

SMALL THINGS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches His Farewell Sermon in London.

Lessons Drawn From the Spider's Web—Small Sins May Grow Until They Blight the Church or Ruin the Family—The Teller's Reward.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached his farewell sermon to the people of England in the Crystal Palace, London, to an immense congregation. His text was from Prov. xxi. 28: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces."

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer eve.

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the Divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with that intruder."

Again, my text teaches me that the significance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't do a web worthy of this great palace; can I do amid all this gold embroidery a cross over a nail?"

us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to sniff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honeyeater because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun?

Again, my text teaches me that respectiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of Heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and fountains of salvation dash a rain of light.

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience, and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance.

A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit, that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and is gradually spoiling that man's character.

The Ringling Bros. circus was best ever held in Red Cloud. More than 8000 people attended it. It was in attendance in the afternoon and more than 2000 at night.

On last Thursday, something of a residence of Fred G. Blakeslee was entered by burglars, while the place was absent, and three valuable jewels stolen. The house was completely ransacked, but no further valuables were taken.

Heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day I think Heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur.

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is one hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth.

The democratic party is the party of prediction, and if results didn't overtake the prediction it would be the greatest party in the world. And if facts didn't outrun these predictions it would be the most successful party in the world.

A wife is, as a rule, considered a very expensive luxury, though many a man has discovered that the economical habits and good management of the woman he has married save him many a dollar that somehow prior to her coming had managed to slip out of his purse in the most exasperating manner.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterranean, and as the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up into stalagmites, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactites, making pillars of indescribable horror.

The Ringling Bros. circus was best ever held in Red Cloud. More than 8000 people attended it. It was in attendance in the afternoon and more than 2000 at night.

M'KINLEY IN INDIANA.

The Tin Industry in America Formally Dedicated.

At a grand opening of the tin works at Elwood on September 13, Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, was present and made the dedicatory address to a large concourse of people from all over the state.

All agree that the issue which is commanding the most attention and which is most upon the minds of the people is the question of the tariff. It requires in this country a little more than \$400,000,000 every year to meet the current obligations of the government.

The tariff on that pitcher is 60 per cent. It was put there not alone for revenue, but also to build up and protect the great industry of pottery in the United States, and happily to say it has successfully done it.

There is not an article of hardware, there is not an article of wool or cotton, there is not an article of iron, there is not an article of glass or pottery that has not been cheapened to the American consumer by domestic manufacture, made possible by a protective tariff.

As I understand it, it is the purpose of this meeting here to-day and the object lesson which will be made to convince that what they have hitherto believed was not true is in fact true. The democratic party say we cannot make tin plates. Why, they said a few years ago we could not make steel rails.

What a Wife Costs. A wife is, as a rule, considered a very expensive luxury, though many a man has discovered that the economical habits and good management of the woman he has married save him many a dollar.

The annual report of the state almshouse at Tewksbury, Mass., for 1891 shows that there were 2,915 persons admitted, of whom only 871 were born in Massachusetts, while 1,074 were born in Ireland.

The widowed Princess Nazel is the only upper class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men and has this privilege through the special order of the sultan.

A HUNDRED YEARS ago William Murdoch illuminated his home with gas made in an iron kettie, and burnt at the end of an open iron tube.

INSECTS MAKE SHELLAC.

Little Creatures Whose Wonderful Work Benefits Mankind.

What makes your derby stiff? Shellac. What is sealing-wax? Shellac chiefly, principally. What is shellac? It is the product of a composite mass that is found on the young twigs and branches of the butea, croton and other trees that grow in the countries of the east.

Shellac is consumed in great quantities all over the world in commerce and in arts. It is kept in the shops and warehouses in large hogsheads. It varies in color and thickness and is transparent. It comes in broken pieces of irregular sizes, some of it being very thin.

The male only have wings, and as soon as the females begin to die a few females and the males go to other trees. After the females that remain in this gelatinous mass have deposited their eggs and have died, the eggs hatch out like young insects.

When the females die the frames of their bodies form little cells like those of a honeycomb. As a result of decomposition there are the elements, of a beautiful purple dye.

As it is dropping from the bags it hardly strikes the sticks before it is cooled by the air. It forms into thin cakes as it is deposited on these sticks on narrow flat boards and dries. These cakes or sheets are called shellac.

The liquid in which the stick-lac or small pieces of the twigs covered with the crude mass was soaked is now filled with the results of decomposition and other matters. It is strained and evaporated until the residue is a purple mass. The residue is thoroughly dried and cut into square cakes about two inches square, which are stamped with certain marks which indicate the quality of the dye.

The best shellac is that which is most completely freed from impurities, and which approaches nearest to a light orange-brown color. If the coloring matter is not all washed out the resin is often very dark, consequently there are different varieties, such as orange, garnet and liver.

The amount of shellac that was imported into Boston for the year ending June 30, 1890, was 77,370 pounds, and was worth \$14,337. The total amount imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1890, was 4,730,465 pounds, of the value of \$893,745.

HOW HE CONQUERED.

Business and Love Happily Blended—A Pretty Romance.

Detroit possesses one of the most modest men in the world. Yet, withal, he is very successful in business, and now he is successful in his heart affair.

Possibly it was because he was so busy that he had no time to learn the art of love, but whether so or not, it is true that in some fifteen years of manhood he had made no progress in securing a mate until within the last three months.

A year ago a very intelligent and handsome young woman took a position in his office as typewriter.

"I wish, Miss D.," he said to the young woman, "you would bring your typewriter into my private office. I have a special letter I want written."

"Dear mother," he went on, "this young woman who has so gently and innocently led me captive, and who has all my future happiness in her hands."

"Let us write a new letter, dear, to our mother."

THE LAW OF COLOR. A Little Obscure of It Will Prevent a Lady From Looking Dowdy. An artist's rule as to color is: Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes, or the complexion.

Blinks—That Miss Trotter has more good horse sense than any girl I know of. Jinks—Well, she ought to have. Her father was a Trotter and her mother was a Colt.