JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

DR. TALMAGE'S THIRD SERMON TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

"Broken Promises of Marriage" the Subject of His Discourse—Betrothal Is an Act So Solemn That to Break It Is an Everlasting Wrong.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 22.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached this morning the third of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." His subject was, "Broken Promises of Marriage," and his text from Judges xi, 35: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back." He said:

Gen. Jephthah, the commander in chief of the Israelitish forces, is buckling on the sword for the extermination of the pestiferous Ammonites, and looking up to the sky he promises that if God will give him the victory he will put to death and sacrifice as a burnt offering the first thing that comes out from the door of his homestead when he goes back. The hurrahing of triumph soon runs along the line of all the companies, regiments and divisions of Jephthah's army. A worse beaten enemy than those Ammonites never strewed any plain with their carcasses. Gen. Jephthah, fresh from his victory, is now on his way home. As he comes over the hill and through the valleys the whole march homeward for his men is a cheer, but for him a great anxiety, for he remembers his vow to slay and burn the first thing that comes forth from his house to greet him after his victory.

Perhaps it shall be the old watch dog that shall first come out, and who could get heart to beat out the life of a faithful creature like that as he comes fawning and barking and frisking and putting up his paw against his master in merry welcome after long absence? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Perhaps it might be a young dove let out from its cage in the general's home which, gaining its liberty, may seem to rejoice in the public gladness and flutter on the shoulder of the familiar head of the household. But who could have the heart to slay such a winged innocent? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Or it may be some good neighbor that will rush out to greet him after having first been in to tell the family of the near approach of the general. But who could slay a neighbor who had come on the scene to rejoice over the reunited household? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah.

As he advances upon his home the door opens and out of it comes one whose appearance under other circumstances would have been an indescribable joy, but under the pledge of a sacrifice becomes a horror which blanches his cheek and paralyzes his form and almost hurls him flat to the earth. His child, his only child, his daughter comes skipping out to greet him, her step keeping time to a timbrel which she shakes and smites. Did ever a conqueror's cheer end in such a bitter groan? No wonder, Dore, in two of his masterpieces, presents the scene. And Handel made it the last and climactric work of his life to put this pathetic and overpowering circumstance in an oratorio, seven months toiling amid its majestic harmonies until his eyesight gave out; and, as though the sad scene of Jephthah's daughter's sacrifice were too much for mortal vision, the grand old musician was led blind into the orchestra for the first rendering of "Jephthah." All the glories of victorious war are blotted out from Jephthah's memory, and his banner is folded in grief, and his sword goes back into the scabbard with dolorous clang, and the muffled drum takes the place of the cymbals, and the "tremolo" the place of the trumpet, and he cries out: "Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back." During two months amid the mountains without shelter, the maidens who would have been at her wedding ranged with Jephthah's daughter up and down, bewailing her coming sacrifice.

Commentators and theologians are in dispute as to whether that girl was slain or not, and as to whether if she were slain it was right or wrong in Jephthah to be the executioner, a discussion into which I shall not be diverted from the overmastering consideration that we had better look out what we promise, better be cautious what engagement we make, better that in regard to all matters of betrothal and plighted vow we feel the responsibility, lest we have either to sacrifice the truth or sacrifice an immortal being, and we be led to cry out with the paroxysm of a Jephthah: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

There is one ward in almost all the insane asylums and a large region in almost every cemetery that you need to visit. They are occupied by the men and women who are the victims of broken promises of marriage. The women in those wards and in those mortuary receptacles are in the majority, because woman lives more in her affections than does man, and laceration of them in her case is more apt to be a dementia and a fatality. In some regions of this land the promise of marriage is considered to have no solemnity or binding force. It was only made in fun. They may change their mind. The engagement may stand until some one more attractive in person or opulent in estate appears on the scene; then the rings are returned and the amatory letters and all relationship ceases. And so there are ten thousand Jephthah's daughters sacrificed as burnt offerings. The whole subject needs to be taken out of the realm of comedy into tragedy, and men and women need to understand that, while there are exceptions to the rule, once having solemnly pledged to each other heart and hand, the forfeiture and abandonment of that pledge makes the transgressor in the sight of God a prejurer, and so the day of judgment will reveal it. The one has lied to the other; and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

If a man or woman make a promise in the business world, is there any obligation to fulfill it? If a man sign a note for five hundred dollars, ought he to pay it? If a contract be signed involving the building of a house or the furnishing of a bill of goods, ought they stand by that contract? "Oh, yes," always answered. Then I ask the further questions: Is the heart, the happiness, the welfare, the temporal and eternal destiny of a man or woman worth as much as the house, worth five hundred dollars, worth anything? The realm of profligacy is filled with men and women as a result of the wrong answer to that question. The most aggravating, stupendous and God defying lie is a lie in the shape of broken espousal.

But suppose a man changes his mind, ought he not back out? Not once in ten thousand times. What if I change my mind about a promissory note and decline to pay it, and suddenly put my property in such shape that you could not collect your note? How would you like that? That, you say, would be a fraud. So is the other a fraud, and punish it God will, certainly as you live, and just as certainly if you do not live. I have known men betrothed to loving and good womanhood resigning their engagement and the victim went down in hasty consumption, while suddenly the recreant man would go up the aisle of a church in brilliant bridal party, and the two promised "I will" with a solemnity that seemed insurance of a lifetime happiness. But the simple fact was, that was the first act of a Shakespearean play entitled, "Taming the Shrew." He found out when too late that he had not married into the family of the "Graces" but into the family of the "Furies." To the day of his death the murder of his first betrothal followed him.

The Bible extols one who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." That is, when you make a promise keep it at all hazards. There may be cases where deception has been used at the time of engagement, and extraordinary circumstances where the promise is not binding, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand engagement is as binding as marriage. Robert Burns with all his faults well knew the force of a marital engagement. In obedience to some rustic idea he, standing on one side the brook Ayr, and Mary Campbell on the other, they bathed their hands in the water and then put them on the boards of the Bible, making their pledge of fidelity. On the cover of the Old Testament of that book to this day, in Robert Burns' handwriting, may be found the words: "Leviticus, xix, 12: Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord." And on the cover of the New Testament, in his own handwriting: "Matthew, v, 33: Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

Suppose a ship captain offers his services to take a ship out to sea. After he gets a little way he comes alongside of a vessel with a more beautiful flag, and which has perhaps a richer cargo and is bound for a more attractive port. Suppose he rings a bell for the engineer to slow up and the wheel stops. Now I see the captain being lowered over the side of the vessel into a small boat, and he crosses to the gayer and wealthier craft, and climbs up the sides, and is seen walking the bridge of the other ship. I pick up his resigned speaking trumpet and I shout through it: "Captain, what does this mean? Did you not promise to take this ship to Southampton, England?" "Yes," says the captain, "but I have changed my mind and I have found I can do better, and I am going to take charge here. I shall send back to you all the letters I got while managing that ship and everything I got from your ship, and it will be all right." You tell me that the worst fate for such a captain as that is too good for him. But it is just what a man or woman does who promises to take one through the voyage of life, across the ocean of earthly existence, and then breaks the promise. The sending back of all the letters and rings and necklaces and keepsakes cannot make that right which is in the sight of God, and ought to be in the sight of man, an everlasting wrong. What American society needs to be taught is that bethrothal is an act so solemn and tremendous that all men and women must stand back from it until they are sure that it is right, and sure that it is best, and sure that no retreat will be desired. Before that promise of lifetime companionship any amount of romance that you wish, any ardor of friendship, any coming and going. But espousal is a gate, a golden gate, which one should not pass, unless he or she expects never to return. Engagement is the porch of which marriage is the castle, and you have no right in the porch if you do not mean to pass into the castle.

The trouble has always been that this whole subject of affiance has been relegated to the realms of frivolity and joke, and considered not worth a sermon or even a serious paragraph. And so the massacre of human lives has gone on and the devil has had it his own cruel way, and what is mightily needed is that pulpit and platform and printing press all speak a word of unmistakable and thunderous protest on this subject of infinite importance. We put clear out into thin poesy and light reading the marital engagements of Petrarch and his Laura, Dante and his Beatrice, Chaucer and his Philippa, Lorenzo de Medici and his Lucretia, Spenser and his Rosalind, Waller and his Sacharissa, not realizing that it was the style of their engagement that decided their happiness or wretchedness, their virtue or their profligacy. All the literary and military and religious glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign cannot blot out from one of the most conspicuous pages of history her infamous behavior toward Seymour and Philip and Melville and Leicester and others. All the ecclesiastical robes that Dean Swift ever rustled through consecrated places cannot hide from intelligent people of all ages the fact, that by promises of marriage which he never fulfilled, he broke the heart of Jane Waring after an engagement of seven years and the heart of Stella after an engagement of fourteen years, and the poetic stanzas he dedicated to their excellences only make the more immortal his own perfidy.

"But suppose I should make a mistake," says some man or woman, "and I find it out after the engagement and before the marriage?" My answer is, you have no excuse for making a mistake on this subject. There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman, that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum. Notice what society your especial friend prefers, whether he is industrious or lazy, whether she is neat or slatternly, what books are read, what was the style of ancestry, noble or depraved, and if there be any unsolved mystery about the person under consideration postpone all promise until the mystery is solved.

Jackson's Hollow, Brooklyn, was a part of the city not built on for many years, and every time I crossed it I said to myself or to others, why is not this land built on? I found out afterward that the title to the land was in controversy and no one wanted to build there until that question was decided. Afterward I understood the title was settled, and now buildings are going up all over it. Do not build your happiness for this world on a character, masculine or feminine, that has not a settled and undisputed title to honor and truth, and sobriety and kindness and righteousness.

Oh woman, you have more need to pause before making such an important promise than man, because if you make a mistake it is worse for you. If a man blunder about promise of marriage, or go on to an unfortunate marriage, he can spend his evenings away, and can go to the club or the Republican or Democratic headquarters, and absorb his mind in city or state or national elections, or smoke himself stupid, or drink himself drunk. But there is no place of regular retreat for you, oh woman, and you could not take narcotics or intoxicants and keep your respectability. Before you promise, pray and think and study and advise. There will never again in your earthly history be a time when you so much need God.

It seems to me that the world ought to cast out from business credits and from good neighborhood those who boast of the number of hearts they have won, as the Indian boasts of the number of scalps he has taken. If a man will lie to a woman and a woman will lie to a man about so important a matter as that of a lifetime's welfare, they will lie about a bill of goods and lie about finances and lie about anything. Society today is fearful of gallants, and man milliners, and masquerade knights, and coquettes and those most to be forsaken of all wretches—flirts. And they go about drawing rooms and the parlors of watering places, simpering and bowing, and scraping and whispering, and then retreat to the club rooms if they be men, or to their special gatherings if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Condign punishment is apt to come upon them, and they get paid in their own coin. I could point you to a score whom society has let drop very hard in return for their base traffic in human hearts. As to such men, they walk around in their celibacy, after their hair is streaked with gray, and pretending they are naturally short-sighted when their eyes are so old in sin that they need the spectacles of a septuagenarian, an eyeglass about No. 8, and think they are bewitching in their stride and overpowering in their glances, although they are simply laughing stocks for all mankind. And if these base dealers in human hearts be females, they are left after a while severely alone, striving in a very desperation of agony of cosmetics to get back to the attractiveness they had when they used to brag how many masculine affections they had slaughtered. Forsaken of God and honest men and good women are sure to be all such masculine and female triflers with human and yet immortal affections. Oh man, oh woman, having plighted your troth, stick to it!

And here my idea widens and I have to say not only to those who have made a mistake in solemn promise of marriage, but to those who have already at the altar been pronounced one when they are two, or in diversity of tastes and likes and dislikes are neither one nor two but a dozen—make the best you can of an awful mistake. And here let me answer letters that come from every state of the American Union, and from across the sea, and are coming year after year from men and women who are terrifically allianced and tied together in a hard knot, a very hard knot. The letters run something like this: "What ought I to do, my husband is a drunkard?" "My wife is a gad about and will not stay at home." "My companion is ignorant and hates books and I revel in them." "I like music and a piano sets my husband crazy." "I am fond of social life and my companion is a recluse." "I am trying to be good and my life long associate is very bad. What shall I do?" My answer is, there are certain good reasons for divorcement. The Bible recognizes them. Good society recognizes them. But it must be the very last resort, and only after all reasonable attempts at reclamation and adjustment have proved a dead failure. When such attempts fail it is generally because of meddlesome outsiders, and women tell the wronged wife how she ought to stand on her rights, and men tell the wronged husband how he ought to stand on his rights. And let husband and wife in an unhappy marriage relation stand punctiliously on their rights, and there will be no readjustment, and only one thing will be sure to them, and that is a hell on earth.

If you are unhappily married, in most cases I advise you to make the best you can of an awfully bad bargain. Do not project your peculiarities more than is necessary. Perhaps you may have some faults of your own which the other party in the marital alliance may have to suffer. You are in the same yoke. If you pull aside the yoke will only twist your neck. Better pull ahead. The world is full of people who made mistakes about many things, and among other things about betrothal and marriage, and yet have been tolerably happy and very useful in the strength of God, and by the grace promised in every time of need if those who seek it conquer the disadvantageous circumstances. I am acquainted with lovely women married to contemptible men, and genial men yoked with termagants inspired of the devil. And yet under these disadvantages my friends are useful and happy. God helps people in other kinds of martyrdom and to sing in the flame, and he will help you in your lifelong misfortune.

Remember the patience of Job. What a wife he had! At a time when he was one great blotch of eruptions, and his property was destroyed by a tornado, and, more than all, bereavement had come and the poor man needed all wise counsel, she advises him to go to cursing and swearing. She wanted him to poultice his boils with blasphemy. But he lived right on through his marital disadvantages, recovered his health and fortune and raised a splendid family, and the closing paragraph of the Book of Job has such a jubilance that I wonder people do not oftener read it:

"So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning, for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first Jemima, and the name of the second Kezia, and the name of the third Kerenhappuch. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job, and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. After this lived Job one hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."

Now, my badly married friend of either sex, if Job could stand it by the help of God, then you can stand it by the same divine re-enforcement. You have other relations, oh woman, beside the wifely relation. If you are a mother, train up your children for God and heaven. If you are a member of a church, help move on its enterprises. You can get so much of the grace of God in your heart that all your home trials will seem insignificant. How little difference does it make what your unrighteous husband calls you, if God calls you his child and you are an heiress of whole kingdoms beyond the sky?

Immerse yourself in some kind of outside usefulness, something that will enlist your prayers, your sympathies, your hand, your needle, your voice. Get your heart on fire with love to God and the disenthrallment of the human race, and the troubles of your home will be blotted out in the glory of your consecrated life. I cry out to you, oh woman, as Paul exclaims in his letter to the Corinthians: "What knowest thou, oh wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" And if you cannot save him you can help in the grander, mightier enterprise of helping save the world. Out of the awful mistake of your marriage rise into the sublimest life of self-sacrifice for God and suffering humanity. Instead of settling down to mope over your domestic woes, enlist your energies for the world's redemption.

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean only by dykes or walls of stout masonry. The engineer having these dykes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength of these dykes. And there was to be a great feast in one of the villages that approaching evening in honor of the coming bridegroom. That day a great storm threatened the destruction of the dykes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the villages sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dykes, and the tides and the terror were still rising. "Shall I go to the feast," says the engineer, "or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dykes?" "Take care of the dykes," he said to himself; "I must and will." As he appeared on the wall the men working there were exhausted and shouted: "Here comes the engineer. Thank God! Thank God!" The wall was giving way, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving way. "More stones!" cried the men. "More mortar!" But the answer came: "There is no more!" "Then," cried the engineer, "take off your clothes and with them stop the holes in the wall." And so, in the chill and darkness and surf it was done, and with the workmen's apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose, and still the ocean reared itself for more awful stroke, and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages. "Now we have done all we can," said the engineer; "down on your knees, my men, and pray to God for help." And on the trembling and parting dykes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villages below, which, knowing nothing of the peril, were full of romp and dance and hilarity, were gloriously saved.

Now, what we want in this work of walling back the oceans of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin is the help of more womanly and manly hands. Oh how the tides come in! Atlantic surge of sorrow after Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and satanic fury are in full cry. Oh, woman of many troubles, what are all the feasts of worldly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping build and support barriers which sometimes seem giving way through man's treachery and the world's assault? Oh woman, to the dykes! Bring prayer, bring tears, bring cheering words! Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the other. To the dykes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughters of America, to the dykes! The mightiest catholicon for all the wounds and wrongs of woman or man is complete absorption in the work to rescue others. Save some man, some woman, some child!

In that effort you will forget or be helped to bear your own trials, and in a little while God will take you up out of your disturbed and harrowing conjugal relation of earth into a heaven all the happier because of preceding distress. When Queen Elizabeth of England was expiring it was arranged that the exact moment of her death should be signaled to the people by the dropping of a sapphire ring from a window into the hands of an officer, who carried it at the top of his speed to King James of Scotland. But your departure from the scene of your earthly woes, if you are ready to go, will not be the dropping of a sapphire to the ground, but the setting of a jewel in a king's coronet. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

A Gypsy's Sad Life and Death.

There is a color line in the old world more insurmountable and more permanent than any that existed in this country at any time. It is the color line against the gypsies. It demanded another victim recently. Joseph Dandoczy was the most talented and most promising pupil of the Conservatory of Klausenburg, Transylvania. He loved true classical music, but could not obtain admission to musical circles where he might have had a chance of a brilliant career. His skin condemned him to play with his tan colored brethren at country hops and in music halls. His auditors did not want to hear anything but drinking and street songs of the meanest sort. Many a time when Joseph would play the finest tunes to them they commenced screaming and stamping and challenging him until he threw down his fiddle in disgust. Twice he cut his throat in despair, but was cured and restored to his hated occupation.

One day in the beginning of December he had again been playing at a village romp and went home, his genius outraged with the low profanity he had been forced to make music for and disgusted with the life he was compelled to lead. He locked himself up in his bare and lonely room, and began playing most unusual and thrilling fantasies upon his violin. The music grew wilder and wilder, and more weird and unearthly with every successive minute, until all of a sudden it ceased. As it was not resumed the door of the room was forced open after a few hours, when Joseph Dandoczy, the gypsy musician, was found hanging from a hook. It was his third attempt at suicide, and that time he had accomplished his end.—Foreign Letter.

Driesbach, the Lion Tamer.

Circus goers of twenty-five years ago will remember Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion tamer, but probably have never in their minds connected him with a romance; and yet he not only had a veritable romance in his life, but one that blossomed out of a dish of onions; and it was through the medium of that most plebeian vegetables that he won his lovely wife. Persons who knew Mrs. Driesbach before her marriage recall her as the belle of Wooster, O., of which place her father was a wealthy resident. Accomplished as she was, beautiful, witty, and full of pranks, to meet her was never to forget her. Happening to be placed with a party of young people at a hotel table where Driesbach was sitting, some one dared her to pass him a dish of onions. Immediately seizing the dish, she not only passed it, but inquired if he would have an onion. He said he would, and took one, and from so small a beginning sprang an acquaintance that in three months ended in marriage. It was a singular match, and people long wondered whether the dauntless lion tamer would have equal success in taming his wife.—Exchange.

Intelligence of Ponies.

Will some naturalist explain why ponies, as a rule, are more intelligent than big horses? They are; and the fact receives new proof from Rockland, Me. A citizen there who owns a horse and a pony heard that if he put good sized stones in their feed boxes they would be obliged to eat slower, and would therefore digest their food better. He tried the plan and it worked well with the horse; but the pony picked the stones out one by one and dropped them on the floor, and he did this just as often as they were put in the box.—New York Sun.

A New Kentucky Cave.

Workmen digging for the foundations of a mill at Bloomfield, Ky., broke through the dome of a cave, which, it is said, bids fair to rival the Mammoth cave in its lakes, eyeless fish, stalagmites and stalactites. Besides, it contains graves and skeletons and pottery; everything that a first class cave should.

The Fob Chain Again.

The fob chain, which gives the wearer an excellent opportunity to gratify his taste for the beautiful, is said to be on the high road to public favor once more, and many jewelers are again burnishing up buckles and pendants which have lain untouched for many years.—Jewelers' Weekly.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

Scissorings Worth Reading, Clipped from the Various Newspapers of the Land.

A private pet cat show will be given shortly at New York for the benefit of charity.

The government of Spain has decided to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer the earth than it will be again for 340 years.

The Cincinnati Musicians' Protective union has decided that no member shall play in an orchestra with women under penalty of expulsion, and a fine of $100 if he applies for reinstatement.

Slaveholders in Brazil are opposing the final extinction of slavery on the ground that it will be impossible to carry on coffee planting on a large scale if slavery is abolished.

A stretch of railroad track, extending three miles out from Madisonville, O., is said by a Cincinnati paper to be the scene of so many accidents as to have earned for itself the name of "Dead Man's Curve."

The cruelest deception of the holiday season was originated in 1887. A paper sack was filled with shavings and a pair of turkey's legs were then tied in the mouth of the sack and the seductive fraud sent to the victim.

An Indianapolis newspaper says that the first soldier to suffer death for desertion in the war was Robert Gray, an Indiana schoolmaster, who had enlisted from the southern part of the state, and was shot at Camp Burnside, Indianapolis, in 1863.

It's rare to see a man mowing on the ice, but such a sight was possible the other day at Mount Vernon, Me. After a swamp froze up, enough grass remained above the ice to warrant a thrifty farmer cutting it and drawing it home for bedding for his horses.

Thirty Assyrians are among the latest immigrants at New York, and have joined the army of small peddlers in the streets of the city. The ancient empire which they recall never had such a conglomeration of nationalities as make up the population of the American metropolis.

The inhabitants of Key West, Fla., complain that the Spanish authorities of Cuba are making that place a penal station, to which convicts are banished for stated periods. There is great indignation, and a petition will be sent to the state department asking that measures be taken to put a stop to the practice.

It is announced from St. Louis that the Mexican government has granted extraordinary concessions to a real estate company to induce immigration to eleven states of Mexico. The government has granted exemption from taxation to all settlers on these tracts, and insures protection.

A Boston paper asserts that a newly rich New York woman got from a dishonest sexton possession of an old tombstone sacred to the memory of some one of the same name as herself that was in an English graveyard, and now has it set in her library wall, with a fictitious pedigree, as a voucher for her aristocracy.

There are many burglaries committed in Boston, but few householders will follow Adelina Patti's device of forsaking their homes. It is said that she was so shocked at the recent burglarious visit to her castle in Wales, by which she lost one of her most valuable diamond rings, that she has determined to part with her Welsh estate, which a Welsh paper says will shortly be in the market for sale.

The women of Paris have adopted for the winter season a waggle in their walk. The art of waggling gracefully in furs is being taught at the best dancing schools. The correct waggle is described as a short step and an undulating sweep of the hips. It is said to be much more graceful than the mannish stride that prevailed during the summer.

The new hotel which John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has erected for the benefit of the women employed in his stores, has ample accommodations for 100 boarders. It contains a bowling alley, several reception rooms, a dancing room and numerous apartments for bathing. The rate for a week's board and lodging, including the laundering of one dozen pieces, is $3.25.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has established a savings fund for the benefit of its employes. Money may be deposited with any freight or ticket agent designated by the company, furnishing, in point of fact, a savings bank at every considerable station in the country. The money will draw 4 per cent. interest. It can be withdrawn by giving ten days' notice, other savings banks generally requiring two weeks' notice.

There are a number of woolen mills and knitting factories in operation in Utah, where hosiery, mittens, leggings, ladies' knit skirts, and men's knit underwear are turned out in large quantities. These goods are exported throughout the entire mountain region. In one of these mills the output is 1,000 yards of material per day. Thousands of dozens of hand made scarlet and men's gray hose are sent into Colorado and Montana. Their carriage robes and blankets find a ready market in Chicago, and the orders for these goods are often fully up to the capacity.

A new industry at Auburndale, Fla., is gopher farming. Judge Tilson and John Mullen are equal partners in a large farm, embracing over 1,000 acres. They will go into the raising of gophers on a large scale at once, having ordered a number of coops to feed the young ones in. They will try the market next week with a carload shipment to Washington. It is said the most fastidious epicure cannot tell the flesh of the Florida gopher from the famous Maryland terrapin.

The Correct Thing in Dogs.

A change in the style of dogs is imminent. The queen has become the owner of a white collie, which is as rare as a white blackbird, and consequently the craze for collies of that immaculate hue should break out here immediately. If you cannot obtain a white collie right off, you might take an ordinary chinchilla and black dog and bleach him; or, better yet, paint him white, like those ghostly chairs which adorn fashionable drawing rooms. At all events, the white collie has now the royal encliet to all American homes where high bred canines are loved for themselves alone.—Boston Herald.

Wire Fences in England.

A meeting of hunters was held in England recently to protest against the use of wire fences. It was asserted that great danger had arisen in the rapid spread of wire fencing, which endangered the lives of all sportsmen and led to acts of cruelty to horses and hounds. The meeting was told that wire fencing was 90 per cent. cheaper than wood, and that wire was so much used in some parts of the country that hounds had been literally cut to pieces. The meeting unanimously resolved to request land owners to provide their tenants with timber for fencing.—Chicago News.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?—Tennyson.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Flagler, the Standard Oil millionaire, who has been spending a fortune in building hotels in Florida, says he did so to amuse himself. He had been a close business man for forty years, and determined to take a vacation and build hotels.

Friends in Pittsburg of Bartley Campbell are authority for the statement that the playwright has entirely recovered his mental balance, and that he will be able in a very short time to be with his family and friends again. The most remarkable thing about Mr. Campbell's recovery is that he has not only improved mentally, but has made a wonderful improvement physically. He looks almost as well as in his more youthful days.

Nearly a year before his death Gen. Logan was on the point of sitting down to dinner at the house of a gentleman in Quincy, Ills., when it was remarked that there would be thirteen at the table. The general said he would rather not sit down with that number, and the matter was arranged by one of the family taking a seat at a side table.

Miss Jessie Green, of Chattanooga, one of the victims of the recent railroad accident in Kentucky, proved herself a heroine in a simple but remarkable way. When the surgeon came to her side she begged him to give his attention elsewhere, saying: "Please leave me and go to those who are less hurt and for whom something may be done. I am going to die and it is no use to waste valuable time on me. Tell my family I died a Christian."

George W. Rosure, known as the cowboy evangelist, is said by an Arkansas newspaper to be worth $700,000, which yields him an income of $150 a day. His fortune was made in cattle and by lucky investments in real estate. He is just 40 years old, and in his youth was reputed to be one of the most lawless of the desperadoes of the plains.

Guy de Maupassant wants The Paris Figaro to pay him 10,000 francs damages for publishing a mutilated copy of the preface of his latest novel. In this preface Guy kindly gave the public his theories on novel writing. He claims that The Figaro should have printed his views entire, and should have made no alterations in the essay. But just how he could have been injured in this way to the extent of 10,000 francs is hard to comprehend. His novels, not his views upon novel writing, affect his reputation.

Not a cowhiding, but a regular beeching, was inflicted upon an editor in the city of Lemberg, Austria, the other day. Ludwig Malovski started in life as an enthusiastic Radical. But when Count Protocki founded The Przeglond Malovski undertook to edit it as an ultra-Conservative newspaper, which made him a great many enemies. He recently walked with Count Wodzicki in a public garden, when he was approached by a number of young men, who stretched him on a bench, where four held down his hands and feet and the remainder of the men beeched him with their canes, counting the strokes until twenty-five had been administered. A large crowd of people witnessed and applauded the castigation.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has no indication of widowhood or bereavement in her dress, for she shares her dead husband's disbelief in the propriety of mourning garments. She looks exceedingly venerable, however, and a little less austere than of yore. Her snow white hair and dark dress are in striking contrast of colors, and her manners, although distinctly polite, are quite as positive as the two hues that she wears. Mrs. Beecher now occupies a floor in the residence of a son in Brooklyn, and has a sufficient fortune to keep her comfortably. She gets a large mail every day, and most of the letters are from strangers, who usually write for advice on some personal subject, trivial or consequential.

Prentice Mulford, who was a condenser on The Graphic for nearly ten years, and is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast as one of the most epigrammatic and interesting of newspaper correspondents, is spending the winter in Boston, devoting himself heart and soul to metaphysics. Altogether, he seems to have cut the world dead and gone over to the things of the spirit with the intention of staying there. Mulford has several distinguishing traits and tastes. He is only entirely happy when he can break away from a high civilization and live in a tent or shanty in the wilderness, do his own cooking, write philosophical things, commune with spirit influences and soak the troubles of daily city life out of him. Although fond of outdoor life, he has some feminine accomplishments, notably knitting and embroidery. He is one of the cleverest of after dinner speakers, but refuses to don a swallow tail coat for anybody or bodies.

Latest Fad of New York Dudes.

Dudedom has become real crazy over the latest fad. One was seen propelled by the wind along upper Broadway the other day carrying balanced between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand a diminutive telegraph pole, on the end of which hung a deer's antlers. Around the center of the stick, tied in the shape of a bow, was a bright colored ribbon with long streamers. On one of the streamers was painted a bunch of "forget me not" flowers, while the other bore a gaudily colored monogram.

"Aw-yaas, yer know, 'tis-er the latest fad-aw," was the dude's reply to the reporter's inquiry as to why the ribbon was tied around the stick. "Aw-our gu'ls, deawh cweatures, tie-aw them awound them. 'Tis-aw me dar-aw-ling's monogwam, yaas."

It was learned that it will not be long before it will be a usual street sight to see all of the dudes' canes wrapped with ribbons, tied on by their best girls.—New York Sun.

Growing Tuberoses in Florida.

A Florida perfumery company has nineteen acres of tuberoses in Fairfield and San Mateo and expects to plant nearly 300 hundred acres more. The manager of the company says that Florida is the only place in America where these beautiful flowers can be grown successfully. He also says that Florida is far ahead of southern France, where the flowers are raised extensively by irrigating at a great expense. He asserts that he has known the flowers from one acre of land to sell for $2,000 in one season. The expense of planting one acre is less than the cost of planting strawberries, the expense of caring for them not half as much, and the income fourfold greater.—Chicago News.

Jacquard in Linen.

A unique window decoration is to be seen in one of Brooklyn's large dry goods establishments on Fulton street. The entire window is draped and ornamented in table linen of different shades and sizes, while the center is occupied by a life size statue of Jacquard, the inventor of the weaving loom, sitting in a partially reclining position with the right hand resting on a small model of the loom. The statue, chair and pedestal are done in white linen napkins and tablecloths.—New York Sun.

Joel Parker and the Farmers.

The late Joel Parker is said to have derived considerable genuine enjoyment from attending country fairs, at which he was often seen. He knew pretty nearly every farmer in the state, and always had a kind word or smile for them.—Chicago Times.