

## IN TRUMPET SOUNDS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A  
SERMON FULL OF HOPE

Help for the Hopeless Through the  
Name of Christ—The Need of Sym-  
pathy—Fulfillment of a Great Prom-  
ise—A Mighty Gathering.

### Capital City Sermon.

This sermon sounds the note of triumph, a note that all will be glad to hear in these times, when so many are uttering and writing jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Talmage took as his text Genesis, xlii, 10, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophetic eye, Dr. Talmage looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Caesar, and on the 25th day of March, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Province, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

### Scorners as Worshipers.

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi, Pharisee; secondly, by Jonathan, rabbi, Pharisee; thirdly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Demas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate, describing the tragedy, says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to execution. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archaeologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription, "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scorners have become worshipers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, unwittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C. or A. D.—B. C. before Christ; A. D. Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B. C. A. D. I do not care what you call him—whether Conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother or Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the Translocator, or the Peace-maker, Shiloh. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his life-time behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought. I must somehow get things readjusted. I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past by blotting it out. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the necessary chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh, never be anxious about the future; better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front—mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

"Oh," says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh," says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin, he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you? Oh, the grace of God which brings salvation!

### For the Worst Sinners.

The grace of God! Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Ah, you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went higher over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevada beyond and Matterhorn beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains he says, "Past finding

out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners. David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the Prodigal Son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will gather around Christ as a sympathizer. Oh, we all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But, alas! for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work?

Alas, me, who can stand under those griefs! Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a heart-sick soul than any one else. It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that comes to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish-bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles, and all these desolated homesteads, and all these broken hearts, and persuade us to this will.

### Need for Sympathy.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says, "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ has done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

### A Variety of Demons.

Oh, there is something beautiful in sympathy—in many sympathy, wisely sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnapped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed to-night? How if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting that sorrow worse than death? Then, when they found her, why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray say, 'Thank God?' Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wife, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages, and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh, what a God, what a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction.

La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that 1,500 worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most sorrowful have been reserved for our world. By one loss of the world at Tienboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only 26 people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them, and 214,000 perished that day. Alas, alas, for our poor world. It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America, part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the tablelands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and their cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the tablelands of the West. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken

continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance, but archaeologists have found out it was history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archaeologists, and the Challenger and the Dolphin and the Gazelle have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent.

### All to Christ.

Oh, there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora and the fauna—astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, domestic trouble—and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort, and they are found not in the Brahms of the Hindoo or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this rock of ages will never be shaken from its foundations. The same Christ who fed the 5,000 will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimaeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "tho I shall the gathering of the people be." Ah, ye who are bereft, ye anguish-bitten, and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world, it will not take him long to lift it.

I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to the nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over 40 years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. That work for which in the winter we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to, come out and shake hands with the victors.

### The Great Victory.

We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah, yea, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple, those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier, those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude, those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God, those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as a Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine, as well as Christ's. He the conqueror, we shouting in his train. Oh, what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens, and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled: "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." But failing in that, I bargain to meet you at the pious gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors—arch of Trajan, arch of Titus, arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this king of kings and lord of lords and conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! The tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs and the shout of the riders! Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

While everlasting ages roll  
Eternal love shall feast their soul  
And scenes of bliss forever new  
Rise in succession to their view.

### You May Swallow Leeches.

What imagination will do I can show from my own experience. When a boy, in the Pyrenees, I once drank from a spring, and saw, to my horror, when I had already swallowed a mouthful, that the water was alive with small leeches. I had a bad time of it for two or three days. I firmly believed I had leeches alive and sucking my blood inside me; I felt them. I became languid. I believed they would drain my blood away. Happily, my father heard what was the matter with me and explained to me the corrosive nature of the gastric fluid and assured me that nothing living and of the nature of a leech could resist it. "My dear boy," said he, "from personal observation of your proceedings at meal time I am convinced you could digest a pair of boots, and no leeches could stand a moment against the force of your gastric fluid." I believed him and forgot all about my imaginary malady.

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## THE SUPREME COURT OF INDIANA.



JAMES H. JORDAN. JAMES MCCABE. THOMAS E. HOWARD.  
L. J. HACKNEY. L. J. MONKS.

### CANAL FOR INDIANA.

Congress Asked to Appropriate Money  
for Its Survey.

The Legislature of Indiana by a memorial has asked Congress for an appropriation to enable the Secretary of War to pay the expenses of a commission to make a survey for a ship canal from the south

shore of Lake Michigan to the Wabash river near Logansport, which is the nearest point and about seventy miles distant in an air line. Lewis Cass ordered a survey when he was Secretary of War under President Jackson, and in 1831 Mr. Stansberry, a United States engineer, made a report, which still stands as evidence of its feasibility. It is claimed that this canal would shorten the waterway from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico nearly 400 miles in comparison with that of the great Illinois canal, and that it is a work of such importance and magnitude that it ought to be undertaken by Congress. Mr. Stansberry, in 1831, estimated the distance to be 157 miles, the number of locks thirty-seven, and the cost \$3,941,893. He followed the valley of the St. Joseph to the valley of the Tippecanoe, and thence to its junction with the Wabash river. Another route starting from Michigan City by way of Trail creek to the Tippecanoe valley was found to be 118 miles in length and forty-four locks necessary and the estimated cost was \$3,446,479. A third route was from Michigan City by the Little Calumet, and then down Crooked creek to the Kankakee. A fourth was by Wolf lake, from the Grand Calumet river, and another, 148 miles long, was from St. Joseph into the valley of the Kankakee and thence by way of Monon creek and Tippecanoe river. The cost of this was estimated to be \$3,945,701.

### IN HONOR OF INDIANA.

The Bronze Tablets for Chickamauga  
Monuments Are Inspected.

Chief Ordnance Inspector Thompson, U. S. A., representing the War Department at Chicago, inspected the memorial bronze tablets to be used in connection with bronze seals of the State of Indiana

on the stone monuments marking the positions of the Indiana troops in the battle of Chickamauga, erected in Chickamauga National Military Park by the State of Indiana.

The troops of Indiana and Illinois formed a large proportion of the total number engaged in that bloodiest of all modern battles, and these monuments are a tribute to the gallant men who made the

ground holy by dying there. No single struggle on any battlefield of the war, nor on any battlefield of modern times, surpasses it in all there is of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice.

There are thirty-nine of these memorial tablets, one for each regiment of infantry, mounted infantry, cavalry and battery that took part in the engagement, together with a tablet bearing the seal of the State.

Each tablet bears in relief a representation of the arm of service commemorated by the tablet, and in raised letters a brief description of the movements of the regi-

ment in the battle, and the losses in killed, wounded and missing. The tablets are placed upon the stone monuments, erected on the spots where each particular regiment was engaged during the fight.

DEATH FREES A SECRET.

The Cherished Ambition of William H. English of Indiana.

The death of William H. English releases to the public a surprising vanity he had secretly cherished with a zeal not exceeded, possibly, by that behind his ambition for presidential honors. Years prior to his death he imparted by direct inference to a friend in Chicago that he "hoped a statue of the other end of the Hancock and English presidential ticket would be allowed one of the four great fame points" set apart for statues of most illustrious American statesmen around the \$300,000 soldiers' and sailors' monument that Indiana dedicated at Indianapolis before the World's Fair. Death alone was to grant release to this secret, and even then it was to be mentioned guardedly, if at all. As early as 1884 he quietly let the remarkable contract for making

two bronze statues of himself, of the heroic height of eight feet and four inches, at a cost of \$1,300 each, with a specification permitting him others at the same price. It was the idea of Mr. English to present one of the two statues to the town of English, Ind., only when, however, it had succeeded in getting the honor of county seatship away from a certain rival town. A hot and prolonged fight resulted from the village of English trying to win the heroic trophy offered by its godfather. The matter went from court to court until now it is lodged before the Supreme bench and the man who offered the disturbing prize is dead. The statue remains uncalled for, while the second one has just been finished. As for the four "great fame points," one is now occupied by a magnificent representation of George Rogers Clark, of continental army fame, and after whom Clark street in Chicago was named. For another, Chicago fondries are now casting a figure of Gen. William Henry Harrison. The occupants of the remaining two places of honor are, well-informed report says, fully decided upon.

However, the death of Mr. English just at this time may effect the realization of his aspiring dream. In any event, one of the statues probably will go to adorn the English Hotel property at Indianapolis, and now that his death has occurred, the other statue will, it is thought probable, go to the family burial lot, while a third will be ordered by the family for the town of English should it win in the county seat litigation.

Mr. G. A. Sala shared the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, who said that he did not care a curse about what he had written. In regard to this there is a characteristic story told of him. He had supplied an editor with an article, and the editor asked him whether he would object to a few alterations being made in it. Mr. Sala wrote in reply: "I have fulfilled my contract in delivering to you the required weight of raw meat. How you cook it, whether you roast it, or boil it, or hash it, or mince it, I neither care nor want to know."—London Truth.

He Finds a Wildcat Better than a Dog to Drive Off Coyotes.

A sheep rancher near Ash Fork, Ariz., I. H. Abshire, has discovered that wildcats can be domesticated, and are then as nice pets as any purring Malmese or tortoiseshell tabbies. He has one that follows him everywhere, acting as both protector and companion. It is a big, striped and spotted animal, with glaring yellow eyes, whiskers like porcupine quills and a tail as glossy and sinuous in its windings as any jungle tiger's.

"How did I happen to take a wildcat for a household pussy?" repeated Mr. Abshire during a recent interview. "I'll tell you about it. I was herding sheep one day, and was standing on the top of a cliff. Looking down on a ledge of rocks projecting from the cliffs below I saw a very large, ferocious-looking wildcat. She had tassels on her ears, and was lashing her tail from side to side and glaring at me and growling angrily. I stood spellbound for a minute, and, not having any gun, I was at a loss to know what to do. I spied a huge boulder on the edge of the ledge right over this cat, and, using all my strength, I pushed it over. She was too quick for it and dodged. When I looked down again she had disappeared."

"I concluded there must be a cure, and perhaps a nest of kittens, so I lay in wait a few minutes to see if the cat would make her appearance again. I was ready for her this time, as I had secured a lot of rocks, and intended to shower them upon her. I did not have very long to wait, for on she came, looking never then before. I let the rocks go, and that time there were too many of them for her to dodge. One struck her on the back and broke it, and after that I easily put an end to her. I then crawled down the cliff a short distance and peered over as far as I could, and discovered there were two very small kittens in the cavern. Their eyes were not yet open. I made up my mind I would have them. It took me some time to plan how I could get to them, as the cliff was almost perpendicular. It was with great difficulty that I finally captured my prizes. I took off my coat and wrapped it around them and started home. When I reached there I laid them down at the base of a big juniper tree. My large horned, Adam, came bounding up, and, to my surprise, seemed as pleased over my kits as I was. He at once began to lick them, and laid down beside them. The kittens crawled over him and seemed to think he was a good substitute for their mother. I gave them sheep's milk, which they seemed to thrive on. They would lie all day under the trees with the hound, and he would never let my shepherd dog come near them. They grew very fast, and we all became very much attached to my strange pets."

At sheep shearing time we drove the sheep into Ash Fork. I packed the burros and made a box for the wild cats and lashed them on top. When we reached town that evening I let them out to run around the sheep shed. While Adam was eating his supper a large dog came in and killed one of the cats. Next morning, as we were passing down the street, with Adam and the wild cat following, we created quite a sensation. Some people were afraid of the cat—others were anxious to pet him, seeing me caress him, but he objected to strangers and would arch his back and spit furiously.

"While we were at a saloon near the depot the passenger train came in. Several of the Eastern tourists came rushing over to the saloon for a drink. They had just poured out whisky all around when they turned and saw the wild cat sitting there looking at them. They started for the train on the run, their whisky standing and not getting their change. I shall try to keep him out of sight of the tenderfoot after this. I don't want to scare them to death, but the cat is all right and the finest pet I ever had. I wouldn't part with him at any price. He is death on coyotes, and keeps all those sheep-killing rascals away from our ranch."

Mary Anderson's Singing

"During a visit to Canada, while resting in Toronto before beginning a week's engagement," writes Mary Anderson de Navarro, in telling of her "Experiences of a Professional Tour," in the Ladies' Home Journal, "I heard a grand opera for the first time. My pleasure in the music was so great that I had to be constantly reminded not to rise and cry out with enthusiasm. The operas were 'Faust,' 'Trovatore' old-fashioned, yet ever fresh and 'Martha.' Brignoli in the leading roles was admirable, though he had, through growing obesity, lost much of the grace which for many years had made him such an idol with women. His fresh, beautiful and impassioned voice soon swept one into forgetfulness of his looks and inferior acting. In those days I always took with me an old friend in the shape of a guitar, upon which, as a child, I had picked out, with much labor, a sufficient number of chords to accompany a few favorite songs. One day Brignoli passed our rooms while I was singing 'The Irish Immigrant's Lament.' He requested an introduction, and tried to persuade me to start for Milan at once for a year's training, and then to become an opera singer. 'But,' said I, 'I am already on the stage. I act Juliet, 'Lady Macbeth,' and all kinds of the tragic parts.' 'Leave them all alone,' he answered. 'With your voice you would have a far more distinguished success on the operatic than on the dramatic stage.' Though delighted to know from him that I could sing I assured him that I would not let go my hold on the robe of Melpomene for the glories of all the other Muses put together."

We imagine that before the craze of changing one's name prevailed, Charlotte soap was known as Clara.

## PET OF A SHEEP RANCHER.

He Finds a Wildcat Better than a Dog to Drive Off Coyotes.

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At sheep shearing