

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE GIVES A TALK PARTICULARLY TO YOUNG MEN.

Love of Home—Industrious Habits—A High Ideal of Life—Respect for the Sabbath—The Christian Religion—A Turning Point.

The Son of David.
In his sermon last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II. Samuel, xviii, 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. He was a young man of a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out:

Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart and is answered from the lip into the ear of the bearded and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then, against his father's will, against his temples as though he would press them in, crying, "O Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Is Absalom Safe?
My friends, the question which David the king, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is applicable when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who have started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me read the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of his own position, is in the going into the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with the diamonds of Colombia, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the parting sith on eggs and hatcheth them, not so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave his riches in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

A Safeguard.
Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty, or harsh words and petulance and scolding may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity your young men! You never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a great fondle, fondle in your soul nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it, but oh! how much it means to you. Fresh on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough straw rafters, Parks and bowers and trees at fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farmhouse and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway and the old mill, the full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other. She, gone fifteen years ago into glory! That scene coming back to you to-day as you sweep backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred for ever. There you established the first home altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home."

Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find a young man in the clubroom, in the literary society, in the art salon, then you do in these unpurged home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, your man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a lamp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid an unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

A Prime Virtue.
Another safeguard for these young men is an industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great tower. He is seated in his room at a rent of \$2,000 a year, waiting

for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures. Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture and domestic pursuits.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their oars draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch. It is every day's life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses and pour into his cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder that his man children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Oh, young man, you must have industry of head or hand or foot or perch! Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is genius—men with large self-conceit and nothing else. The man who is not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been sauntering under the tree, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and pencil and hammer and adze and saw and pickaxe and yardstick and the weapon of honest toil. Work, work or die.

A High Ideal.
Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high! The fact is that in life a great many men take aim too low. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to rhyme. The composer of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to build out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymeless scotch. Out of 1,000,000 have no life plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, in the hazy dawn, and I run out and say: "Hail to the victor! Whither away?" "Where?" they say. O young man, make every day a duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be in this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every where by the waves, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. O young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never was a grander opportunity opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the stout heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Respect for Sunday.
Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. It is exorbitant, after giving up the day to feeling and clothing these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fall in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I began to cough, and I was unable to get up. I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business, but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me \$30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shall thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he sowed the seed on the Sabbath, and he culled the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up, and a great darkness, and the lightning of heaven struck the barn and away went his Sunday crop.

The Crowning Virtue.
There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard of every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequalled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod, and as strong as Samson and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in the faces of many of you. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." O young man, cheer up. I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added. I know you do not want to be

mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Savior you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. The is not meanly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despair all other bargains, prove recreant to all other gains, but despise God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now I see into me if I preach not the gospel."

A Turning Point.
That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman, who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend a theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position; he lost his moral life; he lost his soul; he died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on him. I stand before you to-day," said the minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on! The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, your men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I bent on your heart, and it sounds like hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

The Kingdom of God.
The existence and effective presence of the Kingdom of God is evidenced by the practical results which follow from certain causes. The Savior's casting out devils by Spirit of God, in the midst of doubters and enemies, is cited by Him as proving that the Kingdom of God had come upon them. So, also, is the practical results of Christianity an undoubted index of the presence of God's Kingdom among men. As the wondrous works of Christ in the days of His ministry threw upon the people of his times the responsibility of the rejection of Him, so the works of Christianity in the world put upon people to-day the responsibility of deciding their case.

Having Peace.
"We cannot have peace if we are living our own life, striving for our own will, seeking to walk in our own way. But if in very truth we have faith in our God, if we believe that he is compensating us, redeeming us, that all material things are simply the instruments preparing us for another world, that our failures here are the secret and the starting point of a grander success hereafter; if we are willing to leave the past in His hands because we cannot alter it, and the future because we cannot control, we may walk as He walked in the midst of the tempest, and go over the sea, and the sea shall not engulf us and the tempest shall not destroy us."—Lyman Abbott.

The Life Which Follows.
"Nature teaches that the life which follows the resurrection will be higher and nobler, and more abundant than the present. You take up a grain of corn to examine it, but its smallness is such that it slips through your fingers; but, small as it is, it has within it the germ of a larger life. Bury it in the ground, and from that one grain there come several stalks, and upon each stalk several grains, reaching some times more than the standard of a hundred fold. And revelation clearly affirms that the corruption, dishonor, weakness and naturalness of the present life will be replaced by the incorruption, glory, power and spirituality of the resurrection life."—Rev. I. Lloyd.

Divine Help.
The strength, the force which is appointed to live your burdens, to run your race, to find your truth, to hold the canopy of faithfulness over your head is not you. It is you and God. For you to try and do it alone is natural. It is almost as if the engine tried to carve without the artist. It is engine and steam that are to make the running power. It is the artist and power that are to carve a statue. It is God and you that live your life. For you to try to live all alone is to try to do all the work with one part of the power. God is not a crutch coming to help your strength. The stronger you are the more thoroughly you are yourself."—Rev. D. S. Hamilton.

Reasons for Being Thankful.
He who sees in the heavens and the earth the loving power of Almighty God is never in want of reasons for being thankful. The light of the sun by day, the moon and stars by night, are evidences of the sustaining strength of our God. Knowing these things, how can we fail to be thankful? For food and health, for home and its comforts, for liberty and friends, our sense of obligation ought to be great.

Arrangements have been made by the German military authorities to convey by rail all the women and children in such large towns as Metz and Strasbourg, as well as smaller places, into Germany.

HORSE MEAT AS FOOD.

'TIS SAID THERE IS ALREADY QUITE A DEMAND FOR IT.

Two Regularly Organized Horse Packing Plants in the United States—Meats Used by the Poor of Large Cities and Much Is Shipped Abroad.

It's a New Industry.
It was during the dark days of the Paris commune that horse flesh as a table viand first came into metropolitan use. The necessities of the beleaguered citizens drove them to its adoption, and there are many Americans now living who were shut up in



AWAITING THE KILLER.

the famine-stricken metropolis, who could perforce confess to more than one meal from some ancient charger worth his weight in gold on the butcher's block. At that time it was considered a rather unique and valorous operation. To-day, however, the systematic killing of horses on the market is by no means a new thing, and capital is reaching out to utilize the industry for all it is worth. No one can be absolutely sure that in buying a can

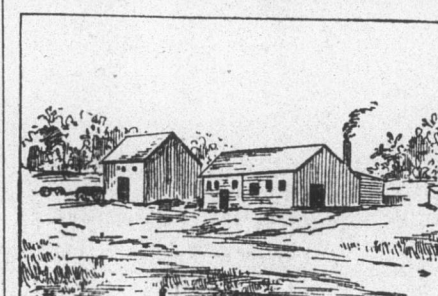


CORRAL AND HORSE PACKING PLANT NEAR PORTLAND, OREGON.

—New York World.

branded "corned beef" he is not securing an equine preparation masquerading as the genuine article, and all because horses are cheaper to kill than to keep. So far, popular sentiment is against the noble steed as an article of diet, but among the lower classes of Poles and Bohemians, in large communities of cheap workers, and especially abroad, there seems to be quite a demand, and liking, too, for "roast horse," "horse steak," "fried horse," "horse soup" and "horse sausage." One of the men now largely engaged in the industry insists that horse meat is wholesome and palatable, and "unusually fine with cabbage," himself and family occasionally indulging; but, as his men were engaged in butchering an animal with an ulcer big as a silver dollar as he made the statement, there was certainly nothing of an inviting character in sight to engender kindred tastes in persons of finer susceptibilities.

There are two regularly organized and tolerated establishments in the United States operating horse packing plants, and any number of smaller ones. One is located on a wild prairie



PACKING PLANT NEAR CHICAGO.

at the outskirts of Chicago, occupying a building 30x70 feet, but fitted up with every accessory for conducting a general slaughtering business. Its capacity is about 100 horses a week, which are purchased at an average cost of \$1.75. The animals secured for sacrifice are worn-out horses from livery, mines and street car and omnibus companies, and generally weigh about 700 pounds. After killing, about 200 pounds can be utilized. This brings three cents a pound from commission merchants, who distribute it among the 8,000 workers on the drainage canal, and in other industrial centers, as demanded. By canning it and shipping it to Antwerp, packers get 4 cents a pound. The hides and bones are also marketable, bringing the value of a butchered animal well up to ten dollars.

A visit to this horse-killing establishment reveals system, if not cleanliness.

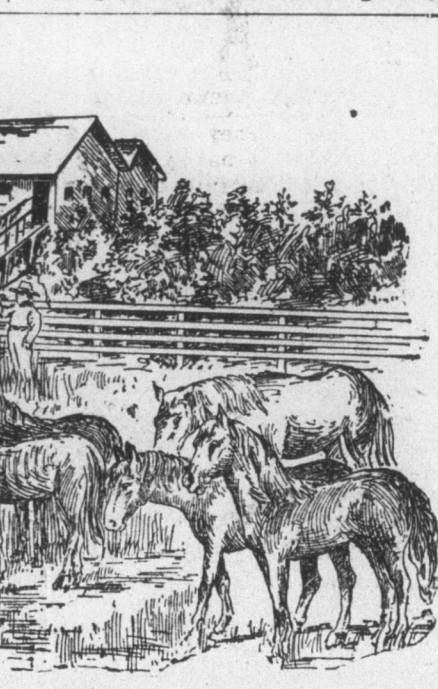


IN THE BUTCHERING ROOM.

The animals are allowed to roam in a kind of corral, and when one is selected for slaughter, a man places a gunny sack over its head and leads it into the killing room, where another man stands ready with an axe and de-

livers a blow between the eyes that instantly kills the animal. It is then skinned, its legs being chopped off, and the marketable part is hung up in the cooling room, the treatment being identical with that awarded beef. Some of it is salted, other parts are thrown into iron cauldrons with a capacity of 300 gallons. The packers claim that only parts are thus treated that are sold to the glue makers, but an outsider insists that he saw the necks of horses in one of these vats which were made "into 'beef extract'"; another thought it was soup stock, and yet another was certain that saloon free lunches were supplied out of these kettles.

The enterprise at Portland, Ore., has a much wider scope than its Eastern prototype. There it was simply sought to utilize the thousands of half-starved, semi-wild horses roaming the plains. Last July a big bunch of these animals were rounded up for the butchering block. They were forced to swim the Columbia River, driven to Umatilla, and then transported by rail to Portland, en route for the abattoir at Linn-ton. Here extraordinary preparations were made for them. The horses were corralled and, as needed, were driven up an inclined plane into an inclosed pen, leading into convenient buildings, supplied with cooling rooms, large, modern tanks, canning rooms and all the varied departments of a first-class packing house. On the ground floor were the vats for steaming the fat out of the meat, a number of smaller tanks of galvanized iron; two large vertical digestors or retorts, a press for pressing the oil out of the meat, a kiln heated by steam for drying the bones, a bone crusher resembling a rock crusher, a disintegrator or machine for grinding

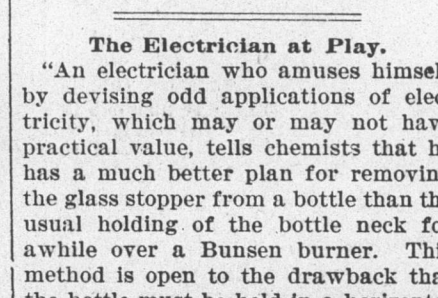


AWAITING THE KILLER.

the refuse into a fertilizer, a boiler and an engine. All the by-products are utilized, so that the profit is not only on the flesh.

After being killed, the legs of the horses are cut off at the knee, the mane and tail removed, a slit made the head length of the skin, and the head muzzles of cheap workers, and especially abroad, there seems to be quite a demand, and liking, too, for "roast horse," "horse steak," "fried horse," "horse soup" and "horse sausage." One of the men now largely engaged in the industry insists that horse meat is wholesome and palatable, and "unusually fine with cabbage," himself and family occasionally indulging; but, as his men were engaged in butchering an animal with an ulcer big as a silver dollar as he made the statement, there was certainly nothing of an inviting character in sight to engender kindred tastes in persons of finer susceptibilities.

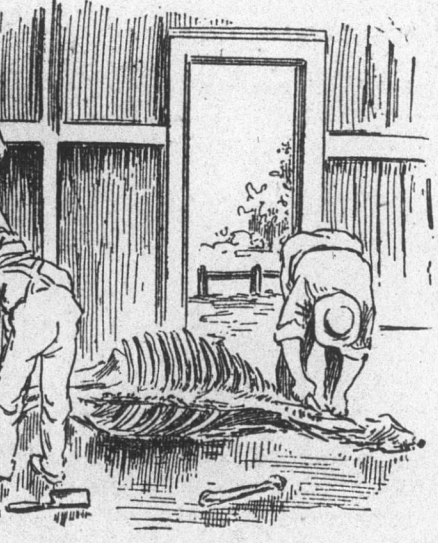
There are two regularly organized and tolerated establishments in the United States operating horse packing plants, and any number of smaller ones. One is located on a wild prairie



PACKING PLANT NEAR CHICAGO.

at the outskirts of Chicago, occupying a building 30x70 feet, but fitted up with every accessory for conducting a general slaughtering business. Its capacity is about 100 horses a week, which are purchased at an average cost of \$1.75. The animals secured for sacrifice are worn-out horses from livery, mines and street car and omnibus companies, and generally weigh about 700 pounds. After killing, about 200 pounds can be utilized. This brings three cents a pound from commission merchants, who distribute it among the 8,000 workers on the drainage canal, and in other industrial centers, as demanded. By canning it and shipping it to Antwerp, packers get 4 cents a pound. The hides and bones are also marketable, bringing the value of a butchered animal well up to ten dollars.

A visit to this horse-killing establishment reveals system, if not cleanliness.



IN THE BUTCHERING ROOM.

The animals are allowed to roam in a kind of corral, and when one is selected for slaughter, a man places a gunny sack over its head and leads it into the killing room, where another man stands ready with an axe and de-

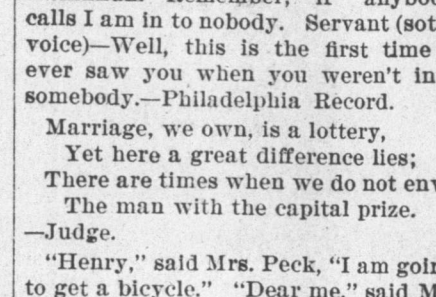


AWAITING THE KILLER.

the refuse into a fertilizer, a boiler and an engine. All the by-products are utilized, so that the profit is not only on the flesh.

After being killed, the legs of the horses are cut off at the knee, the mane and tail removed, a slit made the head length of the skin, and the head muzzles of cheap workers, and especially abroad, there seems to be quite a demand, and liking, too, for "roast horse," "horse steak," "fried horse," "horse soup" and "horse sausage." One of the men now largely engaged in the industry insists that horse meat is wholesome and palatable, and "unusually fine with cabbage," himself and family occasionally indulging; but, as his men were engaged in butchering an animal with an ulcer big as a silver dollar as he made the statement, there was certainly nothing of an inviting character in sight to engender kindred tastes in persons of finer susceptibilities.

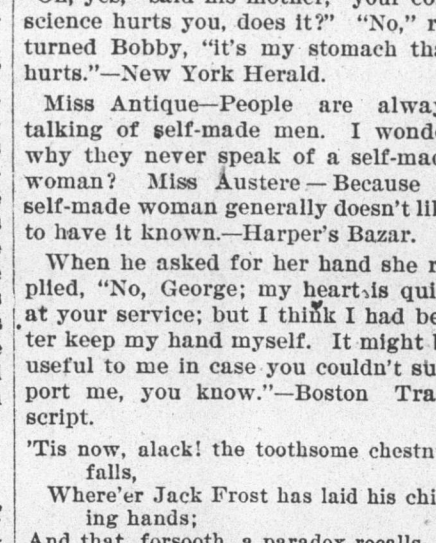
There are two regularly organized and tolerated establishments in the United States operating horse packing plants, and any number of smaller ones. One is located on a wild prairie



PACKING PLANT NEAR CHICAGO.

at the outskirts of Chicago, occupying a building 30x70 feet, but fitted up with every accessory for conducting a general slaughtering business. Its capacity is about 100 horses a week, which are purchased at an average cost of \$1.75. The animals secured for sacrifice are worn-out horses from livery, mines and street car and omnibus companies, and generally weigh about 700 pounds. After killing, about 200 pounds can be utilized. This brings three cents a pound from commission merchants, who distribute it among the 8,000 workers on the drainage canal, and in other industrial centers, as demanded. By canning it and shipping it to Antwerp, packers get 4 cents a pound. The hides and bones are also marketable, bringing the value of a butchered animal well up to ten dollars.

A visit to this horse-killing establishment reveals system, if not cleanliness.



IN THE BUTCHERING ROOM.

The animals are allowed to roam in a kind of corral, and when one is selected for slaughter, a man places a gunny sack over its head and leads it into the killing room, where another man stands ready with an axe and de-

A \$10,000 OVERCOAT.

It Will Be Worn by General Torrence, of Chicago.

General Joseph T. Torrence, the Chicago elevated railway king, of whose expenditures for the pleasures and luxuries of life much has been written, has again distinguished himself by purchasing a \$10,000 overcoat. The general attracted widespread attention in Chicago by his indulgence in coaches and four-in-hands of various types. Of these he secured the finest collection in the United States, and it is doubtful if it can be surpassed abroad. In ten years he has spent a sum exceeding \$100,000 on coaches, traps, drags, brakes and other fine specimens of the "rattlemaker's art."

In general outline the \$10,000 dainty is in the shape of a long ulster, made of Canadian buckskin cloth and reach-



GENERAL JOSEPH T. TORRENCE.

ing from the heels up to the head. It will be of black and perfectly plain, except for the collar, which will be made of sable. Inside the coat is lined with the eighty skins which run its cost up to a moderate-sized fortune.

Good Imitations of Amber.

When a man buys a pipe or cigar holder with a mouthpiece, which the dealer declares is amber, the chances are ten to one that the purchaser is being deceived. This assertion may seem hard upon the seller, but so clever are the imitations of amber now in the market that dealers need not fear in selling them, as none but an expert can tell the false from the real. Celluloid and amberyne are the cheapest of the imitations, says the New York Press, and no dealer would think of recommending them as amber to any one who appeared to know much about what he wanted. But with amberyne it is a different matter, for, as this substance is made from the amber itself, there is no perceptible difference in its appearance or properties. This is made from small bits of amber ground fine and compressed by hydraulic power. The process is a secret possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna. All the long stems of a clear, beautiful amber, which give a meerschaum or briar so fancy a price, are made of amberyne, excepting, perhaps, pipes of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper has deceived many people, for amberyne will do the same thing, as will amberyne, which is a still cheaper composition made in England. Experts tell celluloid at a glance, but any one may distinguish it by its smell of camphor, which enters largely into its composition. Most of the amber sold comes from along the Black Sea in Turkey and Germany. Here, buried in the sand, is found the sea-green amber of almost priceless value. This is chiefly used for jewelry, although smokers' articles are sometimes made from it. Green amber is seldom seen in this country. Black amber, used for jewelry and inlaying, and milk-white amber are also valuable.

Unanimity of Opinion.

The mighty Sheikh Abdullah, desiring to test the sincerity of his counselors, asked the court sage, old Enekezi, how he could carry out his wish. "Very easily," replied the sage. "You never composed a line of poetry in your life. Go and write at once a long ballad and read it to your courtiers. You will judge of the effect for yourself. Tomorrow I will come again and learn the result of your observations." Next day the wise Enekezi entered the sheikh's tent, saying, "Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?" "Certainly," I was completely taken by surprise at what followed the reading of my poem. The counselors were unanimous in its praise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Iou-Yemini; another, that I was a bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they were all in ecstasies, and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies. "And what about old Henriadin?" eagerly questioned the sage. "H'm! He dropped to sleep while I was reading." "Hail! hail! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik?" said the old man, triumphantly. "What conclusion did I come to?" replied the sheik, with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry!" Enekezi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace. For he was in such a wise man.

Color of Flowers.

Originally, all flowers were yellow, say the botanists. The order of development in color appears to be yellow, pink, red, purple, lilac, up to deep blue—probably the highest level—while white may occur in any normally colored flower, just as albinos are found among animals. As flowers become more specialized they become more dependent upon the visits of special insects, purple and blue flowers, for instance, benefiting most from and being most preferred by bees and butterflies.

"A trout is the queerest fish," said Brickley; "it will bite, get hooked badly, and bite again." The Widow Smith looked at him absent-mindedly for a minute, and then asked, "Yes; but the poor fellow's to be excused; it's human nature, you know."—Adams Freeman.

Grandpa—Don't get scared, Willie; the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar so. Willie (easily)—Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's a fine fellow when his meals ain't ready.—Standard.

D'Aube—Who is that homely woman rhapsodizing before the picture of the handsome society matron? D'Angelo—She's the original of the painting.—New York Herald.

Various Uses for Mushrooms.

Some European species of mushrooms are used in coloring. One yields a yellow dye, another an exquisite green which colors the tree on which it grows; and from this wood is manufactured the celebrated Tunbridge ware. The poor people of Franconia, Germany, dry, press and stitch together a certain kind of mushroom, which is then made into garments; and in Bohemia a large round toadstool is dried and the inside removed; it is turned bottom upward, fastened to the wall, and used to hold a beautiful trailing vine, which grows luxuriantly.