that simple act saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and though he has been a great sinner there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may have not been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

> Kind words never die, never die;
> Cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story.

There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross. It is one of Rubens's pictures. No man can stand and look at that descent from the cross as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens's "Descent of Christ from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent of Christ from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get Him down."

Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business: that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that He may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ of seeing them prepared for the world that is to come.

Above all, I look for the sweet of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. Oh, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. Find bliss you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN.

Looking for Work, Information, Cigarettes or Anything of the Kind.

"No," he said, only he pronounced it "naw," and lingered affectionately over the end of the word, "I ain't workin'. You're city people, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you get tired of it?"

"Oh, no, only a change."

"Well, I thought you might o' got tired of it. I'm tired of the country. I was in the city once."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Yes, I liked it, but I couldn't stay. What I would like would be to get with a family that would board and clothe me. I don't suppose you want me?"

"No, not just at present, thank you."

"You see, I don't care if I didn't work steady. All I care about is to get work one or two days in the summer. I suppose you haven't got any work?"

"Not just now."

"Oh, it don't make much difference. I don't suppose you've got any old pants?"

"Not now."

"These is about the best I've got."

"Very sorry."

"What I wanted to ask you about is a story I read about a boy in New York who's 10 years old and only eighteen inches high. I'm eight feet, I guess. Let's see, there's twenty-four inches in a foot, ain't there?"

"Some people don't think so."

"He ain't a foot high, then. Do you know I can hardly believe that. I suppose there are lots of things in the city which we don't have here?"

"No doubt of it."

"Well, I wouldn't o' believed it if I hadn't read it with my own eyes. Less than a foot—about half a foot," and he thought over it for awhile.

"Say," he went on, "do you know those people down there?"

"No."

"They're from New York. They just moved in. You don't know 'em?"

"Not yet."

"They're neighbors of yours. You New Yorkers ain't very sociable, are you?"

"Perhaps not."

"Those people there will be leavin,' I guess, with a lot of bills behind 'em."

"That's too bad."

"Yes. They owe a dollar and a quarter already in one place that I know. I never owed but five cents, just a nickel for a pipe, and it worried me a good deal. Do you owe anything in this place?"

"You shouldn't ask questions like that."

"Oh, I just wanted to know. Wondered when I found that out about those people. I suppose you work, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"In the city?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose you'd mind tellin' me your business?"

"Well, yes, to be frank with you."

"Nobody around here knows, and we'd like to know."

"That's too bad."

"I don't suppose you want to tell me?"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference."

"But I guess you ain't goin' to tell me?"

"You are quite right this time."

"I see you've got some berries out there. Would you like to have me peddle 'em? No? I thought you might. They're worth fifteen cents a quart."

"Never mind."

"Say, what's a cigarette, ain't it?"

"It was once."

"It is now, ain't it?"

"It is the end of one."

"I don't suppose you'd care if I picked it up, would you?"

"Not at all."

"I don't suppose you've got a match, have you?"

"Oh, yes, several of them."

"You wouldn't?—thank you. Say, is it true that you buy beer by the case?"

"Questions of that kind are not to be answered."

"That's what they say about you."

"Very well."

"I suppose if you got any work you'd give it to a feller, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"I don't suppose you've got another match? Thank you. Good-by. I'll come in and see you again."—*New York Tribune.*

Lost to Sight.

General Sheridan was not a tall man, though he had a commanding presence. While he was an under-officer, he was one day drilling a company, and was annoyed by the unsoldierly appearance of a tall, round-shouldered Irish recruit.

"Don't stand in that way," Sheridan finally exclaimed, "You look like a Chinaman doubled over a wash-tub. Straighten up—form erect, chest out and chin elevated. Like this!"

Then the officer gave the man a superb example of the perfect soldier in parade movement, his eyes fixed unalterably away from earthly things.

"An' it's shtraight ahid I'll be aither lookin' all the toime?" asked the recruit, glancing down at his superior officer, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes; if you mean to be a respectable soldier, certainly."

The Irishman puffed himself out like a pigeon, and stepping off to the measured "Right!"—"Left!" he exclaimed, "Well, good-boi to ye, Leftenant; I'll niver see ye agin."

A WEIRD TRADE.

THE WORK OF THE FRENCH PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

M. Diebler, Who Handles the National Guillotine, Talks About His Ghastly Business.

A great deal from time to time has been said about the public executioner of France, but still more remains to be told. He was always an interesting personage in the eyes of the Parisians, and perhaps this is why his post is so eagerly sought after. The last time it became vacant no fewer than 3,000 aspirants applied for it, and when M. Diebler retires from the profession the number will no doubt be still greater. That there is a weird attraction about it is proved by the confessions of all those who have filled it, and the attraction is furthermore increased by the official title of the berth, l'Executeur des Hautes Œuvres, which is high-sounding enough to flatter anybody's vanity. Let it be recorded at once, however, that the present holder of it bears his honors with commendable modesty, and is not above being interviewed like any common mortal. Hence I was able to approach him after the last execution.

Mr. Deibler never courts popularity by parading himself in public. No sooner has he done his duty than, leaving his assistant to take down and clean the guillotine, he withdraws from the prison by a back door, and repairs, unperceived, to a small wine shop in the Rue Folie-Regnault, where he takes a plate of soup before going home to his family. His two aids, having carefully packed up les bois de justice and deposited them in a shed set apart for the purpose, also repair to the same wine shop, and the three together compare notes as to the way in which the condemned prisoner underwent his punishment and was put out of the world. M. Deibler then calls for a cup of coffee and petit verre, and, rolling up a cigarette, proceeds to chat with the customers, who are anxious to learn all about the last moments of the departed criminal.

This is the moment to observe him. He is a man who looks much younger than he is—a fact which shows that his lugubrious calling does not weigh heavily on his mind. He is on the road to 60, but nobody would think him to be more than 40. He is of rather small stature, thick set and muscular in spite of an infirmity from which he suffers. He dresses in black with immaculate linen, and his whole get up would be most appropriate but for a heavy gold chain and big breast pin. At first sight his face has a savage air about it, but when you examine him closely he improves, and he then appears to you in the light of a typical bon homme. His eyes are soft and at times sympathetic. He is fond of his joke, but his laugh has a strange ring about it, and gives a kind of unnatural expression to his countenance.

One odd feature is a small rough tuft of beard or barbiche, into which a few white hairs have crept and which clashes with his otherwise gentle mien. His voice, too, is peculiar. Sometimes it is harsh, at others caressing. He talks slowly, and timidly as if he were afraid of compromising himself. To sum up he is a curious character, a mixture of the tender hearted father of a family and the inexorable messenger of death, a man who has two lives—his home and the guillotine.

"So you wish to know how Vodable behaved himself?" began M. Deibler. "Well, very well indeed. I should like to have such men always. He was one of the pluckiest I ever had to operate on. He bore up to the last second in the most heroic style. Pity his courage was spent in crime."

"What about Pranzini? He was the very reverse. The papers said he died bravely, but that was not true. He trembled all the time, and when he reached the guillotine he nearly fainted away. Altogether he was a sorry fellow." Evidently M. Deibler admires criminals who do not show the white feather; this to him is their crowning sin. Questioned as to a female convict on whom he will shortly have to exercise his skill in the provinces, he said: "I am fond of traveling; it relieves my mind and strengthens me to work. But I don't like to have anything to do with women. It is a disagreeable task. They cry so much, kick up such a noise and give themselves such airs. By the way, I don't like you journalists; you are not always reasonable.

"For example, where you say I am too long about my job, whereas, in reality, I do all I can to get through it speedily. But I cannot risk losing my place to please you. Supposing I failed, and made a mess of the execution, it would create a scandal at once. I am not always sure of my assistants. I am obliged to watch them. When they have laid the condemned man on the sliding board I arrange his position in my turn, and it is not till I see that he is all right that I let the knife drop. It is a serious affair, you know, and I am bound to take precautions to avoid mishaps. I hope you will remember this in future and do me justice." Having delivered himself of this mild rebuke, he returned to the immediate subject of the interview. "I do not, as some people imagine, see the prisoner when he is woke up for the last time by the authorities. I wait in the adjoining cell, which is called the salle de toilette. I am not curious to see him. If I were not in the profession I should never dream of going out of my way to witness an execution, for it is not a pleasant sight by any means.

"When he first began to operate he felt a trifle uneasy, but has got quite accustomed to it, and thinks no more of it than of smoking his cigarette. He has now taken part, either as chief or assistant executioner, in 300 cases. He meditates retiring on his pension, but not yet. "When one has children," he remarked, "one is in duty bound to make a position for them. But for that I should retire to-morrow. I hope, whoever may be my successor, that he will be as attentive as I have been toward the criminals placed in my charge to undergo their final expiation." At this moment a man rose and saluted M. Deibler. "Sit down, fellow," said the executioner to him; "you must look after the zinc pail; there is a hole in it and you must get it mended." This was the pail into which the head of the executed offender falls as the knife separates it from the body. At this time Pere Deibler, as the wine-shop keeper calls him, had finished his coffee and cigarette, and rose to return to his family.

The interviewer wished him un bon sommeil. "Ah, I am much in need of it," he replied. "On these days I try to take a little before beginning work, but it is not it impossible." So putting on his hat and taking his umbrella, which he carries in all weathers, he left, but not before exclaiming, with a malicious look at the journalist, "Au revoir!"—[London Globe.

CENTRAL AFRICAN COOKERY.

Queer and Palatable Dishes Eaten Without Much Ceremony.

As a rule, only one principal meal is eaten in Central Africa, in the early part of the evening. It usually consists of a parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkey, alligator's eggs (also well liked by Europeans) and birds of every description. They also have moambo, or palm chop, and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Europeans and natives alike, is elephant's feet and trunk. These have somewhat the taste of veal. To prepare them the natives dig a hole about four feet deep in the sand and in it build a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated the fire is removed, leaving only the ashes in the hole. The trunk and feet are placed in this hole and covered with leaves, and afterwards with hot sand. In two hours they are done.

All carcasses of animals which are to be cooked are placed on a block of wood and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then boiled, or roasted in an open wood fire or in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or wooden ware. Very little time is taken for setting or decorating the table; knives, forks and napkins are dispensed with.

Africans have several vegetables relished by Europeans. Nyutin is seen on a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg plant, small fish somewhat like our sardines and the roots of the cassava or manioca plant (called d'gutti), which have a knotty appearance and often weigh as much as twenty pounds.

As the latter contains poison, the manioca is soaked in water for three or four days to extract the poisonous substance. It is then cut and sliced and small tomatoes are added. All is placed in a vessel with water and seasoned with salt and pepper and boiled. Moambo, or, as the Europeans call it, palm chop, is also a favorite dish. The palm nuts are first boiled in water until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit, the hard shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed to obtain the oil. Whatever the meal consists of, meat, fish, mussels, is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (m'balla benge) are more farinaceous and sweeter than ours, but do not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted.

Bananas (bitaebe) weigh about half a pound each and are about 15 inches long. When half ripe they are cut in slices and boiled in water with salt and pepper.

N'sensi is a little red bean, which is boiled in water without salt or pepper and is freely eaten. For peanut bread (chisulu) the peanuts are first roasted and then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana, adding a little pressure, forming it into a body. It readily retains this shape from the fact that the oily substance in the peanut.—New York World.

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

Every one who knows Mr. Whistler knows Mr. Whistler's white tuft, which is as much a part of the man as his butterfly is part of his writings. "Attention may be drawn," says the British Medical Journal, "to a remarkable example of a similar peculiarity which was published last year by M. E. Pascal in the Univers Illustre. In an old Limousin family with which that gentleman is acquainted nearly all the members, both male and female, have from their earliest youth a tuft of perfectly white hair, such as adorns the head of a well known London artist. This tuft is generally situated over the brow, but sometimes it is on the temple and more rarely at the back of the head. The family has been famous for this distinctive mark in its own part of the country for 300 years, and there are said to be as proud of it as Redgauntlet was of the hereditary horseshoe on his forehead. The white lock, which can be seen in the family portraits for many generations back, is said to rather becoming, even to the women of the line."

THE announcement that a machine has been invented which will gather cotton balls from the plant is causing a great deal of talk among New Yorkers who are interested in the Cotton Exchange. Some of the members of the Cotton Exchange believe the machine will do the work successfully and supersede hand labor. The hope of the inventor is realized, the price of preparing cotton for the market will be wonderfully diminished.

VON MOLTKE.

HE GREAT GERMAN SOLDIER AT HIS HOME.

American Representative of Inventor Edison Visits the Field Marshal with a Phonograph—Von Moltke at His Wife's Tomb.

A gentleman named Wangeman has been traveling through Europe as Mr. Edison's representative, exhibiting the great inventor's phonograph to the crowned heads and other important personages. Among others Mr. Wangeman, says the New York Sun, visited Von Moltke, the venerable soldier whom Germany idolizes, and who, since he entertained Mr. Edison's representative, has laid down his sword and surrendered the title of Field Marshal of the German armies. The weight of 90 years now burdens him, but his mind is still clear and vigorous and his heart warm and sympathetic. Mr. Wangeman was unable to accept his first invitation to visit him at his old chateau at Creisan, and in answer to his written apology the old soldier telegraphed him:

"Always welcome; come when you can."

So late in October Mr. and Mrs. Wangeman were the guests of the Count in his beautiful estate. The place is a park of about 2,000 acres which Von Moltke bought in 1866, and ever since he has devoted much attention to its development and improvement. The house is a grand old mansion, furnished fully, but in the severe old style, and all surroundings seem peculiarly adapted to the lonely old man for whom they are best. It is a strange spot. The visitor at the chateau encounters one of the most beautiful bits of landscape imaginable. The mansion is upon a thickly-wooded hill, high and imposing. All of the trees are of artificial origin. Many of them were set out by the hand of Von Moltke's own hands. By arranging the trees according to the color of their foliage he has produced a striking effect. At the base the leaves of all the trees are of the lightest green. As the eye rises the shade darkens gradually and the foliage becomes more dense, until at the top, surrounding the home of the chateau and other buildings, the leaves are of the most sombre hue. The path through the shaded avenue leading to the house, with the shadows becoming darker and more dense until the sudden burst of sunlight at the end produces almost an uncanny impression.

Von Moltke came into the hall to give his guests a courtly personal welcome. Though of greater years than Bismarck, he seems to possess greater strength and agility. He is a sad old man. He has never ceased to mourn the loss of his wife, who died twenty years ago, and the fact that he is childless adds to his loneliness. But he is not the taciturn, silent man he has sometimes been represented. He is an easy entertainer and a great linguist. Much of the time he conversed with his visitors in English. He were at the chateau at the time were of the Count's nephew's, one of whom is to be his heir, and their wives, a four or five of the high officers of the army.

After luncheon there was a pleasant social hour, during which Von Moltke played some of his most prized mementos. Prominent among these was a sword presented to him by the ladies of Multinoe, which hangs in a conspicuous place in his library. Presently, stepping to one of the long open windows of the drawing-room, Von Moltke rang a large bell. At the signal, there quickly came from all directions a great flock of peasants, tame as chickens, and waiting to be fed. The Count threw them some bread and spoke kindly of his pets as he watched them gather it up. When the phonograph was set up there was the most unbounded interest in its wonders by all others had shown. The old soldier's tribute to it was thus expressed on one of its waxen cylinders to be sent Mr. Edison:

This invention of yours is indeed previous. It enables a man who is tired to appear once more out of his grave and greet with his voice the present."

To this he added a few lines from Faust and supplemented them with other words of his own. The entertainment lasted two hours, and was abandoned with each regret. Finally, all the members of the company repeated together into the phonograph the first lines of the national song, to note the faithful reproduction and the difference in the voices. As five o'clock approached, Von Moltke asked his guests if they would walk in the park to the crest of the hill. The others knew that the invitation meant, but Mr. and Mrs. Wangeman supposed it signified nothing more than the words implied. The party strolled out and for a few minutes admired the magnificent view which country roundabout. Their guide took them finally toward a little chapel set in the midst of a close of trees of darkest foliage, which stood in on all but one side. The place faced the unobscured setting sun. The little chapel is the tomb of Von Moltke's wife, and there he expects to be laid by her side. To this place the old man goes faithfully every afternoon, and stands for a few minutes at the entrance in silent meditation.

As the party approached the spot they noticed inverently some little distance off, and Von Moltke went on alone. He was wrapped in a long military cloak and a slouch hat was pulled down so as to half concealed his face. He strode slowly to the entrance of the mortuary chapel and stood there with bowed head and folded arms. The silent, solitary figure of the grim old soldier seemed in perfect resignation the coming of the enemy he must fail to vanquish. There was a pathetic grandeur in the attitude of the great commander, standing there in silent communion with death, which his martial figure as victor upon the world's greatest battlefields had never possessed. The campaigns of earth were behind him and forgotten, and as he stood striving to pierce the veil soon to be torn aside which separated him from whose companionship had been to him the most great thing in life, the sight was one almost too sacred for mortal eyes.

For some minutes no one moved. Then Mr. Wangeman turned and plucked a twig as a memento of the spot and scene and put in his purse. Von Moltke's reverie had ended and he noticed the act. The implied sympathy touched him, for with tears in his eyes he went to Mr. Wangeman's side and silently pressed his hand. Then he led the way down the other side of the hill by a path so heavily arched with trees that the gloom of deep twilight is perpetual. But half way down the incline there was a sudden burst of splendor. The path by a sharp turn brought them in quick contrast from the darkness of the pines into full view of a broad and fertile valley bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. The transformation, both physical and mental, was almost startling. The experience seemed designed to typify Bunyan's description of the passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and certainly the glories of the sudden emerging into that October afternoon were as grand as any terrestrial type could afford.

Von Moltke said afterward about the striking situation of the mortuary chapel and its surroundings: "When people come to visit my grave, I want them to have something beautiful to look at."

The evening at the chateau was passed in a variety of amusements. Von Moltke and three of the Prussian Generals indulged in a rubber at whist. Some of the younger members of the party for a joke got the phonograph to record all the frequent remarks of the players without their knowledge. When the game was over they were called to the phonograph, and very much to their astonishment it repeated all the conversation accompanying the play. The phonograph, in the role of an eavesdropper, seemed to impress them as a dangerous thing to have around.

Another day was pleasantly passed at the home of the great warrior, and then Mr. Wangeman and his wife paid a brief visit to Von Kulmitz, a nephew of Von Moltke, at Breslau. From there the phonograph was taken to Vienna, where it made as great a furor as at the German capital and at Paris.

His First Thousand Dollars.

While Luther Laflin Mills was going through some old papers the other day he found a very interesting document from the pen of the lamented Emory A. Storrs, which is reproduced below:

"I do not know exactly what called forth these utterances from Mr. Storrs," said Mr. Mills, "but I apprehend that they were in reply to some young man who wrote the brilliant lawyer for advice as to the best way of investing a sum of money which he had in his possession."

The manuscript is as follows:

"There are several answers to your question:

"One boy takes his $1,000, spends it either in foreign travel or in the cultivation and improvement of his mind and manners at home. At the age of 31, if he is consistent in this course, he has laid the foundation for a long career of usefulness and honor, and, whatever at his death his bank account may be, he has achieved something for the good of mankind for which the world will always gratefully remember him. The high spirit, the clear head, the sharp intellectual discrimination between right and wrong which his travel, culture and education have given him is a capital as much better than bank stock as gold is better than brass. No reverses of fortune can take it from him. No financial panics can rob him of it. It is his and his children's forever.

"The other boy lays up his $1,000; he doubles it; he trebles it. What of it! What kind of a man is he at the age of 31? The mere money-getter is the sorriest spectacle on God's green earth. Leisure is dreadful to him. He leaves nothing behind him but money, and that his children waste. The glory of this world is not in corner lots nor bank stocks. No great man whom the world to-day reverences is remembered because he was rich. The saddest spectacle on this earth is that of a man dying on his pile of greenbacks, which he cannot carry with him, while his legatees are counting his coin even as the breath escapes from his body.

"But suppose that your saving boy loses his stock; suppose, as often happens, through no fault of his, values are melted away. Where is he then? A bankrupt, hopelessly and irretrievably ruined.

"Which shall the rich man's daughter marry? I answer that the man of cultured mind and that broad and liberal spirit which travel and education give cares but little about it. If the father desires to sell his daughter, that is his business—and his daughter's. She may start by marrying the compound-interest clerk in a palace, but statistics show that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she will wind up in a hovel. The father of this daughter can take his choice.

"Finally, no men recognize the worth, value and splendor of strong native business genius half so much as educated men. Don't despise nor under-rate it. It will always help you. It will never hurt you. Stocks and cash and corner lots are well. But they are not all that there is of this world, nor nearly all. Our great men have lived without them and died without them, but the world loves them still. Cræsus was very rich, but the generations of 3,000 years have despised him. Socrates was wretchedly poor, but for 2,000 years the world has loved him. You buy and sell cattle and are at liberty to do so because of what he taught 2,000 years ago."—Chicago News.

NEW YORK'S HORSE MARKET.

Wonderful Improvement in Trotting Blood in Recent Years.

New York has come to be looked upon as the great mart for blooded equines, and instead of colts and fillies being displayed, as of yore, in their ancestral paddocks, they are transported to that city and exhibited in the American Institute building. The dangers of travel are more than offset by the larger attendance of rich buyers secured in the metropolis, and the consequent increase in prices obtained. The smallest man and the shrewdest inspector of horses at the sales of last spring was Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, the introducer of the happy medium strain into the trotting blood of the United States, and one of the first men to largely engage as a business in the breeding of fast trotters.

As he looked with kindling eyes upon the glossy skins of the youngsters being paraded before him on one occasion, he said: "How marvelous has been the improvement in our trotting horses within the last ten years, and, more wonderful still, with breeders increasing in numbers and consequently fast horses also, the prices of good horses have grown enormously. Less than ten years ago a brood mare which brought $1,500 was a phenomenal animal, and the announcement of such figures astounded people. Now such horses range in price from $1,000 to $15,000, and a man who possesses a brood mare, one of whose progeny has made a great record, owns enough to support him, unless his ideas of living are extraordinarily lavish.

"Why is it that the price of blooded horse-flesh has increased so rapidly? There are two chief reasons. The first is that horses to-day, as a result of additional knowledge on the part of trainers, and owing to constant experiments in crossing strains, are finer bred than ever before. The history of the world, so that from the expression of twenty years ago, '2.40 on a plank road,' being an expression of superlative swiftness, we have come now to a condition of equine affairs in which if a man's every-day roadster cannot trot down in the twenties he is sneered at by the drivers he brushes with upon the road.

"The second reason is that men who drive horses for pleasure keep more now than they did ten years ago. Then few men who enjoyed this most delightful pastime kept more than one horse, but they found that a lameness to-day, a soreness to-morrow and cough the next week doomed them to frequent disappointments, and so now gentlemen drivers who can afford the luxury rarely keep less than three fast horses."—[Turf, Field and Farm.

Judicial Chairs.

We read among the courtesies current in the Middle Ages feudal barons were made noticeably prominent in that "rights and jurisdictions" accorded to them under the crown insured to them "deference and respect." One of these privileges was "to erect a canopy, embroidered with armorial bearings, over the chairs in which they sat when they administered justice, or occupied at ceremonial dinners."

"The cloth of state," as such a canopy was called, is not wholly a lost relic, and as a curiosity of the long ago may be seen with other rich awnings in throne-rooms of royal palaces.

A parallel back and a projecting roof sometimes took the place of the canopy, and far more comfortable was such an arrangement, and highly gratifying to madam the baroness, since by the change making room for two, she could share better than before the honors accorded to her liege lord. It was also so occupied at meal-times, whereby the noble house-mother could receive her quota of "deference and respect."

From these ancient "forms" was evolved the sometimes rude but strong and convenient "settle," which many of us have observed on stoops or piazzas of country inns, or on the verandas of well-built farmers' homes.—[Bazar.

Relics of Washington.

Isaac J. Greenwood of New York is exhibiting a tooth in a glass case. The tooth is mounted in gold. Above it hangs this extract from Mr. Greenwood's father's will: "I give and bequeath to my eldest son, Isaac John Greenwood, forever, all the curios, medallions, snuff-boxes, General Washington's tooth and the under false jaw of teeth made for him by my late father, John Greenwood." The tooth, a large-sized molar, yellow from use and age, was the last one removed from the illustrious Washington's under jaw, according to the diary of Mr. Greenwood's father. In another glass case Mr. Greenwood exhibits a letter from General Washington, recording the remittance of $15 for a "false jaw." The letter was dated from Mount Vernon, January 6, 1799.—[St. Louis Republican.

Extinction of a Queer Sect.

A religious sect founded in England more than 150 years ago by John Glass, and called the Sandemanians, after Robert Sandeman, who was its first apostle in this country, became extinct about a week ago in Danbury, Conn. It had been reduced down to four old women, and they sold the house of worship, and closed out the affairs of the sect forever. The creed of these people was founded on the doctrine that "the death of Christ, without a thought or act on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God."—[Chicago Herald.

Paper Money to Balance Gold.

Do you know how many $1 bills it takes to weigh as much as a $20 gold piece? Driving out to White Bear recently one of those walking compendiums of useful information sprang the shore query, and the opinions that it elicited show a remarkable range. One member of the party, whose business is to handle money in large sums, after profound thought, suggested that the number would be from 1,000 to 1,200. Others guessed down the line to 500, but no one got within shouting distance. After all had placed themselves on record, the compendium stated that the number was thirty or thirty-one, according to their condition as to dirtiness and age.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A PAIR of belligerent bulls engaged in a fierce battle on the track of the Astoria and South Coast Railroad, in Oregon, the other day, and for nearly half an hour the trainmen were unable to drive them away in order to get the train through. Huge clubs were worn out over the heads and backs of the animals, but without avail, until at last they grew weary and sullenly scrambled away.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

A slip of the foot may be soon recovered, but that of the tongue perhaps never.

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If thou desirest a wife choose her on a Saturday rather than on a Sunday.

It Must Be So!

When an article has stood the test of public trial upward of forty years, like Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment, there can be no doubt about its possessing real merit.