

THE FINGER OF GOD.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Plagues of Egypt.

The Hand of the Lord is to be Seen in All Great Catastrophes to the Ultimate End of Working a Great Good.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage discoursed on the subject of plagues, taking his text from Exodus viii 19: "The finger of God." He said:

Pharaoh was sulking in his marble throne room at Memphis. Plague after plague had come, and sometimes the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague he was as bad as before. The necromancers of the palace, however, were compelled to recognize the divine movement, and after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series they cried out in the words of my text: "This is the finger of God"—not the first nor the last time when bad people said a good thing.

We all recognize the hand of God and know it is a mighty hand. You have seen a man keep two or three rubber balls flying in the air, catching and pitching them so that none of them fell to the floor, and do this for several minutes, and you have admired his dexterity. But have you thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds vastly larger than our world flying for centuries without letting one fall? Wondrous power and skill of God's hand! But about that I am not to discourse. My text leads me to speak of less than a fifth of the divine hand. "This is the finger of God." Only in two other places does the Bible refer to this division of the Omnipotent hand. The rocks on Mount Sinai are basalt and very hard stone. Do you imagine it was a chisel that cut the ten commandments in that basalt? No, in Exodus we read that the tables of stone were "written with the finger of God." Christ says that He cast out devils with "the finger of God." The only instance that Christ wrote a word, He wrote not with pen on parchment, but with His finger on the ground.

To most of us gestulation is natural. If a stranger accost you on the street and ask you the way to some place it is as natural as to breathe for you to level your forefinger this way or that. Not one of a thousand of you would stand with your hands by your side and make no motion with your finger. Whatever you may say with your lips is emphasized and reinforced and translated by your finger. Now, God, in the dear old book, says to us innumerable things by the way of direction. He plainly tells us the way to go. But in every exigency of our life, if we will only look, we will find a providential gesture and a providential pointing, so that we may confidently say: "This is the finger of God."

For much that concerns us we have no responsibility and we need not make appeal to the Lord for direction. We are not responsible for most of our surroundings. We are not responsible for the country of our birth, nor for whether we are Americans or Norwegians or Scotchmen or Irishmen or Englishmen. We are not responsible for the age in which we live. We are not responsible for our temperament, be it nervous or phlegmatic, bilious or sanguine. We are not responsible for our features, be they homely or beautiful. We are not responsible for the height or smallness of our stature. We are not responsible for the fact that we are mentally dull or brilliant. Do not blame us for being in our manner cold as an iceberg, or nervous as a cat amid a pack of Fourth of July fire-crackers. If you are determined to blame somebody, blame our great grandfathers or great grandmothers, who died before the revolutionary war, and who may have had habits depressing and ruinous. Let us take ourselves as we are at this moment and then ask "which way?" Get all the direction you can from careful and constant study of the Bible and then look up and look out and look around and see if you can find the finger of God.

It is a remarkable thing that sometimes no one can see that finger but yourself. A year before Abraham Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation the White house was thronged with committees and associations, ministers and laymen, advising the president to make that proclamation. But he waited and waited, amid scoff and anathema, because he did not himself see the finger of God. After awhile and just at the right time he saw the divine pointing and signed the proclamation. The distinguished confederates, Mason and Slidell, were taken off an English vessel by the United States government. "Don't give them up," shouted all the northern states. "Let us have war with England rather than surrender them," was the almost unanimous cry of the north. But William H. Seward saw the finger of God leading in just the opposite direction, and the confederates were given up, and we avoided a war with England, which at that time would have been the demolition of the United States government. In other words, the finger of God as it directs you may be invisible to everybody else. Follow the divine pointing, as you see it, although the world may call you a fool. There has never been a man or a woman who amounted to anything that has not sometimes been called a fool. Nearly all the mistakes that you and I have made have come from our following the pointing of some other finger, instead of the finger of God. But, now, suppose all forms of disaster close in upon a man. Suppose his business collapses. Suppose he buys goods and cannot sell them. Suppose by a new invention others can furnish the same goods at less price. Suppose a cold spring or a late autumn or the coming of an epidemic corners a man, and his notes come due and he cannot meet them, and his rent must be paid and there is nothing with which to pay it, and the wages of the employes are due and there is nothing with which to

meet that obligation, and the bank will not discount, and the business friends to whom he goes for accommodation are in the same predicament, and he bears up and struggles on, until, after awhile, crash goes the whole concern. He stands wondering and saying: "I do not see the meaning of all this. I have done the best I could. God knows I would pay my debts if I could, but here I am hedged in and stopped." What should that man do in that case? Go to the Scriptures and read the promise about all things working together for good and kindred passages? That is well. But he needs to do something beside reading the Scriptures. He needs to look for the finger of God that is pointing toward better treasures, that is pointing toward eternal release, that is urging him to higher realms.

A most interesting, as well as a most useful study is to watch the pointing of the finger of God. In the seventeenth century South Carolina was yielding resin and turpentine and tar as her chief productions. But Thomas Smith noticed that the ground near his house was very much like the places in Madagascar where he had raised rice, and some of the Madagascar rice was sown there and it grew so rapidly that South Carolina was led to make rice her chief production. Can you not see the finger of God in that incident? Rev. John Fletcher, of England, many will know, was one of the most useful ministers of the gospel who ever preached. Before conversion he joined the army and had bought his ticket on the ship for South America. The morning he was to sail some one spilled on him a kettle of water and he was so scalded he could not go. He was very much disappointed, but the ship he was going to sail on went out and was never heard of again. Who can doubt that God was arranging the life of John Fletcher? Was it merely accidental that Richard Rodda, a Cornish miner, who was on his knees praying, remained unhurt though stones fell before him and behind him and on either side of him and another fell on the top of these so as to make a roof over him?

Why did not Columbus sink when in early manhood he was afloat six miles from the beach with nothing to sustain him till he could swim to land but a boat's oar? I wonder if his preservation had anything to do with America. Had the storm that diverted the Mayflower from the mouth of the Hudson for which it was sailing, and sent it ashore at Cape Cod, no Divine supervision? Does anarchy rule this world, or God?

St. Felix escaped martyrdom by crawling through a hole in the wall across which the spiders immediately afterward wove a web. His persecutors saw the hole in the wall, but the spiders' web put them off the track. A boy was lost by his drunken father, and could not for years find his way home. Nearly grown he went into a Fulton street prayer meeting and asked for prayers that he might find his parents. His mother was in the room and recognized her long lost son. Do you say these things "only happened so." Tell that to those who do not believe in God and have no faith in the Bible.

Nations also would do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful. Cholera never starts from where it stopped the season before, but always starts in the fifth of Asia, and if it starts next summer, it will start there again—it will not start from New York quarantine. But it is evident to me that the finger of God is in this cholera scare, and that He is pointing this nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrated as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come to our very gates and then halted it. Out of that solemnity we ought to pass up to something better than anything that has ever yet characterized us as a nation. We ought to quit our national sins, our Sabbath breaking, and our drunkenness, and our impurities, and our corruptions of all sorts as a people.

I rejoice that there are many encouraging signs for our nation, and one that this presidential campaign has less malignity and abuse than any presidential campaign since we have been a nation. Turn over to the pictorials, and the columns of the political sheets of the presidential excitement all the way back and see what contumely Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Jackson went through. Now see the almost entire absence of all that. The political orators I notice this year are apt to begin by eulogizing the honesty and good intentions of the opposing candidate, and say that he is better than his party. Instead of vitriol, camomile flowers. That we seem to have escaped the degradation of the usual quadrennial billingsgate is an encouraging fact. Perhaps this betterment may have somewhat resulted from the sadness hovering over the home of one of the candidates, a sadness in which the whole nation sympathizes. Perhaps we have been so absorbed in paying honors to Christopher Columbus that we have forgotten to anathematize the prominent men of the present. No man in this country is fully honored until he is dead.

But, notice that this finger of God almost always and in almost everything points forward and not backward. All the way through the Bible, the lamb and pigeon on the altar, the pillar of fire poised above the wilderness, peace offering, sin offering, trespass offering, fingers of Joseph and Isaac and Joshua and David and Isaiah and Micah and Ezekiel, all together made the one finger of God pointing to the human, the divine, the gracious, the glorious, the omnipotent, the gentle, the pardoning and suffering and atoning Christ. And now the same finger of God is pointing the world upward to the same Redeemer and forward to the

time of his universal domination. My hearers, get out of the habit of looking back and looking down and look up and look forward. It is useful once in awhile to look back, but you had better, for the most part of your time, stop reminiscence and begin anticipation. We have, none of us, hardly begun yet. If we love the Lord and trust him—and you may all love him and trust him from this moment on—we no more understand the good things ahead of us than a child at school studying his A B C can understand what that has to do with his reading John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or Dante's "Divina Commedia."

"O, but," says someone, "I am getting old and I have a touch of rheumatism in that foot, and I believe something is the matter with my heart, and I cannot stand as much as I used to." Well, I congratulate you, for that shows you are getting nearer the time when you are going to eternal immortality and be strong enough to hurl off the battlements of Heaven any bandit, who, by unheard of burglary, might break into the Golden City. "But," says someone, "I feel so lonely. The most of my friends are gone, and the bereavements of life have multiplied until this world, that was once so bright to me, has lost its charm." I congratulate you, for, when you go, there will be fewer here to hold you back and more there to pull you in. Look ahead! The finger of God is pointing forward. He sits here in church, and by hymn and prayer and sermon and Christian association we try to get into a frame of mind that will be acceptable to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it all is compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond palm book and sermon and Bible, and we stand, our last imperfection gone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. There is your mother now—she is coming to greet you—and there is your father, and there are your children. Sit down under this tree of life and on the banks of this river talk it all over."

My friends, I do not know how we are going to stand it—I mean the full flush of that splendor. Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The emperor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what I meant. After examining 900 brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower of some 250 feet, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring and they were joined by the bells of 1,400 towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sound so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe, and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount and die.

The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrance almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see Heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All Heaven aglow and all Heaven a-ringing, not in the sunset but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Throne of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! Thrones! The finger of God points that way. Stop not until you reach that place. Through the atoning Christ, all I speak of and more may be yours and mine. Do you not hear the chime of the bells of that metropolis of the universe? Do you not see the shimmering of the towers? Good morning.

MR. BABSON'S FISH STORY.

Opening Up the Last Winter's Hoax in the Ice.

Mr. James Babson was a famous fisherman. He returned from every fishing excursion with a longer string of fish and a longer story of his exploits than any other man in Skowhegan; and if there were any doubts about his stories, there were the fish to prove his skill in not his truthfulness. Once when the river froze over James started off after frost-fish. He took an abundant lunch, the necessary lines, hooks and bait; but, upon arriving at his favorite fishing ground, he found he had forgotten the chisel with which to cut holes in the ice.

"I declared to man," said Mr. Babson, as he told the story in the grocery store that evening, "I was put to it to know what I was going to do. It was too far from home to come back, and I didn't lack nothing but just that pesky chisel. I sat my lunch and went further up the stream; but 'twas'n't no use; I sorter drifted back to where I knew there was fish; and then, after I'd wasted most of the day, I just happened to think about the holes I'd cut in that very spot last year. I remember just where they were, and so I went right round 'em, found every pesky one of 'em! Yes, sir, froze over, of course, but I jes' hammered at 'em with my boot-heel, and 'twas'n't long 'fore I had 'em open jes' as good as they were last winter. Kinder spoiled my day's fishin', though, foolin' round so long an' not thinkin' of it."—Lewiston Journal.

A POLITICAL TA-RA-RA.

I. If you will listen close enough You'll hear a democratic bluff. You'll hear them telling, one and all, Just what they mean to do this fall. They've said the same thing oft before— They howl until their throats are sore— But we don't seem to fear a thing. And while they yell we stompily sing: Chorus—Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay! etc.

II. They say that Grover's sure to win; They say they're bound to put him in; They say the white house is, in truth, The only place for Baby Ruth. But when we've passed election day Miss Ruth will stop at Buzzard Bay. And while she chews her toothling ring Her big papa will bear us sing: Chorus—Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay! etc.

III. We knocked 'em out four years ago, And now they haven't tany show; To win this fight we're all in line, And we are feeling pretty fine. So, while they whoop and howl, and roar, We'll fix the thing for four years more, And in the thickest of the fray We'll sing ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay! etc. Chorus—Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay! etc. —Chicago Tribune.

A MARKED DIFFERENCE.

What the History of the Two Parties Reveals.

Hon. John Sherman, in a recent contribution to a contemporary, shows how utterly the democratic party has outgrown its ancient principles and policies and at the same time has fallen into the clutch of its worst elements, while, on the other hand, the republican party has made steady progress in the development of a genuine civilization. We quote a single extract from this striking and effective paper:

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC TRIUMVIRATE!



PLUTOCRAT. AUTOCRAT. DEMOCRAT. —New York Press.

"The history of the two rival parties since Lincoln's first election offers a startling contrast between survivals of the worst and the best traditions. Equality of rights and sympathy for the mass of the common people were the leading principles of Jefferson. A latter day democracy stands in the south for unequal rights and minority conspiracies, and throughout the union for a tariff policy by which American labor will be degraded to the European level. Jackson's great strength lay in his intense devotion to the principle of untrammeled and in his abhorrence of sectionalism. A latter-day democracy, by the revival of the constitutional quibbling of Calhounism, and by its persistent hostility to national policies, has repudiated his principles. What has been best in the tendencies of its history has fallen into innocuous desuetude. What has been worst in the theories and practice of its slave-owning and sectional leaders is tenaciously preserved.

"Republicanism, on the other hand, holds fast to everything that is ennobling and elevating in its history. It is the party of national honor which has removed the foul reproach of slavery and redeemed the plighted faith of the government in financial legislation and administration. It is the party of equal rights, an unswayed ballot and honest elections. It is the party of national policies of comprehensive scope and enlightened self interest, by which industry is diversified, labor systematically protected and the prosperity of all classes and sections promoted. Between its present policies and the traditions of its glorious past there is unbroken continuity of patriotic action." —Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE PARTY OF FRAUD.

Some of the Blots Upon the Democratic Record.

The democratic party is a cool hand at pleading for the public confidence. In a circular addressed to the people and issued last week, the national committee informs the public that "with a body of hired professionals drilled and experienced in political intimidation and political debauchery, our opponents are preparing a final assault upon the freedom and honesty of the ballot." It asks for money to "detect, to prosecute and to punish crimes against the purity of the ballot, where-soever in the United States they are perpetrated and by whomsoever committed or directed."

This is cool. The knave who snatches a tray of diamonds and runs with it down the street crying: "Stop thief," is not more impudent. Why, the history of the democratic party is plastered over with the most gigantic frauds against the ballot. One of its watchwords in the present campaign is: "Down with the force bill and negro domination." This means that the frauds against the ballot in the great majority of democratic states ought not to be interfered with by law. A federal law might secure to the negro voter the same chance to vote and to have his vote counted as the white voter has. It is a confession that the present democratic domination is secured and maintained by robbing the negro of his rights. The same democratic committee last week rejoiced over the news of the election in Florida. There were democratic gains in that state. Of course there were. But it was because no republican ticket was in the field, and no republican ticket was

nominated because republican voters and republican votes are systematically overborne by fraud. The Florida democracy have made the freedom and honesty of the ballot a bitter sarcasm and republican government a mockery. And what of Alabama? What of the frauds done in the name of the democratic party in that state? We do not need to quote from republican sources. We have only to refer to the testimony of democrats. At the recent convention of Jefferson democrats in Augusta, the hall was made to ring with denunciations of the frauds committed by the democratic poll officers in the August election.

Talk about "the purity and honesty of the ballot!" Look about you in every democratic state! What about the fifty or sixty election officers in Hudson county, N. J., serving out sentences for gross crimes against the ballot? They are all democrats. What about the frauds perpetrated in this state last fall by which the control of the senate was stolen? The thieves were all democrats; and it is not long since the mugwump press was ringing with denunciations of the crime—the same press that is now shouting about republican fraud and corruption.

It is a precious party—the party of the shotgun, the tissue-balloot, the "Mississippi plan," the South Carolina scheme, the Florida suppression, the Hudson county crime, the senate steal at Albany, the Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and New York gerrymanders—nice party, this, to appeal to public confidence as the protector of the ballot, honest elections and fair apportionment! The public will not credit the profuse

COMMENT OF THE PRESS.

The feeling is growing that Harrison and Reid will carry every northern state. As long as there is a solid south, there is excuse for a solid north. —Iowa State Register.

If the democrats were united they could carry New York, perhaps, but they were never, in a presidential canvass, farther from this condition than they are now. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Blaine's complimentary reference to President Harrison in the North American Review removes any doubt as to his personal desire that the president be re-elected. —Indianapolis Journal.

If the people want an "industrial revolution," they can easily have it—by electing a democratic president and a democratic senate. British free trade would come with a whoop. The rejoicing in England over the election of Grover Cleveland would be greater than in the United States in any section outside of the cotton belt. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The democracy are scattered in the woods. They seem to be practically unit on free trade; that is about the only point of close contact, although some of them deny it. All this dodging and evasion and incongruity of the democratic-populist party, which folds a Weaver, a Loucks, a Henry George to its bosom, complicates the contest. —Minneapolis Journal.

Great Britain is the richest country in ready cash in the world; it boasts itself as the banker of all creation. But it has only \$180,000,000 in its savings banks, while the United States has \$1,623,079,794, or nine dollars for one. It is the wage earners who make the savings banks their treasury. The ratio of the difference in deposits marks the value of the difference between free trade and protection to the masses of the people. —Troy Times.

The shriek that has gone up from the bourbon press about Mr. Blaine's visit to Ophir farm is a plain indication that the fear of the man from Maine has not vanished from the democracy with the lapse of years. Mr. Blaine may not speak in the pending canvass, but his counsel and sagacity in national affairs are worth thousands of republican votes in New York state—votes that he has the peculiar capacity of bringing out. Hence these bourbon yells aforesaid. —St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Among the recent accessions to the republican ranks is John W. Bennett of North Dakota. Mr. Bennett has been one of the most conspicuous democratic leaders in his state. For several years he was a member of the democratic state central committee and he was chairman of the last democratic state convention. He could not countenance democratic methods in the present campaign—the alliance with the free trade, free silver, free wildcat currency alliance. —Albany Journal.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—To Test Butter.—Heat a small quantity well. If it bubbles and browns quickly the butter is genuine. If the substance melts to a clear, oily material it is a case of oleomargarine.

—For chocolate tarts take a quarter of a pound of sugar, one ounce and a half of grated chocolate and the yolks of six eggs. Stir for a quarter of an hour, then add three ounces of corn starch and the whites of the eggs beaten to a snow.

—Fumigating a Sick Room.—Sprinkle a spoonful of ground coffee upon a fire shovel on which two or three live coals have been placed, and immediately the sick room will be filled with a pleasant odor, which cannot be anything but refreshing to the invalid. —Ladies' Home Journal.

—Nut Kisses.—Whites of six eggs beaten stiff, one pound powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, and one pound nut kernels. Hickorynuts are very nice, but Brazil or other nuts may be used, according to taste. Drop on nicely buttered tins and bake in a moderately warmed oven. —Ohio Farmer.

—Lemon Cheese.—Take one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, the juice of two lemons. Beat the sugar, butter, lemon juice and the yolks of the eggs together; add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and cook until thick, stirring continually. —Philadelphian Press.

—Giblets.—Clean the giblets of a turkey or chicken, cut the gizzard into quarters and separate the lobes of the liver. Stew them in water to cover, with an onion, salt and pepper. When tender, thicken the liquor with flour and butter cooked together; add tomato or walnut ketchup to taste, and serve on toast. —Boston Budget.

—Roast Chicken.—A spring chicken roasted is more delicious if cut open up the back, rolled in sifted bread crumbs and placed inside down in a dripping pan containing a plentiful allowance of hot butter, than when roasted whole. Baste often, be careful and do not scorch, and serve with brown gravy in a boat. —N. Y. Observer.

—Old-Fashioned Jumbles.—Stir together till light of color a pound of sugar and half the weight of butter, then add eight eggs beaten to a froth, rose water to the taste, and flour to make them sufficiently stiff to roll out. Roll them out in powdered sugar until about half an inch thick and four inches long. Join the ends together so as to form rings. Lay them on flat tins that have been buttered; bake in a quick oven. —Ladies' Home Journal.

—Broiled Chicken.—Single, split down the back, break the joints and cut out the breastbone. Wipe with a damp, then with a dry cloth, rub all over with butter, olive oil or cottolene, sprinkle with salt and white pepper, and place in a double gridiron. Place the inside of the bird to the fire first, have the latter clear, but not too hot, and broil twenty minutes, turning several times. Serve on a hot platter garnished with fresh watercress. If not perfectly tender, put the chicken into hot water when ready to broil, bring to a boil, remove the scum and simmer gently for ten minutes. When quite cold, brush the pieces and proceed to broil as above. —N. Y. Observer.

THE STRAWBERRY.

Its Early History and the Wide Zone in Which it is Found.

The wild strawberry is very widely diffused over the surface of the earth, being found in the chill regions of the north, as well as in the sunny climes of the south. It is not a tropical plant, however, and, except on mountain sides, is not found south of latitude thirty-eight degrees north. On the European continent it grows extensively from the Lapland and the Shetland Isles to Italy and Greece. It is also found throughout western Asia, but is unknown in China and Japan. It has grown abundantly on the bleak hills of Iceland for centuries. It is found in America from Labrador and British Columbia to the pine woods of the southern states and on the high lands of Mexico and the Andes. The hardy plant, with its tiny scarlet berry, may be said to girdle the earth on the line of the Polar circle, and several hundred miles southward, except that it is not found in the basin of the river Amoor, in Siberia. Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the fifteenth century. Shakespeare has three allusions to strawberries. In "Henry V." the Bishop of Ely, in illustration of the good qualities which the young king possessed, in spite of his wild habits and objectionable companions, says:

The strawberry grows underneath the artichoke, And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbored by fruit of baser quality.

The reference here is, obviously, to the wild berry. But in the play of "Richard III." strawberries are spoken of as growing in the Bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, and this seems to show that the berry was cultivated with considerable care as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century; though Hayden's dictionary of Dates asserts that the common strawberry was brought to England from Flanders in 1530. It is curious to note that one hundred years after the crafty Richard begged some of the bishop's strawberries, we find a description of a garden at Holborn, the property of the rich Barber-surgeon Gerard, wherein four kinds of strawberries—a great variety for the time—were successfully cultivated. The third Shakespearean allusion to this fruit is in reference to the ill-fated handkerchief of Desdemona, which was "spotted with strawberries." —Horticultural Times.

Master of the Situation.

First Boy (at a summer resort)—How long are you going to stay here?
Second Boy—Till I get tired.
First Boy—What's you going to do with it?
Second Boy—I heard papa say he didn't care how long mamma stayed here. When I get tired, I'll tell mamma what papa said, an' then she'll go right back. —Good News.