Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1891.

It is said that the use by Dr. Koch of guinea pigs for the preparation of the lymph he uses, has created a great demand in Europe for these little animals.

The twenty-nine railroad men who met at J. Pierpont Morgan's house in New York city recently, to discuss the question of railroad competition represented a capital of about $3,000,000,000.

A contemporary pertinently says: "What this country needs is for farmers to understand that winter dairying pays best; that winter-made butter costs less than summer-made, and sells for one-third more."

The Egyptian government has decided to allow private persons to excavate antiquities on condition that half of what they discover goes to the museum, the latter having prior claim to any unique objects.

Sir John Lubbock, the great English naturalist, sticks to the principle of his shop holiday scheme. He has reintroduced a bill providing that when two-thirds of the shopkeepers in a defined district wish to take a weekly half-holiday, the remaining one-third shall be compelled to do so.

That there is a growing tendency toward creating private game preserves in all parts of this country, remarks the New York Herald, is recognized everywhere. Nowhere, perhaps, is this tendency more evident than in New Jersey, where there is still a great deal of comparatively wild land which will never be fit for anything but timber growing, mining and game preserving.

Not since the rise and fall of the "Grecian bend" has there been anything so absurd in fashionable usages, asserts the New York Times, as the present style of shaking hands affected. It must be admitted only by the ultra young and ultra stylish. The spectacle of two young women placing their palms together and sawing back and forth with elbows almost level with the shoulders is one at which it is suspected the gods do more than smile. When, as it often happens, the pair are wearing the high-shouldered, high-collared capes now in vogue the sawing process approaches the grotesque.

The official census of Germany, which was recently completed, gives Berlin a population of 1,574,485, being an increase of 259,000 in five years. The city containing the next highest number of persons is Hamburg with a population of 570,534. This is an increase of 99,534 since 1885. Hamburg, which with the city of Altona, 715,170 inhabitants, has added 21 per cent. to its population within the last five years. Leipsic, which has 353,272 inhabitants, had only 159,500 in 1885. This is the greatest increase in any city, being 82 per cent. Munich has 344,898 inhabitants; Breslau, 334,710; Cologne, 282,537; Dresden, 276,085; Magdeburg, 200,071, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, 179,850.

There is now living in Pittsburg a man who once slapped the face of the Prince of Wales. "In my early life," he said, "I was a soldier in the British Army, and once my regiment was reviewed by Queen Victoria, who held by the hand the youthful Prince of Wales. When the mother's back was turned the boy playfully expectorated on my red coat, and I resented the insult to the British flag by slapping him in the face with my open palm. He told his mother, and very soon the colonel heard of it and came dancing along to wreak vengance on the man who dare lift his hand to the son of the Queen. The Queen sought me out and graciously inquired what my name was. 'William Dickson, sergeant, Your Majesty,' said I, and she commended my sense of propriety in administering a timely rebuke to the heir apparent of the English throne and recommended me for promotion, which never came."

TO THE UNATTAINABLE.

Dear, how many the songs I bring to you
Woven of dream-wills, pleasure, and pain,
All the songs of my life I sing to you,
And you hear, and answer again.
Though no rhyme do your dear lips say to me,
Yet, my poet, sweet songs you bring:
When you smile, then the angels play to me
Tunes to the silent songs you sing.

All my soul goes forth in a song to you,
All my deeds for your sake are done,
All my laurels and bays belong to you,
In your name are my battles won.
Just by living you make my life dear to me,
Though your lips never speak my name;
'Tis your hands that in dreams appear to me,
Bringing me all that I ask of fame.

What though here you are wholly lost to me,
Though you never will know or see,
Though life's pain be the worship's cost to me,
Am I not richer than great Kings be?
Have I not you, in the holiest heart of me—
You, in the eyes which you see alone?
Shall I not rise to your soul, which is part of me.
Till you shall meet me and know your own?

—[E. Nesbit, in Longman's Magazine.

A WAR CLAIM.

BY CHAS. T. MURRAY.

"Hurry up, men! No skylarking about that crib! Lively, now! Let the chickens go. Let 'em alone, I say! Bring out that corn!"

The commands of the young sergeant were sharp and quick. Two or three of his men who had been chasing the frightened fowls about the backyard hauled off grumbling with but a single capture. To make that capture certain the soldier who held the chicken had immediately wrung its head off.

"Do you suppose we're sent out here to steal chickens, you fool?" cried the sergeant, kicking the flopping rooster out of the way. "In with that smokehouse door! Bring out the bacon and anything substantial. Bacon and corn—that's the kind of grub for you!"

Crash! Down went the padlocked door!

In half a minute half a dozen men were passing out smoked meats, bacon and ham, while those who had attacked the corn crib were actively lugging the well-filled sacks down the shady path between the magnolias to the big army wagon in the road.

An armed guard in charge of a corporal stood in or about the wagon still retaining their loaded muskets, while the teamsters bestrode their mules, keenly alert for any manifestations on the part of the scattering cavalrymen along the country road and across the fields in the distance.

The guns of the foragers at work were stacked in the front yard and over them stood another man in blue, springfield in hand, his eyes strained upon the house.

This soldier was myself. And together we formed a detail of a grand foraging party, a brigade of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry and a battery of light artillery—that day stretching over a wide strip of territory on either side of the columns sweeping down upon the field of Perrysville.

The house was the typical Kentucky farm-house of the middle class, backed by the usual outhouses for slaves and storage and flanked by Lombardy poplars, magnolias and shrubbery. Off the main road it had escaped the ravages of both armies that had swept and reswept the neighboring region. Yet now the house seemed to be deserted. Our repeated knocks had failed to arouse anybody. Even the negro cabins were tenantless, though all indications pointed to recent occupancy.

"If orders hadn't been so strict about entering houses," said the Sergeant to me, fingering his quartermaster's receipts. "I'd get inside and see what kind of a place this is. Lovely outside isn't it? Now where's that young Peach-and-Honey?" he shouted to the noisy group in the rear. It was the sobriquet of one of the foragers.

"Stealing honey, no doubt," grumbled Sergt. Hale. "I never saw such fellows for chicken and honey. Listen to that firing, too," looking anxiously across the fields whence came the sounds of irregular musketry. The men also stopped to listen.

"Come, boys, hurry up," hastening to the rear. "Never mind, nobody's shooting at you! Where's that confounded"—

The sergeant was cut short by a loud noise in the house, as if in a struggle a heavy table had been overturned, and then a woman's piercing shriek.

"Guard! Look alive, there!" cried Hale, and he made a dive for the front door, fixing his bayonet as he ran. As he reached the door it swung open and a slender, white-haired old lady ran out, swinging her hands and wailing.

"For the love of heaven, gentlemen! Oh, take that man away! Your man in there—take him away! You can have everything! Only let us alone! Surely, you do not war on helpless women and children!"

The Sergeant had dashed past her, his rifle in his sturdy grip, when she discovered me standing with mine at a "ready" directly in front of her on the lawn. The poor old lady was so frightened she fell upon her knees, and, covering her withered face with her trembling hands, begged me for God's sake not to shoot her. I was actually astonished at the idea of shooting a woman to reassure her, or even to tell her to get up.

As if to make my temporary dumbness permanent, just then a young girl rushed out, and with a loud, despairing cry threw herself between the prostrate lady and myself. She was of that lovely, slender, ox-eyed type often seen in the Blue Grass region. Her attitude of protection and self-sacrifice, her quivering figure, her flashing eyes, her distended nostrils, her dishevelled hair—I will never forget.

At this moment an apparent hand-to-hand struggle inside attracted my attention, and, remembering the sergeant, I found voice enough to shout, "Stand aside! stand aside!" waving my left hand as I kneeled on one knee and brought my gun to bear on the doorway.

It couldn't have been over half a minute, and by that time all of the men had fallen into ranks, taken their guns from the stack and had deployed as skirmishers across the yard.

And then came a scuffle, a low cry of pain, and thump, bump, bumpty-bump then a demoralized and battered man in blue pitched down the stairs and out into the yard. Sergt. Hale kicking him at every bound. It was Peach-and-Honey. He slunk slowly down the pathway towards the wagon amid the jeers of his comrades.

"Now, ladies," began the Sergeant, brushing his cont sleeves across his handsome face—then he stopped.

The mother had risen, and the look of despair upon the daughter's face had given way to one of tumultuous gratitude. Before he had fairly comprehended the situation, the young girl stepped forward and, bending over Hale's hand, reverently kissed it, then turned upon him a look having no equivalent in human words.

He blushed like a girl and she was as red as a rose in June. Neither uttered a word. Then she fled within.

"Attention! Well, boys—we—get out of this!" he finally shouted.

We are very grateful to you, sir," broke in the elder lady. "We are Union women, Belle and I—but my poor son"—

"Is a rebel, eh? Oh, well, I suppose he thinks he is right. Your name, madam—the Government will pay for the property. Parkes? Here is your receipt—keep it. Sorry, I'm sure. Have to live, you know, and war—but we don't war on women, and—and—"For-w-a-r-d!"

It was midnight and pitchy black. Only the somnolent figures, shapeless in blanket and oilcloth, stretched immediately about the low camp-fire, and the dim outlines of similar figures in the near foreground told where the weary column slept, every man on his arms.

Sergt. Hale sat close to the fire, with his knees drawn up and his finely chiselled face upon his hand; while I was preparing in the only skillet of the company the first morsel of food we had had since morning—a solid cake of flour and water. The rest of our company had eaten the same and fallen asleep one by one. We had waited our turn at the only skillet, and here it was midnight.

The ground trembled and shook the ashes into our cake.

"We ought to be there," said the Sergeant with a sigh. "That's all right—the ashes will improve your cake. Ash cake for dyspepsia, you know."

As I dumped the mess out and we broke in two equal pieces I asked him if we would get to Perrysville in time to help the boys out.

"Very unlikely. This corps can't make ten miles to-morrow and help anybody. About a third of it is being goaded along into camp by cavalry sabres, or is lying dead beat in ten miles of fence corners, checked for the bullet of the bushwacker or the military prison."

"Lord! what a round that was!" he exclaimed upon a heavier discharge than usual. "I wonder if she heard that—Belle—I mean that girl we—robbed. Don't you know I feel as if I had personally robbed her and our fellows over there were now killing off her family? Fact! I can't get her face out of my mind."

"Have you been trying?" I laughingly inquired.

"No—no: I can't say I have." He colored up a trifle and then, like the gallant soldier that he was, came straight at the mark. "I don't want to try. That girl is the only woman in the world who could tempt me to marry—could tempt me to anything—yes, even dishonor," he added in a whisper.

"Mere fancy," I said. "You didn't see her half a minute, by the watch. You don't know what sort of a woman she is."

"Could you see that face and manner—those eyes—and not read the soul within?" He continued, moodily—"I have felt that every mile was a dozen because placed between that girl and me."

"The miles were long enough the way they are."

"God knows they were," he replied, fervently, "and I could not have marched another mile if I was to have been shot, for not doing it. Yet I could go back to that place, I believe, without food or rest, now."

With the early bugle and drum we were dragging our stiffened limbs across the fields, down the road toward yesterday's battle-field, a comparatively happy lot of cripples. For the daylight courier from Perrysville had brought the news of the retirement of the enemy, with our troops in pursuit.

We finally reached that memorable battle-field, still literally piled with Confederate slain. Our dead had already been buried, by the troops who had moved on. In a stroll over the field Sergt. Hale and I counted not less than a hundred partially nude and charred bodies of men who had fallen in the fence corners, the leaves having taken fire during the engagement. Some, wounded and unable to move, had evidently been burned alive. Many bodies elsewhere had been stripped of all decorous clothing where they lay and the hot sun had caused them to swell horribly and this added to the sickening sight. All had been robbed and the pockets of the clothed dead were invariably wrong side out.

On a hillside, somewhat remote from the central scene of the engagement, we were sadly attracted by a vision that for the moment brought us back to humanity and Christian civilization. It was the body of a young man wrapped in an ordinary bed sheet of fine linen. The face was tied in a lady's handkerchief. The eyes had been closed and the hands were folded upon the breast.

Alone, rudely enshrouded here on the hillside, was at least one late human being, of all the mangled, charred, stripped, robbed remains of human beings that dotted the fields under the corrupting sun, that had appealed to human sympathy not in vain.

We stood reverently silent before it, with instinctively uncovered heads. The Sergeant then knelt down and slowly removed the covering from the dead face.

"Great God!"

He started to his feet, and both of us were for a moment spell-bound.

It was the cold image of her face!

The same wavy, chestnut hair, the same brow, nose and chin, the same general contour, only masculine in strength—only waxen in death.

"It is he—it is her brother!" said the Sergeant, with forced calmness. "Poor boy! poor girl!"

He gently replaced the handkerchief. And as he did so, the unbidden Union tears fell upon the sheeted form of the dead rebel.

The Hon. James Hale was a member of Congress from the —th District of Illinois. He was a plain, blunt gentleman of some forty years of age, given to attending to his own business.

That business had consequently thrived and was now attending to him. He had already achieved the distinction of being known as a hard committee worker in the House of Representatives. He had never made a speech, and therefore was comparatively little known to the general public. With matters pertaining to pensions and with all other interests of the ex-soldier he was thoroughly conversant.

In my capacity of Washington correspondent I often met him, and as often we invariably reverted to our military comradeship and incidents of the war. He had never married, and I alone knew the romance of that (to him) fateful half minute at the Kentucky farmhouse. He was not morose or cynical. Quite contrary. He simply put society—female society—aside.

"I want to introduce you to a lady constituent of mine," said one of his Southern friends to him one day.

"I have no time for cultivating the ladies," replied he, "though of course," he added, "it would be an honor to meet any friend of yours."

"Thanks, Hale; but this lady has a claim before your committee and has come all the way from Kentucky to see about it, and she has a right to see you on business. You will not deny her an interview?"

"Does she know me?" he asked, quickly. "What is her name?"

"She is a widow, my dear sir—a most lovable creature—Mrs. Louden—belongs to one of the best old Kentucky families. The claim is a war claim, for property taken. I don't know anything about it, and told her you would probably know all about it and that you were a fair man and would give her a hearing. By the way, Hale, how does it come that as good a man as you never married?"

"My dear fellow, because I never saw a woman I would have cared to marry—save one, and"—

"And she wouldn't have you, eh? The old story."

Congressmen are a good deal like school-boys, and indulge in many playful personalities that would not be pleasantly received outside of the cloak-rooms. Mr. Hale merely smiled and made an appointment for the next day at his committee room; then forgot all about it.

The next day a lady in black was shown into the room of the Committee on War Claims by the Kentucky member and was introduced to the Chairman.

"What? You have met before?" said the volatile Kentuckian with some surprise.

"I—not certain," she stammered, "unless".

"Unless your name was Miss Belle Parkes?" suggested Mr. Hale.

"And unless you were the Union noncommissioned officer who wouldn't steal chickens," smilingly.

"But stole everything else? Yes, we've met before," said Hale.

Then there was a general laugh at Hale's expense—a laugh in which other Committemen heartily joined. The story was repeated and repeated—all save the incident of the kiss, and when the narrative had reached that point Mr. Hale glanced meaningly at his hand and the lady looked slyly down upon the floor. She was still a fine-looking woman, he noted.

"So you've brought that old claim with you, eh?" said he, "knowing I couldn't get away?" in a tone of badinage.

"Brought it with me? Dear me, it has been here a dozen years or more," and she looked around the room as if it were the only place she might have dropped on the floor somewhere, rolled under the committee-table and been forgotten.

A messenger was summoned and the claim brought in from the files. Mr. Hale found his own receipt as a Government officer duly set forth. He also found favorable reports on the case that it had been twice passed by the House and once by the Senate, but had somehow never got through.

After adjournment he sought Mrs. Louden. A long and interesting conversation ensued, during which each learned all about the other. She told him of the death of her mother, of her brother, of her widowhood. He described the finding of her brother and his Christian burial.

"It was his dear aunt, who lived on the hill just above the battle-field. She knew where his command was stationed during the fight and sent her old negro to look over the dead. He found two were unable to move, but the troops came that day. The negro was terribly scared, but was in hiding near by and saw you bury it. We removed it to our family ground shortly afterward. Poor boy!"

"Poor girl!" added Mr. Hale, seeing that she knew everything.

"It was so good of you, sir, to feel for us. When aunty told me what you had said and done there I was sorry I had not kissed you again!" Her soft Southern eyes were melting and she smiled through her tears.

"You can do so now," said Hale, tenderly taking her hand and pouring out the eloquent story of his heart.

And when the story was finished she did so.

"You alone have ever had a claim upon my heart," said he, returning the embrace.

"A war claim,'" she lightly replied.

"It is now settled, at last," he said.

"Having unanimously passed both houses at the same session," was the smiling retort.—[New York World.

The Oldest Man On Earth.

The oldest man in the world is a citizen of Bogota, in the Republic of San Salvador.

This new Methuselah declares that he is one hundred and eighty years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is.

He is a half-breed named Michael Sola, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centenarian.

They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Franciscan convent which exists near San Sebastian.

His skin is like parchment, his long hair, of the whiteness of snow, envelopes his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable impression on the doctor.

Interrogated by the doctor, he answered complaisantly that his great age was due to his regular mode of living, and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he, "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour, for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."—[New York Journal.

The Gila Monster.

S. Gorman, who is in charge of original researches concerning batrachians and reptiles at Harvard University, has just issued a monograph on "The Gila Monster." This reptile, known to science as *Heloderma suspretum*, is an enormous lizard, and it has been a frequent topic of travellers' tales, who have credited it with a maximum length of thirty inches, the thickness of a strong man's arm, a poisonous black vapor breath, and bite unusually fatal.

Mr. Gorman has had a specimen under daily observation for over a year. It is about twelve inches long and three inches broad, striped black and white on a yellowish background. He finds the "poisonous black vapor breath" a myth. Although large worms and insects seemed to die much more quickly when bitten by the monster than when cut in pieces by the scissors, a kitten which the reptile had bitten twice suffered no symptoms other than those following any similar incised wound, and a post mortem, soon after the second bite showed no indications of poison.

Mr. Gorman, therefore, concludes that the venomous reputation of the *Heloderma* is unmerited, and that his black breath is imaginary. He is an interesting object to study, but no more harmful than other animals of his size and weapons.

Painless Death.

Dr. Conrad Wesselhoft, endorsed by the Homeopathic Society of Boston, Mass., recommends the use of chloroform to solve the problem of euthanasia—the execution of criminals in a swift and painless manner. That electricity and with lightning speed on some animal organisms, can, however, be hardly denied, and the variation of its effect is the chief argument used against the repetition of the Kemmler experiment. Exactly the same objection might, unfortunately, be argued against the use of chloroform. Under the influence of ether some persons swoon away like children falling into a deep slumber, while others cough, sputter and struggle under a more and more difficulting difficulty to breathe. Prussic acid judiciously administered, acts almost as quick, and would, in the strong poison of the South American Indians, is said to produce a sort of lethargy which in less than five minutes progresses from a feeling of languor to loss of consciousness; still it may be questioned if anything but old age can cause such a thing as an absolutely painless death.—[New York Voice.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "Come."

TEXTS: "Come."—Gen. vi., 18. "Come." Rev. xxii., 17.

Important, random and all persuasive is this word "Come!" Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible sain my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come!" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an ocean into which empty ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it decoys. It reminds from the door of church and from the seraglio, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confident and accredited of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or so tenderly that not a single syllable of it shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor and haul in the planks, and I set sail on the great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fathoming line into the sea and try to measure its depths, and though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the pulpit how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay boat through intergrown New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a drunken and battered man drowsing in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is. 'Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you.'" And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? That have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. "Will you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of Him; I fear I will not be ready to meet Him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are, and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and so many things in the terrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue and he had a big boat and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had bigger boat!" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and cries which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in the world—the prosperous or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; with one stroke many have disappointed and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly launched in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the license of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and then and there a financial panic comes like a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live and struggle and die unhonored. Who we all start, whether up or down in life, or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle, armed only with needle, or saw, or axe, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or chisel, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said 'My child, God will provide.' Thirty years He has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and He will not leave us to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not see how. We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day, and in good health, and buoyant in this life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck a mud-hole in the deep snow, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and he was the tenantry of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peeping through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a tearing round. Oh, it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'Come,' but you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that has been said and done for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God does not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all separate with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will He then refuse entrance to His children? Will Government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the lifeline or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of His only Son's assassination a escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive! are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could take off your shackles? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of pilling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come then and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto Me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" The angels in never fall pending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb are chiming, "Come! Come! Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife.

One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The Czar says, peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding." Everlasting peace!

MRS. STANLEY is seeing America as no other English woman ever did before. In Buffalo the regular boarders of the hotel where Mrs. Stanley and her mother stayed quietly fitted up their apartment before their arrival with the costliest and most beautiful articles of furniture from their own rooms. For three days Dorothy and her mother simply marveled at the Oriental magnificence of American hotel life.

THE deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. Its area of 14,000 square miles makes it about equal to Lake Erie in superficial extent; its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes its volume of waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, its bottom averages over 2,000 feet below the same level.

MEN are laziest in the morning, and can do their best work three or four hours after they get up. The women, on the contrary, can do better work the first three or four hours after getting up than they can do at any other hour of the day. If anything happens to interfere with the first part of the woman's day, the whole day is lost to her as far as work is concerned.

An Expensive Craze for Tapestry.

There is a present craze among collectors for old tapestries. Six tapestries which were sold some fifteen years ago from the old Livingston manor-house for $100, have just been resold for $20,000; and five large old Flemish specimens which Mr. William C. Prime, the well-known archæologist, paid $600 for in 1872 are now valued at $5,000 apiece.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LEGAL light who is interested in the recent African horrors has called attention to a statute in force in England providing that "when any murder shall be committed on land out of the United Kingdom the criminal may be tried and punished in any part of England or Ireland where he may be apprehended."

IT is surprising what a number of American doctors discovered sure cures for consumption long before Koch ever thought of his. It was very courteous of them to withhold the information until the German physician had made his announcement.

LONDON to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1830, and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled.

FOR five years Japan has had postal savings banks, and the depositors have increased from ten thousand the first year to nearly four hundred thousand at present, and the deposits from less than sixteen thousand dollars to more than twenty millions.

VENICE is one of the poorest cities in Italy. It has 140,000 inhabitants. Of these no less than 40,000 have their names inscribed on the books of the "Congregazione di Carita" as recipients of relief; that is to say, nearly one-fourth of the population are paupers.

THE French vineyards have been ravaged by the phylloxera again, but that will not interfere with the supply of wine for America. Unfortunately for American consumers of French wine makers are not dependent upon the grape.

MRS. POLLARD, wife of the historian of the Lost Cause, is now a resident of New York. She is a creole by birth and is a fine-looking woman of middle age, with dark, expressive eyes and brown hair.

THE conduct of the various African explorers gives rise to the theory that it is impossible to visit the Dark Continent and return to civilization without the loss of one's good temper.

"WHY do you bark at the moon?" asked the tom-cat. "Poor thing," answered the watch dog, as he jingled his chain; "haven't you ever heard that the moon exerts an influence on the tied?"

AN OSTRICH FARM.

AN AFRICAN INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA.

Profitable Birds to Raise—How Ostriches are Hatched by Means of Incubators—An Ostrich Plucking.

A mile below Santa Monica Cal., is an ostrich farm of something like sixty or seventy birds. Some of these are of the original stock brought from Cape Colony in 1882, but most of them are natives. These awkward birds are a never-ending source of interest to the tourist, and many an honest two-bits drops into the slot at the gate entrance as the fee for seeing the ostriches. But the South African bird has proved profitable on American soil, not alone as an attraction for a Sunday garden or a side-show for a land boom. Every bird is worth money, and every bird makes its owner money.

There are at least half a dozen ostrich farms in Southern California. They have ceased to be a curiosity there, and each now represents a commercial enterprise. Americans buy one-half the millions of ostrich feathers produced annually. It is estimated that this country expends $3,000,000 a year for these ornaments. Each ostrich when full grown yields a feather income of from $200 to $300 per annum. The elegant, long, black and white plumes sell for $5 each at the farms, and readily bring $10 each at retail in New York or Chicago.

Every feather has a value. If it is sufficiently large for use it is worth at least 10 cents. The very small ones, otherwise useless, make up into cheap souvenirs and are eagerly purchased by visiting tourists at prices varying from 10 cents to $1. The plumes produced in Southern California are fully as valuable as those from the far-away Cape Colony.

The eggs, if fertile, sell for $25 each and generally from 75 to 80 per cent. of all eggs produced will hatch. If not fertile the shells are in demand at from $3 to $5 each as curios and ornaments. A young ostrich just out of the shell is considered equivalent to $50, and his value increases until he is full grown, when $500 is a low market price.

The expense of maintaining an ostrich farm is comparatively slight. The birds in this country are usually healthy; their appetites are appalling, but they are satisfied with alfalfa, cabbage and crushed bones for a regular diet. On occasions they expect large and small pebbles, bits of iron, old tin cans and such delicacies. A hungry ostrich is not particular about his food. It is merely a question of deglutition with him. If what he eats will go down—or rather up—his somewhat elastic throat (for he eats and drinks head downward) he feels safe to trusts his digestive organs to do the rest.

The senses of sight, smell and hearing of the ostrich are keen. He is very timid, and is startled by a slight noise. He can see a man at a distance of three miles, and the ostrich hunter who approaches his game with the wind will be discovered long before he is within gunshot.

Ostriches are not only cautious and able to run at great speed, but they are fighters. A stroke of one of the powerful wings will fell a man, and a kick from a full-grown bird would be more disastrous than a well-directed blow from the right arm of John L. Sullivan. Ostriches are very curious, and their inquisitiveness will sometimes lead them into trouble, but if injured in any way and they escape, nothing can persuade them to repeat the same experiment.

One day at the Santa Monica ostrich farm, a keeper accidentally knocked the top rail off one of the paddocks. A large male ostrich had been watching him with interest. The rail fell upon the bird's neck and caused him some pain. He rushed away from danger, and, though not alarmed by the presence of any other keeper, he never recovered his confidence in the one to whom he charged his mishap, but when the keeper appeared took a post at the farthermost end of the inclosure, and could not be coaxed to come within reach of him.

The ostrich egg shell is sometimes one-sixteenth of an inch thick. It is fully twenty-four times the size of an ordinary hen's egg. Incubation requires forty days, during which period the male and female alternate in the domestic duty of keeping the eggs warm. Most of the hatching is now done by incubators. A three-hundred-