Dr. Talmage on the Hagars of This Life.

The Lessons Taught By the Experience the Bond Woman-The Duty of Keeping the Proper Place-A Well For Every Desert.

The subject upon which Rev. De Witt Talmage recently preached a sermon at Brooklyn was: "People Who Have Lost Their Way." He took for his text: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." Gen. xxi. 19. Dr. Talmage said:

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys dways like a change. Poor Istunel! He had no idea of the disasters that were aboud of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the prile and joy of her heart-

young Ishmael The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael. the boy, begins to complain, and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure any thing. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip! A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other-Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind held her up to the font, and the Christian comes over the hot earth and lifts the minister sprinkled on the infant's face locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in awakes her son crying out in her sleep, the figure of the faded calico. I find it in ei! Ishmael!" And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of flour, the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a sympathy inclose her forever. stunted shrubof the arid plain she sees the blood-shot eye and feels the hot hand and watches the blood tursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shrick in the desert of Beersheba. "We shall die ! we shall die !" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the jeurney, even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forver and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst and struggle in distortion and beg his mother to slay him she can not endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow shot and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing and her cry strikes clear through the beavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the apalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank

God! Thank God! I learn from this Oriental scene in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son Ishmael got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abra-ham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place; or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sextus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after the sheep; God called him up to look after stars and bea shopherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of Heaven. Hogarth began by engraving powter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realms of a painter. The shoe-maker's banch held Bloomfield for a little while; but God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a ceetly conservatory. and feed high bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial pends, and be famil-tar with princes; yet God may have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a black-smith's forgs. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow. There is a man God

needle is just as respectable in His sight

as the scepter.

I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really divided into two-quarters-those who have not found their sphere, and those a position higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch, which beautifully went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance wheel. and the sparrow, with chagrin, drops into the brock because it can not like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun. In the Lord's army we all want to be Brigadier-Generals. The sloop says: "More mast; more tonnage; more canvas. O, that I were a topsail schooner, or full-rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do any thing God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagare and Ishmaels.

Again: I find in this Oriental scene a esson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What great change it was for this Hagar. There was the tent and all the surroundings of Abraham's bouse, beautiful and luxurious no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. O, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had every thing possible to administer to her happin-se. Plenty at the table. Music in the drawngroom. Welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who can not appreciate her. A disappointed soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shope out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set and the vows given and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day, broken-hearted, thinking of past joy and present desolation and coming anguish.

Hagar in the wilderness. How often it is we see the weak arm of voman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half a sleep out of slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes on the day when they minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the tenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of divine

Again: I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded; a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Ezypt and Assyria thunder againstit; but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army; and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street, and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth. England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and, with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O, mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war, or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop, or cry: "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for

their last victory. My mind to-day leaps thirty years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits to-day beside you in the tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time and I find myself in a relief as ociation. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? To-day you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked and fed the hungry and healed the sick My mind leaps forward thirty years from now and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradihad decided that Hawley was to be one of ated with the glad tidings of great joy the greatest astronomers of England. On and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice to-day in the first song of the service? My mind leaps forward thirty years from now and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knoe—a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts and I bear his chain clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has been in there now three times; first for theft, then for aron, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings

tended to be a trees and wear it. It her child; and he drank in those lessons seems to me that in the one case as in the She never knew that Lamphier would other, God appoints the sphere: and the come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revoutioniss the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother that brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leadthink that one-half of the world may be ling forth sucn destinies. But O, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded who, having found it, are not willing to for the sacrifice with unseemless mirth stay there. How many are struggling for and godlessness, gayly tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction, I can not help but say: "There they go, there they go, Hagar and leh-mael!" I tell you there are wider deserts than Beershebs in many of the domestic leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar along every highway. Hagar and Ish-mael! And while I pronounce their names it seems like the mosning of the death wind-Hagar and Ishmael!

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within ber as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! "Ah," she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's augel said from the cloud: "What alleth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it-fountains for all these thirsty souls to-day. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast. Jesus stood and cried: If any man thirst. other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you knd spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life-a liquid which if taken would keep one perpetually young in this world and would change the aged back again to youth. course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you to day of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old and you will never get sick and you will never dia. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Ah, here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "O." you say, "I have looked everywhere. have looked north, south, east and west, and haven't found the fountain." Why you are not looking in the right direction at all. Lock up, where Hagar looked. She never could have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up and saw the finger pointing to the supply. And O, soul, if today, with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, He would derness. "Look unto Me, all ye ends of dog. Christ excludes dogs, sorcerers the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and idolators from the kingdom of

Hagar looked. Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience to-day. I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation? O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some buried joy. But sing ye to God, every wilderness has a well in it, and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. It you have lived in the country you have metimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright. cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy to-day, and I begin to draw on that Gospel well-sweep and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! come and drink of it. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright and beautiful and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give

you rest" The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the sky. I read it out in the Bible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love Him? Have you seen the Nyetanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that 1 commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown with you and me awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it

be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your soul? A Christian Hindoo was dying and hi heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen pricet and he said: "If you will only recite the Numbra it will deliver you." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Ther they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say: "! can't do that" Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No no no." They then bent down to his pillow and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies:

THE DOG'S EXALTATION. Quotations Showing That He Was in Fer-mer Times Much Despised.

A correspondent of a Boston paper has given much study to the subject of the dog, and discusses thus learnedly on that much petted animal: The fashion of parading the dog belongs to the world of to-day. It is supposedly an English fashion, therefore to be imitated. But how different in England! In vast domains where grooms and lackeys look after them they are ad-mitted to the master's hearth on occa-arches. However its triumphal joursions and attend him out of doors. But one must go out of doors to see circles of this day. Dissipated parents the dogs as well as the horses. Animals do not live on equal terms in London with men or women. In what well-bred London house does a bulldog live with a family? With this it is like many other foreign fashions which we endeavor to imitate, but only in part, without regard to the condition, circumstance, or social bearing of the case. A house that one has to enter by way of a dog is not an agree- trict which the tun is to advertise in able one. He is not wholly odorless an especial degree. But Epernay. in a room. This is not his fault, but it with its vast cellarage hewn out of the is a reason why he should not be thrust | limestone rock, is the headquarters of upon one's society. It is the attitude a number of famous firms, each of and altitude given him by man which would feel that it had suffered to [which I object: ergo, it is man irretrievable disgrace if a drop of its that offends me-man who is dog- precious vintage were mingled with bitten. I confess I share something of the less noble blood of its neighbor's the Jewish repugnance to the dog grapes. How, then, are they to agree when I see him lifted so entirely out of his natural element and made to play they have sent to Paris? so important a part alongside of man. let him come to me and drink." All these But considered only in the light of good breeding, is it not a serious offense to this when the dog is permitted a social position which nature never designed him for? I allude to persons so blinded by their dog-love that they hesitate not to call at a friend's house in company with the animal, and hesitate not to walk him into another's drawing-room. Could want of consideration and ill-breeding go beyond this? In our Boston Athenæum, among the printed rules framed and hanging as a matter of fact, was begun in 1343, on the wall, is one to the effect that when it was made to contain twenty-"no dogs are allowed inside the library." Yet day after day visitors enter here with all sorts of dog pets. from the huge mastiff to the terrier! It is curious to observe how directly in 1591. As history records that anoth-

derogatory to the dog are the teachings of the Old and New Testaments. therefore it is comfortable to reflect i one does not share the worship giver by man to the dog that at least the dog? The name was sometimes put for one who had lost all modesty. St. Paul calls the false apostles dogs. "Beware of dogs." "Is thy servant a dog?" "My darling from the power of the dog." "Ye shall cast it to the dogs." "Not bring price of a dog into the house." "The dog shall eat Jezebel." "For dogs have compased me." And one might multiply texts of this sort and nowhere find in the Bible any thing different to offset this denunciation of the dog. Shylock, being a Jew, made use of the dog to express his hatred of his enemies, but throughout Shakespeare we find the dog employed

"Blasphemous, uncharitable dog."

"But you'll lie like dogs." "No more pity in him than a dog." "But that sad' dog that brings me

"Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me." "A plague upon him, dog!" "He's a very dog to the common-

"Away, inhuman dog."

"You false Danish dogs." "A semblance that very dogs dis-

dained." "Dog-hearted daughters." But enough of quotations in which,

nevertheless, I take some comfort, finding that when friends flout me with their dogs I have Holy Writ and Shakespeare to stay by me.

No Small Cups in Chicago.

Several gentlemen who have visited New York told us some time ago that in polite society in that city there obtains a pretty fashion of serving coffee in miniature cups-after-dinner coffee it is called, as we recollect. It is deemed vulgar to serve coffee in large cups, because when a gentleman feeds he should prefer to feed delicately and not out of a trough. We once asked Prof. Fishbladder why it was that small coffees hadn't been introduced in Chicago society and he said that it was because they were regarded dangerous. It seems that the Calumet Club years ago did import a lot of these miniature cups with a view to utilizing them for after-dinner coffee. But at the very start there befel an accident that drove the innovation out of favor. One of the wealthiest and most influential members of the club. while endeavoring to make away with his usual after-dinner coffee, swallowed the cup, and for weeks his life was despaired of. Ever since then in the best Chicago society the regulation coffee cup has been the size of a sitz bath.-Chicago News.

-See that lady putting on her gloves," said a Frenchman, discussing national peculiarities with an American friend. "Do you know that's the first means of recognizing an American man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution, provided he makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made
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HOGSHEADS OF WINE.

France Has New a Huge Barrel Which The great tun of Heidelberg is to be deposed from its proud supremacy over all other wine casks. There is on the road to Paris a huge barrel (sent by the people of Epernay) which will compel the colossus of Heidelberg to take, in future, a secondary place. The cask was naturally declined as freight by the railways, for the obvious reason ney through France, dragged by twelve voke of oxen and mounted on a lordly wain, was in better keeping with the object it is to serve than any more prosaic mode of dispatching it to the grand exhibition which this overgrown vessel is intended to grace, and an appreciable portion of which it will unloubtedly fill. The good liquor with which it is to be consecrated will follow by a more commercial route. Epernay is understood to be the dison the contents of the great tun which

France has hitherto regarded the huge tun at Heidelberg with mingled | rigueur with dressy carriage and lawn feelings of envy and regret. It appeared to the vine-growers of the Gironde and the Cote d'Or that to consecrate such a gigantic vessel to the sour juice of the Rhineland was a degradation of mechanical art from the functions which it was intended to perform. The present tun is comparatively modern. Even the one which Thomas Coryat describes in his "Crudities" was not the first of the series, which, one pipes of wine. When Coryat came to Heidelberg iu 1608 the cask he describes was only seventeen years old. It had been begun in 1589 and finished er tun was made in 1664 to hold 600 hogsheads and was destroyed by the French in 1688, the one which is at present moldering away in unhonored emptiness must be the fourth of its sympathy of Holy Writ is with him race. It was begun in 1751, and in its For example: By the Jewish law we height of twenty-four feet and length know the dog was declared unclear of thirty six the great tun is, as Longand was very much despised. The fellow has put it, "next to the Alhammost offensive expression they could bra of Granada, the most magnificent

Nevertheless, the fame of the Heidelberg cask is somewhat undeserved. and there is none else." Look ! look ! as | Heaven. How about the idelatry of s | The tun is really much smaller than many beer vats in British breweries, which attract no crowd of gaping tourists and are not described in volumes of nineteenth-century travel. For instance, there is in one great English brewery a cask which is said to be capable of holding twice as much as the Heidelberg tun. At any rate, this vat measures 36 feet in diameter at the top, or 113 feet in circumference, and is 40 feet in height .- London Standard.

> A CHAPTER OF JEWS. One That Is Full of Both Information and

Miss Potter's chapter on the Jews of to express contempt of persons, such East London strikes a wholly different note. It tells us of a class well capable of making its way in the world. and of adapting itself to the conditions under which industrial success is to be attained. The Jews of East London form a distinct community.

numbering from 60,000 to 70,000, of whom 30,000 were born abroad, while of the remainder at least one half are

of foreign parentage.

The Jews are a picked race. Persecution has weeded out the inapt and incompetent, and has sharpened the wits of the rest into what Miss Potter thus that the old promise to top. the Jewish people has been fulfilled in these latter days: "Thou shalt drive out nations mightier than thyself, and shalt take their land as with a scroll border in wool of a third an inheritance." Of social morality color, such, for instance, as shot pink among the immigrant Jews Miss Potter can find no trace. They are a lawabiding people; they keep the peace: they pay their debts; they abide by their contracts; but this is the measure of the obligations which they acknowl-The struggle for existence and welfare for themselves and their families marks the limit of their interests and the conduct which conduces to success best of it and steadily rising in the

folly and mischief of indiscriminate sharpened by suffering. Kindness has been due to this cause.-London featured father.-London Truth.

Information Collected by a Bright New Parasols grow larger. Sun umbrellas are smaller. Parasol sticks are sleader.

Trained dresses are surely coming into vogue. All fashionable dinter gowns are

DRESS AND FASHION.

sow trained. The stick and handle of the sun umbrella is huge.

The Leghorn flat is as popular as ever this season. A new embroidery takes the name of

witch stitch. The pagoda canopy grows in favor for dressy parasols.

There is seemingly no end to the variety in sleeves.

The gown of black lace is as fashionable and as popular as ever.

Dotted gauze parasols can be worn with any kind of a dressy gown.

Black silk and tan colored silk mitts will both be worn again this summer. The paragon frame has grooved steel ribs which will not warp nor break.

Eyebrow and eyelash dyes and tonics

are sold in the London cosmetic shops. The handles of the finest parasols are of silver and gold, set with real jewels. The novelty in white embroidery this spring is the "hemstitch block effects."

Tan remains the favorite color for the glove whether it be of Suede, lisle thread or silk. Lace, tulle and gauze parasols are de

party toilets. Western women who follow the fash-

ions follow them much more closely than Eastern women. All fine umbrellas and parasols have

paragon frames, and the paragon frame is an American invention. The Lord Fountleroy collar and cuffs,

with a silk tie in bright color are as much worn by little girls as boys. New black liste thread stockings for

summer wear have the toes, heels and the upper half of the leg in color or white. The loveliest colors and shadings are

seen in the gauzes, nets, bolting cloths, tulles and laces that cover the dressiest parasols this season. Pretty little parasolettes are mounted on jointed sticks by which they can be

converted into sunshades in a carriage drive or on the street. The dark blue, brown or black fancy straw hat in Watteau shape, with a low crown, deep brim in front and narrow in the back, is the most fashionable for

girls of twelve and fourteen. The lace flounce is now put on the ing from the supports of the ribs to the edge of the frame or canopy, where it forms a full, deep volante or ruffle.

The Toreador waistcoats, made wholly of embroidery, to wear under Empire or Directory jackets of velvet. go well with stylish in door and afternoon and at-home-in-the-evening

The parasols of challie, veiling, satteen and China silk to match the may terial of the gown is a feature on parasol counters, or rather on counters

where those dress goods are shown. Smoke gray tulle, garnished with silver tinsel and silver thistles, make a lovely ball gown for a pretty girl, but

she must have a good complexion and high color to become her gown. The Watteau flat, with wide brim projecting over the forehead and short in the back, low in the crown, and

trimmed with field flowers in front. is the out-of-door, on-the-lawn, and piazza hats of the Oranges. The richest gowns for afternoon re-

ception wear are trained and are made with polonaises, also trained, opening in front over rich petticoats of brocade. or over embroidered and lace trimmed silk skirts. The favorite trimming of the Leg-

horn flat is a wreath of eglantine or wild roses, or of small field daisies, terms an instrument for grasping by and a long-looped, tightly knotted bow mental agility the good things with- of white or delicately tinted ribbon on held from them by brute force. It i one side of the crown, put on near the

Among novelties in French serges comes a delicious Bordure Benvenuto. a shot woolen of fine diagonal texture. and blue, with a black and gray border. -N. Y. Sun.

The Boy King of Servia.

The boy King of Servia, Alexander Obrenovitch, is only thirteen years old. edge to the society in which they live. Next to the young King of Spain King Alexander of Servia is the most attractive of the youthful monarchs of Europe. His mother is the beautiful Queen Nathalie, now an exile from the th it the limit of their social duties. kingdom of her son. His father, King We have the picture of the race of Milan Obrenovitch, who abdicated the brain workers competing with a class throne this spring, and who had reigned of manual laborers, and getting the with the title of king since March 6. 1882, is now only thirty-five years old. Just before young King Alexander was The lesson which it points is on the crowned King of Servia there was a most distressing episode in his young charitable relief. The Jew has been life. His father and mother had separated, and beautiful Queen Nathalie might have made him a better man, fied with her son to German soil. His but would have left him without the father, King Milan, had him torn from offensive and defensive arts which are his mother's arms and violently the great inheritance of his race. In- brought back to Servia. The abdicadiscriminate charity - kindness it is tion of the father and the coronation of not to be called-has a twofold evil in- the son soon followed. Thirteen-yearfluence. It weakens and it degrades. old King Alexander is a fine-looking. It unfits its recipients for earning their bare-legged boy, who dresses much as own living and it deprives them of the would any youth of his age. He is wish to do so. Mr. Booth's volume more like his mother, the fascinating tells us, among other things, how large Russian daughter of Colonel Konko, a part of the misery of East London than like his heavy and rather gross