

Dr. Talmage's Sermon

ON PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Washington, Dec. 20.—This subject of Dr. Talmage cuts through the conventionalities, and spares nothing of that make-believe religion which is all talk and no practice. The text chosen was James, 2: 20: "Faith without works is dead."

The Roman Catholic church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good you are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast stay-sail, feretopmast studding sail, maintopmast, misetopmast—all everything from flying-jib to miszen-sparker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep in its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and covets of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to halt it as it comes down from the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the nighttime and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the nighttime and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that it is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that it is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather.

And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of paris and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscopic have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have 41 per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist and he mixes it with a cheaper material; and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "Oh, Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Then thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take 1 per cent of the profits and with that 1 per cent you can build an asylum for these poor, miserable ragmuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ab, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromes. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you reach the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that kills the whole train with a hot box. No little practical religion is the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things.

It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday by hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears, and souls of men, and to become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac, and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship-chandler, Ellihu Burrill, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scotch Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won?

FLOATING FACTS.

The czarina of Russia has 257 costumes in her wardrobe.

Moles are expert swimmers. Their broad paws operate as paddles.

The new harbor at Galveston, Tex., is now completed, and is an entire success.

As low as 17 cents a barrel has been offered for No. 1 Baldwin apples at Exeter, N. H.

A Belfast (Me.) man has played 26,466 games of cribbage with his wife, and now they are only six games apart.

A well-known restaurant manager in London says the supply of barmaids is enormously in excess of the demand.

Miss Younger, of Perry, O. T., says that if Bryan is elected she will marry T. J. Stanton. If McKinley is elected she will not.

Old Grotto (savagely)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.—Puck.

"Here, waiter!" roared the long-whiskered customer, pushing the plate from him. "Take this punkin pie away and bring me a glass of milk. Darn a silver man that ain't true to his colors!"—Chicago Tribune.

As the result of an election wager a man in Ripley county, Ohio, is going to shave his head, and walk a mile without his hat if McKinley is elected. His opponent will shave his head if Bryan carries off the prize.

Among the more sober physicians of old it was believed that in some manner the sun was conveyed by night across the northern regions, by the darkness was due to lofty mountains, which screened off the sunbeams during the voyage.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, DEC. 27—A VIEW OF PAST LIFE.

Golden Text: Let Us Hear the Conclusions—Fear God and Keep His Commandments—For This Is the Whole Duty of Man.—Ecc. 12:13.

WE are now to take a general view of the life of Solomon as a whole. We should put it in its place in the history, not only as one of the events, but as a maker of history, exerting an influence down the ages.

A General Summary of His Life—First, The Benefits He Conferred on His Nation. 1. "He raised Israel, for a time, to the height of its national aspirations and showed the possibility of splendor and authority to which it might attain."—Farrar. It thus became the basis of an ideal kingdom which represented to the people's mind the glorious kingdom of God. 2. "He stirred the intellectual life of the people in new directions." He awakened among them a strong desire for deeper wisdom and higher art, which, during the stormier ages which followed, never wholly died away, and in some directions constantly developed. 3. "He brought more power and beauty."—Ewald. 3. "He enshrined their worship in a worthy and permanent Temple," "by which he influenced the religious life down to its latest days." This Temple was idealized, together with the city, into a type of the Spiritual Temple and the New Jerusalem, the city of God, which came down from heaven. 4. He organized the services of the Levites and placed their position on a secure basis. 5. He quickened their sense of national unity, while at the same time he rendered them less narrow in their sympathies. "He left them richer in the possession of a well-fortified city, and he protected their land by towers and fortresses."—Farrar.

Second, The Evils He Wrought. "He freed a people free, he left them unburdened, he left them oppressed; he found them simple, he left them luxurious; he found them inclined to be faithful to one God, he left them indifferent to the worship of the heathen gods; he saw practiced under the very shadow of his palace and his shrine."—Farrar.

Solomon lost for his posterity the kingdom of the ten tribes, and perpetuated strife, weakness, debasement, and superstition, by preferring the attractive splendors of this world to that godliness which would have been rewarded even in the present life.—F. W. Newman.

Books Concerning Solomon.—Proverbs was written partly by Solomon and expresses some of the wisdom for which he was famous. Ecclesiastes is now generally regarded as a book about Solomon, rather than by him; something as Plato's dialogues were about Socrates. The book sets forth clearly the lessons which Solomon's life illustrates and makes impressive, and which men should learn from his experience. Solomon's Song is a warm warning against the polygamy which ruined Solomon, and teaches the beauty and wholeness of the true love of one man and one woman toward one another. It thus is a symbol of the intensity of the love of God towards his people and the love they should feel toward God.

Some Lessons from Solomon's Life.—1. It is never safe to relax our vigilance or think we have reached the place where we cannot fall. Age has its own temptations and dangers as well as youth. 2. Genius and knowledge alone are not sufficient safeguards against sin. Neither do they excuse sin, but simply add to the responsibility. "He that knew his Lord's will and did it not shall be beaten with many stripes." 3. The way of transgressors is very hard, not only on account of the punishment at the end, but because so many barriers must be broken down and restraining influences must be overcome in order to go on in sin.—the love of God, the conscience and moral nature, the Word of God, the Holy Spirit, the love of Christ, the sense of honor, God's goodness, early training, the influence of religion. 4. The greatest wealth does not shield its possessor from misery and unhappiness. "The legends of the East describe Solomon as tormented, in the most bitter hope, in the remembrance of Vathek he is described as listening earnestly to the roar of a cataract, because when it ceases to roar his anguish will be at an end. The king so renowned for his wisdom was on the leftmost elevation, and placed immediately beneath the dome. "The thunder," said he, "precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end. Then I am in torments, ineffable torments; an unrelenting fire preys on my heart." The caliph was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Solomon. Having finished the examination, Solomon raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication, and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames."—Farrar.

Growth of the French in America.

In the Annals of the American Academy, Professor Davidson, discussing "The Growth of the French-Canadian Race," brings out the fact that there are now more French-Canadians in the United States than there were in the whole of Canada sixty years ago. In 1850 there were only 53,000 French in the United States; in 1880 there were half a million. Mr. Davidson says that this increase is not due to the average size of the French-Canadian family, which, indeed, is only a fraction higher than the family in other parts of Canada. The following figures give the growth of the French-Canadian population of Canada: 1765, 69,819; 1784, 98,012; 1805, 215,900; 1822, 310,000; 1841, 528,212; 1857, 695,947; 1861, 800,902; 1874, 1,065,200; 1881, 1,136,908; 1891, 1,304,745. The resulting rate of increase per cent. per decade from 1765 to 1891 is 29.7, which gives the result that the French-Canadian population has doubled itself every twenty-seven years.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

It is an historical fact that the biggest horse we have seen to know it the least.

Winamin and horses are alike in one respect—the more we know about them, the more we have to find out.

I don't see how a man who hasn't got enough pashun can be entitled to any credit for his virtues.

The incessant moaning never know what is going on has of the footlights and drop-curtain, and it is just as well that they don't.

Butchering Time.

Butchering time is near at hand; have plenty of dry wood up, kettles and scalding tub ready, the old gun ready to shoot, and the knives sharpened. Meat killed in moderately cool weather. Meat salt better and keep sweeter than that killed in severely cold weather. Under latter conditions it is liable to freeze or chill before the animal heat and smell leaves the carcass. Water heated with hot limestone rock will clean a hog better than water heated in kettles. If you heat in kettles, put a shovelful of ashes in the scalding tub; 160 degrees is scalding heat, but work at 175 to 180 degrees will do the work much quicker, but with more danger of setting the hair. The thermometer is the best test of the proper heat, but old butchers readily test it by the feel of the water on the hands. Shoot your hogs down before sticking them, it is more humane and even if it was not, a shot hog will bleed more freely than one stuck alive. The proper place to shoot is where lines drawn from each eye to the opposite ear would cross. Use a small charge of powder, or if you use a breech-loading gun, use short cartridges. As soon as the hog drops stick him. Roll him on his back, put the point of your knife, which should not be more than six inches long, right in front of the breastbone, direct it toward the root of the tail, thrust it in and withdraw it quickly to prevent shoulder sticking from the struggles of the dying animal. Scald the front end first, and when the hog is clean hang it on the gallows pole and scrape down. Use hot water at first, and finish it up with a bucket or two of cold water. Take the insides out of the hog just as soon as you can after it is hung up. Put your knife in at the hole made in sticking and rip up through the breast-bone and ribs; this will allow any blood that has settled in the lungs to run out while you finish the job. Split down between the hams and cut around the vent; pull and cut until you have the bung cut loose for six inches. Tie a string around it and push it back into the carcass. Finish cutting down in front, and put your left hand under the intestines as they roll out; with the right hand tear everything loose from the back bone, using the knife with care, so as to avoid cutting the entrails. Cut the gullet in front of the stomach, and take the stomach out with the rest of the entrails. Remove the liver, lungs and heart after the rest is done. If the hog is not bloody inside, use no water to clean it, but wipe it dry with a cloth. Even if the inside of the hog is rather bloody, it may be wiped clean with little trouble; the meat will take salt better if kept dry.

Care of Ripe Grain.

H. M. Fugel, a farmer and miller, sent the following short paper to be read at a farmers' institute in Missouri.

In the first place wheat should be well ripened before it is harvested, for two reasons: First, wheat thoroughly ripe will keep in the stack in wet weather about twice as long as that cut too early; and second, it will make much better flour. It will look a little shrunken, but in the manufacture of flour the separation is much easier, the bran will flake off and not be cut up fine enough to sift, and the flour be much whiter. The berry of wheat cut early may look a little smoother, but the dough from the flour will not rise so well, and when it does rise must be baked in a quick oven or the bread will fall. I would advise every farmer to let his wheat get very ripe; it will not get too ripe, and the little loss from shattering will be more than compensated by the improved quality of the flour. After wheat has been stacked it should stay there until it has gone through a sweat, which it must undoubtedly do, it makes no difference whether it be in the straw, the bin, or in the ground flour in the barrel; so my advice would be to let it go through the sweat in the straw. After threshing, the wheat should be put in a granary built for that purpose, at least two feet above the ground, set on wooden or stone blocks, stone preferred, and then keep the weeds down so the air can pass under and around it freely. Where weeds or grass are allowed to grow round a house where wheat is kept, it will cause it to grow musty and sometimes rotten and unfit for market. The farmer who has that kind of wheat loses from five to ten cents per bushel, which is very heavy interest.

Seeds Carried by Water.—When trees or smaller plants grow on river banks, their fruits often fall into the water, and are carried down stream by the current, sometimes finding landing-places on the banks, and so growing up into new plants. Who has not seen sycamore balls and buckeyes traveling along in this easy fashion? These are the fruits of the trees they grow on. Fruit is the part of the plant that incloses the seed, with the seed itself. So the dry pods that hold the black morning-glory seeds are as truly fruits as are apples or strawberries, though we commonly use the word only for those that are good to eat.—Ex.

Work of Rootlets.—By sowing seeds, whereby millions of rootlets would penetrate deep in the earth, and bring forth the potato, the lime, the sulphur, the phosphorus and other chemicals, which combined with the carbon and nitrogen of the air, promote the growth and sustain the life of the trees or plant there found, and to place over it a perfect and complete shelter for the double purpose of protecting it from the burning rays of the sun, and for supplying that wonderful laboratory by which the nitrogen of the air is converted into woody matter.

Eggs intended for hatching should not be kept over four weeks. They must be turned every day or two.

DEBUT OF JENNY LIND.

In America Aroused Unparalleled Enthusiasm—Pen-Picture of the Singer. Hon. A. Oakley Hall believes that no singer ever created the furor that Jenny Lind did upon the occasion of her professional visit to America. He was present "when Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden," and recalls, in the Ladies' Home Journal, the famous artist, and the unparalleled warmth of her greeting. In describing her first appearance on the American stage Mr. Hall writes: " . . . But now expectation is at an end; for there advances from behind the partition in the flat, which at once serves as screen and sounding board, a lady with beaming, childlike face, full of frank sincerity. She wears a gown of simple white silk. The familiar Victorian bandeau of hair about her temples proclaims this statuesque lady to be the long-expected Jenny Lind. At first there is a hush over the great audience, for surely never before was there seen so unpretentious a prima donna. Where are her ornaments, jeweled stars and ribboned orders that have been showered upon her by the old world's royalties and grandees? Awakening from the surprise at such simplicity of toilette as might have appertained to a simple Swedish maiden—not of high degree—the crowd, literally goes wild with enthusiasm. The men and women rise in their seats with one movement as of a drilled army, while five thousand throats produce a volume of welcome that must amaze the crews of the vessels with-out. Handkerchiefs are waving frantically in air regardless of tearing the delicate lace of their edges, gloves by the hundred are being burst by hand-clapping, and a torrent of bravos is being hurled toward the plump little lady in white, whose eyes are becoming moist, but who stands with an air of dignity quite distinct from the ordinary self-consciousness of the average prima donna. To her face has come the blend of womanly sweetness and modesty, with childlike simplicity. As I gaze she seems to me an embodiment of the confidence of genius and the serene wisdom of art. Minute after minute passes, and yet the cheering, the clapping and the waving continue. Never before, even in spasmodic Paris, has such a triumphant welcome been accorded her."

THE ORIGINAL CRANE DANCE.

Now Imitated by Dashing Sourettes on the Variety Stage.

There is a dance called the "Crane dance," which is popular at the vaudeville houses just now. No purely imitative dancing could fail to gain by being an exact copy of the performance of the long-necked, spindle-legged sand hill crane. Its steps are not only grotesque, but they are of a kind to make the gravest onlooker lose his dignity and laugh like a delighted boy at the circus. The crane begins its dance by shoving one leg, with its claw attachment, straight out in front of its body. Then he lowers it and draws it back slowly until it is within an inch or two of the ground. Then there is a lightning-like double shuffle, and the other leg is pointed to the front. Then the dance begins in earnest. The wings are stretched and beat the air in perfect time to the movement of the feet, be they going fast or slow. There is the semblance of a clog, then the staccato foot and body movement of the Nautch girl, and in a moment the whirl of the dancing Dervish, to be succeeded as a finale by a sort of wild "all hands round," in which every feather of the bird is alive as it enters into the joy of the dance with an utter abandon. The act of stopping is like the "halt" of the German soldier—sudden, stiff, and instant. Then the crane marches away to a corner with a still stately tread, but with an eye which appears to reveal embarrassment.

The Benefits of Anti-Toxin.

Dr. W. P. Northrup, in an article entitled, "Antitoxin Treatment of Diphtheria, a Pronounced Success," in the Forum, proclaims that since the day Lister proposed antiseptics in surgery, medicine has not taken so great a step in advance as that of anti-toxin. Dr. Northrup's article is chiefly devoted to the analysis of the report of a committee of the American Pediatric Society, which claims to have obtained statistics in support of the new treatment. He says: "The results of the committee's investigation may be briefly summarized as follows: Of the 3,384 cases reported to the committee 450 died, a mortality of 13 per cent. Of the 942 New York Board of Health cases 169 died, a mortality of 17.8 per cent. Of the 1,468 cases treated by the Chicago Board of Health 94 died, a mortality of 6.4 per cent. The total 5,794 cases gave 713 deaths, a mortality of 12.3 per cent. We may justly set beside them the reports of all cases of diphtheria occurring in New York city, which, for six years preceding the introduction of antitoxin, from 1889-94, inclusive, gave a mortality of 30 per cent.—the lowest mortality during that period being that of 26 per cent in 1889. The result of any comparison that can be made is a decisive verdict in favor of the antitoxin treatment."

The Spider Reminded.

A gentleman said that some time before he had broken the way of a large spider's web. The spider came out of his den, made a careful examination of the spot—(for accident he evidently felt it to be)—and then—what? Reminded his web by two guys instead of with one, both of them differently situated from the one that was broken, I am "dead sure" that the spider reasoned.—Don Fabier.

"Say, father, why have all the pictures got framed?" "Why, you little fool, so that the artist may know when to stop painting, of course."