SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Opening Winter."

TEXT: "I have determined there to winter."—Titus iii., 12.

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Necopolis, saying: "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who come to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter nights.

In the first place, I have to remark at this season of the year evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such time, the grogshops in one night make more than in four or five nights in summer. At such times the playbills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially impressive, and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be capsized now and though last autumn he came from the country and there was luster in the eye and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September." Slain of one winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ them, and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come besotted in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many levees. Away with all these wine drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake, but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the devil.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year" or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's Day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's Day. If we want to go to ruin, let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship London went down, the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a madman's chain.

Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementos. You sometimes see people with pleased countenances looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes, but I tell you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the ginshop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what was the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's was an allegory, and that they meant 30 heartbreaks, 30 agonies, 30 broken up households, 30 prospects of a drunkard's grave, 30 ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story, the first chapter I would call "Three X's" and the last chapter I would call "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

The winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening, reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Foster's essays. It would be a beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want sight-seeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the winter nights. After tea the man puts on his hat and coat and he goes out. One form of allurement says, "Come in here." Satan says: "It is best for you to go in. You ought not to be so green. By this time you ought to have seen everything." And the temptations shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone, for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments, but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves, how can they support others? And, to the curse of modern society, the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top.

That is the old fashioned way, and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is, too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Then the winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and He has allowed it 6000 years to hang upon His holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptised, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with $700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons had gone out and won large fortunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now and all their palaces now cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatism and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortunes. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house, and I said to the owner of the house, "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone, "Yes,—but it will fade." I walked around in his garden and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along, "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said, "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Alas, that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday-school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present—indeed all the Sunday-schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in when old Dr. Beaman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair, they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now, while I speak, when you get to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these approaching holidays, let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night when we are sleeping under the blankets of snow, our children shall ride along in the merry party and hushing a moment into solemnity, look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptation will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eye a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching langor, hand soft and diamonded, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. But I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touched with the rod of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lisp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanted, ringleted and diamonded and flute voiced and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are falling! I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning! Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grogshop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water, which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and destroyed. Who is it? It is you, oh, man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow shower and have gone up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frostbitten. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger reunion and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of heaven.

THE PRESIDENT'S DUCK SHOOT.

To-day and To-morrow Will Be Spent at Hatteras.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 9.—The Violet with President Cleveland and party aboard was anchored off Roanoke island all day Sunday. During the night the party went down to Hatteras where two days will be spent. Early Wednesday morning the Violet will start on the return trip, stopping for a day at Roanoke marshes arriving here Thursday. The president is reported well.

3,000 Hands Temporarily Idle.

McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 9.—The butt-weld department of the National Tube works has closed down and will not start up again until the first of the year, giving about 3,000 men and boys a month's vacation. The cause of the shut-down is to make repairs.

Brakeman's Peculiar Fatality.

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 9.—Oliver Tarbert, a railroad switchman, was instantly killed yesterday in a peculiar manner. With a lighted lantern in his hand he was passing an oil tank box car, when an explosion occurred which sent his body fifty feet into the air.

The Gold Reserve Increased.

Chicago, Dec. 9.—During the past ten days the gold reserve has been increased $200,000 through the Chicago sub-treasury by money received from country banks.

Capt. Bassett's Condition.

Washington, Dec. 9.—The condition of Capt. Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper of the senate, is unchanged today. He is very feeble.

Oldest Active Steam Engine.

An old Newcoming engine near Bristol, England, is perhaps the oldest steam engine now running. It seems to have been built about the year 1715, according to Engineering, and is still employed about five hours a day for pumping water from a coal pit. The cylinder is 5½ feet in diameter, and the piston has a stroke of 6 feet. The engine has a beam 24 feet long and about 4 feet deep, built up of many oak beams trussed together, and works with a curious creaking noise. The total weight is about five tons. Steam is now taken from some boilers in a neighboring establishment, the pressure being reduced for this engine to 2½ pounds. The indicated horse power is only 52¾. The old man who attends to the engine has driven it since he was a boy, and his father and grandfather worked it before him.

Chrysolites have been unearthed in the Cumberland Mountains.

High, Low Jack.

Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks, and skating ponds, on slides and rides, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off; off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbagic, including frost-bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We cut up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on, all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is, on with the dance.

Green feldspar, or Amazon stone, is found near Pike's Peak, in Colorado.

For Whooping Cough Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 14, 1894.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

THE CENTURY editors have had the chance to select twelve of the most striking of Tissot's famous pictures illustrating the life of Christ, and they will appear in the Christmas number. When the originals of these pictures were shown in Paris they were given a special suite of rooms at the Salon, and people were often seen to go away weeping from the exhibition, and women sometimes made the tour of the rooms on their knees.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are eight white men to one white woman in India.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

In 1890 the United States produced over one-third of the world's steel.

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Taking cold is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood, and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

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Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

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Animals Under Moral Hygiene.

Enough is now known of the use of animal materia medica to excite interest and curiosity. There is also and evidence that many species know and constantly make use of simple remedies for definite disorders, and the same time observe rules of hygiene to which only the highest civilization or the sanction of religious prescription compels man to conform.

It has been noted that the general condition of animal health, especially in the case of the herbivorous creatures, corresponds not inexactly with that of such tribes as the Somalis, who feeding almost solely on grain, vegetables and water, living constantly in the open air, moderate in all things and cleanly, because their religion enjoins constant ablutions. Like the wild animals have no induced diseases; the greatest number do not die to excess; they take regular exercise in seeking their food, and drink only at fixed hours. Many of them seek a change of climate, one of the great factors in health, by migration.

This is not confined to birds and beasts, for the salmon enters the water partly to get rid of sea parasites, and returns to the sea to recover after spawning. With change of climate, change of diet, and perfect hygiene, its list of disorders is small though they readily fall victims to contagious disease.

Whiskers Under His Vest.

"Are beards lucrative, or, in other words, can one make any money by wearing them long?" said a young man about town. "Upon the first thought and perhaps even after one has evolved the question carefully in his mind, one would reply no. But they are worth as the following case of an old artist will show. By 'old artist' is not meant a genius like Hartnet, Angelo or any of that class, but a painter who, besides being noted for his superiority in portraits, is conspicuous for a quantity of hair which sprouts from his chin. This gentleman, it seems, has won many a wager on his beard which is of such great length that he is compelled to wear it underneath his vest. No one ever sees the hair in growth, except when he exhibits it to settle a bet. To saunter into a saloon and get into conversation with some of the customers there has become a hobby with him, for in doing so he has an object. He frequently takes a drink in consequence of betting with some other fellow who has a fine long beard as to whose is the longest, and it is seldom that he loses a wager of this kind, for his whiskers extend to the bottom of his waistcoat."

The Farm School for Boys.

The farm school is an experiment in New York—more is the pity—but its success was assured before it was fairly under way. The best evidence of that is that the boys, one and all, are eager to go West and begin life in earnest before they have served the prescribed three months' apprenticeship. The two backsliders I speak of have so far been the only exceptions. When the boys do go West the society knows that they can be trusted and is relieved of a cause of anxiety that troubled Mr. Brace more than all the others that beset his great work. One bad boy sent out from New York has sometimes done more harm than a chief in a year of shiftless ruffians about, or worse, than a thousand of his fellows, working hard and honestly, ten. That is the way of the world. They have had the same experience in England with the children they send to Canada from the slums of London, and with as little reason.

Some one threatened to burn the school house of a Kentucky city. The trustees built wheels for it, and every night a pair of mules have been put into the yard of one of the trustees, where it was guarded all night by a Winchester and a bull dog.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards, culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

Tricks of Animal Humanity.

In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often pretended coughing in order to procure cakes. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest and to make the deception surer takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their guilt, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they show unfeigned regret and repentance. Bees, which steel hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed a theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master stirred or seemed on the point of awaking.

Animal Rubber.

An insect, which produces a species of india-rubber has been discovered in the District of Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer. It is green, and belongs to the mango family, and swarms in those regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown color, and emits a peculiar oily odor. The body of the insect contains a large portion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for application to the skin on account of its medical properties. When exposed to great heat the fatty oils of the grease volatilize, leaving a tough wax, which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burned this wax produces a thick semi-fluid glass, like a solution of India-rubber.

The Bells of Antwerp.

In Antwerp Cathedral there are twenty bells, some of them of great antiquity. One, the Carolus, given by Charles V., King of Spain, Emperor of Germany and Archduke of Austria, is rung twice in each year, when it is said to take sixteen men to ring it. An amalgam of which it is made consists of gold, silver and copper, and the metal it contains, is said to be worth $100,000.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—

Royal

ABSOLUTELY

Music and Religion.

It was a remark of Mendelssohn that there are two subjects which are too sacred for discussion—religion and thorough-bass. Religion and music are not only sacred, but they touch at so many points that they can hardly be separated, and in their higher ranges they melt into one. There are degraded forms of music that have no suggestion of religion, and there are degraded religions that do not call for music, but when each is worthy of its name they pass into each other as by a native affinity.

Why Leadville Has No Chinese.

Leadville, Col., has no Chinese, and never has had. If one strays in there he is given the alternative of leaving within a given number of hours, or be hung. He generally does not overstay his time.

Russian Poland all trains must halt at every station until the police gendarmerie) captain of the place gives permission for its departure.

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DORCHESTER, MA

THE CLEANER 'TIS,
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