UNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Sin of Borrowing Trouble."

TEXT: "*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*"—Matthew vi. 34.

The life of every man, woman and child is so closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much He hath done to make thee happy: His sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and a procession of hammered flames through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scandal and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good, cultivated cheerfulness. Away with the horrors! they distill poison, they dig graves, and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into a fierce battle; the eagle mistaken for the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now, the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is clefted, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest, and sweep the cold from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than mothelry fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears!

Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has He stinted thy board? Has He covered thee with rags? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a tide full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a Father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward Him, as though they were afraid He would steal something.

It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessing. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, scattering in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and lapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a bowing down of their brightest excellences. Like a boy with a new jacket, hacking everything he comes across with his sharp edged jackknife, so many Christians make a religious cutting to pieces of the green-set things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing at thirty per cent, which is always a sure prescription of bankruptcy.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because the present is sufficiently hard with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trial, and has apportioned it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are ahead. Let each day bear its own burdens.

The shadows of to-day are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come and wring out more gall into bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their bills, and meet their notes, and manage affairs as they now are, but what if there should come a panic? Go to-morrow and write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the touch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in 1881. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the out night arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at His feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are borrowing troubles about future pleurisies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is malfunctioned, and they are afraid they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly today, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future.

Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking Him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. To pamper and feed are confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by foreboding. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future, their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exausted; and those long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your thirst will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by mowing crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and triumph. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine press. The whirlwind will kiss the feet of the great storm walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your sout the sun of prosperity will stand still. Blessed are ye when struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of thunderpan unto God for ever.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and lazarus lie in crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and Lazarus's that are always open, and hills that echo with perpetual song, and a city rising forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus, their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me.

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust Him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

MR. JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, of Springfield, Ohio, owns about 60,000 acres of land in Iowa and Nebraska, and he proposes to inaugurate a reform which will keep young people on the farm. Mr. Bookwalter spent his early life on a farm and believes that the principal cause of discontent among farmers, young and old, is isolation and loneliness. He suggests that farm-houses be built in small villages or settlements, not more than a third of a mile apart, with lands surrounding them and conveniently near for practical farming. The idea is not a new one. The farmers of Russia live in villages, but the plan has not obtained to any extent in this country where the farmer owns his land. Mr. Bookwalter has started such a plan in Nebraska and he hopes to make the farmer's life agreeable as well as profitable. His village in Nebraska will have a circulating library, a town hall, a school and a church or two. Mr. Bookwalter's plan could be followed profitably by other farming communities.

A FULL-GROWN crocodile from Florida escaped from its cage somewhere in New York a few days ago and nearly killed a man before it could be persuaded to go back. It takes some Southerners a long time to learn that the way to come.

"JOHNNY APPLESEED."

ONE OF THE QUEEREST CHARACTERS THAT EVER LIVED.

Wandering for More Than Twenty Years Through Western Wilds, Planting Apple Seeds—Considerate Toward Everything Alive.

One of the quaintest, queerest, and most original characters that ever trod the trackless wastes of the Western wilderness was Jonathan Chapman, known as old Johnny Appleseed. Pioneer, philosopher, philanthropist and pomologist is he, taking no thought of himself and living for others only. He would not, could he prevent it, suffer the slightest harm to be done to the meanest of living creatures. In the great Western solitudes he led the life of the primitive Christian, taking a thought only of the hour and letting a wise Providence look out for the future. He thought hunting morally wrong, and he would let a mosquito sit on him and suck his blood until the insect was satiated to bursting.

This old old man was the pioneer orchard planter of the West. For over twenty years he wandered over the States of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri, planting apple seeds, and selling and giving away the seedlings. Many of the great apple orchards of the West owe their origin to Johnny Appleseed. Old Johnny was born in Boston in 1775. In 1801 he appeared in the Territory of Ohio with a load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places in and about Licking Creek. The first orchard originated by old Johnny was on the farm of Isaac Stodden, in what is now Licking county, Ohio.

"I have often wondered why there was such a widespread ignorance of old Johnny Appleseed in the West," observed a friend of the writer recently. "Even among horticulturists his name is scarcely known. There certainly was no character any more fully identified with the West than he in his day."

Thus it is with all who have ever heard anything of the quaint old man. The wonder is that his name is not a byword, and his history a part of the common school curriculum of the day. One of the early histories of Ohio says that Johnny Appleseed was originally from Massachusetts. Some years ago Harper's Magazine published something of the man, but nothing like a detailed or complete history has ever appeared.

The early Western pioneers who knew him but slightly considered old Johnny a vagabond. From cursory observation it would appear that their views were pretty well founded. A more uncouth individual it would have been difficult to find. His garments were a bundle of rags. His shoes, when he wore any, could scarcely be held on his feet by bits of twine, so dilapidated and worn were they. His pinched and grizzled features were covered by a growth of very shaggy beard. His hair was quite long and very much failed by constant exposure to wind and weather. But old Johnny's crowning glory was an old tin mush pot that had a long handle. This battered old culinary utensil he wore for a hat. When he was tramping through the Western forests the old man always cooked his meals in the old mush pot. The cravings of hunger satisfied, he would give the pot a careful washing, put it on his head and tramp on. This was his practice for over two decades. The old pot was bright enough on its inside, but its exterior was a sight to behold, so blackened and battered was it.

With all his uncouthness of personality, however, old Johnny Appleseed had an intellect as keen as the most polished scholars of the day. His ideas were far in advance of his time. Those who have received personal impressions of the old man say that he was a philosopher whose purity of thought was as clear as a perennial spring and whose life was as simple as that of a child.

The name, Johnny Appleseed, was given him by the early settlers with whom he came in contact because he nearly always carried a bag full of apple seeds with him. These seeds, by infinite toil he gathered from the cider presses among the Dutch farmers in Pennsylvania. Frequently the daughters and wives of the farmers would assist him in his task, but most of the time he pursued his work alone. When a sufficient quantity of the seed had been gathered, old Johnny would load the fruit of his labor in a canoe and start on a voyage down the Ohio River into the great wilderness of the West. In Indiana and Illinois, wherever there was the faintest suspicion of a settlement, he went and planted his apple seeds. Sometimes he would select an open place in the forest, his judgment telling him that some day the white man would be there. The discovery of fruit-bearing apple trees in the woods in these States has led many to believe that the apples are indigenous to the soil. When Indiana and Illinois became well settled, old Johnny extended his wanderings west of the Mississippi River and planted his apple seeds on Missouri soil. In the wigwam of the Indian and the cabin of the pioneer he was known and always welcome. He must have made twenty such annual trips as the one above described. When his seedlings became large enough he gave them to the settlers or sold them for food and clothes. He generally made a sorry bargain, the garments he got being of the very poorest variety. During the summer he almost always traveled barefooted. One enthusiastic historian says that the old man ever traveled barefooted when the snow was on the ground. One person called him the "John in the Wilderness" of the New World.

One of the most peculiar characteristics of old Johnny Appleseed was his religion. He led a simple, regal and harmless life. He was the follower of St. Macon 60, Minnesota 235, Missouri [illegible] the new church, a Swedenborgian, and he never lost an opportunity to expound his doctrines. He carried with him always a little bundle of tracts. These he distributed among the early settlers on the border of civilization. When he would make his return trips he would take these tracts up and leave new ones in their places. His advent in Ohio in the early days created a sensation. The simple-minded people of the towns and villages knew nothing but the old faith, and their belief was strong in superstition. The settlers could not understand his religious views. Some thought he was crazy, and therefore treated him with compassion; others thought he was possessed of the devil, and would not allow him to enter their houses. At this time, however, a member of the Baptist Church of Richmond County, Ohio, a school teacher, and the best read man in the county, invited the strange pilgrim to his home. The Ohioan said afterward that he found his guest to be one of the best posted and most brilliant-minded persons that he had ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Those who knew the old man say that he was in constant fear of hurting some insect or animal. One night he built his camp fire in the woods and prepared to cook his evening meal. The mosquitoes were very thick about the fire, and some of them flew into it and were scorched. This so worried old Johnny that he took old mush-pot hat, filled it with water and quenched the fire. "God forbid," said he, "that I should build a fire for my comfort that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures."

At another time, it is said, he made a camp fire at the end of a hollow log. He intended to sleep in the log, but just as he was about to crawl into it he found his prospective bed occupied by some cub bears. Rather than disturb them, he removed his fire to the other end of the log and slept on the snow in the air.

Once, however, the old man was forced to put aside his sentiment in regard to injuring animals and fight for his life. He was frequently lost in the wilderness. On one of these occasions he came face to face with a black bear. The animal was on mischief bent, and at sight of the old mush-pot bedecked pilgrim it rose on its hind legs and advanced toward him, evidently anticipating an easy victory and a good meal. In self-defence old Johnny picked up a long pole and advanced to the fight valiantly. At every blow that bruin received, however, the pole broke. Finally it was but three or four feet long, and the old man was in despair. However, by the help of the Lord, he said, he eventually slew the animal, had a good supper, and carried one quarter and the hide into the next settlement.

Old Johnny had love for all men but landlords. He said that their charge of 12½ cents a meal for victuals was extortionate. In the early days one meal and a night's lodging could be had at the settlement inns for 18¾ cents.

The old man was never known to be sick. He would sleep on the floor, and if no better could be had, he would be satisfied with the scraps that were usually thrown to the dogs. The old man was very fond of children, and he always carried presents for them. These were generally bits of bright calico and ribbon or Indian trinkets, but the children of the early settlers prized the gifts highly. However hungry he would never partake of food until he was assured that there was enough for every child of the family.

It is said that the strange old man to whom the West is indebted for most of its great apple orchards, died in Allen county, Indiana, near Fort Wayne. A person who knew him says that his death was a triumphant passing into glory. He lay on the grass with his face toward the setting sun. His countenance was wreathed with smiles of rapture, and as the last beams of the great luminary died out of the west the vital spark left its abode of clay and passed into the great unknown.—[Chicago Herald.

Traits of Turkeys.

Turkeys are restless creatures, but free-spirited and cheerful in their way. The young ones run most of the time, bending their heads towards the ground, piping plaintively and monotonously with a rising inflection, and "nailing" flies with astonishing swiftness and precision. All their habits tell the story of their comparatively recent domestication. Although they may become very tame, as a lion's cub may, they have a great deal of the savage in them still. They hunt as long as they can see at night, and then are fain to roost in the trees rather than in the hen-house. The farmer always says that a turkey is the biggest fool that the Lord ever made, and declares that the goose is wisdom itself in comparison. The turkey is no doubt foolish, speaking in terms of civilization, but she understands the turkey business very well for all that. She has not yet so completely adapted herself to the ways of human beings as the hen and the goose have, and that is the whole story of her foolishness. Perhaps she has her own idea of the wisdom of these other highly domesticated fowls.—[Boston Transcript.

Tributaries of the Mississippi.

Total navigation of itself is 2161 miles but small steamers can ascend seventy-six miles further. Its principal tributaries, with the miles open to navigation, are: Alleghany, 325 miles, Arkansas 884, Atchafalaya 218, Bartholomew 100, Black (La.) 61, Black (Ark.) 147, Big Black 35, Big Hatchie 75, Big Horn 50, Boeuf 55, Cane 54, Chippewa 90, Clinch 50, Cumberland 600, Cypress 44, D'Arbonne 50, Grand 200, Illinois 350, Iowa 80, Iroquois 181, Kanawha 91, Kentucky 105, Lafourche 168, Little White 50, Macon 60, Minnesota 235, Missouri [illegible]

UNCLE SAM'S COINS.

Something About the New Designs—Some Private Hints.

"It is not likely," writes Rene Bache, "that another competition will ever be asked for the production of designs for United States coins," said Assistant Director of the Mint Preston. "The one just ended was too much of a failure. Doubtless it was the first contest of the kind ever opened by any government to the public at large. The result is not very flattering to the boasted artistic development of this country, inasmuch as only two of the three hundred suggestions submitted were good enough to receive honorable mention. So the affair has been handed over to the engraving force of the Philadelphia Mint, which will produce the dies required according to such patterns as its own sense of the beautiful suggests."

The designs for Uncle Sam's coins hitherto have been produced at the money-making establishment in Philadelphia, where the dies for all the mints are turned out. Anticipating a severe popular criticism, the Chief Engraver will do his utmost to render the five cameo pictures called for as unexceptional as possible, esthetically speaking. There must be a substitute of some kind, representing Liberty, for the Quaker City schoolmarm on the dollar, the reverse of which requires a better type of bird than the present buzzard. Also the unpresossessing female, seated upon a cotton bale, is to be removed from the half-dollar, quarter and dime. Plaster casts of the patterns evolved will be submitted for approval to the Director of the Mint and the Secretary of the Treasury, and, as soon as they have been pronounced satisfactory, dies will be made, and small change of new and lovely mould will thereafter jingle in the pockets of the people. No alteration is to be made in the gold coins, because they are really exquisite now and could hardly be improved upon. It is realized that the money of a nation is expressive of its art culture. Therefore, lest posterity imagine the present generation to have been barbarous, it is desirable that our silver pieces should be as handsome as may be.

It was for fear lest posterity should suppose us to have been heathens that the motto, "In God We Trust," was put on United States coins. The idea was originated by a Pennsylvania clergyman named Watkinson, who also suggested that, instead of a pagan goddess, the obverse should bear an all-seeing eye, with a halo around it and a flag below. "This will relieve us from the ignominy of heathenism," he said, "in the view of future antiquarians."

Secretary of the Treasury S. P. Chase took the proposition into serious consideration, finally selecting "In God We Trust" as the best form for the legend, which appeared first in 1864 on one-cent and two-cent pieces.

The history of the issue of coins in this country by private individuals and companies would make a very interesting book. When gold was struck in North Carolina, a man named Bechtler started a mint of his own there, which was abolished by law in 1849. Half-eagles, quarter-eagles and one-dollar pieces issued from it were largely circulated in the South and West. Although of honest gold they were about 2½ per cent. under value on an average. About the same time Templeton Reid coined gold in Georgia. He moved to California in 1849 and minted eagles and twenty-five dollar pieces on a considerable scale. Many companies and refineries in California and elsewhere made a business of striking gold coins during the same period. Naturally there was a great temptation to make these coins under weight and of inferior fineness. The Mormons in Utah issued eagles, half-eagles and double-eagles, which bore on the obverse an eye, with the legend, "Holiness to the Lord." There was more holiness about them than purity. Quantities of 25-cent and 50-cent gold pieces were likewise manufactured at San Francisco, the former containing only about six cents' worth of the metal and the latter twelve cents' worth. Eight years ago a lot of these were taken over to Germany and circulated there, which elicited a formal diplomatic protest from that Government. The private minting business was finally put a stop to. Where a face is used on a piece of money it is always in profile, because the cameo is more readily struck with the die in that manner, and, if a full or three-quarter face were represented, the nose of the gentleman or lady would get damaged in circulation and produce a ridiculous effect. Aluminum has been suggested as a material for coins, but there are objections to it. It has always a greasy feel, due to the presence of a slight but unavoidable film of oxide of aluminum over its surface. Besides, one-fifth part of the earth's crust consists of it, and if a process for extracting it readily should be discovered such cash might be reduced within a few days to about the same value, per weight, as brickbats.

A Glimpse of Modern Damascus.

Amen Rasi, a handsome Christian Assyrian who is now lecturing in this country, says that men in his country live on six cents a day. Women are sold as slaves to work with oxen as the plow. In Damascus, he says, there are 150,000 Christians, 130,000 Mahometans and 5,000 Hebrews. There is in it a building haunted by John the Baptist's ghost. The door of the room in which he is said to have been beheaded is never opened. The Mahometans say that once long ago some one opened it and the Baptist's blood flowed out over the city to the depth of five inches.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE BEZOAR STONE.

A Deposit in Monkey Ancestors Highly Prized by Indian Doctors.

The "Bezoar stone" plays a great part in native doctoring throughout those countries where it is found. The true variety esteemed in these days is found, so far as we know, in Borneo alone, where the collection and export of it is a valuable business with the jungle tribes, as will be understood, when a single stone may fetch £20 to £25. Ordinary Bezoar is extracted from monkeys, but from which part of the body does not yet seem assured. Some of the natives allege that they find it only in the stomach, others in the intestines. Mr. Hart Everett was told that it grows in the head, and also in the hands, while many say that they expect it in any part of the body. This seems most probable under the circumstances, though somewhat opposed to our notions.

The stones vary much in size, the largest commonly reaching the dimensions of a filbert, but vastly bigger specimens have been found. The surface, though contorted, is smooth and shining, of a pale olive green color. The great supply comes from the upper waters of the Batang Lupar, in the Kayan country. This river is diverted at one point by limestone hills, in which presently it vanishes—so the natives say. Salt springs abound, and the species of monkey which yield Bezoar—one of the Semnopithecus genus—gather in troops to drink. It is this water probably, impregnated with salt and lime, which causes the deposit. Hunters lie in wait around the springs. By experience they can distinguish the monkeys which suffer most from the disease—though they do not report that it obviously causes suffering. These they shoot with blow pipes and arrows, which are thorns of the sago palm, tipped with upas poison.

Of late, however, this monkey product has fallen in the estimation of Hindoo practitioners, who used to consume great quantities. They put more faith in a variety obtained from a species of porcupine inhabiting the same region, called Guligu Landate—landate is the native term for Bezoar in general. This kind, though not perceptibly differing from the other, except in its greater size, is much more rare and proportionately more costly.

As for the use of Bezoar in medicine, in the first place it is regarded as an antidote to snake's venom. In the next it is employed for fevers, asthma and debility. Patients who can afford to take a costly medicine receive the stone itself in powder; others must be content with water in which it has been soaked.

An Old Salt's Sagacity.

There was a Maine boatswain who had sailed with one shipmaster for seventeen years. In that time the captain had not lost a vessel and had made money as fast as a man-before-the-mast can climb a ship's rigging. But in the eighteenth year of his boatswain's devotion his captain, on a voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool, laden with wheat, lost his vessel. Four months later captain and boatswain landed in Bath, Me. Now Smith, the boatswain, had always boasted that his captain could sail the rottenest ship afloat and not lose her. When he returned to Bath, therefore, he was greeted with: "Well, Smith, you lost your vessel, didn't you?" Smith, who was half-seas over, drew himself up. "Lose her!" he said; "why that ship sank fifteen days before we quit sailing her. We'd have sailed her right into Bath, but the wheat was soaked with water, and the captain says, he said: "To Davy Jones' locker with the underwriters. I am sailing this ship to make money."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Cheap Cement.

A man who is in the business says: "Over a dozen kinds of cement are made which will unite the broken edges of glass and china, and one is about as good as another. The easiest and cheapest to prepare is made by taking two ounces of pulverized white gum shellack and half an ounce of gum mastic. Soak them together in a couple of ounces of sulphuric ether and add half a pint of alcohol. After the whole is dissolved, the preparation is ready for use. You heat the edges of the article to be mended, put on the cement with a brush, hold firmly till the cement has set, lay the article away for a week, and it will break anywhere else than in the mended place."

Importation of Sheep and Swine.

Sheep and swine may now be imported from Canada into the United States without quarantine; provided, on inspection of said sheep or swine at the ports of entry they are found to be free of disease, and provided further that sheep or swine imported into the United States from Great Britian or the Continent of Europe through Canada shall have been held in quarantine by the Canadian Government for fifteen days, and the importer shall produce at the port of entry into the United States a certificate from the proper quarantine officer of said Government showing the fact of said quarantine.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AS TO CREMATION.

Sundry Considerations Advanced by Kate Field at Washington.

One of the greatest terrors to man is the fear of being buried alive. This terrible fate is absolutely impossible in cremation. Nobody can be burned until the fact of death is proved beyond question. Only a few years ago I read an account of the burial of a young man down in North Carolina who was supposed to have died of fever, though when put in the coffin his body was perfectly supple. Not long after, on removing the body to the family burying-ground, the coffin was opened in order to discover whether the remains were in a condition to warrant their conveyance twenty miles without being encased in metal. Fancy the horror of friends on beholding the body lying face downward, masses of hair torn from the head, and the scratches of despairing fingers bails on the inside of the coffin. That man was murdered.

An acquaintance of mine knew in youth a Massachusetts woman who had two funerals before her final taking off. Her family twice mistook entrancement for death, returning consciousness on both occasions rescuing her from a living grave before the screwing down of the coffin lid. I have heard, too, of a young man, also entranced, who passed a night in his coffin in his tomb. He was saved by chance from the most awful of deaths. How many graves might still tell more appalling tragedies could the truth be known? There is material for the genius of the elder Hawthorne in the story of the woman who was reported to have died ten years ago under peculiar circumstances. Curiosity led some medical students to disinter her body for purposes of dissection, when, to their astonishment, the supposed corpse came to life. Finding themselves in a very bad predicament, the students conveyed their vision to an insane asylum. She had only to tell the truth to be pronounced mad by her intelligent keepers. Her husband, ignorant of her existence, married again, long before death came to a most ill-fated woman. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that this very sensational story may be a fact. At least, *se non e vero ben trovato*, and well illustrates one of the possibilities of earth burial.

Of the great saving of money in disposing of the dead by cremation there is not the least doubt, and certainly this economy should be a blessing to the poor, who often incur hopeless debt out of a mistaken regard for their dead.

Lest proprietors of valuable burial lots think burning may ruin their investments in fashionable cemeteries, let them be consoled by the assurance that ashes can be placed beside the dead already buried. Every mortuary chapel may be converted into a crematorium and during the funeral services the body can be entirely dissolved by fire.

There should be no two opinions regarding the madness of laying out graveyards on the banks of streams which become drains for them. Then great rivers like the Mississippi are apt to change their beds, thereby causing much evil. "I was long since cured of a belief in earth burial," says a very intelligent army officer, "by an appalling sight I witnessed when going down the Mississippi. There had been a great freshet, during which the river had so changed its course as to invade a cemetary and dislodge its occupants, who, in various stages of decomposition—the coffins having rotted or been torn asunder by the torrent—were floating down the stream. It was a ghastly spectacle." I should think so.

In ancient Rome both burning and burial went on side by side, how much to the advantage of burning can be no better shown the sentimental and esthetic than by recalling a recent discovery in Rome of the ashes of a Cæsar. The marble monument, the alabaster urn, the sacrificial vase, the cippi, and inscriptions were in almost perfect preservation. But for the dishonesty of an Italian workman the very ashes themselves might have remained undisturbed. Foul as that Cæsar's career may have been he ceased to injure his people when fire converted his body into unoffending dust. Of how many of our beloved ancestors, blamelessin life, can this be said? That I may do no harm after death I wish to be cremated.

Carrying Out Directions.

Mamma—Well, Tommy, did you give the poor sick dog his medicine while I was away?

Tommy—Yes, ma. I read the receipt, and it said the compound could be mixed in an old broken dish. I couldn't find such a dish, so I had to break one. —*Philadelphia Times.*

The Argentine Congress has voted a reduction in duties on petroleum and rice.

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A Sure Mark.
The fact that is born of true kindheartedness is a thing for which the possessor may well be admired and imitated. "I like your friend Grace Hunt almost deal better than I do Ellen Mayo," said 14-year-old Tom to his sister Fanny at the tea-table one evening.
"Why?" asked Fanny in some surprise. "I'm sure Ellen is a good deal brighter than Grace and prettier too!"
"She may be," assented Tom, doubtfully, "but I don't call her very polite. I told Grace that funny story father read us out of Mr. Black's letter to-day, and she laughed and said it was a splendid story, and that she should remember it and tell it to somebody else. But when I tried to tell it to Ellen Mayo, she interrupted me before I'd got half-way through, saying, 'Oh yes! I remember all about that, now; your sister told me a week ago; it's about that man who—' and she went on and finished the story herself."
"It wasn't polite, of course," admitted Fanny, "but I suppose she didn't think how it would make you feel. And, Tom, the fact is, I told the story to Grace, too, at the same time Ellen heard it!"
"I don't care anything about that," said Tom, decidedly, "except I like her all the better for it. She didn't make me feel uncomfortable, and as if I was an old newspaper, as Ellen did. I say she's a lady!"
"And I agree with you, my son," said his father, "and I'll venture to predict that she's a girl who'll make few enemies and many friends, as long as she lives."

Confirmed.
The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

Her Candidate.
There are women who may not believe in suffrage for their sex, and yet are doing active work in the world. The Lincoln *Journal* says that a hard-working woman was one day asked:
"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"
"No, sir," was the answer, "I haven't time to be."
"Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?"
"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."
"And who is that?"
"My husband."

Dr. L. L. Gorsuch, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is said that there are 10,000 unemployed men in New York.

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