

TO FORTUNE 12

Many merchants are well on the road to fortune through newspaper advertising.

You can be with them.

"PAY as you go" and save enough to come back on.

"BREAKERS ahead," said the man of the house when two new servants arrived.

It is when a woman gets caught in a shower with a new hat on that you may realize what a rain of terror is.

THE malleability of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as the slice of ham in a World's Fair sandwich.

The difference between a tight window and a "tight" man on a railroad train is that the one you can't open and the other you can't shut up.

It is only the female mosquito that sings. The male is dumb. Gentlemen who use various languages when serenaded at night should remember, therefore, that they are addressing their remarks to ladies.

Four German soldiers committed suicide because they had been inhumanely treated by non-commissioned officers. If the kaiser wishes to increase the efficiency of his troops, one of the first things to do is to remedy an evil that is goading so many of his soldiers to self-destruction.

THE Paris students should be promptly hit over the head. When the Quartier Latin breaks loose it is time for the guardians of the law to use their clubs freely and promiscuously. They are good boys, but it is necessary to teach them that they cannot be permitted to run a great city.

BLESSINGS light on him who first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak; it is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold, and cold to the hot. It is the coin that can purchase all things—the balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king, the fool with the wise man.

The Infanta Eulalia has returned to Madrid, and she declares that she enjoyed herself hugely while in America, for all of which she returns her thanks. That is all that is necessary. The Infanta came over here for pleasure, and if she enjoyed herself it does not really make any difference whether the American snobs who ran after her were snubbed or not, and she probably doesn't care.

ONE of the Boston newspapers reports that a young girl in that neighborhood made a hearty lunch of ice cream, accompanied by a liberal supply of pickles. After her death, which occurred a few hours later, the doctor who attended her was interviewed, and informed the reporter that it was dangerous even for persons who could easily digest pork and beans and Boston brown bread to trifle with ice cream and pickles, the latter combination not being at all nice. It is a glorious thing to have the stomach of an ostrich, but it is fatal to abuse it.

PROF. BISCHOFF, of the University of St. Petersburg, published in 1872 a pamphlet, in which he maintained that the average woman's brain is far superior in every respect to a man's, this opinion being based on the fact that a woman's brain is generally about 100 grammes lighter. In order to further prove the truth of his statement he ordered that after his death his brain should be weighed. This was done, and those who believed in this theory were amazed to find that the professor's brain was lighter by five grammes than the brain of a woman of the lowest intelligence.

THE farmer, of all men, should take pains to encourage his boys if he wishes them to adopt the business of farming as they grow to manhood. He, better than one engaged in other business, can do this.

THES is the loss if a small piece of land rented to the boy does not produce quite so much as if the better divided skill of the father were used to direct its cultivation? What is lost in money is more than made up by the value of the experience gained. Let there be competition between an acre worked by father and another worked by the son, and the boy who can excel his father in growing a crop will, in so doing, acquire more love of farming than he can get in any other way.

IF the statement published in London that over 700 persons have died of cholera in Southern France since May is true, there is no evidence in such a mortality that the disease exists in a virulent or dangerous form. A death rate of twenty-five or thirty a day in a population of 5,000,000 is not like the work of Asiatic cholera where that fearful pestilence is epidemic in its most venomous

form. Last year there was cholera at various places in the south of France long before the disease appeared in Hamburg, but it never caused a heavy mortality or spread far in any direction. The present condition of Marseilles and other cities on the Mediterranean coast calls for watchfulness, it is true, on the part of American quarantine officials, but the news so far received is not really alarming in any sense.

THREE Wellesley girls who were in a hotel fire are described coming out of the building dressed as if ready for a picnic, and having saved everything, even to a bag of peanuts. This seems to indicate a certain mental poise and equanimity of nerves which may be credited, for the time being at least, to the good effect of modern education of girls. It probably did not enter the minds of these gymnasium-trained and Greek-lettered girls to shriek and run about. They calmly got up and dressed and picked up their things and walked out of the blazing hotel. It is pleasant, however, to note that they dressed themselves with care enough to look ready for a picnic. The old doctrine that it is every woman's duty to look as pretty as possible under all circumstances receives the unconscious confirmation of these three maids from Wellesley.

FOR some months past farmers whose fields touch the Darby Creek in Pennsylvania have noticed that the bushes and small trees along the water's edge were dying. An investigation showed that the bark had been peeled off the trunks near the ground. Only the bushes and trees that overhang the creek are affected. The farmers thought it must be the work of rabbits, and, as the depredations extended for three miles, a wholesale raid upon the bunnies was planned. Herbert A. Enoch says that a timely and startling discovery thwarted the farmers in their crusade. With loaded gun a farmer sat by the stream to watch for the shrub destroyers, when he beheld a large carp leap from the water and catch at the bushes. It was after a fly that had lighted there, but in its endeavor to get it, tore off a considerable chunk of bark. Then other carp were seen doing the same thing. They had actually girdled all the bushes on the banks for miles in catching flies.

THE Scriptures tell us, in what is known as the Parable of the Talents, that a rich man, being about to depart for a foreign country, called his servants about him and distributed money among them according to their several merits. To one he gave ten talents, to another two, and to a third one. The talent was equivalent to about \$1,600. When the master returned he called his servants again about him, and asked how they had used their money during his absence. The first two replied that they had gone into business and largely increased their capital; but the third, who had received the smallest amount, replied that "he was afraid" of a panic] and went and hid his talent in the ground." He rented a safe deposit box and stufed his money into it. The lord of the manor did not like this. He rebuked the patron of the safe deposit, and took his money away from him and gave it to the man who had made good use of ten talents. Thus endeth this morning's lesson.

A RAINMAKER at Goodland has got himself into serious trouble. A cloud-burst in that neighborhood a few days ago destroyed the wheat crop of James Butler, a farmer, and caused a washout on the Santa Fe railroad. A train was wrecked by the washout and the engineer was killed. A. B. Montgomery, the Goodland rainmaker, claimed that he had produced the cloudburst, which came without warning from the barometer. Mr. Butler will sue Montgomery for the value of his wheat crop. The widow of the engineer will likewise bring suit against the rainmaker for \$10,000 damages. The papers in both cases have been prepared and the progress of the trials will be watched with great interest. Inasmuch as Montgomery has publicly asserted that he brought about the storm which caused the disaster, he will probably be estopped from denying his responsibility for the destruction of the wheat crop or the death of the engineer. There seems to be no reason why the plaintiff should not recover full damages. When an individual assumes to take or actually takes the place of providence in the regulation of the weather, it is only fair and just that he should be held responsible for all damages that may result.

#### Too Many Holidays.

The refusal of the House of Commons to adjourn over Derby Day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill, after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this, he explained that he would ask the forgiveness of their lordships, but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

#### Not a Kingly King.

Emperor William talks as if there were no other men in Germany but soldiers. He has much to say about the welfare of his people. "A kingly king is he who keeps his people free." Emperor William manifests more of the nature of a tyrant than of a kingly king.—Boston Globe.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### THE GREAT PREACHER ON A TOUR IN THE WEST.

The Pathetic Story of Jephthah and His Daughter Contains Many Lessons of Warning to the Rash and Some Suggestions to Parents—Training in Childhood.

#### Children's Rights.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now on his vacation tour in the West, chose for a topic for last Sunday morning, "Children's Rights," the text being Judges xi, 36. "My father if thou hast opened my mouth unto the Lord, do me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. On those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander in chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back." But he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response marshals his troops for battle.

Rash Man's Vow.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return home whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears, until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tomb of massed corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead! Let the trumpeters call up the survivors! Homeward to your wives and children! Homeward with your glittering treasures! Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation! Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh! Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet! Pile up the viands! Fill high the tankards! The nation is saved, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated!

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a princeling's seat, advanced amid acclamations multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victory, he should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart.

His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance, he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain! My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

#### Brave Girl's Fate.

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a rose leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind. There may have been the startling of a tear like a raindrop shock from the anther of a water lily, but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsover hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The storm which caused the disaster he will probably be estopped from denying his responsibility for the destruction of the wheat crop or the death of the engineer. There seems to be no reason why the plaintiff should not recover full damages. When an individual assumes to take or actually takes the place of providence in the regulation of the weather, it is only fair and just that he should be held responsible for all damages that may result.

TOO MANY HOLIDAYS.

The refusal of the House of Commons to adjourn over Derby Day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill, after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this, he explained that he would ask the forgiveness of their lordships, but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

NOT A KINGLY KING.

Emperor William talks as if there were no other men in Germany but soldiers. He has much to say about the welfare of his people. "A kingly king is he who keeps his people free." Emperor William manifests more of the nature of a tyrant than of a kingly king.—Boston Globe.

SCRIED IN SCHOOL.

In the first place I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school and there must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine

and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools—the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide, for our children, teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country little hellholes.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are providing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future, so that in many places by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places in many cities of the country there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or the moral interest of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies. Children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appeal a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gratify the honors of an institution."

Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility. So connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecks.

It is easy for you to talk, well clothed and swaying in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a living, the twin sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a son, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed and swaying in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a living, the twin sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a son, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

Arrest Possibilities of Boyhood.

During the early French revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers and they carried a flag and had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightly suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on.

Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderers of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in Heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although so long postponed his coming!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christian influence will go on and help to people Heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather mingle in the last great day—being able to say: "I added house to house and land to land and manufacture to manufacture?" or "I added to the family of the poor?"

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor.

The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer; her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and sooth a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper.

There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her grey hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begged her to munched with her teethless gums!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!

Parental Tyranny Rebuked.

But on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper!

Ruled by Worldliness.

Further on thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50 cent stories of adventures are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in Heavenly ministrations or made

Stained Glass.

In making stained glass windows, the coloring—red, green, flesh-color, or whatever it may be—is first stirred with the glass in its molten state. When it is rolled into sheets and cools it comes out the brilliant hue desired. Next, imagine an old-fashioned patchwork quilt, where the little blocks or leaves are cut out by means of paper patterns, and sewed together to make the complete figure. There you have the idea of the stained glass windows. Artists who are adept make a large design of the painting wanted. Different small parts of it are transferred from this, and pasted onto patterns made from these like the patchwork quilt. The glass is cut