Talmage's Sermon.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1896 .-Considering the time and place of its delivery, this sermon of Dr. Talmage is of absorbing and startling interest. It is not only national, but international in its significance. His subject was "The Dying Century," and the text, 2. Kings 20:1: "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou sh 't die, and not live."

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy; but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbuncle, to the nineteeth century, now closing. It will take only four

more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is The Dying Century. Eternity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock, that says "Tick" in one century, and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand Old Time, who has many children, and they are the centuries, and many grandchildren, and they are the years. With the dying Nineteenth Century we shall this morning have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he has done, and then telling him some of the things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and passes out to join the eternities. We generally wait until people are dead before we say much in praise of them. Funeral eulogium is generally very pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones what we ought to have put in the warm ears of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living, and cudgel him into spinal meningitis, and wait until, in the rooms where I have been living the last year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries "Oh!" and is gone, and then we make long procession in his honor, Doctor Sunderland, chaplain of the American senate, accompanying; stopping long enough to allow the dead senator to lie in state in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and halting at Boston State House, where not long before, damnatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then move on, amid the tolling bells and the boom of minute-guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with flowers five feet deep. What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral, to hear the gratitude of the nation! What a pity that one green leaf could not have been taken from each one of the mortuary garlands and put upon his table while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies one little girl, dressed in white, might not have in other times, if noticed at all by the sung to his living ear a complimentary solo! The post-mortem expression contradicted the ante-mortem. The nation could not have spoken the truth both times about Charles Sumner. Was it every week for twenty-six years withbefore or after his decease it lied? No out the omission of a single week, I such injustice shall be inflicted upon have been permitted to preach one enthis venerable Nineteenth Century, Be- tire Gospel sermon through the newsfore he goes we recite in his hearing paper press. I thank God for this great some of the good things he has ac- opportunity. Glorious Old Century! complished. What an addition to the You shall not be entombed until we world's intelligence he has made! Look | have, face to face, extolled you. You at the old school-house, with the snow | were rocked in a rough cradle, and | tin cup hanging over the water-pail | the most part poverty, and struggle, in the corner, and the little victims and hardship, and poorly covered on the long benches without backs, and | graves of heroes and heroines of whom the illiterate schoolmaster with his the world had not been worthy, and hickory gad, and then look at our atheism, and military despotism, and modern palaces of free schools, under the wreck of the French revolution. spiritual arrival of the great deliverer men and women cultured and refined You inherited the influences that reto the highest excellence, so that, sulted in Aaron Burr's treason, and whereas in our childhood we had to be another war with England, and Battle whipped to go to school, children now of Lake Erie, and Indian savagery, and cry when they cannot go. Thank you, | Lundy's Lane, and Darimoor massavenerable Century, while at the same time we thank God. What an addi- beyond measurement, and African tion to the world's inventions! Within | slavery, which was yet to cost a naour century the cotton gin. The agri- tional hemorrhage of four awful yes7s cultural machines, for planting, reap- and a million precious lives. Yes, dear ing and threshing. The telegraph. The Old Century, you had an awful start, phonograph, capable of preserving a and you have done more than well, human voice from generation to gen- considering your parentage and your eration. The typewriter, that rescues | carly environment. It is a wonder you the world from worse and worse pen- did not turn out to be the vagacond manship. And stenography, capturing century of all time. You had a bad from the lips of the swiftest speaker mother and a bad grandmother. Some more than two hundred words a min- of the preceding centuries were not ute. Never was I so amazed at the fit to live in-their morals were so facilities of our time as when, a few | bad, their fashions were so outrageous, days ago, I telegraphed from Washing- their ignorance was so dense, their inton to New York a long and elaborate humanity se terrific. G Dying: Ninemanuscript, and a few minutes after, teenth Century! before you go we take to show its accuracy, it was read to this opportunity of telling you that me through the long-distance tele- you are the best and mightiest of all phone, and it was exact down to the the centuries of the Christian Era, exlast semicolon and comma. What hath | gept the first, which gave us the Christ, God wrought! Oh, I am so glad I was and you rival that century in the fact not born sooner. For the tallow can- that you, more than all the other cendie the electric light. For the writh- turies put together are giving the ing of the surgeon's table God-given Christ to all the world. One hundred anaesthetics, and the whole physical and tweive thousand dollars at one organism explored by sharpest instru- meeting a few days ago contributed for ment, and giving not so much pain as the world's evangelization. Look at the taking of a splinter from under | what you have done, O thou abused and a child's finger-nail. For the lumber- depreciated Century! All the Pacific ing stage-coach the limited express isles, barred and bolted against the train. And there is the spectroscope Gospel when you began to reign, now of Fraunhofer, by which our modern all open, and some of them more scientist feels the pulse of other worlds | Christianized than America. No more throbbing with light. Jenner's arrest as once written over the church doors by inoculation of one of the world's in Cape Colony, "Dogs and Hottentots worst plagues. Doctor Keeley's emanelpation for inebristy. Intimation that the virus of maddened canino, and cancer, and consumption are yet to be balked by magnificent medical treatment. The eyesight of the doctor sharpened until he can look through fore you go, in a score of sentences, thick flesh and find the hiding place of the buttet. What advancement in seen. The veteran turns upon us and geology, or the catechiam of the woun- says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson riding tains; chemistry, or the catechism of in unattended from Monticello, only the elements; astronomy, or the cale- a few steps from where you stand, chism of the stars; electrology, or the dismount from his horse and hitch the catechism of the lightnings. What ad- bridle to a post, and on youder hill vancoment in music. At the beginning take the oath of the presidential office,

AAAAAAAAA viol; now enchantingly dropping from bastopol, and Sedan, and Gettysburg thousands of fingers in Handel's Con- I was present at all the coronations of certo in B flat, or Guilmant's Sonata in D minor. Thanks to you, O Century! before you die, for the asylums of mercy that you have founded-the blind seeing with their fingers, the deaf hearing by the motion of your lips, the born imbecile by skillful object-lesson lifted to tolerate intelligence. Thanks to this century for the improved condition of most nations. The reason that Napoleon made such a successful sweep across Europe at the beginning of the century was that most of the thrones of Europe were occupied either by imbeciles or profligates. But the most of the thrones of Europe are to-day occupied by kings and queens competent. France a republic, Switzerland a republic, and about fifty free constitutions, I am told, in Europe. Twenty million serfs of Russia manumitted. On this western continent I can call the roll of many republics. Mexico, Guatemala, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Honduras, New Granada, Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chill, Argentine Republic, Brazil. The once straggling village of Washington to which the United States government moved, its entire baggage and equipment packed up in seven boxes which got lost in the woods near this place, now the architectural glory of the continent, and admiration of the world, The money power, so much denounc ed and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities, and free libraries, and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press which, at the beginning of the century was an inkroller, by hand moved over one sheet

victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all vou who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat, and roused all the halloos and roundelays and merriments you have ever heard, and unrolled all the pictured sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at. But ere I go, take this admonition and benediction of a Dying Century. The longest life, like mine, must close: Opportunities gone never come back, as I could prove from nigh of paper at a time, has become the a hundred years of observation: The miraculous manufacturer of four or eternity that will soon take me will five, or six hundred thousand sheets soon take you: The wicked live not out for one daily newspaper's issue. Withhalf their days, as I have seen in ten in your memory, O Dying Century! has thousand instances: The only influbeen the genesis of nearly all the great ence for making the world happy is institutions evangelistic. At London an influence that I, the Nineteenth Tavern, March 7, 1802, British and Century, inherited from the first cen-Foreign Bible Society was born. tury of the Christian era-the Christ 1816 American Bible Society was born. of all the centuries. Be not deceived In 1824 American Sunday School Union by the fact that I have lived so long, was born. In 1810 American Board of for a century is a large wheel that Commissioners for Foreign Missions, turns a hundred smaller wheels, which which has put its saving hand on every are the years and each one of those nation of the round earth, was born years turns three hundred and sixtyat a haystack in Massachusetts. The five smaller wheels, which are the National Temperance Society. The days; and each one of the three hun-Woman's Temperance Society, and all dred and sixty-five days turns twenty the other temperance movements born four smaller wheels, which are the in this century. Africa, hidden to hours; and each one of those other centuries, by exploration in this twenty-four hours turns sixty smaller century has been put at the feet of wheels, which are the minutes; and civilization, to be occupied by comthose sixty minutes turn still smaller merce and Christianity. The Chinese wheels, which are the seconds. And wall, once an impassible barrier, now all of this vast machinery is in peris a useless pile of stone and brick. petual motion, and pushes us on and Our American nation at the opening of on toward the great eternity whose this century only a slice of land along doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter the Atlantic coast, now the whole connight between the year nineteen huntinent in possession of our schools and dred, and the year nineteen hundred churches and missionary stations. Serand one, open before me, the Dying mons and religious intelligence which Century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the newspaper press, were allowed only a Cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I paragraph of three or four lines, now read: 'All that which pleases us is but find the columns of the secular press in all the cities, thrown wide open, and for a moment.' Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But over the central door I read: 'That only is important which is eternal.' O eternity! eternity! eternity!" sifting through the roof and the filthy the inheritance you received was for of the fatal horseback ride that Wash-

cre, and dissension, bitter and wild

not admitted." The late Mr. Durwin

contributing twenty-five dollars to the

Southern Missionary Society. Canni-

ballam driven off the face of the earth.

some of the things you have heard and

of this century, confining itself, as far I saw yonder capital ablaze with war's

as the great masses of the people were | incendiarism. I saw the puff of the

concerned, to a few airs drawn out on first steam engine in America. 1

Tell us, O Ninciconth Contury! be-

My hearers, as the Nineteenth Century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because ington took, out here at Mt. Vernon, through a December snowstorm, I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or of nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen: "And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."

A Turkey's 'Pessum.

A resident of Friendship, Ga., owns a turkey hen that not only keeps his family well supplied with young turkeys, but sometimes surprises the family by the presentation of a mixed brood. On the last occasion, after setting on twelve eggs for her usual term of incubation, she was found the other morning hovering over ten young turkeys and one young oppossum, it having required two turkey eggs to produce one 'possum. The young 'possum in question was about the size of a half-grown rat, and was nestling under the turkey as content-

Comet Wine.

One of the curious superstitions which has come down from the middle ages is that wine grown in 'comet or years which were signalized by the appearance of comots of unusual size, possessed a more exquisite bouquet than wines of other years. There is no good reason that the idea has a more substantial basis | than popular superstition, but it is certain that the belief is sufficiently potent to influence the market. The vines of 1811, 1826, 1829, 1845, 1828, 1801 and 1882, which were all comet years, are said by a competent authority to command a higher price than the vintage of other years.

Speaking With the Mouth Shut. When the Portugueso first explored Brazil, they made great fun of the natives of that country, because they had in their alphabet no f, r, or h a king The Mohawks, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and by "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth

John Gordon has written a life of Christ for the young, entitled "Th. co of his initial interview with his brothaccordion or massrared on church bass heard the thunders of Waterless, of Sec. Children of Galilee."



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.

the kings and queens, and emperors

and empresses now in the world's pal-

aces. I have seen two billows roll

across this continent and from ocean

to ocean; a billow of revival joy in

1857, and a billow of blood in 1864.

havfle seen four generations of the hu-

man race march across this world and

disappear. I saw their cradles rocked

and their graves dug. I have heard the

wedding bells and the death bells of

near a hundred years. I have clapped

my hands for millions of joys and

wrung them in millions of agonies. I

saw Macready and Edwin Forrest act,

and Edward Payson pray. I heard the

first chime of Longfellow's rhythms,

read the first line of Bancroft's His-

tory, and the first verse of Bryant's

'Thanatopsis,' and the first word of

Victor Hugo's almost supernatural ro-

mance. I heard the music of all the

grand marches and the lament of all

the requiems that for nigh ten decades

made the cathedral windows shake. I,

have seen more moral and spiritual

and before anyone else saw them

how you happened to cross that rough mountain in your route from the depot," said the elder brother, when the family assembled that evening for what Miss Field always denominated "sociable, old-

fashioned tea," which, in the country, was served at the town dinner hour. "Could you obtain no conveyance at

the station?" "None-unless I chose to wait several hours. Surmising at once that my letter had not arrived in season to notify you of my coming, I left my baggage in charge of the station master and set out on foot. I pleased myself when I was here two years ago with surveying an air line between your house and the nearest point of the railroad. If one does not mind some pretty steep hills, he can save at least two miles by availing himself of my topographical skill. It was a pleasant variety to me, after six hours in a narrow car seat, to stretch my limbs over the rocky pass and breathe the fresh air of the wildwoods instead of smoke and

"The mystery to me is how and where you met Mrs. Withers!" chirped vivacious Harriet. "Do explain! I was never so astonished in my life as when I saw you two walking up the avenue talking together like old friends."

"As we are," smiled Edward at his sister-in-law. "She was sitting at the foot of a cedar near my projected road, enjoying the prospect beneath her. I recognized her from her resemblance to the photograph you sent me while I was abroad, Elnathan; walked up to her, like the impertinent fellow some people think I am; introduced myself, and offered to escort her home."

"You should have taken a servant with you, Constance," said her husband, magisterially. "It is not safe or proper for a lady to ramble alone in this thinly-settled neighborhood."

'There are charcoal burners in the mountains!" Miss Harriet interjected, shudderingly. "The most ferocious looking creatures, with long beards and black faces. I saw one once when we were driving out. And there used to be bears, when the country was first settled--

"And wolves, and catamounts, and red Indians with no beards at all," finished the younger Withers warningly. "Mrs. Withers, let me advise you to take me along whenever you stir beyond the garden fence. I saw a Rocky Mountain savage once, and last year was one of a party that went out on a bear hunt in Norway. We saw nothing of Bruin, it is true, but my instructions how to act in case he crossed my path were so minute that I am confident I should prove a valiant protector in time of need."

The invitation was renewed in earnest on the following day. The brother and sister-in-law were excellent friends from the moment of their meeting. The traveled of Withers Bros. was about 30 years of age, and attractive in person, rather from a certain grace and elegance of bearing, and a frank, intelligent expression than from regularity of feature. He had read much and seen many lands, and knew how to use the knowledge thus gained for the entertainment of his companions. A passionate lover of music, he was not slow in discovering Constance's kindred tastes. His coming gave a different complexion to life in the secluded country house. There were horseback rides before breakfast, and diligent practice with voice and instruments-piano, flute and often absent-you know best upon violin, besides a couple of hours' reading in the forenoon; then came the after-dinner walk, seldom ending until sunset. In the evening Elnathan Withers dozed in his stuffed chair while he tried to beat time to the duet going on at the other end of the room, and Harriet, bolt upright in the middle of a sofa, did wondrous things with a spool of cotton or silk and a crocnet bendy eyes.

She was discreet as to the result of these. For aught that could be gathered from her words or conduct she approved entirely of the growing intimacy between the married lady and the agreeable bachelor. Elnathan was not a man of fine feelings and strong affections. He had made up his mind to marry because a stylish wife would add to his individual consequence and adorn his already princely establishment. Constance Romaine pleased his critical eye, and captivated whatever of fancy dwelt in his practical nature. Yet, having wedded, he trusted her. She offended him sometimes. He often wished that she were interpenetrated with something of Harriet's reverence for himself; that she would put forch more effort to anticipate his wishes, and conform herself in all respects to his ideas of fitness in demeaner and conversation. He was never harch in his treatment of these deficiencies, but people, the invalors declared without his pertinations schooling, his carbing fe, ley, or rey-without faith, law or and dictating, the portentous shake of his head and solemn curvature of the brows, irritated her to the extreme of forbearance.

Edward had not been twelve hours in the house before he perceived this endeavor on his brother's side to mold a mature weman into the likeness of his prim ideal, and the effect wrought

er's wife upon the mountain. He never DON'T understand | told her that, attracted by her singing, he had stealthily neared the spot where she sat, and, unseen by her been a witness of the tearful struggle between her real self and Fate. He had pitied her heartily then, while comparatively ignorant of the reason for her seditious emotion. His compassion was more profound as he better understood the relations between the ill-matched pair. Had his personal liking for his new sister been less decided he would have pronounced her unhappiness to be the righteous punishment of her crime and folly in having linked her destiny with that of a man whom she did not love. He had known dozens of other women who did the same at the bidding of similar motives, and his sympathies had lain dormant. But this one had heart and intellect,

> I have said that Mr. Withers' sensibilities were not lively, nor his love intense. But of all people living this, his only brother, had most hold upon his heart, most influence upon his judgment. He made much of him after his formal style; listened with obvious re spect and secret pride to his opinions, and conceived the notion that his wife was highly honored when Edward singled her out as the object of his marked attentions, and did not disguise the pleasure he, the lion of many brilliant circles, took in her society This fullness of confidence in them both, and his unselfish regard for his nearest living relative, might have begotten softer and kindlier sentiments toward him in Constance's breast but for the palpable fact that he encouraged the association not because it brought her enjoyment, but as a means of prolonging Edward's stay with them,

and both were famishing.

"You seem to amuse my brother," he said to his wife one morning, as she was arraying herself for her ride, "His admiration for you is highly complimentary. I trust you will leave no means untried to induce him to remain with us some weeks longer. It gratifies me to see how amicably you get on together, and the friendship is especially creditable to Edward, inasmuch as he was universally regarded as my heir prior to my marriage."

"In that case he deserves all the courtesy I can show him," mused Constance, going thoughtfully down to her steed and cavalier. "I do not know many men who would be so complaisant to a stumbling block in the path to worldly advancement."

The conversation would have thrown her off her guard had she ever considered it prudent to be wary in an association at once so natural and innocent. She had always liked Edward, and was growing to like him better every hour. They were near the same age, and, being of harmonious temperaments, they usually enjoyed the same things. He was good, kind and sprightly; amused and interested as much as Mr. Withers and Harriet wearled her. This was the reason why the sun allone dorous her favorite exercise mor inspiriting on that early midsummer

morn than these had ever been before, "I can hardly believe that I enter today upon the third week of my sojourn member of the eminent banking firm in this region," said Edward, when the steeply-rising ground compelled them interruption from the automata bent to slacken their speed.

"Is it possible?" The exclamation was not a polite and meaningless formula, as Constance brought her startled eves around to his. "It seems a very little while ago that you came to us. You do not think of leaving us soon,

I hope?" "I cannot say positively how long I shall stay. This visit is a welcome exchange for my long wanderings. This -my brother's home-is the only one I have in America. Yet I was dissatisfied with it last year. Elnathan was what business"-smiling meaningly, and, to be candid with you, our cousin Harriet is not the person whom I should voluntarily select as my only and fishing rod I should have commitbe so communicative touching her to she is one of my betes noires. I never liked ther.

"Nor I!" answered Constance, oner-

getically. "Tifen, my little sister, you and I should unite our forces to counteract ifluence with my brother. His ition is, in some respects, singuruileless. He believes that Harofficious regard for his comfort ference to his wishes and opinons have their root in sincere attachment for himself. We know betterknow er to be as mercenary as she sbinks herself cunning, and that she o him as the leech does to him clings whose dood is fattening it. I lose all done the execution the weapon is with her fawning and flatpatiens teries when I recollect that these are the tricks by which she hopes to carn her living, and, at his decease, a com- part of the holder a man's head, leg or fortable degacy."

CHAPTER VI. ONSTANCE'S face was averted and screened from his view by her wil-

low plums. Her. voice was low, and had in it an lafter-Blacter. tion of mouraful charity for the assailed parasite, or an scho berrowed Grace." from some sorrow-

and poor!" she said. "A woman, too, whom society forbids, upon penalty of banishment from the circle in which she was born and bred, to seek a livelihood by manual labor. It is easy for men to talk of freedom of thought and action. The world is before them. To them the bread of charity and dependence mean one and the same thing. The latter is the only nourishment of most women from the cradle to the tomb. I wish the passage between the two was shorter-for their sake."

"I never looked at the subject in that light before," was Edward's remorseful reply. "Poor old Harriet! I see now how much more she merits pity than contempt."

"She is no worse off than thousands of her sisters," said Constance, in harsher judgment. "Content yourself with giving thanks that you were born a man!'

She had spoken out of the pain of a wrung spirit, with no thought of pleading her own cause. She was too proud to murmur, least of all to her husband's brother. But the conversation was a key that unlocked for her in his heart recesses of interest and sympathy which must else have remained forever barred against a woman who, whatever were her virtues and fascinations, had deliberately bartered her charms and perjured herself in order to secure an eligible settlement.

"And, to do her justice, she is superior to the practice of thearts that make Harriet acceptable to my brother and odious to everybody else," he mcditated. "She offers no profession of devdtion to the man she has married, while she accords to him the respectful duty of a wife. Elnathan seems satisfied. Perhaps he craves nothing warmer. Pray heaven he may never guess of how much fate has defrauded him in withholding from him the free, glad affections of a true woman!"

If there were any changes in his behavior to Constance after this, it was to be discerned in a gentler address, in unobtrusive regard for her wishes, expressed or surmised, and a prolongation of his stay in a house that held so few attractions for her. That this arrangement was highly satisfactory to his brother was not without effect in shaping his conduct. That Harriet plied him with solicitations to remain before his decision was announced, and was loudly voluble in her protestations of delight when the question was cettled, had not a straw's weight with him. She annoyed him less than formerly, however, either, as he explained it to himself, because he had learned charity from Constance's defense of the lonely spinster's policy, or because she kept herself more in the background than was her wont. She seemed amiably disposed toward Constance, too, and he strove to credit her with kind intentions with regard to one whom most people in her situation would have hated as a usurper. She abetted whatever project of outdoor excursion or domestic recreation was proposed by him for Constance's diversion, offering herself as the wife's substitute in the sober phaeton drive on breezy afternoons, that Constance and Edward might act as outriders, and never failed to call the husband's notice to her graceful horsemanship and the brighter bloom planted in her cheeks by the exercise. Mr. Withers never tired of chess, and the indefatigable more brightly, the breeze was more toad-eater apparently shared his zeal on this point. The board was produced nightly as the days became shorter and the evenings cooler, and music, reading or conversation upon art and literaturé was carried on for hours by the remaining two of the quartette without

> over the checkered surface. For Harriet could be taciturn when need was-a very lay figure in dumbness as in starch. Whether she ever ceased to be watchful was another mat-

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Constables' Staves in the Past.

The home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, has just secured from Northampton two relies of the past that are peculiarly associated with the department of the state, of which he is minister. These are two staves, at once the badges and instruments of office of the village constables of long ago, when men's lives were considered of less account than they are now. companion in a desert. But for my gun | The staff of those days, probably 200 years ago, was a formidable, not to say ted suicide or run away and left her to bloodthirstry, instrument of offense. the tender mercies of the Hibernian I have been able to obtain one of the domestics and the bears. I would not same sort. Mine was formerly the property of the parish constable of edly as any one of the legitimate needle—and took observations with her any but a member of the family. But Brington, England. It consists of two parts-truncheon, or handle, lathe turned, ten inches long, and a sphere. three inches in its longest and two and a quarter in its shortest diameter. Both handle and ball are of boxwood. They are united by a strong double thong of white leather, fastened by iron pegs into apertures bolted into both handle and ball. The ball has two inches of play on the leather, so that from end to end the instrument is fifteen inches long. As the ball hangs loosely about the straight han-

> required in the "good old times."--Northampton Mercury.

> die some degree of force is required to

bring it into action; but when this is

enpable of is something dreadful. A

moderate blow cannot be struck by

it; with very little exertion on the

arm would be very easily broken. No

doubt some such powerful weapon was

His Core for It. "When you want to get something from your husband by crying for it. what does he do?" "He generally buys me a dozen handkerchiefs."-Pliegende

Ton True.

Edith-"Matches are made in heaven,

Grace-"But on earth we make light "she is a woman, of them,"-New York World,