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FORBIDDEN HONEY.

SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE IN THE TABERNACLE.

Depleting and Injurious Books of the Period—The Popular Taste for Pure Literature Is Poisoned by the Scum of the Publishing House.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16.—"Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents have been paid cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry," said the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in answer to the misrepresentations that have been going through some of the religious papers depreciating the work of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. After giving out the hymn:

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,

Dr. Talmage preached a sermon, the subject of which was "Forbidden Honey," the text being I Samuel xiv, 43: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo! I must die." Dr. Talmage said:

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God, whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristæus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hair on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers; its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honeycomb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honey bee construct; its cell sometimes a dormitory, and sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennæ, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square and plumb line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happen they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the beehives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the beehives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax, with port holes through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy, a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as, yellow and brown, and tempting, it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive.

Literature fascinating but deathful comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy in the cars comes through with a pile of publications look over the titles and notice that nine out of every ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The book bindery may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die!"

Corrupt literature is doing more today for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries, are among the damnable results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks and cinders and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attaction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity, and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing, or read that which bedwarfs. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it? One book may for you or me decide everything for this world or the next. It was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice" it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around the church and the world today there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses, from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptations delicious but deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not taste it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicant. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep, or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all consuming passion of body, mind and soul, and after a while have it they will, though one wine glass cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves, and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal." To cure the habit before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaces so much liquor. Bullet after bullet, added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he quit forever, and I could count a score of them here today, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade.

Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of a carcass, and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!"

Men and women without numbers slain of rum but unburied, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what once was gloriously alive but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas, how many take no warning. They make me think of Cæsar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods of Beth-aven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put to the list of temptations delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms has, from morning till late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of many men who went on board with enough money for European excursions who landed without enough money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food is often overpowered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who, not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game—namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightingly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the historian, and Charles Fox, the statesman, and in olden times famous senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' parlor, and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time, and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. The last New York legislature sanctioned the mighty evil last spring by passing a law for its defense at the race tracks, and many young men in these cities lost all their wages at Coney Island this summer, and this fall are borrowing from the money tills of their employers or arranging by means of false entry to adjust their demoralized finances. Every man who voted for the Ives pool bill has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are, in my mind, so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family: "Come, let us have a game of cards," than I would go into a menagerie and say: "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the grave diggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man shall say to you: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals, and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into Wall street, New York, or State street, Boston, or Third street, Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money, run the risk of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance: "I have there the value of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." His home is today penniless. What was the matter? Wall street. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud, or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks five hundred unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or breadstuffs, or dice or race track betting. Exhilaration at the start, and a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property and a destroyed soul at the last. Young man, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no baseball games or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment; shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lip, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of Mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say, "I almost have it," as he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very Paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and bones of a hound's kennel?

"Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David, "is the truth of God." "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock will give you immortal life with God. Come off of the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it was a great sweetness to him to disbonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the deity. The infidel poet was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was twenty-four feet long he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the terror except one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

In Process of Fattening.

Customer (in Chinese laundry)—Does that dog belong to you, John?

Celestial—Yep.

Customer—Are you fond of dogs?

Celestial—When hungly, dog belly good.—New York Sun.

PEOPLE WHO ARE KNOWN

To the Whole World of Newspaper Readers—Interesting Items.

Queen Victoria has made such progress in Hindostani that she is able to give orders in that language to the two Indian servants in her service.

Mark Twain sent to Caroline B. Le Row, the teacher who collected the examples given in the book "English as She is Taught," the check for $250 paid him by The Century company for his reviewing article.

Miss Braddon is about to bring out her fiftieth novel. Her husband has made so much money by publishing her books that he has retired from business. There is a wicked story afloat that after beginning the publication of her books, when she was a spinster, he found that he owed her a pile of money which he couldn't pay, so he proposed a compromise in the shape of marriage, which the novelist accepted.

A man of unusual "prominence" died the other day at his home in Austria. It was the giant, Joseph Winkelmayer, who measured 8 feet 3 inches in height and appeared in many a European dime museum. But his lungs were apparently not able to stand the great rarification of the air in the elevated strata he was compelled to breathe, and he succumbed to tuberculosis.

Erastus Corning, of Troy, the famous iron founder, never thinks of going into his conservatory to examine his beautiful orchids without first lighting his pipe, which is a large and beautiful meerschaum, heavily mounted with solid silver, and a stem made from a jasmine grown in his own conservatory.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, and poet of Philadelphia's recent centennial, is a man of many accomplishments besides his literary gifts. He is a good musician, being able to accompany his own songs on either piano or guitar. He is a rare linguist, and an athlete of acknowledged power. Although the pen is the instrument by which he is known to the world, he is equally accomplished in the use of the fencer's foils. Mr. Crawford is of American parentage, but he was born in Italy, and has just taken up his permanent residence in that country, in the Villa Crawford, overlooking the bay of Naples.

Claus Spreckels, of California, who has been termed the Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands, is a German who began life in the west as the keeper of a grocery store. He was an expert chemist, and invented some new process for refining sugar. It was estimated three years ago that he made 600 barrels of sugar a day, each barrel worth $30, thereby giving him an income of $6,570,000 a year. His wealth is now estimated at $25,000,000. Mr. Spreckels is an old man, but he is still very active and energetic. He speaks with a strong German accent, is simple in his dress and domestic in his habits.

Ed Scheffelin, who sold out the celebrated Tough Nut mine in Arizona for something like a million dollars, wears his hair in long ringlets and is somewhat eccentric in his dress, but he has a big heart, and those who know him well say that a worthy charity never appealed to him in vain. Up to the time he sold the Tough Nut he had been a hard working miner and knew nothing of the ways of the world. With the proceeds of the sale he went to San Francisco to enjoy his honestly acquired riches. He had determined to have the best of everything, and registered at the Baldwin hotel. When mealtime came he sought entrance to the dining room in his shirt sleeves. The sable doorkeeper told him he must put his coat on before going in. Ed got mad at this infringement on his private rights and long established custom, and exclaimed: "I guess you don't know who I am, you black rascal." "Dat don't make no odds, sir," The honest miner was riled clear through and through and sent for Landlord Pearson. The latter told him he must finish dressing before going to eat, no matter who he was. Mr. Scheffelin is a man of observing qualities, and he has not been slow in adapting himself to his changed circumstances. He has good business sense and although anything but stingy, takes good care of his fortune.

"Jenny Lind," said Miss Emma Thursby to Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton recently, "is living on a lovely street in London called 'The Boltons,' and her house, which is covered with graceful vines, is shut in from the noisy city by trees and fragrant flowers. But the famous singer is a suffering invalid now, rarely seeing one, and when American reporters call, as they do now and then, they are met at the door by a faithful old servant, who has watched over her mistress for thirty years past, and who delivers this brief but grateful message, 'that Jenny Lind wishes them to say that she will never cease to love the American people with all her heart.' One of Jenny Lind's most intimate friends and neighbors is Mme. Albani, who lives with her husband just across the street from the 'Swedish Nightingale.' Albani's voice? No, I don't think it in any way phenomenal, but she has gained a great success because she has always been an earnest worker, and then she has chosen for her home the best city in the world for a singer—London. Why do I not go there myself? Oh, I am too good an American to be willing to live abroad, and then in any case I could not endure the London climate. You see I have just won back my health, and I do not want to lose it again."

An Extraordinary Mind Reader.

The gift of "tongues" has hitherto been considered a special blessing communicated by the spirit of pentecost. But a peasant of Westernhausen, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany, is reported to be possessed of that gift now. The girl is 19 years old and reported to be sound and hearty every morning, but hardly do the shades of evening begin to fall when she is attacked by nervous twitchings. In that condition she is troubled with a knack of mind reading, and if asked questions in tongues she does not understand while the sun is shedding his full light upon her she will answer in the same tongues during the hours of darkness. Less remarkable is the darkness in which her medical attendants profess to be regarding the true inwardness of her condition. She is also reported to shed her hair periodically, as fourfooters will do in summer time, and to grow a new periwig as regularly. So the medical men are dumfounded at the phenomenon.—Chicago News.

The Reward of Notoriety.

"Since my husband was mixed up in that divorce case," said Mrs. Cantwell, "he has made more money by literary work than his ministerial fees amount to."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Cobwigger. "What kind of literary work does he do, may I ask?"

"Why," replied the good man's better half, "he writes those unsolicited testimonials for soaps and patent medicines."—Judge.

Fiddles for the Trade.

A French maker of violins declares that the fiddles he makes for the trade cost him ninety cents apiece, and that he is satisfied with the profit earned by selling them for $1.12 apiece. Thousands of these are exported yearly from France and Germany.—Home Journal.

The Chinese government has ordered 1,500 gross of bottled beer for the Chinese navy.

The Terrors of the Aphis.

"Do you see that speck on this slide?"

The reporter closely examined the glass slide of the microscope. The eye unaided by the lens could distinguish absolutely nothing.

"Now look through this tube."

The reporter gazed through the long tubes of the big binocular microscope. On the slide there was plainly to be seen, instead of a single speck, a collection of monsters, who were crawling around on the glass uneasily, as if out of their natural element."

"See their long legs, peculiar eyes and ferocious appearance," observed the entomologist, in whose uptown office the research was being made. "Those are aphides or plant lice. The aphis only weighs 1-100th of a grain. Its life is short and its habits are destructive in the extreme to all kinds of plants, particularly those which are reared indoors."

"What is so remarkable about them?"

"I was coming to that. They are among the most fecund creatures in the world. They breed with almost miraculous rapidity. I will illustrate. A heavy man will weigh in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 grains, two billion times as much as an aphis. Well, in ten broods, if nothing were done to destroy them, how much do you suppose the offspring of one of these minute creatures would weigh?"

"I have no idea."

"Of course we have no way of absolutely determining that matter, but judging from the increase of a single aphis in a given length of time, and estimating what would be accomplished in ten broods, we estimate that they would weigh as much as 800,000,000 men weighing 280 pounds each—or one-third the human population of the globe."

"Lucky their increase is checked."

"I should say it was. They would destroy in one year every particle of vegetable matter in the world, and create a famine equaled only in its destructiveness to the deluge itself."—New York Mail and Express.

Lost While in Quest of Gold.

It was over fifty years ago that Father De Smet, with a number of missionaries, visited the Black Hills country and discovered gold. Traces of their path have been found by the hopeful prospector whose little earthwork is always in sight. A huge tree was felled a few miles from here, and in the very top of it was found a huge log chain. The tree had grown completely around it. Father De Smet and party are supposed to have camped at this point and the chain was hung on a sapling and forgotten. The tree grew, and when the chain was discovered by white men the tree had attained its mammoth proportions and carried the relic of De Smet's camp with it.

A message from the past was unearthed a few days ago by Louis Thorne, a Swede quarryman. He was excavating a number of large rocks from a gulch and pried up a huge flat stone. It rested against a giant oak and the deep imprint on the tree proved that years and years had rolled by and no living thing had disturbed this locality. With three or four blasts he removed the stone and found underneath a smooth piece of limestone about two feet square. It was covered with moss and sediment, and must have been eight feet under ground. Mr. Thorne carelessly threw the rock on the bank, and in the morning, upon returning to his work, noticed that it was scratched on one side. He tried to decipher the hieroglyphics, but was unable to do so. An application of soap and water, with the assistance of a magnifying glass, brought forth the following inscription:

"Got all the gold we could carry our ponys all got by the Indians I have lost my gun and nothing to eat and Indians hunting near."

Upon further inspection the reverse side bore this inscription:

"Came to these hills in 1833 seven of us De Lacongt, Ezra Kind, G. W. Wood, T. Brown, R. Kent, William King. All dead but me. Ezra Kind killed by Ind."—Dakota Cor. Philadelphia News.

Transformed into Highland Chieftains.

The transformation of severely correct gentlemen, faultlessly arrayed in London clothes, into Highland chieftains is daily taking place before one's eyes. When the Scotch gentlemen, or even Englishmen having places in Scotland, come up here they immediately put on kilts. In the morning, when they are shooting or tramping over the moors, they wear woolen kilts and carry a hunting knife, instead of the regulation dagger, in their stocking leg. But in the evening they appear at dinner in tartans of beautiful style, with a jeweled dagger sticking out of their right stocking leg.

Not only the gentlemen, but their upper servants, put on kilts, and, if anything, the change in the servants is more startling than in the masters. Mr. Panmure-Gordon is a great landed proprietor up here. His coachman, who was one of the most immaculate jehus in London, sitting upon the box as rigid as iron, and looking as if he were made at the same time and of the same stuff as the carriage, came up to the Highlands, and suddenly turned into a Highlander, and a rampageous Highlander at that, and wheezed, and blew, and puffed at the bagpipes like a Trojan. It was really alarming to see him heading the Gordon pipers. The Highland fling is as popular as the Highland dress, and the Prince of Wales' sons dance it beautifully, as indeed their father and the Duke of Edinburgh did before them. The Prince of Wales, even now, with middle age and adipose upon him, can dance the Highland fling gracefully, "loupin'" and "schreechin'" with all his might and main.—Scotland Cor. Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Logan and Gen. Sherman.

"Logan didn't come in there," cried Gen. Sherman to Mrs. Logan the other night, as he caught sight of the representation of Logan's brigade charging to recover De Grasse's battery in the battle of Atlanta cyclorama. "No; that isn't where Logan came in. He came down the line of that railroad and struck in 100 yards to the left of that." "He came in just there," said Mrs. Logan, firmly. "He described the position to me often. That corresponds exactly with the description. He came down through the ravine and crossed that bridge in exactly that position." The tears welled up into Mrs. Logan's eyes as she said this, her lips quivered and she stood transfixed to that part of the railing which overlooks the splendid likeness of her husband. Gen. Sherman was about to reiterate his first statement when Gen. Alger led him away, requesting him not to talk to Mrs. Logan about the battle.—Detroit Journal.

Lotteries in Germany.

Lotteries of every description are common in Germany. There is an agricultural society at Corbach, in the principality of Waldeck in Rhenish Prussia, that raises funds by such a yearly lottery. At the last drawing, a fortnight ago, the great prize, an immense ox, was won upon share 3,423. A Jewish dealer with share No. 3 had come out with a blank. But that ox sorely tempted him. He could not resist, but added the figures 423 to the 3 upon his share, went, claimed and got the ox delivered to him. Immediately after the possessor of the genuine share claimed his prize and the covetous sneak was sent to the penitentiary for twelve months.—Chicago News.

There are 337,000,000 people in Europe, according to recent estimates.

Detection of Counterfeits.

Photography has long been considered the faithful confederate and trusty ally of counterfeiters and forgers, but it cannot be looked upon in that light any longer, as M. Gobert, of the Banque de France, has succeeded in converting this art into a most effective detective agent. His process consists of taking a greatly magnified photograph of the suspected coin or document, on which any erasure or defect can then easily be detected. An interesting example of the success which can be obtained in this way is given in La Nature, from which we abstract the following account:

"Some time ago a check for 1,106 francs, drawn in favor of a Mr. Rochu, was presented for payment at a Parisian bank and was to all appearances perfectly genuine, the signature being undoubtedly correct, and no erasures or alterations in the amount could be detected. The suspicions of the bank manager were, however, aroused and the check was forwarded to M. Gobert for examination, who made a photographic reproduction of it as explained above. It was then discovered that the check had originally been drawn in favor of a Mr. Suller, and for 110 francs, the name and amount being easily readable under the new writing. Probably equally good results could have been obtained by chemical means, but photography has the advantage of not injuring the fabric of the check. False coins are detected in much the same way, an enlarged photograph of both a genuine coin and the suspected one being made, and the two then compared.—Scientific American.

Made Old in an Instant.

Mary Harmon, daughter of a farmer, was engaged to be married to Jacob Eberlein, who followed the Harmons from Pennsylvania a short time ago. About six weeks ago the young couple came to the city. One of the young man's friends worked in one of the electric light establishments and they went to see the machinery. While passing through the shop Miss Harmon received a severe shock of electricity and fell to the floor. In a few minutes she recovered sufficiently to be removed from the place and was taken to her home. Medical aid was summoned. For four days the girl lay paralyzed. Then she regained the use of her limbs but immediately began to lose flesh. The hair on the left side of her head turned gray and began falling out. After four weeks she was able to be about and able to attend to most of her household duties, but in that time she had been transformed from a young, handsome girl into a feeble old woman. Her form, which had been plump and rounded, is thin and bent and the skin on her face and body is dry and wrinkled. Her voice is harsh and cracked and no one, to look at her, would imagine that she was less than 60 years of age. The physicians claim that the electric current communicated directly with the principal nerves of the spine and left side of the head and that the shock almost destroyed their vitality.—New York Tribune.

She Pawned Her Teeth.

It would be difficult to find any sort of personal property that was not, under the pressure of unforeseen circumstances, at some time or other pledged for the payment of a debt. But that a woman should pledge her teeth is certainly something entirely new. It happened the other day at a suburban pleasure resort of the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany. A young couple had enjoyed a good supper and were about leaving, when the male half was shocked to find that his purse was gone. He walked up to the hostler, told him of his dilemma, and begged of him to let him go, promising that the money should be sent the next day. The landlord said he would detain the couple bodily until the bill was paid. Then the female half the couple advanced and begged of the landlord to grant her a private hearing, which he did. There, in the back room, the lady pulled out of her mouth a splendid set of teeth in gold and offered it as a pledge for the payment of the bill. That act of heroism struck the sordid soul of the publican to the quick, and he allowed the couple to depart after the lady had replaced the teeth into her mouth. He received the money next day.—Chicago News.

Preparation of Gold Beaters' Skin.

The article known to commerce as gold beaters' skin is the large intestine of the ox prepared by a laborious process until a thin, firm and very elastic surface is the result. The article is used chiefly by gold beaters, who place the sheets of gold to be beaten for gilding between the skins and apply regular pressure in the form of blows from a heavy hammer. It has been proven that a gold beater's skin can bear the blows of a twelve pound hammer for a year and still leave the membranes in good condition. The skins come in parcels which represent the large intestines of 400 oxen. The process of manufacture is long and unhealthful, the strongest disinfectants being always employed in order to protect the workmen. The intestines are first partly purified to diminish the adhesion of the membranes, which are separated and the outer coating removed, cleaned and dried and pressed for the market.—Detroit Free Press.

The Tip System in New York.

"Is has been pretty hard for Americans to get used to the tip system, but it is pretty firmly planted in New York now. It is no wonder that waiters expect it, and carry out neat little schemes to fish the small coins from your pockets. Many of them have to if they mean to live at all. They only get from $8 to $12 a week. The girl waiters in some of the places get less than that. It is tip or nothing, you see. It's a shrewd, small scheme of the proprietors to make the people pay their employes. They pay nominal wages and encourage the waiters to take the rest out of the customers, just as the sleeping car companies pay the porters $15 a month, and turn them loose to gouge the other $70 out of the traveling public."—New York Commercial Advertiser Interview with Club Man.

Penny Sheet Music.

The penny song sheet business in New York city is confined to a couple of firms. When the music dealers publish a new song they permit these firms to reproduce the song, without the music, in their penny sheets, thus creating a demand for song and music. The business, so one who is in it said, is not profitable just now, perhaps because songs can be bought so cheaply with music attachment.—New Youk Sun.

A Kiss Among Ancient Romans.

Among the Romans, if a man kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby the half of his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of their marriage. If the lady herself died under the same circumstances, her heirs or nearest of kin took the half due to her. A kiss was regarded very seriously by the ancient Romans.—Chicago Times.

Mustaches and the Eyesight.

There is a theory that the absence of a mustache impairs the eyesight. But at a recent shooting match in New York two of the best marksmen were clean shaved men.

The umbrella trade in England last year was practically knocked out by the drought.

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Farm For Sale.

The farm known as the John M. Roberts place lying on the head waters of Long Creek in Gaston County, adjoining lands of P. R. Long, Jasper Glenn and others is offered for sale.

The place contains about 375 acres, of which 20 to 30 acres is bottom.

The land is well adapted to the growth of wheat, oats, corn, cotton and tobacco. The dwelling is a good two-story building with seven rooms, surrounded by a beautiful grove of oaks, and has a well of excellent water very convenient. For particulars as to price, terms, &c., address,

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The store-house and lot on north side of Air-Line Railroad, belonging to John M. Hanna. The lot corners on Marietta, Air-Line and Long Streets, and is a very desirable piece of property. For further particulars, call on or address M.