IR. TALMAGE'S SERMOI

The Noted Washington Divine's Sunday Subject.

"INVITED TO A BANQUET."

Texas "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it,"-Luke xv., 28.

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity. The signing of treates, the preclamation of beace, the inauguration of presidents, the cronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the sear cur table may have stined supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something boustons. And all the confortable homes of Christman was the something boustons, and all the confortable homes of Christman was the pages of the circle. A favorité son when the sworld supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw locover has get tired of sightsowing and has returned to his lather's home. The world said he would never come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He know he would come back. Now having returned to his father's house the father promisions essebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and led to under the contract capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never would be a grander day on the old homestend than this day! Let the butchers de their work, and the housekeeper bring into the table the amoking ment. The musticinas will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the foor. All the freenes and seighbors are gathered in and an extra supply is seat out to the fable of the servants. The father precides at the table and lays grace, and the gay groups will move up and down the foor. All the freenes has been how yet home again. Oh, how they missed the, how gird they are to have him back!

One brother stands pouting at the back dow and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastleed instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrore filtering at the heart was a lost and he is found! By such bold imanyory does the Bible set fouth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God. The genalest t

me thing to become a Christian. It is

songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a serrymaking. It is the killing of the latted call. It is a jubilec. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be enumpared to a banquet than anything case. It is compared in the Bible to water, bright, flashing water, to the moraing, reseate. Broworked, mountain transfigured morning.

I wish I could to day take all the Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and book, and heaven, and twist them into one garland and put if on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage and cry, "Wear it, went it now, went it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord Ged Almighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert! Ob, the gladness of the Christian service! You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience, He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on carth and the church in heaven, and he said, "Now this is my experience—sorrowful, yet always rejoing; poor, yet making many rish; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daulel Sandeman was dying of cholems, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?"

"Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I

when Daniel Sandeman was dying of choles, his attendent said, "Have you much pain?"

"Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin!" Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a acresses to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Josus came rashing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to very out, "Stop, Lord, it is easeugh: stop, Lord—mough?" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion! Just pase over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you. You have found that out. Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yot drowned in his own hottie; Byron whisped by disquietudes around the world; Voltairs consists his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applanding him. Henry II consuming with harred against poor Thomas a Becket—all fillustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poleoned the pommel of the middle on which Queen Elizabeth rode abouted in the street, "God save the Queen" One moment the world applands, and the next moment the world applands, and the saxt moment the world applands and the saxt moment the world applands.

There is a land of pure delight.

here is a land of pure delight.
when he came to the next line there
ores of voless singleg:
Where saints immortal reign.

mong was caught up all through it mong the wounded until it was sai for at least 10,000 wounded more uni-e voices as they came to the verso; here everlasting spring abides And never withdring flowers.

Tis but a narrow stream divides. This heavenly land from ours.

This beavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only one heart throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surreader yourself for time and for etemity, and He is yours and heaven is yours end all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian anget went torth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor and he must not step beyond that direle, armed foes came down, but were obliged to hait at that circle. They could not take. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the clock scene. Flat down on the circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the clock scene. Flat down on the circle which had gather in angry contest and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary accence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power, which delirium sometimes givey one, she arose and stood in front of the clock and stood there wavehing the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minuto, and every stroke of the hour and every swing of the pendulum wo

But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not great him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say? "You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the enter. Go and wash in the frough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, not when the proprietor of that extate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a lather's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the castern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation and one charged the otherwith having eaten his rice. and two men were in altercation and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving—and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure." He says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all. His joy is greater, and when a soul ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of glatness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of piesure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deepor than all depth and higher than all height and wider than all width and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splender and joy of the universe and who can and joy of the universe and who can tell what God's joy is? You romember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtlers, but methinks, when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy He flings out new worlds into space and kindles up new sums and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater halleluish, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincouse and is echoed back from the overlasting gates he cries, "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again."

insting gates he cries, "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again."

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the sole, and then afterward the eight of ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said. "He will come back." The strain was too much and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was thore again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was thore again, watching the coming, watching the son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ton years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, walling, watching, watching and if now the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will, you will.

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of re-

You will come, some of you, will you not?
You will, you will.

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deat said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to salebrate in all eteratry. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not rise into enthusiasm. I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation.

I notice also when the prodigal somes back all carnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montant point and there was a furrisance at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a versal crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashere in fee lifeboais, and the very last mas got on the rocks, and you saw people get ashere in fee lifeboais, and the very last mas got on the rocks in anfety, you could not control your joy. And it maginat time when the church of God sees meas who are lussed on the ocean of their sine plant, their feet on the rock Christ Jeans. Oh, when prodigals come

home, just hear the Christians sing. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of tood with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be mareitul to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I periah."

Deriah."

Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep featal. I am very cortain of it. If you have never seen a talegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Noarly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem roticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent is continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say "Hossana!" and another soul would say "Hossana!" and another soll would say "Hossana!" and another

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs the tongues employ.
Beyond the skies the tidings go.
And heaven is filled with joy.
Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire.
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Greeian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's inble sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorifled of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's rightsousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Lat all the redeemed of earth and all the glorifled of heaven rise and with gleaming chalicer, drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end." That seems of jubilence comes out between the status.

was sain to receive bleasing and power, world without end." That seems of jubilence comes out before me this moment as in a sort of picture gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look! Look! There is Christ. Cuyp painted Him for earthly galleries, and Correcçio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted Him for tarthly galleries, but all those pictures are estipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Ohrist! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanbedrim, and of Agrippa's controom, and of Mara hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth chattering royality. Here is Joshus, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Mirlam with the symbals, and Zeohariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors see the faces of our loved ones the course gone from the throat, the

rection angel with the trumpet. On fartner in the curridors see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! We will!

From this hilitop I catch a glimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been forn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith is that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W" and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant, "Oh," she said, "don't you know? "W" stands for "Welcome." Oh, heaven, swing open thy gates! Oh, heaven, roil upon us some of the sunshine anthems! Oh, heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster! An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from India to France the men skipped the coast of France the men skipped the deek with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the hills where they once worshiped and to the hills where they had played in hoyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings, so heaven will after awhile come so fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

BEVERAGES IN ENGLAND.

In Espisad the consumption of sherry and port has decreased from 11,000,000 gallons a year to 4,700,000, while tea shows are increase of 6,600,000 pounds during the same period, and light wines an increase of 2,000, 000.

TEMPERANCE SUSTRUCTION COMPULSORY. The teaching of temperance is now compulsory in the public schools of the province of Ontario. According to the Minister of Education, no fewer than 180,000 pupils are studying this question in the public schools of the province, and 18,000 in the separate schools, and the public school inspector for Toronto states that more than 20,000 pupils in the public schools of the city receive instruction in temperance.

ALCOHOL AND SUIGIDE.

Alcohol AND SUICIDE.

At the recent International Congress of Psychology, Dr. Mulier gave an interesting historical sketch of the etiology of self-murder, and by means of an elaborate series of statistics, traced to alcohol the primary cause of its marked increase of late years. The author ustimates the number of suicides in Europe at 50,000 a your, thus showing that the evil is increasing at a greater rate than the population. The most favorite month for suicides is June, the least, December, early morning is chosen in preference to the night, while the mechanic class furnishes the largest number of subjects and the peasant the least. Dr. Mulier considers brandy the most pernicious form of alcohol, and traces to its influence the blunting of those weapons which is the struggle for life are the most necessary to sustain the son-flict.—Westminser-Gassetts.

The daughters of the Prince of Wales ald swim before they could read.

A

LIVING WORDS FROM THE PULPIL

SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

I will Overturn, Overturn, Overturn; Until He Comes Whose Right it is; and I Will Give it Him. Exchiel 21:27.

Men are continually telling us that this is an age of transition, as if every age were not an age of transition. Humanity has not yet arrived at its ideal state but is still moving forward like Israel in the wilderness, guided by the sure light of truth and love. "The old order changeth yielding place to

And God faiffile himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world."

It is perhaps impossible to say what depth of meaning may be in those striking works of St. Poter: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

The language seems quite explosive, and most interpretations push it very far into the future. But may it not have a meaning for us here and now? Is not the evolution of society carried forward now by the steady working of silent forces as unobserved as the thief in the night, then by a sudden revolution carrying away old obstructions and uplifting the new order, as though a continent should rise out of the sea. Hen find themselves living in a wider horizon; the old heavens and the old earth have passed away. The day of the Lord must surely mean the reign of righteousness, truth and love, and makes these things nearer realities to men is surely a coming of the day of the Lord.

A thunderstorm means a more at the conditions and makes these things nearer realities to men is surely a coming of the day of the

Lord.

A thunderstorm means a purer atmosphere and clearer skies. The clouds charged with poisonous elements are carried away with a great noise. Not otherwise does growing truth clear the mind of old errors and of reigning projudious. The earth, too, is renowed in the fervent heat of social revolutions. is renowed in the lervent heat of social revo-lution until not one vestige of the old tyran-ny remains. Thus at last the day of the Lord has often come in the history of the Lord has often come in the history of the world; forces working allently, ponetrating error, and undermining abuses until the hour of revolution comes, when the old heavens and the old earth—things ecclesiastical and things political—are shaken and renewed. The fall of Judaiam was such a notable day of the Lord, approaching through internal causes eliently, like a thick in the night, and coming at last with sudden explosive force. The fall of the Roman Empire was specific profit of the pire was another striking fulfillment of the apostle's words. The Reformation and the beginning of the modern era was another clearing of the heavens and of the earth.

clearing of the heavens and of the earth.

There is something very suggestive in the charge that was brought against Paul and Silas at Theasalonica when the city was stirred by the preaching of the gospel. "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." True enough it is the mission of christianity to lift up things which more brought down years low in things which were brought down very low in things which were brought down very low in the ancient world, and to bring down many things which were cruelly enthrened in those days. Christian progress has been one of noble reversals. What imperial tyrannics. What corruptions of heathenism. What cruei dynastics have gone down before the

cruei dynasties have gone down before the cross? What various forms of oppressive of yet remain to be overthrown—political unrighteosunces, commercial selfishness, industrial slavery?

Social revolutions do not necessarily imply violence. When our Lord counselled his disciples to buy swords he did not thereby imply a loss of faith in the triumph of the gospel through love and sacrifice; he expressed by striking metaphor, rather, the uncompromising character of the gospel to every form of evil which enslaves and degrades humanity, and the nature of the conflict between them. The shock of violence must be neither unexpected nor shunned. Slavery in this country passed away in the disturbance of civil war; in the British in the disturbance of civil war; in the British empire however, it passed away without war or bloodshed. It dissapeared before rising christian sentiment like a snowdrift in the face of the sun. The various factory acts and laws for industrial protection and relief which have been carried through in the last generation have been marks of social pro-gress almost as great as the abolishment of slavery. Differences between nations have been quietly and amicably adjusted which a century ago would have brought on the shock of war. Arbitration is fast becoming one of the ruling ideas of our time just as conquest was a ruling idea of another

Its application in the settlement of nation-

Its application in the settlement of national and industrial disputes bids fair to be as progressive and beneficent in the world's history as that of steam or electricity.

Public opinion enlightened and guided by the Christian spirit is fast becoming the mightiest power in the world. It has no visible throne, it leads no army, it commands no navy; yet it rules everywhere like gravitation, as silent, invisible, resistless force. Kings and parliments must bow to its beheats. Captains of industry must justify themselves at its bar. Power and wealth are no longer irresponsible possessions but must answer to the public conscience. The civil order, social customs, industrial organization that can not endure the test of right-sousness and humanity must be overturned ecusness and humanity must be overturned in silence or through explosive violence. The very highways must be even and true, social injustice and bitter inequalities removed, for the King approaches who will judge the earth in rightecuaness and reign. In holiness and love.

HAPPITALL LUCCOCK.

Acetylene.

It is hoped that the latest illuminant, acetylene, will largely take the place of gas in the future. Acetylene burns with a brilliant light, and can now be obtained from what is practically a waste product—carbide of calcium, a cayatalline body which, when treated with water yields acetylene almost quite pure. The gas which is thus obtained has a distinct gartic-like color, so that its presence in air, due to leakage of pipes, would easily be perceived. During combustion it produces less heat than coal gas, less moisture, and less carbonic acid, and uses up about half the quantity of oxygen. The light is white, and for the same volume yields nineteen times as much radiance as coal gas with an ordinary burner.

A Baltimore newspaper says that a contributor recently sent it a mangled copy of Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" for publication, with a note to the effect that it was an entirely original compoWORDS OF WISDOM

Sarcasm is a rhetorical flower concealing a bee.

Every man who has good faith, has great power for good.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

It disgusts us to see others doing the foolish things we do.

You can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not A married man likes to have a dog

around because it always looks as if it were sorry for him. Some people seem to imagine that they can make up for lack of deeds by

a surplusage of words. Common sense is not in the same

class as genius, but it often gets more solid comfort out of life. If some people knew that the sun

had spots on it, they would almost worry themselves to death. A set of mortals has risen who believe that truth is not a printed spec-

ulation but a practical fact. . When a man takes his sister out, he always acts as though he wanted everybody to know she wasn't his best

The surest sign that a woman wante you to love her is when she begins to somb her hair the way she thinks you

Every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him to a philosopher, if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his

Hath any wronged thee; be bravely revenged; slight it, and the works begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an

Cultivate the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them.—The South-West.

Grant and the Wounded Confederate,

'The following anecdote is related by General Horace Porter in his "Cam-paigning with Grant" in the Century: While riding about the field General Grant stopped at a house and expressed a desire to prepare some despatches. A number of wounded were lying upon the porch and in the roome; they had made their way there in accordance with the usual custom of wounded men to seek a house. It seems to be a natural instinct, as a house conveys the ides of shelter and of home. I walked with the general into a back room to see whether there was a dry spot which he might take possession of for a short time to write messages and look over the maps.

As we entered, there was seen sitting in the only chair a Confederate lieutenant of infantry who had been shot in the left cheek, the ball passing through his mouth and coming out near the right ear. A mass of coagulated blood covered his face and neck, and he presented a shocking appearance. He arose the moment we entered, pushed his chair forward to the general, and said, with a bow and a smile, "Here, take my chair, sir." General Grant looked at him, and replied: "Ab, you need that chair much more than I; keep your seat. I see you are badly hurt." The officer ansyou are badly hurt." The officer answered good naturedly: "If you folks let me go back to our lines. I think I ought to be able to get a leave to go home and see my girl; but I reckon she wouldn't know me now." The general said, "I will see that one of our surgeons does all in his power for you," and then stepped out of the room. He told one of the surgeons who was dressing the wounds of our own men to do what he could for the Confederate. We did not hear what became of him afterward. He probably never knew that he had been talking to the general-in-chief of the Yankee armies. The despatches were afterward written in another room.

Immigration to the South.

It is reported from all sides that more people are now coming to the South with the intention of becoming permanent residents than at any time since the war. The movement has become so marked that a bureau will be established in Chicago, in order that the advantages of this section may be prominently put before the people of the West and Northwest, from which quarters most of the new settlers have come. Immigrants from Europe have generally preferred to go to the West, because that section has been bester advertised abroad, or on account of the small cost at which land could be obtained in the newer States, The labor question in the South has also operated, to some extent, as a draw-back. It is significant that most of the people now coming to the South are those who have tried the West and have become convinced that the South offers better advantages. They are, for the most part, not new settlers, not immigrants, as the term is commonly understood.—Jacksonville(Pla.) Times Union.

Coin Values.

The Director of the Mint has set the following values on foreign coins for January 1, 1897: French franc, 19., cents; German mark, 28.8 cents; British pound, \$4.8665; Italian lire and Spanish pessets, same as franc.