HE BEATS THEM ALL TO PIECES.

EMINENT "STORY-TELLERS" OF FICTION.—"We thought we were unapproachable in our line; but we're nowhere alongside of him!—Puck.

THEY FAVOR THE BILL

WORKINGMEN DO NOT CONDEMN THE WILSON BILL.

When Not Coerced by Manufacturers They Pass Resolutions Declaring for Tariff Reform—Warner's Sugar Trust Killed—Left a Bar Down.

Reform Club Meetings.

The Reform Club deserves great credit for the work it is now doing in localities represented or misrepresented by Democrats who are trying to defeat the Wilson bill. Several big mass meetings have been held to test the sentiment of workingmen who are reported to have changed their minds since they voted for tariff reform in 1892. In each case resolutions have been passed in favor of the Wilson bill or a more radical tariff reform measure.

The first meeting was held in Paterson, N. J., on Jan. 11. This is in the center of the silk industry and the tide against the Wilson bill was supposed to be running so high that the majority of the leading Democrats were afraid to make any attempt to stem it. Over 2,000, the most of whom were mill-hands, remained in a theater for three hours listening to Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, and lustily cheering many of his best points and sharp answers to questions. At the end of the meeting and after very strong tarriff reform resolutions had been passed, several of the local Democrats, who had remained "behind the scenes," plucked up courage and, stepping to the front of the stage, congratulated the speaker and expressed great satisfaction at the success of the meeting.

At Amsterdam, N. Y., the big carpet and other manufacturers had terrorized the citizens by closing mills and reducing wages. The manufacturers had petitions circulated through the factories condemning the Wilson bill. As might be expected under the circumstances, the petitions were quite generally signed by employes. A mass meeting was held, and in the presence of the wealthy manufacturers the mill-workers allowed resolutions against the Wilson bill to be passed. But one Democrat had the audacity to ask a few questions from the audience. He was regarded as an intruder and treated accordingly. Apparently tariff reform was in the dumps in Amsterdam. The Reform Club desired to know if the workingmen had deserted tariff reform. It arranged for a mass meeting in the largest hall in the city, and paid for this hall 66 per cent. more than was required of the great manufacturer who footed the rent bill for the previous meeting. No local financial assistance whatever was received. The hall was packed. It was clear, when Mr. Shearman began to speak, that some in the audience were attempting to disturb the meeting; but soon he had interested all, and convinced most of his hearers that they should remain steadfast to tariff reform. After nearly three hours of discussion resolutions in favor of the Wilson bill were passed almost unanimously.

The next great meeting was held at Troy, N. Y., the center of the collar, cuff and shirt industry in this country. Over 50,000 signatures were alleged to have been obtained, in this city of 70,000, to a petition in favor of McKinley duties on collars, cuffs and shirts. This petition was presented to Congress by Troy's Democratic representative, Mr. Haines, who made a long speech against the Wilson bill. Senator Murphy of New York, is a citizen of Troy. He also has declared against the proposed reductions of duties on collars, cuffs and shirts. Every paper in Troy is working with Murphy, Haines and the manufacturers. When Mr. W. B. Estell went to Troy to arrange for a meeting he found a strong undercurrent in favor of the Wilson bill, but almost no one who was willing to risk his business interests or his job by helping to get up a meeting. Even when an immense audience had gathered in Harmony Hall, on January 22d, no citizen of Troy could be found who was willing to preside at the meeting and the speaker—again Mr. Shearman—had to nominate himself as Chairman. He, however, soon had control of his audience, and as usual soon had it laughing and cheering. He called attention to the fact that the manufacturers of shirts, collars and cuffs had reduced wages under McKinley duties as well as under those of 1883. He showed that the duties of the Wilson bill left about as much protection as the manufacturers had from 1883 to 1890, and that there was no necessity whatever for reducing wages on account of tariff reductions. If the workers wanted to make higher wages possible, he said, they should petition for lower duties on linen and cotton. This would not only give manufacturers cheaper raw materials but it would enable them to reduce prices of collars, cuffs and shirts; reduced prices would increase consumption and make more work at higher wages. Mr. Shearman then turned his searchlight upon the claims and statements of the manufacturers as presented to the Ways and Means Committee. The manufacturers had made affidavits that the average wages of working girls in Troy were fully $8 a week. At the same time they had produced a statement which showed that the average wages were only $5.23. From another statement it was shown that the manufacturers were making 50 per cent. profit on their capital. By a majority of three to one the audinece favored resolutions indorsing the Wilson bill.

It is gratifying to know that the mill operatives, even in the most highly protected industries, are in favor of tariff reform, and it is fortunate for the country that there is an organization ready and willing to give the workingmen an opportunity to express themselves when the eye of the boss is not upon them.

Warner's Sugar Trust Killer.

The passage of Congressman Warner's amendment placing both raw and refined sugar on the free list will save millions of dollars to to the people and thousands of votes to the Democratic party. At the same time it sounds the death knell of the most accursed trust that ever preyed upon the homes of our hard-working citizens. No band of pirates ever had less moral right to the possession of its booty than has the sugar trust to the $40,000,000 which it, in 1892 and 1893, extracted from the pockets, or sugar bowls, of the people by means of the one-half cent per pound duty which McKinley and Aldrich were paid for leaving on refined sugar.

These millions were a gratuity to the trust; unjustifiable, even upon the grounds of protection. This duty on sugar produced no revenue and no needed protection; it was simply a license to the trust to rob the people. Our big refiners refine sugar cheaper than it is refined anywhere else in the world. Their treatment of labor (mostly of Italians and Huns) has been shameful, and their behavior as members of a trust has been shocking, even to the hardened sensibilities of Wall street. Their $75,000,000 of capital stock is mostly (some authorities say all) water, and yet it takes clever bookkeeping to keep dividends down to about twenty per cent. a year on this capital. Scarcely a true statement bearing upon the tariff or bounty question has been published since the present Congress began its work. And yet the Ways and Means Committee decided to compromise with the sugar robbers by splitting their duty in the middle.

It is a sign of courage on the part of the Democrats who voted with Warner. Like the vote on the Tom L. Johnson amendment, to put steel rails on the free list, it shows that the average Democrat is more radical than the Ways and Means Committee. It dealt a blow to the sugar trust from which it will never recover. As a trust killer, it is worth a hundred Sherman anti-trust laws. That the trust realized that it had received its death sting, is evident from the fact that within ten minutes from the opening of the stock exchange, after the passage of the amendment, blocks of stock were sold at 76, although the last price of the previous day was 81¼. It is not improbable that the protected manufacturers may yet be sorry that they did not advise their Republican Congressmen to agree to accept the Wilson bill the first day it was presented to the House. They are losing ground with every day's discussion. The fallacies and wrongs of "protection" are being more thoroughly exposed than ever before, and the "jig is us" for all pauper industries. It will be but a few years until our self-supporting industries shall be freed from the support of beggar industries. Prosperity will then smile as it has never yet smiled upon us. Trusts, take warning. The American people are "onto" your tricks.

Left a Bar Down.

In the course of a labored defense of McKinleyism the San Francisco Morning Call strives to enlighten an unconvicted contemporary by the following remarks:

> The millions of people living in the northern tier of States would be able to buy their semi-tropical fruit abroad at lower cost than California and Florida can supply them. But under the present tariff they pay duties on these varieties of fruits in order to establish the fruit industries in States where the industry may be successfully prosecuted.

We must say to the Morning Call that this is the rankest kind of heresy. The central doctrine of McKinleyism is that the duties are paid by the wretched foreigners. There was a time, and it was not very long ago, when the supporters of a protective tariff freely admitted that the duties were paid by domestic consumers, as the Morning Call says the duties on semi tropical fruit are now paid by the people of the Northern States, and when they frankly defended the collection of the tax. But they were looking forward then to a gradual reduction of tariff rates and had not adopted the plan of paying for large campaign contributions by making the duties higher. That truthful old doctrine is now repudiated and denounced, and the Morning Call will be in danger of excommunication unless it shall speedily accept the new one, which is set forth in the reports and speeches of McKinley, the Reed minority report, and the teachings of all the latter-day Republican statesmen.—New York Times.

Shearman's Persuasive Logic.

An interesting glance upon the campaign which the protected manufacturers are waging against the Wilson bill is shown in the news printed upon another page of the meeting of workingmen, which the Reform Club had called in Amsterdam in our own State. The workingmen, who attended in great numbers, had been so incited by the manufacturers that at first they would not hear the speaker, Mr. Thos. G. Shearman, and disturbed him in every imaginable way. But Mr. Shearman was very soon able to convince his hearers that they had hearkened to false prophets; his proofs were so convincing that the workmen had to acknowledge their justice, and at the close of the meeting joined in passing resolutions in favor of the Wilson bill, although they had come with other intentions.

If you can only get the workmen to hear both sides their opposition to the high tariff is not to be questioned. Mr. Shearman and the Reform Club deserve great recognition for their efforts to bring to naught the lying campaign of the high protectionists.—New York Staats Zeitung.

Faith, Hope, Confidence.

We are not numbered amongst those who think the country is going to ruin and that its rulers are intent in destroying the business interests of the nation. Our President is a patriotic American who has but a single purpose, and that is to do right by honestly obeying and enforcing the laws. The party which elected him contains a majority of the American people. We have confidence that a majority is not going to destroy the country. All our legislation has been directed against the best interests of the producing classes. They find their services not in demand. Wages decreasing by combinations of arrogant, purse-proud manufacturers who are only intent to make them so poor that they cannot resent their tyranny and oppression. With a wise, economical administration of our public affairs, repeal of obnoxious class legislation which makes the poor poorer, and a conscientious enactment of just laws that will place the laborer in a position to get his clothing and necessaries of life cheaper, we look for prosperous times. — National Glass Budget.

Partisan Memories.

The second edition of calamity croakers met at Harrisburg in mass convention, and one of the Demosthenic orators lustily orated upon the lighting of the fires of the only industry known since the days of James Buchanan, viz., soup houses. The memory of the orator is a trifle short, as our recollection is that this industry thrived in 1873 and many idle workmen were fed. Panics were not confined to any political party, as the last panic we had in 1873 was even worse than the present one, and the country did not recover from its effects until 1879. If all these so-called politicians were not intent in profiting politically by the misfortunes of depression in business they had better devote their energies toward restoring confidence instead of adding to the distrust now prevalent.—National Glass Budget.

The World Do Move.

Debates on the Wilson bill are bringing to the front some great orators, but many of the Democratic members hold back their opinions because they cannot enter the discussion with the earnestness they would if the bill struck deeper at the curse of protection. It it were an act to abolish all tariffs the House of Representatives would be the scene of eloquent arguments for its passage. As it is, it is but a short step in the right direction and radical reformers are not giving it the support they would a bill framed to suit the masses.—Freeland Tribune.

Chameleon McKinley.

Gov. McKinley is telling the Southern people that the Wilson bill is "especially injurious to that part of the country." At the North the McKinleyites charge that the bill was dictated by the "Southern brigadiers" in revenge upon their conquerors. The foolish people who are taken with this sort of talk can "pay their money and take their choice."—New York World.

Frick Is No Fool.

Carnegie, in giving less wages to his steel mill hands, is not getting less for his armor plate. Just as Frick said: "We pay wages according to the labor market." The tariff has nothing to do with how much is given or demanded.

WHEN an accident to an American railway train can injure fifty men without scratching a single American it is high time to stop talking about a high tariff protecting American labor.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A MOST ELOQUENT DISCOURSE AT THE TABERNACLE.

He Dreams a Marvelous Dream of Heaven and Describes What He Saw There—The Saints Who are Great in Heaven—Names Not in the Dictionary.

A Vision of Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "A Vision of Heaven," the text being Ezekiel i, 1, "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebarf an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekial. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming Heaven. This exile seated by that River Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight, whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of Heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of Heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the 12 gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in Heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar."

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness and sweetness and affection and interest taken in my walk through Heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence, the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age and decrepitude and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

The Church in Heaven.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in Heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "the temple of my God." I saw it this morning, the largest church I ever saw, as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the headdress was a garland of rose and lily and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons and once fed swine in the wilderness and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of one who presided in that immense temple—the chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and His forehead was a morning sky, and His lips were eloquence omnipotent. But His attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which He had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that He wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David." And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said: "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachyrmal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred But this lachyrmal, or tear bottle, instead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the psalmist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth—tears of repentance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of the earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves Heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and they are before Him world without end."

The Great Christian Seen.

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and blood and under sword and rack. We saw John Wycliff, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKail and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, the temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and Heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in Heaven?" Oh, yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you: that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dream with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or dropsies or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October—the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and join with them in the same exploration of planets and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in Heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood has advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to midlife, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Changed Conditions.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in Heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in Heaven; for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differed from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in Heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in Heaven were low down, and some who expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites and all evil propensities, but they had laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful and prolix their victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in Heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

Names Not in the Directory.

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of Heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of Heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet" champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in Heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of Heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red Sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headman's ax on the road to Ostai, a great sufferer.

Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitarion. All the high up in Heaven great sufferers, and women more than men, Felicitas and St. Cecelia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid.

I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in Heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of Heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of Heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster, and I said, "Angel, do tell me who they are?" and the answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

Equalized at Last.

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior Heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankruptcies and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in Heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

> The King there in his beauty,
> Without a veil, is seen;
> It were a well spent journey,
> Though seven deaths lay between,
>
> The Lamb with his fair army
> Doth on Mont Zion stand,
> And glory, glory dwelleth
> In Immanuel's land.

A Very Mean Trick.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance recently, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

"I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man, and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business, I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop; I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others'.

"Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it, I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

"The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Looking at my man I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket. 'Now, tell me all about it!'

"He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."—Albany Express.

FOR every letter you receive with money in it, you receive a dozen letters offering you bargains.

Tobacco Caused Consumption—Notobac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

TWO RIVERS, Wis., Feb. 2.—[Special.]—Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of this town, Mr. Jos. Bunker, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption, I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 127½ pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 41½ pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Company, general Western office 45 Randolph St., Chicago, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Riding a Bronco.

"It's all bosh, this talk about cowboys learning to enjoy the sport of riding a bucking horse," said a reformed cow-boy. "Riding a bucking horse is like having boils—you never get thoroughly used to it. When you hear a fellow say that he would like to ride a bucking horse he is either a liar or a greenhorn. The first day I ever went out with a herd of cattle I was dumped nine times because of the presence of a cactus burr in my saddle blanket.

"I have never seen but one man that had grit enough to sit on a real bucking horse until it had bucked all it wanted to, and he was bleeding at the hose, mouth, and ears when they took him off the horse at the end of a half hours' struggle. As a general thing a cow-boy will pull a horse's head up, wind the reins around the saddle horn, take a firm grip on the saddle with his hands and then rowel the bucker until the animal becomes convinced that it is better to behave than to buck."—Phœnix (Cal.) Gazette.

Hydrophobia Among Chickens.

According to undisputed report a couple of hens at Hillsdale, N. J., were recently bitten by a mad dog. No doubt they "got it in the neck," so that it is strange that their heads did not come off; but you could not "preserve the unities" in that way, and so they lived to lay more eggs, although this is not the laying season, and soon after their recovery hydrophobia was developed and they expired in agony, as usual. The report does not say plumply that they "snarled and barked like a dog," but it insinuates the same by describing them as "frothing at the mouth and uttering unhenlike sounds." But for this it might be thought that the chickens had the pip; but the question now is, are those hydrophobic eggs they laid?—Brooklyn Citizen.

Birth Stones.

In the matter of superstitious fads among society queens of the day, none have ever gained such importance as the birth stone. The magic power of precious stones is a belief dating back to the ancients. But never until now were such amulets and talismans known as guard against evil my lady of fin de siecle fancies, says a writer in the Boston Globe.

It is quite possible for one at all learned in fashion's ritual to tell what month of the year one of the fair creatures has her birthday, and what is the evil she would guard against by simply noting her jewels. If her hands blush with rubies the two secrets are told. She was born in July, and without this jewel she would suffer care and doubts in love.

Casualties of the Civil War.

In 1866 the United States Provost Marshal General reported that 61,362 men on the Union side had been killed in battle, 34,727 men died of their wounds, 183,287 had died of disease; total deaths, 279,376; total desertions, 199,105. A partial statement on the Confederate side declared that 133,821 men had died in battle of wounds and disease and 104,428 had deserted. During the war the Union troops captured 476,169 Confederate prisoners, and the Confederates captured 212,607 Union men. Of the latter 29,725 died in Confederate prisons, while 26,774 Confederates died in confinement.

Canada Thistles.

An Illinois farmer says he got rid of Canada thistles by taking a clod crusher made of two-inch plank, loaded it with as much stone as the horses could draw and broke the thistles down flat, then plowed them under deeply. The plan succeeded perfectly. It seems that their entire vigor, vitality and substances was in their tops, as they were ready for scattering the seeds. They were, it is said, entirely destroyed, and a market gardener raised vegetables on the land the next season. Not a sign of a Canada thistle has been seen on the ground since.

Indian Names of Rivers.

The rivers emptying themselves into Chesapeake Bay from Maryland and Virginia commonly have Indian names, with a peculiarly sharp, metallic ring to their syllables, as Choptank, Pocomoke, Rappahannock, Plankatank, Nanticoke. The rivers flowing westward in Virginia and West Virginia, however, have softly musical names, as Kanawha, Ohio, Monongahela, Youghiogheny. The most musically named of all rivers, however, the Shenandoah, belongs to the Atlantic coast system as a tributary of the Potomac.

Odd Theory as to Petroleum.

The rather interesting theory is held by a Russian geologist that petroleum is produced by water which penetrates the earth's crust and comes in contact with glowing carbides of metals, especially of iron. The water is decomposed into its constituent gases, the oxygen uniting with the iron, while the hydrogen takes up the carbon and ascends to a higher region, where part of it is condensed into mineral oil and part remains as natural gas to escape wherever and whenever it can find an outlet.—Mechanical News.

Fashion in Speech.

Are we never to hear the last of that hackneyed word, "awfully?" With the "society girl" just now everything is "awfully ghastly" or "awfully charming, don't you know?" If your new bonnet isn't awfully charming it must be awfully ghastly. Pretty is no longer pretty, but "pooty." "Gorgeous" or "doadly" are the correct adjectives to use when speaking of the weather.