## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Invitation to a Wedding."

TEXT: "Come, for all things are now ready."-Luke xiv., 17,

Holy festivities to-day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of Heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's Son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest.

The doors of the great banqueting hall were opened The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Fourteen hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greated to the parace gates with floating islands and torches and the thunders of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy and from excitement to excitement and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenil-

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, an i the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the king of England, and then to the health of the emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey

spread in Hampton Court. But to-lay, my brothers and sixters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood, and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come, come, for all things are now ready

Illustrating my text I go on, and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered, booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Chris, comes in at the beginning of the feas'. Ay, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, witing with mangled feat, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, wait-

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say, "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out." No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled his brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill, and mountain hunger, and desert loneliness. and I put them into one bitter cry. I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear into one groan. I take one drop of sweat on his brow, and I put it under the glass of the gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, . mac ated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you, and he says to me, "Come, come, for all things are no v ready."

At! there is one word of five letters that 1 would like to write, but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, J-E-S-U-S. Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long he waited for me! How long ne has wasted for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and the beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Ob, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as heaven, deep shell, and vust as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison. I simply say he is waiting as only an all sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse, "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible disaipations? It was that one verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil! the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Chris? It was the one passage, "Now unto him be clory forever and eve ..

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord. for he is good," and a young man stood in the gallers and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitule to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am tinne forever." By that one passage of Scripture h : was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the gospel by reading of the Syro-Phoenician's cry to Christ, where he said. "Even the dors eat of the crambs that tall from the mas. ter's table." Philosophic sermons reversaved anybody. Metaphysical ser nons never saved anybody. An earnest please ving right out of the heart blesse i of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great rermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and, weak and emiciated, he stood and tild the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the elequent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told perhaps by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love an I merc ; sent b; the power of the holy Ghost straight to the heart.

Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, He is here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the

Holy Ghost is ready.

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say, "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his heat in prayer, and you say, "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening Gol. The air is full of prayers -prayers ascending nown by noon from Fulton street prayer meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The courch is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it, "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism; give him full right to all the privileges of the chare 1 of Jesus

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all All! All! But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting in-to the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels in Heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's laider? When Lazurus's soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay 180,000 of Sennacnerib's troops?

Oh, yes, our world is in co umunication with two other worlds. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bal spirits come on sulphurous wing and they shackle him, and tre to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a gaffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a hne of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to Heaven, and when others gather like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice.

There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago it stood before Carist and heard the doxology of the redeemal. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air, "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All realy. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael

the archangel. Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born n perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, have no faith in modern spiritual sm. I think if John Milton and George Whitfield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves, they had better stay home in glory. But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in

heaven are in sympathy with our redemption. Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say, "I am done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever." Why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with the message for thy soul would cry upward, "He is coming," and angels poising in midair would cry upward, "He is coming!" all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward till it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mausions and find your kindred out, and those before the throat would sag: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!" Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and

the Holy Ghost is realy, and the church is ready, and the ange's of Gol are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with the emphasis of my soul the question, "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the king's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arm stretched out soaked with blood from eloow to finger tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish. two eyes beaming everlasting love while he says, '40 me, come, come, for all things are

now ready. Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled check Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of grat tude? Come, all the young.. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not till thy heart gets hard. Come, the farthest away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackla. Come now, to-day, and get his pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to him this day He will wash away thy sin, and he will throw around thee the robe of his pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street-) Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee.

And the one farther off, farther off than I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned, self-righteons man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help-O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags then canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servants at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come. Come to the feast. Come, repent of thy sin Come, take Christ for thy portion

Day of grace going away. Sundows on the chiff reaching farther and farther over the plain. The banquet has already begun, Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the king has his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now it is three-fourths shut. Now; it is just ajar-After awhile it will be forever shut!

Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares? Waile in the endless round of thought The one thing needful is forgot.

Berlin had a great culinary exposition recently, which was opened by Princess Frederick Charles, the old time patron aint of many a hof restaurant or hot kueche in Berlin and other Prussian cities. All German culinary societies were represented. The chemistry of the kitchen occupied a very interesting department of the highly attract ve display of the triumphs in the realm of the

## RELIGIOUS READING.

OUR ONE LIFE. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief A sin is here. Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. We have no time to sport away the hours; All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we-One, only one; How sacred should that life ever be, Tast narrow span! Day after day filled up with blessed toil,

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. Our being is no shadow of thin air, No vacant dream, No fable of the things that never were,

But only seem; Tis full of meaning as of mystery, Though strange and solemn may that mean-

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, No ide tale; No cloud that floats along a sky of light On summer gale; They are the true realities of earth, Friends and companions even from our

O life below! how brief and poor and sad-One heavy sigh! O life above! how long and fair and glad-An endless joy!

Oh, to be done with daily dying here!

Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time how dark! O sky and earth, How dull your bue! O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and

Made fair and new! Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green; Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the

-[Horatius Bonar.

WORLD-SHAKING POWER.

"What has become of the Church's bower," says an able minister of these times, "I cannot tell. It is partially, almost wholly, lost. The Church is now prudent, self-regarding, self-admiring, self-protecting, trimming her edges, locking her gates, repairing her walls, talking much within her borders. Where is the old world- haking power? So far gone down that men mockingly say, \*Presently there will be no Church, or there will be a Church without an altar.' Oh, for a lamp enkinded by other than human hands!"

This is the feeling of men who are possessed of spiritual vision, and are able to see the real spiritual state of our Zion. Other eyes may be attracted by numbers, and wealth and coremony; but those whose eyes have been opened to see, are not blinded by this outside show. Underneath all this is clearly seen moral weakness, which is gradually sapping the foundation of the whole structure. The great need of the Church is a baptism of fire, to consume the rubbish of forma ism and ceremony , and bring forth what remains as "gold tried in the fire," or as "silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

"BUSTLED OUT OF HIS SPIRITUALITY."

Dr. Chalmers is quoted by the editor of the London Sunday School Chronicle as saying in a time of intense activity that he was "bustled out of his spirituality." How many Chri tian workers can re-echo that sentiment! So much trading, so many calls, so much studying, so many newspapers to read, so much of this, that, and the other, that there is no time for meditation and quiet thoughtfulness. Many Christians are bustled out of their -pirituality by their religious work itself. Their re igion consists in going to meeting, and serving on committees, and sewing for the heathen, and visiting the sick, and distributing tracts,-all most excellent and necessary forms of service, and vet all of the stirring, busy kind. A voice comes to all such: "These things ought ve to have done, and not to have left the others-prayer, communion and medi-tation - undone." Busy, bustling work is no substitute for quiet, thoughtful preparation of the heart. The fallow ground yields the largest increase; the rested soul bears the sweetest spiritual fruits. Modern life seems to necessitate intensity of action. Busting activity is thrust upon us. In the langu ge of the street, every one who gets along must hustle and rustle, which are the modern equivalents for Dr. Chalmers's bustle. We have a good deal of respect for the Christian who can "rustle," but we have still more for the one who knows not only how to rustle, but how to rest, how to possess his soul in patience, how to be still in God's presence as well as active in his ser-

A real danger of modern life, a danger far more imminent now than in the time of Dr. Chalmers, is that we shall be hustled out of all spirituality; but the tendency can be corrected, the dan er can be overcome. A halfhour a day sp n alone with God and God's Word will leave us all the time we need for active service, and will prevent any darger of being bustled out of our activity .- [Gold-

WISH AND FAITH.

The "Junk of Pork" is the name given to certain rocks off the coast of Maine. On these rocks the schoone- Ida Parker struck a few weeks ago. One of the masts in falling made a bridge over which five or six men passed to the long and narrow ledge which rose out of the sea. There they raised their signal-a shirt on an oar-and then crouched together, protecting one another as well as they could. It was a fearful place in a fearful storm. They wished some vessel come to their rescue. They longed to be saved. But there was little hope that they would be seen, and if they were seen there was not much chance that they could be taken off. The same watchful Providence, the kind Father who made the broken mast act as a bridge, turned a revenue cutter that way, and the signal was seen and the men were found. But it was impossible to reach them. The wish had soon grown toward hope, but the hope was close to despair. The men on the cutter longed to save them, but the boat which was lowered was dashed back against the vessel. It could dot live in such a sea. At last the men on the rock saw the cutter turn away. Then they had hope. For they knew the heart of the sailor. They knew that the officers and crew would not leave them to perish. They knew that the vesse! had gone to return with the means of reaching them. They believed in the men on the cutter though they did not know what they would do. This was faith. They could not see but they believed. They had confidence in the men because, while they did not know their names, they knew their hearts-their courage and patience and humanity. So they waited in faith through the . Canada, is an old abstainer. Another lady long night, with the sea breaking over them. The faith was rewarded. In the morning the cutter was there again, with more men and with the means of reaching the ledge.

The sea had gone down a little but was still

fearful. Yet the rocks were re-ched and all

the men were taken off, and they were car-

ried in safety into Portland harbor. Wish-

ing is one thing; fath is another. Faith

rests on knowledge. We trust men whom we know to be trusty. A shipwrecked man on a rock can trust the sailors who see him from their masthead, and he will do as they tell him and he will be saved. We wish to be saved from our sin and its desert. We hope to enter heaven when we die. But we need more than to wish and hope-we need faith. We know Jesus the Saviour; we know what He has promised and what He has done. We may not what He has done. We may not know all which He will do, but we know Him. I'e assures us that He will save us if we trust Him to do as He tells us. We must let Him take us from the rock; we must get into His boat; and He will carry us to the shore of the Heavenly country. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved .- The Sea Breeze.

## TEMPERANCE.

IT'S THAT, THAT PUZZLES ME. I'm not surprised, 'mong workingmen Truth's so misunderstood-That they imagine, now and then, A glass will do them good; But when mong men of mind and thought

lt's that, that puzzles me. I'm not surprised that men who're lost To all ennobling life

The very self same blunder taught,

I look around and see

Should drink, despite the fearful cost-This cause of so much strife; But how good men who preach His name, Mankind from sin to free, Can drink this cup of sin and shame,

It's that, that puzzles me. -T. G. Evans, in Temperance Advocate,

IT RUINS THE BODY.

The following extract from the Diocesan Record touches a question of great importance to the cause of temperance, that is the physical effect of alcohol on the human

In the first place, how, or in what manner do you think you are benefited by this drink? Well, you will say it has an exhilarating effect. Yes, it has an exhilarating effect; out, mark, it is for the moment. And how is this stimulating effect produced? And is it conducive to a man's general health?

There are certain properties in this intoxicating liquor which will heat the blood, thereby causing its more rapid circulation, and a consequent heating of the body. But, besides those properties, it also contains others which act upon the brain and Larvous system, and thereby produce this buoyancy of spirit.

But it is a well-known fact that stimulants of whatever kind, when taken often, have, by appropriating the proper and natural functions of the digestive organs of the stomach, a lethargic effect upon this organ. The more stimulants we take the more lethargic the stomach becomes, and the more necessary it is for us to take them, till at length the stomach refuses to digest any food without the aid of its former assistants.

But the stomach is not the only organ whose power is iessened or impaired by the use of stimulants or intoxicating liquor. The nervous system becomes so weak and shattered that the slightest shock completely prostrates the victim. The small veins by which circulation with the brain is carried on, become so inflated by the rapid circulation of the blood consequent on the taking of the liquor, that the patient can never be reated for certain diseases, i. e., the curative or ameliorative medicines cannot be administered without endangering the life of the patient. In fact it is seldom or never attempted; because the only effective medicine that could be administered would cause such a rush of blood toward the brain, as would cause the already too-inflated veins to burst, and consequently cause the immediate death of the person.

It is, therefore, apparent that intemperonce has an enervating effect upon the body, that its apparent exhilarating effects are but transient, and create a corresponding depression of spirits afterward; that it considerably impairs the digestive organs of the stomach; that it weakens the nerves; and finally, that it brings the habitual user to suca a state, that the taking of certain diseases means to him inevitable death.

SEMINOLE INDIANS AND INTOXICANTS.

The Rev. Father Ignatius, the Episcopal monk, sojourning for the present in this country, has lately been in Florida, for a season of rest from his religious labors, and while there visited the Seminole Indians. He found that the whites are prone to supply them with intoxicants, and then to rob them. In an interview with President Harrison in Washington, on his way Northward, he brought the subject to the notice of the Presiden; who declared that under the law it is crim inal to supply the Indians with intoxicating iiquors, and that he would have the matter looked into. The Indian troubles, which constitute a most disgraceful feature of American history, have been greatly aggravated by intoxicating liquors,-National Aurocaie.

BENUMBED WITH DRUNKENNESS.

A Cincinnati judge says of men who drink from twenty to fifty glasses of beer per day and still apparently keep their heads: "They are simply benumbed with drunkenness, even though they can talk and work. and are in no sense responsible to the law as adults. I could not hold such a man responsible any more than if he had been proven idiotic or crazy." The public must look out

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The beer bill of Chicago last year was \$25 .

A number of W. C. T. U. schools of nethods have already been arranged for at lifferent summer camp meetings.

The total export of distilled liquor from America to all parts of the world, for 1890, was a decrease of thirty-six per cent, over

China now has a national W. C. T. U. with the necessary equipment of general officers -fitteen vice-presidents and nine superinendents of departments. Judge Kelly, of Alpena, Mich., caught two

awyers taking a nip from a bottle in the court room unring a trial. It cost them \$50 each for the fracture of the court's dignity. Mrs. Helen M. Gougar has been keeping a

care, ui account of the number of wives murdered by drunken husbands since January 1889, and finds that 2004 women have, during that time, met death at the hands of husban is who were inturiated by intoxicating liquors.

The couth Australian educational department has issued a temperance pledge book for use in the State schools, with this pledge: "With my parents' consent, I promise not to us" intoxicating inquors before I am twentyor., years old, and to do all I can to induce my companions in the same way.

Lady Macdonald, wife of the Premier of of high position met her at dinner one day and was surprised to see that she took no wine, and at length asked: "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorue" "Never!" was the prompt repsy. "But did you not feel that you must apolopize" "Certainly not; wine is not a natural beverage, and so should rather come in than go out with apology."

What Wild Animals Eat.

Very few of the thousands who has seen the animals in Central Park en consider what it costs to feed the year in and year out, and the care as attention they require. Some require one kind of food and some another and such is the peculiarity of many of the collection that their fodder has a be prepared in a manuer resembling that which they were accustomed to a the part of the world whence the came. The polar bear and the black bear live together in a cage close to the rocks, and after devouring their si lowance of meat they always cool their tongues on the cold stone. With out this cooling dessert the food would not comfort them at all.

The camels eat hay and some grain, The deer are satisfied with hay in the winter, but they want grass, roots and leaves in the summer. The birds are fed meal, barley and seeds of all kinds The eagle enjoys horseflesh better than sow meat and varies the monotony at times by eating branches of trees and shrubs.

The lions, panthers, leopards, hyenas, tigers, prairie dogs and wildcan want meat, and to keep them quiet their stomachs are kept full all the time. A full-grown lion will eat on an average, 12 pounds of meat for a meal, a loopard and a panther about the same and a tiger about half this quantity. The monkeys eat almost anything, from soup to peanuts, but get their usual amount of bread, fruit and meat every day.

To feed this collection it takes over two bales of hay, a whole cow, two barrels of cornmeal and about four bushels of various kinds of feed every day, to say nothing of the odd things that strange animals require. The pelican, for instance, likes fish and birds, the seal likes grease and oily substance, while the hippopotamus must have, besides his hay, flesh of both land and water animals to satisfy his cravings. The park authorities buy all this beef alive and slaughter it themselves.

For carrion birds and some of the animals a carcass of horse is occasionally provided from the public pound. Every day the park wagon brings as great a weight of meat to the "zoo" as would last a hotel for a month, and by nightfall it has all disappeared .-New York Recorder.

Makes Shoes Almost Indestructible.

A German chemist claims to have discovered a preparation, which, applied to the soles of boots and shoes, increases their wearing qualities from 500 to 1000 per cent. The soles are supposed to become more flexible by the process, and poorly tanned leather after being subjected to it is said to pecome as good as the best leather made. The sole treated with this preparation becomes waterproof. Another invention hailing from Germany is the cutting of shoe laces from scrap leather, by which even the smallest dealer is said to be enabled to apply his offal to this use. The machine is simple and inexpensive. Scraps of all shapes can be utilized, the operation consisting simply of putting the leather in position and then drawing it from the other side until the material is used up. The plate of the machine is provided with three holes so adapted as to secure perfect rounding of the laces which pass through them. The knife is adjustable and permits of cutting with equal ease from the finest to the thickest work .- [Chicago News.

The Pup Conciliated His Enemy.

I was recently in the stable-yard belonging to a friend of mine who had a considerable collection of dogs, among which are a fierce terrier and a spaniol of tender age. The terrier had ill-treated the pup on several or casions, so that the latter was very wary of him, and disposed to conciliate his enemy if possible. The terrier is fond of playing with small sticks. which the grooms are in the habit of throwing for him, and the pup seems to have understood this fancy, and to have acted upon it. I saw him take up a small stick in his month and advance toward the terrier with it, arching his neck and wagging his tail, as much as to say, "Please accept this slight token of my regard." The terrier did accept it; he rushed up to the little dog, took the stick and went on his way rejoicing, and the pup was justified in his wisdom.-[Boston Post.