VOL. III.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1892.

NO. 51.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Three Tabernactes, a Story of Trials and Triumphs."

TEXT: "Let us make three tabernacles."

Luke ix., 33.

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Lund, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "the Mont Bianc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly trilliance. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the moonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three—Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing the prophets.

ing all worlds.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out, "Let us make three tabernacles—one for Thee, one for Mosas and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was yond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three taber-

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in JSiO, and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that we are worshiping to-day. What sounded absurd for Peter to prepose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were compelled to do.

I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the configuration. this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and beyond all indahtaless considerably more them title 000

debtedness, considerably more than \$150,000. I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our insti-tutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our might-iest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through the Red sea and stand today on the other bank clapping the cymbals

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me evential years. It was a pros-trated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadephia, there were two other committees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was enter taining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The autitorium of the Brookiya church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church hai a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were dangerous to be let loose, or it acted as a barricade that was unnecessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all who were there. My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad

day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket i entered the ministry, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach at half past seven. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always was the immediate question. I had always thought that the ampitheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church.

Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much hovering over designs they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious pur-poses, as it would not be churchly, and poses, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism; in other words, they were not criticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, and I must be satisfied." But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What kind of building do you want!" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute by a few curved lines I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But." I said, 'old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in you trying." ore, and there is no use in you trying, said, "I can do it. How long can I have sake out the plans?" I said, "This even at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided." I 8 o'clock of that evening the architect said his plans, and the bids of builder mason were presented, and in five minates the plans, were presented thay s after the plans were presented they re manimously adopted. So that I aid not be in the way of the trustees durthe work I went to Europe, and when I back the caurch was well nigh done. wit there came in a staggering hindrane. We expected to pay for the new church by me sale of the old building. The old one at teen sold, that just at the time we must

and unparalle's lenergy of our trustees there and there one of them present to-day, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were beld, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal Church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a \$ermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough out of the Episcopal prayer book to keep himself from being reprimanded by his bishop for preaching at a non-Episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with

Episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the liturgy, "Good Lord, deliver us."

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakening. Hosannah! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in the first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hippodrome," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirthful nomenclature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stopd long enough to have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church archetecture. People saw that it was the common sense way of seating an audience.

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of symplecty else's head. The antience

church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircle, so that they could see one another's faces, and the audi-torium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed fire-proof, but the insurance companies looked at it, and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they declined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron if the inflammable material being of iron, if the inflammable material between the sheets of iron took fireno engine hose could play upon it. And they were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay college under our charge some twelve hundred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming evangelists. and many of them becoming regularly or-fained preachers, and I meet them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for Got.

One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excitment in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my min I was on the sermon I was about to preach, until some one rushed up and told mather our church was robust. me that our church was going up in the same kind of a chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thou-ands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect

All are anxious to do something, and as on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, see of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches came kind invitations to oc-cupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamppost near the destroyed building, be-fore 13 o'clock that morning, was a board with the inscription, "The congregation of Brooklyn Tabernack will work in the laboration of ooklyn Tabernacle will worship to-night in Plymouth Church." Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer

which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliterated. "But arise and build," said many voices. Another architect took the amphitheatrical plan of a church, which in the first instance was necessarily somewhat rude, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately

dopted.

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the question-expensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive because of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congregation. It was at that time when for years our entire country was suffering, not from a financial panic, but from that long-continued financial depression which all business men remember, as the cloud hung heavy year after year and com-mercial establishments without number went Through what struggles we passed the eternal God and some brave souls to-day remember. Many a time would I have glad y accepted calls to some other field, ut I could not leave the flock in the wilder-

At last, after, in the interregnum, having worshiped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 23, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath nat always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggai ii., 9. "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Irenœus Prime. On the platform on dedication day sat, among others, Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Crook, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Beecher, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. Freuch, of the Presbyterian Church. Hosannah! Another \$35,000 was raised on that day.

Church. Hosannah! Another \$35,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 328 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 sculs joined at each one. At another ingathering 628 souls entered this communion, and so many of those gathered throngs have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! my! Won't we be glad to see them— the men and women who stood by us in days that were dars and days that were jubilant! Hosannah! The work done in that church Schermerhorn street can never be

undone.

What self sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What hallelujahs! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What obsequies! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own mame, lay beneath the pulpit is the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platscore of ministers on and around the plat-form tried to interpret how it was less that one who had just come to manbood, and with brightest worldly prospects, abouid be taken and we left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet what toars

That second Tabernacie! What a supendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking it is to the snie of the old building. The old one had been sold, cut just at the time we must bays the money the purchasers backet out and we had two chordles and no money.

By the help of God and the indomitable of these standing of those

two Tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published. During that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this conti-nent, and in many of them many times, be-sides preaching and lecturing ninety-six times in England, Scotland and Ireland in

ninety-four days.

During all that time, as well as since, I was engaged in editing a religious news-paper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals. Mean while all things had become easy in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced to a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced to my congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the officers of the church bad consented to my going, and the wish of a life to me was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock, or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the cupola of my house declared that the second Tabernacie was putting on red

pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the flery catafalque of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that I said to my family: nacle. When I saw that I said to my I amily?

"I think that ends my work in Brooklyn.
Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. How can anyone preside at the building of three churches?" But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text. "Let us build three tabernacles."

We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we tion, as near as we could find it, is where we

I scouted the idea and turned over on the

now stand.

Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a tabernacle, beautiful and commodious? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what push, what industry, what skill, what sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary! Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the perseverance of our church offibeen for the perseverance of our church offi-cials, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would not have been done. But it is done, and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts?" On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamlin, of Washington, presching an inspiring sermon, Dr. Wendell Prime, of New York, offering the dedicatory prayer, and some fifteen clergymen during the day taking part in the services. Hosannah!

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—'1869" and '1892"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this aversity third milestone. I start anaw I was the content of the struckers and the suggestive to the start anaw I was the suggestive to the suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—'1869" and '1892"—for those dates bound what raptures what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three pulpit in the suggestive to many of us are the words and the suggestive to many of us are the words and the suggestive to many of us are the words and the suggestive to many of us are the words and the suggestive to the sug

istry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum books analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet can tell, about 3380.

During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among others I have learned that "all things work gether for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that

otherwise would never have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did say-and one of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguish-ment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four po-licemen to see that no barm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I en-tered for preaching the Gospel.

After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Chistendom and more than Christendom for my weakly more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecu-tion, not an assault, during all these twenty-three years, but turned out for our advan-tage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah! Another lesson I have learned during these

twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preace error or pick flaws in the old Bible in order to get an audience; the old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me, and the higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of intidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, until many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshipers of an eternal "What is it." The most of these higher critics seem is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity, I have found the mightiest magnot, and we have never lacked an audience.

the mightiest magnet, and we have never lacked an audience.

Next to the blessing of my own family I account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you these twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach till I die, and charge my son, who is on the way to the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's taunderbolt, "If any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." An I now, as I stand here on my twenty-thrid anniversary, I see two audiences. The one is made up of all those who have worshiped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms.

What groups of children—too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-may.

took them, but they seem present to day. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat and the pallor from the cases, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hall, groups of glorified entidren! How giad I am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs and where are your gray locks, and where you stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from under the throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but scepters!" Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church. see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacies. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have whom through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty gallleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries

I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i., 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!"until the sermon I preach to-day from Luke ix., 33, "Let us make three tabernacies," those of the past and the present, all gather in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here to-day, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty vears ago

Our God, our help in ages past.
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal hetas.

EMPEROR FREDERICK.

A Pretty Story of the Great Soldier Told

by One of the German Papers. A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower seller, with a basket of newly-cut hyacinths, was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and, mollifled by his suave manner, she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers and the old woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once, was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower seller were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school girl, and her husband had for some months past been out of work, since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities. "That is no good whatever,' she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays, you can't get anybody to listen to you.' "Try the Emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent, it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the crown prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus. The old dame bundled out her basket and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the crown prince was in the same compartment with you.' Then the flower seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd: Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again again in his old place.

Timothy seed is very small, and it is easily destroyed in the ground if too deeply covered. Early in the spring the ground should be harrowed fine, and the seed broadcasted on the surface, to be slightly brushed in. It is better to broadcast the seed if the field is expected to have an evenly covered appearance, as drilling not only covers the seed too much but causes it to come up too thickly in some places and too sparingly in others.

THE greatest curse in the world is jealousy. Nine out of ten domestic troubles originate in it. More than half the murders in the world are committed through its influence. It is a guest that no man or woman who ever entertained, could afterward get rid of. Institutes should be opened to cure those afflicted with it, for it ruins more homes than drink. It is the shadow that follows love, and the happier and more blessed the love makes you, the darker and more cursed the cloud of jealousy will leave vou

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES PROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Up and Doing-Old Tibbits in a Rage -A Few Lett-He Said No More-A Felicitous Piece of "Business," Etc., Etc.

The advica to be up and doing
is all very well in its way.

If we are the right pursuing
And our deeds bear the light of day;

A better precept we cannot keep
If we're busy with honest labor,
But 'tis better, far, to be fast asleep
Than be up and doing your neighbor.
— Yarmouth Register. OLD TIBBITS IN A RAGE. "That fellow ought to be kicked to

leath by a jackass and I'd like to be the one to do it."-Life. A FEW LEFT. Rickets-"Does Mrs. Small keep many

boarders now?" Hunker-"Oh, yes; but some manage to escape now and then."-Puck.

HE SAID NO MORE. Cobwigger (irritably)-"Why don't

you give that child what he is crying Mrs. Cogwigger—"Well, he's crying for the moon."—New York Sun.

A JUDGE OF BABIES. Miss Giddigush-"Mr. Crusty, did you see the Cooington baby? Do tell me

how it looked!" Old Crusty-"Um-ah! It is quite small, clean shaven, red faced, and looks like a hard drinker."-Puck.

A RIDDEN ACCUSATION. "Binx had a row in a restaurant yesterday.

"How did it happen?" "He told the clerk in the presence of several customers he wanted to pay for the milk he had chalked up yesterday."

A FELICITOUS PIECE OF "BUSINESS." Playwright-"From the nature of my play you see it ought to close with some line or significant act from the hero in perfect accord with the feelings of an

audience." Critic-"Why not let him heave a sigh of relief?"-Judge.

JUST A FAMILY STAT.

Prattle (to his wife)-"You don't seem to have the courage of your con-

Mrs. Prattle-"I'd like to know how you get at the conclusion." Prattle-"You say, 'There's no use talking,' and then you talk some more."

THAT DEEP LAID PLOT. Seeker-"So your friend Dumbleton

has written a novel, eh?" Sageman-"He has, for a fact." Seeker-"What is his plot?"

Sageman-"His plot seems to have been to inveigle the public into buying a book that isn't worth reading."-Boston Courier.

A RESEMBLANCE.

"Alderman McBoodle is a fine looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the "Yes," replied another, "I was taken

for him once." "You? Why care for that? I was taken for him. I went on his bail bond and was taken for him-by the Sheriff."

A VALUABLE FAMILY RELIC.

Billiams-"I have taken a fancy to that cane you sport, Gillians. Would you sell it?"

Gilliams-"Wouldn't dispose of it for any consideration. It's an old family heirloom; my great-grandfather used to belabor my great-grandmother with it." -Jeweler's Circular.

FASHION'S STERN BEHEST. Grafton-"Awfully clever fellow, Gagley. He might shine in society if it

wasn't for his own infirmity." Miss Clara--"Why, I always thought he was correct in his habits.

Grafton-"Oh, yes, he is all that, you know; but his neck's so deucedly short that he always has to wear a turn down collar."-Brooklyn Life.

A PRUDENT MINISTER.

"What salary can you pay me?" asked the minister, addressing the senior descon of the church to which he had been "Well, bow much can you get along

"I can get along with \$500 if don't give donation parties to the

minister, but if you give donation parties you'll have to make it \$750."-New York | press.

A GENTLE REMINDER. Bingo-"Did those trousers of mine come from the tailor's?"

Mrs. Bingo-"No, my dear, but my bonnet came from the milliner's." Bingo (savagely)--- What do I care? I should like to know what your bonnet

got to do with my trousers?" Mrs. Bingo (meekly)-"Nothing, my dear, only the milliner is waiting to see you in the next room."-New York

A SERIOUS INTERRUPTION. Tom-"When I saw you at Minnie's about thirteen inches,

wedding I thought that you should have been the groom yourself, old man." Jack—"I did come very near marry-ing that girl once. I was calling there and about balf-past twelve I braced up and commenced a proposal; and just then her father came into the parlor."

Tom-"That was awkward." Jack-"I should say so; he put me completely out!"-Detroit Free Press.

GRANDILOQUENT.

Launcelot-"Be assured, Ella, that the love my heart holds for you is of noevanescent nature. It is bound to my life with ties that will endure while consciousness endures. It is an everpresent-a lingering love."

Ella-"That's just the trouble, Launcelot. There's too much linger about it. If you could contrive to evanesce about 10 r. M., pa might let up on his designs to effect your involuntary sortie."-

Boston Courier.

A BOY TO BE WATCHED. Wooden-"-What's this idea of yours of putting new locks on everything in the office?"

Bulfinch-"Well, I thought I should feel easier."

Wooden-"What made you think

Bulfinch-"Well, you see, I told the office boy he could take yesterday afternoon off and go to the ball game, and he said: 'Thank you, sir; I accept the half holiday, but, if you please, I will not go to the ball park; I have long wanted to dust all the top shelves and wash the windows, and this will give me just the chance." "--Boston Courier.

LEGAL LEVITY.

The late Sir Thomas Chambers was not a wit, and laughter seldom entered the court over which he presided so solemnly. There is, however, one good story told of him in the Temple. It is to the effect that a prisoner, who was un-defended, pleaded "guilty," and counsel having been instructed to defend him at the last moment, withdrew the plea and substituted that of "not guilty," with the result that the jury acquitted him. In discharging the prisoner, Sir Thomas is said to have remarked;

"Prisoner, I do not envy you your feelings. On your own confession you are a thief, and the jury have found that you are a liar."—London Star.

Cooking as a Science.

"Cooking is as much a science as chemistry," said Miss Parloa to Foster Coates recently. "It is of the first importance that every woman who is to have the direction and care of a household, whether large or small, should know how best to use money for what is wholesome and palatable, and understand the principles upon which food can be most economically cooked. No woman should be considered as less accomplished or refined because she has given considerable attention to household duties, and can if need be, prepare a dinner better than the average hired cook. Mistresses ought to be in every respect the superiors of their servants instead of being at their mercy, as they too often unfortunately

"Every woman ought to study domestic science. She may be so placed later as to have no occasion to avail herself of the information acquired, but she will have lost nothing by her effort to gain the knowledge; for this homely branch is really all-important, since it affects the body, the mind, the purse and the morals of the family. Where you find a high order of cooking, you will find also refinement in other respects. While we, as a people, ought to live better than any other nation, we livetoo many of us-on repetitions of poor dishes, and the waste in preparing them is something that pains one who stops to consider it. A French easant, with nothing more at command than many an American housewife would look upon as absolutely valueless, can set forth a most appetizing though simple meal, solely because of superior knowledge of the way to cook food, and a natural ability to give the dishes just the right flavor.

"There ought to be somewhere in the United States a normal school of cookery where teachers could be trained for their work, and in every town there should be a room where girls could be sent at least once a week from the public schools to learn the first principles of cleanliness and of cooking. Such a course would surely decrease the percentage of criminals and paupers, for unclean homes and improper food have much to do with the filling of prisons and almshouses. It seems as if the Government could not forever be blind to its own interest in this matter. Some day a demand may be made for such schools on the score of humanity."-Mail and Ex-

A Blind Black Eel.

Mr. V. N. Edwards of the United States Fish Commission, has obtained from Cuttyhunk Pond a very singular cel. The eyes are entirely concealed under the skin and the color is uniformly dark, almost black. In form and proportions it is like the common eel, and nay prove to be merely a dark-colored, blind example of this species. Trout and other fish become dark in color as a result of blindness, and this may be another illustration of the phenomenon which is often observed by fish culturists, The length of the specimen is