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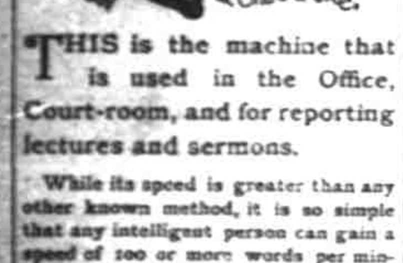

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He (after marriage)—What! You have no fortune? You said over and over again that you were afraid some one would marry you for your money.

She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.—*New York Weekly.*

CHINESE MUSIC.

THE VARIETY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

How Rhythmic Sounds Are Produced—The Expense of Equipping an Ear-Splitting String Band of Ten Pieces.

The ordinary Mongolian orchestra, such as is to be usually found dispensing tunes for the delectation of Celestial ears at the Chinese theaters in this city, is composed of ten pieces, and each player has his peculiar instrument, on which he is an adept. He also performs upon it with an apparent stoical indifference as to the [illegible] of his fellow musicians.

ALARM. DRUM.

To thoroughly equip an orchestra with proper instruments entails a cost of $69.50, which amount any nervous householder who has ever had the misfortune to reside within earshot of one at practice would be willing to advance twice over in order to have it moved on. After purchasing the instruments players are needed, and their services vary in price according to ability, expertness and reputation. The Mongolian musician values his ability at from $1 to $2 per night, but if he has climbed the ladder of fame he will demand from $5 to $20 per night.

The drum, in the estimation of the Chinese musician, is the most important instrument, which opinion is likewise shared by the juvenile American. A Chinese drum costs $12, and has much the same appearance as a keg constructed of light wood, covered with cowhide. This instrument is beaten with a pair of heavy wooden sticks, and produces a booming sound, which grows extremely monotonous when it is continued for several hours.

The alarm or taps is a Chinese musical device of peculiar construction. It consists of a framework of wood upon

which is set a conical top of hard wood covered with calfskin. Projecting from the top of the frame is a hollow square the size of a cigarbox covered with rawhide. Sounds are produced by striking the top, which emits bass notes, and the projecting hide-covered square with drumsticks. This tuneful instrument costs $3.50.

The cymbals of the Chinese are of hammered brass, similar in design to those used by American bands, and cost $18.

Brass gongs shaped much like a tambourine are used by Mongolian musicians

in the make-up of their orchestras. A first class gong can be bought for $15.

A gong of concave form and of very light weight, that gives forth a tinging sound, is another orchestral instrument. It costs $3.50. Mongolian fiddles are of peculiar construction and emit sounds which from a musical point of view are as inharmonious as the instrument is uncouth in appearance. Divested of its strings a Chinese fiddle has the same appearance as a mallet, with the handle long and flattened to about an inch in width and an eighth of an inch in thickness. In the lower part of the handle are inserted two keys, one above the other. To each of the keys are attached two strings of horse hair or catgut, the other ends are firmly wound about the mallet head. What varied and discordant sounds are produced when the Chinese fiddler saws his bow across the strings! An idea [illegible] $7.50 for such a device.

The banjo of the heathen musician is appropriately likened to a small [illegible]. Drums covered with [illegible] tight. Three keys and [illegible] strings [illegible] $5.

The bass banjo [illegible] size snare drum and about half the length. Four keys and the same number of strings are used. The [illegible] $2.50 will buy one for ordinary use.

A Chinese flute is purchasable at seventy-five cents if of ordinary make and without ornamentation. It has ten finger holes and gives vent to shrill and discordant notes, which delight Chinese ears, but harshly grate upon those of the Caucasian.

In some cases Chinese orchestras contain several flutists, who, when together, appear to vie with each other in the emitting of the most dismal and shrill tunes that ever agonized human nerves.

The clarionet is to the Mongolian what the cornet is to us. Its exhalations add variety to the clamor of the drums and cymbals and the discordant sounds of flute and fiddle. It is a sort of medium between all those revolutionary instruments, and has a tendency to [illegible] the discord, which apparently is the basis of all Chinese music.

The Mongolian ear has become inured to such strains, and to the child of the flowery kingdom it speaks of home, tragedy, love and revenge. So as long as he does not take summary vengeance upon his musically inclined fellow countrymen let him enjoy to the full the agonies of sound which Mongolian orchestras produce.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Postage Stamps at Every Corner.

The English Postmaster-General, Mr. Raikes, has given his sanction to a private enterprise which promises eventually to turn every pillar box into a post-office. The pillar box in England takes the place of the box which is fastened to a lamp post here. It is a good sized construction, built entirely by the Postoffice, and has the merit of holding all the letters and packages that people wish to put into it.

Mr. Raikes has given his permission to the Stamp Distribution Syndicate to attach twenty of its automatic machines for the sale of postage stamps to twenty

pillar boxes in London. This was done as an experiment. If it is satisfactory in every way and the machines find favor with the public, the company will be allowed to fix them generally to pillar boxes. Mr. Raikes, it should be remembered, is the gentleman who recently caused so much trouble in England by forbidding the establishment there of a district messenger system of the American kind, on the ground that it was an infringement of the Postoffice rights. He gave way in that case, and now has grown progressive.

The machine to be used is about twenty inches high, five deep and can be screwed to a box of any pattern. At the top is a slot into which you drop a penny. Then you pull out a handle in [illegible]. The stamp drops into a tray at the foot of the machine. It will be in the cover of a small note book contained in an envelope. The company expects to be reimbursed for giving so much more for a penny than the Postoffice by the money received for advertisements in the note book.

The only addition to this contrivance necessary to make it an efficient post-office is that of a pair of scales with weights, and a table of rates. The accompanying sketch shows the machine attached to the pillar box as it will be in London, and the scales and the table of rates which should be added.

The machine refuses to work for any coin smaller than a penny, 2 cents, or of metal baser than silver or bronze. Discs of iron or lead, though they are the right size, are [illegible].—*New York Sun.*

DANCERS IN THIBET.

They Wear Masks and Ropes with Which They Scourge Themselves.

Dancing enters into a great many of the religious ceremonies in Thibet, where the inhabitants spend a great

DANCING DERVISH IN THIBET.

part of their time in worship and in attendant festivals.

Prince Henry of Orleans, eldest son of the Duke of Chartres, has recently returned from a journey of exploration in Central Thibet. With M. Bonvalot, the noted explorer, and a company of guides and servants, he crossed the desolate country between Lakes Lob Nor and Tengri Nor, narrowly escaping loss among the glaciers.

In Lhassa, the sequestered capital of Thibet, which they reached after many hardships, they saw many religious dances. The most striking of these was a dance by masked priests decorated with the ropes with which they are accustomed to flagellate themselves.

Despite the fact that Prince Henry was announced as a person of high degree, he got an occasional cut with the rope when his curiosity led him to crowd too near the dancers.

HOW HEBREW LADIES DRESS.

The Jewish women of Tunis are renowned for a certain robust beauty and for their picturesque costume, which no Mahometan woman would dare to wear. In a land where all the other women look like bales of rags, these stalwart daughters of Israel are very noticeable.

The short trousers which they wear are richly embroidered with gold and so are the broad garters which encircle their undraped limbs. All their other

attire even to their slippers is laden with ornaments. In their hands when in the street they carry straight shaped fans in the use of which they are great coquettes.

There are many thousand of these women, generally wives of prosperous merchants, in the Regency of Tunis.

Not in Her Set.

[illegible]

SPUNKY LITTLE FIGHTERS.

The King Snake Attacks and Kills Poisonous Reptiles Irrespective of Size.

The king snake is the wonder of all the Indians, writes a Philadelphia *Times* correspondent from Fort Davis, Texas. A diminutive specimen, scarcely more than three feet in length, yet the little fellow is so active, so wary and is endowed with such rare pluck that, as his name implies, he is truly and unquestionably the king of the family.

I was out after peccaries, or musk hogs, and sat down under a bunch of chaparral, near a stream of water, to rest and eat a bite of lunch. While thus employed I was somewhat startled to see a moccasin come crashing through the grass within a few feet of me and go dashing head over heels, so to speak, splash into the water. After him, like a shot, was an elongated streak of bright green. In he went, too, and then I knew there was fun in store. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and, unless by going across sand and rocks or by coming back on shore again, neither could hope to escape.

Sure enough, after racing and tearing around in the pool for awhile, the [illegible] emerged from the opposite side, and [illegible] a rather small king snake. The latter was after the other, however, and before the big fellow gave up the race or could throw himself into an attitude of defense the king snake was upon him. The size and the power of the latter [illegible]. He has no fangs, no poison, nothing to attack or defend himself with save his coils, but these are so active, so [illegible] powerful and so terrible in compressing that nothing in the [illegible] reptile world, according to size, can begin to compete with him for the [illegible].

No sooner had the moccasin stopped and turned to defend himself than this lightning-like [illegible] upon him and proceeded to squeeze the life out of his ugly carcass. Tighter and tighter grew the coils, always arranged so that the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view, so slender had it grown from the constriction and so deep was he in the fat flesh of the moccasin. It looked like a green cord wound tightly around the latter's body.

At last the moccasin ceased breathing and allowed his body to hang loose and inert. For ten minutes longer did the king snake hold his grip, then gradually loosened it, but always ready to resume his squeezing should his enemy exhibit any signs of life. Finally he uncoiled himself entirely, saw that the moccasin was no more, turned his back on the scene and went gliding through the brush.

In some parts of Texas king snakes are quite numerous. In the lowlands, and especially in [illegible] river bottoms, they are found in great numbers. Nobody harms them, neither whites nor negroes, and even Mexicans seem to understand their good qualities, for they seldom, if ever, harm one. When soldiers are in camp and find a great many king snakes in the vicinity, they know it is a good sign, for poisonous snakes will steer clear of that locality, and never visit it while these [illegible].

Alligator Products.

Besides the hides of the alligator, of which fifty thousand or sixty thousand are annually utilized in the United States, there are other commercial products obtained. The teeth, which are round, white and conical, and as long as two joints of an average finger, are mounted with gold or silver, and used for jewelry, trinkets, and for teething babies to play with. They are also carved into a variety of forms, such as whistles, buttons and cane handles. This industry is carried on principally in Florida. Among the Chinese druggists, as stated in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, London, there is a great demand for alligators' teeth, which are said to be powdered, and administered as a remedy. As much as a dollar a piece is paid by them for fine teeth. All the teeth of the alligator are of the class of conical tusks, with no cutting or grinding apparatus; and hence the animal is forced to feed chiefly on carrion, which is ready prepared for indigestion. Other commercial products of the alligator are the oil and musk pods. The tail of an alligator of twelve feet in length, on boiling, furnishes from fifty to seventy pints of excellent oil, which in Brazil is used for lighting and in medicine. The oil has been recommended for the cure of quite a variety of diseases. It has a high reputation among the swampers as a remedy for rheumatism, being given both inwardly and outwardly. The crocodiles and alligators possess four musk glands, two situated in the groin, and two in the throat, a little in advance of the fore legs. Sir Samuel Baker says they are much prized by the Arab women, who wear them strung like beads upon a necklace.

The Cat's Breakfast.

Captain Peterson, a farmer living a few miles from Ennis, Texas, recently lost a pet in a peculiar and heartrending manner. Some of his friends who had been fishing in the eastern portion of the State brought him a young alligator about ten inches long, a spry little fellow, much prettier than its full grown relatives. Captain Peterson was very proud of his little treasure, and had a tank made for him out in the yard. The tank was about three feet by two and one foot deep and was kept only half full of water, so that his alligatorship could not get out and wander away. Crowds of people came every day to see the new pet, which was a great curiosity to many of the people on the high prairies. It soon became very tame, and would swim to meet its visitors, and eat from their hands. The Captain had another pet, however, a large white cat which from the first showed the liveliest interest in the new member of the family. He spent the greater part of his time circling around the tank watching the alligator's motions, and sometimes when the baby saurian did not move fast enough to suit him he would reach down with one paw and gently stir it up and send it spinning around at a great rate. The cat seemed to regard the alligator as something got up for his exclusive benefit, and evidently enjoyed the game to the utmost.

One day, however, Capt. Peterson found his alligator missing, and though a thorough search was made he could not be found. In the course of an hour the cat came in looking suspiciously round, and [illegible] declined the delicate morsels they offered him for breakfast. Afterward they found him [illegible] in the grassy yard, playing lazily with an alligator's feet. The cat had eaten the alligator, [illegible].

The Doctor Who Succeeds.

A physician who understands human nature, who plays with the baby, makes friends with the children, and listens to the woes of a good wife and mother, says a medical journal, is the fellow that will be the master of the house most [illegible] the largest bills. It is not the [illegible] bottles up, but it is [illegible] that are [illegible] the broad line between a successful and a popular physician.

A Light Metal.

It must be remembered that $1 a pound for aluminum is really not so high as it looks, for its relation of a pound of aluminum to a pound of other metals is something like that famous pound of feathers to the pound of lead. Aluminum is almost three times as bulky as iron, weight for weight; it is nearly four times as bulky as silver and more than seven times as bulky as gold.

A Humane Janitor.

Janitor's Wife (in basement flat)—Whew! It's kilin' hot here. Open the windy.

Janitor (meditatively)—It's thoughtless you are to open the windy when ye know the people in the flats above has been complainin' of cold all winter. Turn the heat upstairs.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gospel of the Weather."

TEXT: "*Hath the rain a father?*"—Job xxxviii., 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unlimited theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory, others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job, others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower, "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions. About the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative.

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meetinghouse looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor, but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold, it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If you only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you if you do not like the weather get up a weather company and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutiæ. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope: no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a rain drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Dreyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Milbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Baziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it was accident?

When in one of the Irish wars a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil."

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle and trappings of the conqueror he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a king? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or, being there, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tells us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain drop, and God says today as He said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain drop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? that is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain."

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God, would I He have left me and these motherless children?"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letter which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the Father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear them say: "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you.

There have been many sea captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is father of all that rain of repentance.

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage, "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man. I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh, my sins; God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eyes off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of the rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart. I became an infidel, but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it is a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While he was yet standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us up with an appreciation of His mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion!

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the [illegible] men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back today. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate. I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

Amusing to Satan.

A woman won't swear, but let a man step on the hem of her dress and ruin a couple of yards of expensive trimming, the thoughts which pass through her mind afford the devil as great amusement as though she had let out a string of oaths a mile and a half long.—*New York Herald.*

Sure Sign.

Plunkett—Dr. Seelye, the college president, isn't married, I guess.

Mrs. P.—Why not?

Plunkett—Because he says that by the end of the century the women will know more than the men. If he were married he'd know that they know it all now.

As Good as His Master.

A graduate of the Pennsylvania railroad school of manners was conductor on one of the limited trains between New York and Washington the other night. When he entered the first coach he found it crowded, and in one of the seats upon the left was a young man—perhaps it would be more correct to say a young person of the masculine gender. He was well dressed, and reading a French novel. Upon his small and ordinary countenance there sat the haughty look of reserve of the imitator of gentleman. When the conductor called for tickets, this young person affected to be so absorbed in his book as not to hear him, so the conductor passed him by, going clear through the train before he returned to disturb the haughty reader. When the conductor came back the young person still refused to pay any attention. The conductor waited a moment, and then called out rather sharply for his ticket. The youthful and now thoroughly contemptuous person, noticing that the man whom he called the guard of the train had addressed him with brusqueness, which he translated rudeness, took his ticket from his pocket, and, without looking at the conductor, threw it upon the floor. The graduate of the Pennsylvania school of manners was fully equal to this unusual situation. He displayed no temper, no excitement, nor any lack of repose. With the calm gravity of a man who is sure of himself he stooped to the floor, punched the fallen ticket the requisite number of times, and then laid it on the floor where it had been thrown, and walked out amid the roars of laughter of the entire car.

Where Women Rule.

As a rule the Indian women of Bolivia are superior to their lords in intelligence and earn the larger share of their mutual support. Being the older of the two, she is naturally the head of the house, and is more likely to thrash her dutiful spouse than he is to misuse her. In the markets where farm products are disposed of, she can drive a better bargain than he; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much manual labor, chew as much cocoa and drink as much alcohol.

The Indians have little or no money, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise, or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, anywhere and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say. The majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the latter occurring nearly every day in the year.

They are social creatures and not at all inclined to live alone; hence their houses are always in groups, and a community of them, though numbering not more than a half dozen, is called an estancia. In the interior of Bolivia, if an Indian desires to change his place of residence he is not allowed to settle in another village until the authorities there of have looked into his private history, when, if the record is not satisfactory, he is ordered to move on. But that seldom happens, for they are like cats in their attachment to places, and will cultivate the same bit of poor land from generation to generation, though barely able to keep body and soul together.

A Joke That Failed.

An excellent story is told of Professor Rogers and Doctor R. W. Dale. These two gentlemen were giving a series of lectures, and at every town which they visited, Doctor Dale noticed that his colleague, who always spoke first, made the same speech. In fact, so often did the professor give that speech that the worthy doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of taking the wind out of his friend's sails.

On their arrival at a certain town, Doctor Dale asked Doctor Rogers to allow him to speak first, an arrangement to which the latter readily agreed; so Doctor Dale rose and proceeded to deliver the speech of Doctor Rogers, looking every now and then with the corner of his eye to see how that worthy gentleman was taking this practical joke. Doctor Rogers sat calm and composed, and when at length his turn came to speak, he just as calmly rose and delivered, to Doctor Dale's utter astonishment, quite a new speech.

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. Dale said to his colleague:

"I thought I had taken the wind out of your sails to-night."

Doctor Rogers replied.—

"Oh, no! I delivered that speech when I was here a month ago."

Very Sticky.

A New York gentleman, recently back from a trip to the West, was telling some of his friends at the club about his adventure with a gang of highwaymen in Kansas. According to his own version of the affair, he played a very brave part—so brave, indeed, that the robbers, well armed as they were, were soon glad to get away in the darkness. He would have pursued them, but it was raining, and the mud was horrible. When asked why he did not get officers and follow the thieves the next day he replied that he did; that is to say; he tried to do so, but could not find the trail.

"Why, how was that?" asked one of the listeners. "I thought you said it was horribly muddy. The robbers must have left tracks enough to guide you."

"So it would seem," answered the hero of the story; "but you see, the mud out there is so sticky that the rascals' tracks stuck fast to their feet, and they carried them away with them."

A Letter on a Postage-Stamp.

When the Postmaster in a little country office opened his mail bag one day a single uncancelled postage-stamp fell out. He looked among the letters to see if the stamp had come from one of them, but they were all right. Then he examined the stamp to see if the stamp was still on it. He found that Mrs. J. F. had exercised her ingenuity and strained her eyesight by writing a letter on the back of the stamp. On one edge was a small margin of white paper, such as is always found on the full sheet of stamps, and on this was written the address.

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The Pool of Bethesda Found.

An interesting discovery found in Palestine during the present year is that of the ancient pool of Bethesda, which has hitherto been confounded with the Birket Israel. Recent excavations of the Algerine monks under the ruins of the old Crusader Church of St. Anne at Jerusalem have laid bare two rock-hewn wells containing water, which have been repeatedly built over. These correspond with the descriptions of Bethesda as given by the fathers of the church and the pilgrims of the fourth century.

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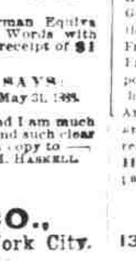

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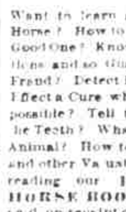

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