

PEOPLE OUT OF PLACE.

Dr. Talmage on the Hagar of This Life.

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

The subject upon which Rev. Dr. 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. 9.

The scorching sun comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insupportable 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.

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.

tended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints the sphere; and the 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 think that one-half of the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there.

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman 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.

Again, I find in this Oriental scene the tragedy 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 held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism.

Again, I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother lead forth 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.

My mind to-day leaps thirty years ahead, and see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke 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 association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose.

her child; and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamplier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamplier said: "It was his mother that brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But O, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unmeaning mirth 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 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 her as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! water!" "Ah," she says, "My darling, there is no water. This is a desert." "What ails 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.

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. If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the bucket came up dripping with fresh, cool water.

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 out on the sky. I read it 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 Nyctanthes? 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 I 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 Hindu was dying and his 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 priest and he said: "If you will only recite the Mumtra it will deliver you." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say: "I 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 beat 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: "Jesus!"

THE DOG'S EXALTATION.

Questions Showing That He Was in Former Times Much Deported.

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 admitted to the master's hearth on occasions and attend him out of doors. But one must go out of doors to see the dogs as well as the horses.

It is curious to observe how directly derogatory to the dog are the teachings of the Old and New Testaments, therefore it is comfortable to reflect if one does not share the worship giver by man to the dog that at least the sympathy of Holy Writ is with him. For example: By the Jewish law we know the dog was declared unclean and was very much despised. The most offensive expression they could use was to compare a man to a dead dog. Christ excludes dogs, sorcerers and idolaters from the kingdom of Heaven. How about the idolatry of a dog? The name was sometimes put for one who had lost all modesty.

"Blasphemous, uncharitable dog." "You'll lie like dogs." "No more pity in him than a dog." "But that sad dog that brings me food." "Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me." "A plague upon him, dog!" "He's a very dog to the commonalty." "Away, inhuman dog." "You false Danish dogs." "A semblance that very dogs disdain." "Dog-hearted daughters."

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 lady on the streets of Paris? We would as soon think of buttoning up our vests or putting on our ties after leaving the door for a walk, in Paris. Many and many a time have we picked out Americans in Paris by that sign.

HOGSHEADS OF WINE.

France Has Now a Huge Barrel Which Rivals the Ton of Heidelberg.

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 Epornay) 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 that it could not pass under their arches. However its triumphal journey through France, dragged by twelve yoke 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 undoubtedly fill. The good liquor with which it is to be consecrated will follow by a more commercial route. Epornay is understood to be the district which the tun is to advertise in an especial degree. But Epornay, with its vast cellars hewn out of the limestone rock, is the headquarters of a number of famous firms, each of which would feel that it had suffered irretrievable disgrace if a drop of its precious vintage were mingled with the less noble blood of its neighbor's grapes. How, then, are they to agree on the contents of the great tun which they have sent to Paris?

France has hitherto regarded the huge tun at Heidelberg with mingled 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 "Cruities," was not the first of the series, which, as a matter of fact, was begun in 1343, when it was made to contain twenty-one pipes of wine. When Coryat came to Heidelberg in 1608 the cask he describes was only seventeen years old. It had been begun in 1589 and finished in 1591. As history records that another 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 race. It was begun in 1751, and in its height of twenty-four feet and length of thirty six the great tun is, as Longfellow has put it, "next to the Alhambra of Granada, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages."

Nevertheless, the fame of the Heidelberg cask is somewhat undeserved. 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 Suggestion.

Miss Potter's chapter on the Jews of 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 terms an instrument for grasping by mental agility the good things withheld from them by brute force. It is thus that the old promise to the Jewish people has been fulfilled in these latter days: "Thou shalt drive out nations mightier than thyself, and shalt take their land as an inheritance." Of social morality among the immigrant Jews Miss Potter can find no trace. They are a law-abiding people; they keep the peace; they pay their debts; they abide by their contracts; but this is the measure of the obligations which they acknowledge to the society in which they live. The struggle for existence and welfare for themselves and their families marks the limit of their interests and the conduct which conduces to success in it the limit of their social duties. We have the picture of the race of brain workers competing with a class of manual laborers, and getting the best of it and steadily rising in the world.

The lesson which it points is on the folly and mischief of indiscriminate charitable relief. The Jew has been sharpened by suffering. Kindness might have made him a better man, but would have left him without the offensive and defensive arts which are the great inheritance of his race. Indiscriminate charity—kindness it is not to be called—has a twofold evil influence. It weakens and it degrades. It unfits its recipients for earning their own living and it deprives them of the wish to do so. Mr. Booth's volume tells us, among other things, how large a part of the misery of East London has been due to this cause.—London Times.

—When a pretty girl turns her head to look at a young man on the street it is almost sure to turn his head completely.—Binghamton Republican.

DRESS AND FASHION.

Information Collected by a Bright New York Society Reporter.

Parasols grow larger. Sun umbrellas are smaller. Parasol sticks are slender. Trained dresses are surely coming into vogue. All fashionable dinner gowns are now 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 effect." Tan remains the favorite color for the glove whether it be of Suede, lisle thread or silk. Lace, tulle and gauze parasols are de rigueur with dressy carriage and lawn party toils.

Western women who follow the fashions 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 lisle 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 gazees, nets, bolting cloths, tulle 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 founce is now put on the inside of the dressy parasol, extending from the supports of the ribs to the edge of the frame or canopy, where it forms a full, deep volute or ruffle. The Torador 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 toilets.

The parasols of challie, veiling, satteen and China silk to match the material 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 reception 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 Leghorn flat is a wreath of eglantine or wild roses, or of small field daisies, and a long-looped, tightly knotted bow of white or delicately tinted ribbon on one side of the crown, put on near the top.

Among novelties in French serges comes a delicious Bordure Benvenuto, a shot woolen of fine diagonal texture, with a scroll border in wool of a third color, such, for instance, as shot pink 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. Next to the young King of Spain 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 kingdom of her son. His father, King Milan Obrenovitch, who abdicated the throne this spring, and who had reigned with the title of king since March 6, 1882, is now only thirty-five years old. Just before young King Alexander was crowned King of Servia there was a most distressing episode in his young life. His father and mother had separated, and beautiful Queen Nathalie fled with her son to German soil. His father, King Milan, had him torn from his mother's arms and violently brought back to Servia. The abdication of the father and the coronation of the son soon followed. Thirteen-year-old King Alexander is a fine-looking, bare-legged boy, who dresses much as would any youth of his age. He is more like his mother, the fascinating Russian daughter of Colonel Kosakoff, than like his heavy and rather gross-faceted father.—London Truth.

—Three wants are responsible for nine out of every ten unprofitable farms, according to American Agr. culturist—want of cultivation, want of measure and want of drainage.