

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Now that Prince Henry is at home he may safely uncork that bottle of Kentucky peach brandy.

House hunting, bonnet hunting and octopus hunting are a few of the occupations of the present season.

Another tunnel is to be built in New York. The island is destined to become a veritable gopher camp.

Carnegie is making money so fast that he has now taken to giving away libraries in flocks instead of singly.

Insurance rates are climbing so high that any sudden descent will have to be made by way of the fire escape.

Aginaldo, Lukban and all of the captured Filipino chieftains agree that the fat of the land is far preferable to the lean.

Every time Italy looks over at Tripoli it thinks it ought to do a little expending just to keep it up with the procession.

J. Pierpont Morgan does not burden his mind with such a trifle as \$10,000,000. In this respect there is a number of us just like him.

Nineteen Italian newspapers have been suppressed in Austria for fomenting disorder on the occasion of the recent riots at Trieste.

From the way they are fighting the Chinese rebels must have stood around and watched the armies of the allies do things two years ago.

London is a poor location for the coronation. There are not enough mansions in the city to accommodate the American millionaires.

A Russian has invented a monorail electric road that he believes will transport passengers at the rate of 200 miles an hour. Don't!

Now that revolvers are being used in the noble art of self-defense against hazing, the college pastime will lose some of its zest for exuberant classmen.

The automobile appears to have the peculiar faculty of running rich men into the police courts. The poor man's chance won't come till the machines are cheaper.

Some of the New York restaurants now have "smoking rooms for ladies." They should be more explicit and label them "smoking rooms for perfect ladies."

When Max O'Rell tells people to "remain childish as long as you can," he probably means childlike — which doesn't sound very different to a Frenchman.

The social climber who has wasted his substance in golfing outfits is now suffering from ping pongitis, a disease that is said to be prevalent among American plutocrats.

A long term in prison seems to destroy a man's appreciation of liberty. Hardly had Jim Younger got out of the penitentiary when he began to yearn for matrimony.

The new \$5 national bank notes bear the vignette of Benjamin Harrison and the new \$10's that of William McKinley. To the acquisitive taste the \$10's are the more attractive.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has stopped the pensions that had been allowed to several Turkish students in Paris. Naturally the sultan looks with suspicion on any one who can read and write.

Yet another step in the disappearance of gold lace from British officers' uniforms. Brigade orders of the Foot Guards announce that gold-striped trousers and overalls must be worn no longer.

You are led to believe from the various pronouncements of the great powers that henceforth it is going to be so quiet in the far east that you can hear a pin drop anywhere thereabouts.

Miss Susan M. Hallowell, professor of botany for the last twenty-seven years at Wellesley college, has tendered her resignation. Her retirement withdraws from the faculty ranks the last member who served in the opening year in 1875.

The viceroy of India has announced a detailed scheme for utilizing a quarter of a million sterling subscribed in India for the Queen Victoria memorial in building a great hall of classical architecture of white Pentelicon marble to be brought from Greece.

The news that Andrew Carnegie has refused to become Achilles II. of Aracana shows how really great is the American millionaire who prefers to invest in libraries instead of spending his fortune in coronation ceremonies.

A man who served a long term in the Iowa penitentiary writes to his home paper that he is convinced crime does not pay, since he has lost \$16,800 he might have made by working at his trade, while the property he stole brought him only \$67.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"SILENCE IN HEAVEN FOR THE SPACE OF HALF AN HOUR."

Only That Short Space in all the Eternities of Time Given to Silence—Importance of These Fragments of Our Lives—A Glimpse of the Kingdom.

(Copyright, 1902, Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.)
Washington, April 6.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendors and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation viii., 1. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of arrest was upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "he answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because, the temple being gone, there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were 1,100,000 dead according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right, and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which 844,000 Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of these awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial program is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity, and that for a short space.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion? Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting study of the deity. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my soul was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied until he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. O ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent—yea, another world—that you may yourself find, a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study! Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses. In other words, make this half hour the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. I say to you, my hearers, only God by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we can handle so much is an immeasurable world. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say "forever and ever." But how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you see a great picture, you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now, we have something that we can come nearer to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitude of heaven, it must be also a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been

crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude.

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, Jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health.

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done. Should a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal of the mutiny, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infidelities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine, while all heaven chants. "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar And seize it with their eye."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III. APRIL 20; ACTS 10:34-44—PETER AND CORNELIUS.

Golden Text—"God Is No Respector of Persons"—Acts 10:34—Character Sketches of Cornelius and Peter—Methods of Divine Providence.

I. Cornelius. A Character Sketch. Family. Cornelius was a member of an ancient and distinguished Italian family, the Cornelian gens, or family, of which the famous Roman generals, the Scipios and Sulla, were members.

Position. He was a Roman centurion, that is, captain of a company of one hundred men, the Italian band, probably volunteers from Italy. Cornelius, with his troops, were the guardians of Caesarea, the Roman capital, and one of the seaports of Judea. It was a large and flourishing city at the time of this lesson, built by Herod the Great, and named from Caesar Augustus.

Character. A man in the position of Cornelius had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Jewish religion, their one true God, and the loftiness of their code of morals. Cornelius, like the Roman centurion at Capernaum, received the truth, and worshipped God in spirit and in truth, but did not become a Jewish proselyte, accepting all their ritual and forms of worship.

II. Peter. On the Way to Larger Truths and Greater Usefulness. Peter, of all the twelve apostles, was the one best prepared by his natural character to receive the vision and act upon it. He would do what he knew to be right without regard to consequences, perhaps without seeing them. Moreover Peter was one of the most influential of the apostles, and what he did would have more weight with the church than the same act done by most of the others.

III. Peter taught by a Vision. Cornelius sent two trusty and sympathetic men of his household, with a soldier attendant to Joppa. As they drew near the city, Peter, unconscious of their approach or mission, went as usual to the cool retirement of the housetop for his midday season of prayer.

During this season of devotion Peter fell into a trance, the form of the vision being shaped by his hunger. He saw the heavens opened to reveal to him spiritual things, and from it came down "an extended sheet," the four corners of which were held up, as it were, by cords let down from the four extremities of the opened sky. The significance of the outstretched sheet, as a figure of the wide world, and the four corners as the directions into which the gospel was now to be borne forth into all the world, has often been dwelt upon.—Cambridge Bible.

This sheet was filled with all kinds of animals, domestic and wild, clean and unclean, together, and creeping things, which were unclean to the Jews.

Peter was hungry, and he was invited to kill and eat. But he refused to satisfy his hunger by breaking the law of God. But the voice replied, "What God hath cleansed call not thou common." God, who had made the former law for a wise purpose, now declared that its work was done, its obligation was removed, as the rules for a boy may not apply to a man, as the staging necessary in building a house must be taken away when the house is done.

The Need of the Vision. I. It was necessary that there should be a broadening of the church from a Jewish to a universal church, including Gentiles as well as Jews. We should "see in every human being a soul for which Christ has poured out his cleansing blood," and do our utmost that he may receive the divine cleansing. And when he is cleansed, he is our brother, be he native or foreign, black or white, ignorant or educated, from the slums or from a palace.

IV. The Meeting at Cornelius' House in Caesarea. Peter was still in perplexity, when the three men from Cornelius reached the house of Simon the tanner, and inquired for him. The Spirit bade them go with them. The next day Peter, with six leading disciples of Joppa (Acts 11:2), accompanied the three messengers to Caesarea. They reached Cornelius' house on the fourth day, at 3 o'clock, and found the Roman centurion waiting and waiting. The centurion welcomed Peter, and Peter inquired why he had been sent for. Cornelius tells why he sent for Peter and asks him to speak.

V. The Gospel According to Peter.—Vs. 34-42. 34. "Of a truth I perceive." He has a clearer view and firmer grasp of the truth, confirmed by what had just taken place.

4. The Proofs were Infallible and Abundant. 35. "We are witnesses." Peter spoke what he knew to be true. He had been with his relatives and had seen these things.

40. "Him God raised up." Not only were the apostles witnesses, but God himself bore witness by raising Jesus from the dead. The Jews imagined that he had destroyed Jesus by crucifying, but this only gave God an opportunity to prove more conclusively that Jesus was his messenger, and his Son.

5. The Promise to All Who Believe. 43. "To him give all the prophets witness." The prophets as a body bore witness to Jesus. From the very beginning prophets have foretold the Messiah, and circumstances have set forth his mission. Both have pictured him before the people. And Jesus is the one pictured in every particular. "Remission of sins." The sending away, release as from debt, or penalty. This is man's first need. The debt is too great for him to pay, the burden too heavy to carry, the penalty too great to bear. His sins, unforgiven, keep him from his Father, and his Father's home.

VI. The Witness of the Holy Spirit.—Vs. 44-46. "The Holy Ghost fell on all of them." The Jews from Joppa and the Gentiles of Caesarea. This was the testimony of the Holy Spirit that God treated Jews and Gentiles alike, and that, therefore, the Christians should so treat them.

VII. Roman Citizens Confess Christ in Baptism.—Vs. 47, 48, 49. "Can any man forbid water?" for the outward ceremony of baptism, since God had baptized them with the Holy Spirit? The question answered itself. No one present could object.

48. "Commanded them to be baptized," as the public profession of their faith in Jesus.

A County of Twins. Lancashire, for some unexplained reason, can boast of producing more twins than any other county in the United Kingdom. London comes a good second and Yorkshire an indifferent third. For the last five years 668 twins have been born annually in Lancashire, Liverpool being responsible for 110 of these. Manchester every year adds to the population 77 twins, Salford 31, Bolton 23 and Blackburn and Freston 18 apiece. At the bottom of the twin-bearing counties comes Rutland with only 10 in five years.

THE PLAYING OF POINT EUCHRE.

New System of Scoring in Progressive and Its Advantages.

Advocates of progressive euchre reform are now advocating a change in the system of scoring the game. They believe that the score should be computed by points and not by games, as is generally done now.

Point euchre, they say, is recognized by euchre players as the only fair way in which the game can be played, as each player receives credit for all points made at each game.

It can be played at any progressive euchre, either at home or in clubs. Excitement begins with the first hand and continues until the last hand is played. Many objectionable features of the old game are overcome in point euchre, as fast playing is one of the essentials of the game.

A point euchre tally card is numbered from 1 to 120. Each player has a tally card and each receives the number of points made at the end of each game.

For example, in the first game at the head table one couple make 5 points, the other side 4 points. The cards of those having 5 are each punched 5 and the other are punched 4. Winners move as in the older game.

All other players receive punches for the number of points they have made, while the head table players were making their 5 and 4 some players at the other tables may have made as many as 10 points.

Should the head table players at any time score more than 5 points they get credit for all they make over 5, as, for instance, if lone hands are played to count 4, two lone hands would make a possible 8.

The head table players should always play as rapidly as possible, to prevent the other tables from making high scores. All rules of euchre apply to this game.

At the end of the two hours' playing the highest number of points made would determine the winners of prizes.—New York Sun.

Baby and the Monkey. Babies are very little like monkeys, and we are least human when we are youngest. But by way of solace, and to save our self-conceit, if that has suffered, they assure us that, whereas the little monkeys grow less and less like humans every hour they grow, our babies turn their backs on the monkey type at the first squirm, and grow away from it hand over fist during the whole of their protracted period of development. The monkey child's strength runs to jaw and to length of limb, and to agility and monkey ways, says Harper's Magazine. The human child's nose asserts itself, his brain grows and grows, and insists on having room to expand in, and his skull takes shape accordingly. He finds his legs and gradually puts them to use, though in some children strength comes to the legs very slowly. The learned doctors assure us, too, that the period of upward development in which the child grows more human all the time, and keeps putting distance between himself and the monkeys, is in infancy and early youth, and that presently upward evolution stops, and development becomes "an adaptation to the environment, without regard to upward zoological movement."

A Professional Charity Worker. "The newest profession for women is that of a charity worker," remarked a prominent club woman yesterday. "You needn't laugh. There really is such a profession, and it is new, and if I were a young woman I would enter into training for it. There is not much competition as yet, and the opportunities for studying charity work are limited, but still it is now possible. New York has established a training school for charity workers, and it is meeting with success. The women who enter are put into active service at visiting under proper leadership and then there are courses of lectures upon the different phases of the subject. It is quite worth entering from a financial standpoint, also. Philadelphia is proverbially conservative, and yet we pay the young woman at the head of our organizing charities the salary of \$5,000, and she can greatly supplement it by lecturing and literary work upon the subject of her profession. Other cities do better than this, and the time is not far distant when all charitable work will be conducted in a methodical manner by an expert, who will be well paid for her services."—Philadelphia Record.

Trap Imbedded in Tree. While felling a tree on E. L. Marvin's farm near Jefferson, Ind., Oscar Walters, the tenant, made a singular discovery. A large steel trap was found imbedded in the tree, the wood having grown over it to a thickness of three inches. Attached to the trap was a long chain, this being imbedded about six inches. On the spring of the trap was stamped the name of George Emory.

Mr. Emory reports that the trap has been missing for twenty-two years. The owner was a famous trapper in those days, and did a flourishing business in "coon hides, those animals being plentiful in the woods then. In making his rounds one day he found that one trap had disappeared. He thought that it had been stolen, but had no idea that the thief was a four-footed one. When the trap was found in the tree it was about forty feet from the ground. After being cut out it was returned to Mr. Emory, who remembered its loss and identified it. He thinks that the trap was carried up into the tree by a 'coon.

You borrow trouble; you buy experience.