### THE GOLDEN CALF.

Dr Talmage Presches Against the Idolatry of Money.

People Must Have a God of Some Kind ad Many of Them Worship the Golden God-The Love of Money Denounced.

The subject of discourse chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage for his first sermon after the national election, was one peenliarly appropriate to the money making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being Exodus xxxii. 20: "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it,"

People will have a God of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the laraelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? O, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptions when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not an eagle or a war charger, but of a the gold cools off; mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining call. Then the people throw up their arms, and gyrate, and shrick, and dance mightily, and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinal, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it-not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatie acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back, the remains of this goldun calf are carried up into the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial exent and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish workship has become

of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolators. Put aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of sticks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street, and Third street and State street and the footfalls in the bank of Enrland, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the This is the worship of the golden calf. trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the of Moses in my text indicated. There world's shipping. It has its foot on all are those who say that this golden calf ptember, 1869, in New York shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in by some chemical appliance, or by an Charleston, its left back foot in New old-fashioned file, it is pulverized, and Orloans, and when it shakes itself it it is thrown into the brook, and, shakes the world. O, this is a mighty

worship. But every God must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. of modern idolatry and he will compel Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italian, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the day. I know not where the fire will Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, Lonfluted with gold, and its floors are tesdon or West End; but it will be a very selated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires \_nd domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacri-fice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fire proof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are Annumerable. What does this god care about the grouns and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. O Heaven and earth, what an altur! what a sacrifice of body, mind and souli The physical health of a great then so poor as to worship it? Melted, multitude is flung on this sacrificial or between the upper and the nether altar. They cannot sleep, and they millstone of falling mountains ground take chloral and morphine and intox- to powder. Dagon down. Moloch

icants. Some of them struggle in a down. Juggernaut down. Golden cal nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock-one hundred and eighty and a half! take it!" until the whole family is affrightened, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergy-man comes in and reads the funeral

themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams until black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof-the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, 22,000 oxen and 122,000 sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of Gen. Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the 'house of massacre," where 200 wo men and children had been slatn by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this aitar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of Heaven and earth, have mercy! Tae golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate; while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus-"More!

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the stock exchange. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is the golden calf of European and Ameri- beyond the imagination of one who has never looked in. What snapping of I shall describe to you the god spoken finger and thumb, and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying "Order! Order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the stock exchange is all appropriate.

But my text suggests that this wor-

ship must be broken up, as the behavior the merchantmen and the steamers. It spoken of in my text was hollow, and started the American civil war, and un- merely plated with gold; otherwise, they der God stopped it, and it decided the say, Moses could not have carried it. I Turko-Russian contest. One broker in do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an open insult to God and man, and throws golden calf of the text has its right it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and god—the golden calf of the world's compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So my hearers, you may de-pend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last Central park, whether at Brooklyn or don or West End; but it will be a very hot blaze. All the securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast, All the money safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the meited window glass and into the street; but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "fire" from the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of finme, and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who

But, my friends, every day is a day

of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned thing that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of \$50,000 country scats and palatial city residence, when there are only \$30,000 income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it enlargement, we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out-has cut it out, and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers when twice three make six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a

five-dollar coat paid for was more hon-

ored than a man who wore a fifty-dollar

coat not paid for.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow, and borrow, and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of; and after awhile the capitalist wents his money and rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and rushes upon the customer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three

times renewed. It is this temptation to borrow, and borrow, and borrow, that keeps the people everlastingly praying to golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf trends on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on till every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devourmanison for Sing Sing. Let the golden

calf perish! But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets-one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The no baggage-nothing heavier than a spirit. You may, perhaps, take \$500 with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers. Ah, my friends! if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to death by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. O! this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said: "Fool! fool! fool!"

give up the worship of this unsatisfy-Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the God sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who and trembling hands can no more be in the land.—Cleveland Leader. put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good-by for ever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Of what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close this merning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of Heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a re-turned prodigal locked in glorious em-brace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like a historic

A FEW MONTHS HENCE. Hear the whizzing of the ax!

Adjat's ax! What a world of misery it's working with i Whacks!
How it slashes, slashes, slashes
Through the officeholders' necks,
While the fish-horns are a-dinning whacks! 'Tis the ax, ax, ax, ax, ax, ax, ax, sx, Some other man is wielding Adlai's ax.

-Chicago Tribune

The Republican Party Remains Stendfas

STILL FOR PROTECTION.

What the Democrats Want. High democratic authority attributes the republican Waterloo to popular dissatisfaction with the doctrines of protection and the result is loudly acclaimed as a substantial victory for free trade. One prominent democratic organ declares it to be "a revolution," "political emancipation for the great agricultural and producing classes, "the end of war taxes," which means the end of protection to American industry. Another hails the popular verdiet as a decision by the people that "there shall be no further exaction of tribute for particular industries from the general pocket and the democracy, in good time, will give effect to that decision." "The overthrow of the thieving protective tariff," "the downfall of the plutocracy," "the end of unconstitutional taxes," are conspicuous among the expressions with which the democrats hail their victory. According to these declarations their party is about to usher in a new order of things. Old "abuses" are to be corrected, the "burden of oppression" is to be removed. The state rights doctrines of Calhoun are to prevail in regard to the constitutional power of the government to protect industry, and to tax state banks. Eminent democrats insist that the victory was won upon these issues and that the promised "reforms" will follow in due time. It will soon be within the power of the democracy to carry out their pledges. They will have the president, senate and house of representatives. They will have the power and the right to reduce customs duties to a free trade basis. If they believe what they have proclaimed with such persistent emphasis they will do it. If their accession to power is not marked by the enactment of their principles into laws they will prove their victory to have been won purely upon fraudulent pretenses and that they lack the honesty and courage to give the country what they contend is

for its best interests. Whatever use the national democracy may make of its power the republican party will remain true to the doctrines of protection to American industries and to the present national banking system as long as the outstanding government bonds will permit of its continuance. The flag of protection will remain unfurled at the head of the republican column, where it was planted by the patriotic founders of the great We do not believe the people of the United States want free trade. If the democracy entertain a different opinion let them inaugurate an era of free trade and see how the people will

take it. The democrats elected will, in entering upon office, swear to support the declaration of their platform that protection is unconstitutional they must remodel the tariff system upon a free trade basis. A failure to do so will ing widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his to live up to the doctrines proclaimed nal. with so much sound and fury. If they enact a free trade tariff law they can seek a vindication before the people. If they allow protection to remain in force they will have only broken pledges to show for their possession of the government. During the last quarter of a century they have railed against the "protected plutocrats," the "robber barons of American industry," the "gigantic fortunes amassed ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes at the expense of oppressed labor," resorting to all the wiles of the demagogue to array the working classes against their employers. At last they have succeeded in achieving a sweeping victory. But we do not believe that even a respectable minority of the men who voted with the democrats in the northern and western states favor free trade or the wildest banking system. The farmers' alliance and labor agitations have unsettled political opinions and weakened the influences that bound men to their parties. The democratic party is a political omnium gatherum. All the cranks, isms and factions find a common meeting place within its ranks. Its platforms are as broad as economic heresies of a votecatching character can make them. It I want you to change temples, and to favors protection, national banks and a gold standard in one section; free ing and cruel god for the service of the trade, bimetaliism and wildcat currency in another. What it will do with that will never crumble. Here are the power now intrusted to it, even its banks that will never break. Here is foremost leaders can do no more than an altar on which there has been one surmise. But whatever policy the democracy may pursue the republican will comfort you when you are in party will stand unflinchingly by its trouble, and soothe you when you are colors in support of protection to sick, and save you when you die. American industry, a sound and secure When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled and an honest count for every citizen

# OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

Whitelaw Reid's Paper on the Result-

Responsibilities of the Democracy. Mr. Cleveland has been elected, and by an impressive majority of the states and of the popular vote. This result was all the more impressive because it was,a surprise to the politicians of both parties. Putting aside the claims of enthusiastic partisans, there was a general belief among well-informed would be successful. Whatever may be thought as to the wisdom of the that, inasmuch as nothing seriously Hawkeye.

resulted from Mr. Cleveland's former administration, nothing harmful need be anticipated as the result of his success now. The answer to this suggestion was that during Mr. Cleveland's former term a republican senate stood between him and his party and the practical carrying out of their policies, compelling him to administer the gov-

hurtful to the interests of the country ernment upon the lines laid down by republican statesmen, and in substantial, if not willing, accord with republicau principles.
But Mr. Cleveland's election has

been brought about this time by majorities so decisive, and it is coincident with the choice of so large a democratic majority in the house of representatives as to leave no room to doubt that there is a reactionary sentiment among the people against the measures which republican statesmen have devised as progressive and prolific of great public advantages. If, as republicans have generally anticipated, the election of Cleveland assures also the election of a working democratic majority in the senate as well as in the house, we shall expect the democrats to show that they have the courage of their alleged convictions. They have said, with all the emphasis that comes of the deliberate rejection in their national convention of a counter and antagonistic proposition, that tariff duties so adjusted as to protect American industry as well as to raise revenue are unconstitutional, and on this proposition they have won. They have said, too, that they propose to enable the various states, each under such regulations as it may see fit to impose, to issue paper money. It was certainly not the fault of the republicans if any voter failed to understand that these were the uses to which Mr. Cleveland and his party would put their power. if power was given to them. It has been given, and with it is imposed a responsibility. The people will expect a result.

The democratic party has a habit of running away from responsibility. This was powerfully illustrated by the way it aid not do the things it had said it would do in the last congress. A party of opposition is generally a party of shreds and patches, and when suddenly converted into a party of administration is palsied with self-distrust and fettered with faction. This has been particularly true of the democracy, but as a preparation for the work now intrusted to it its leaders have had the experience of four years of executive control and of several terms of authority in one branch or another of the congress. There will now be no excuse for their failure to adopt a clearly understood programme, to put that programme into actual operation, and to stand up and be judged on the merits of work actually performed .-N. Y. Tribune.

#### OPINION OF THE PRESS.

13 Men are often greater in defeat than in victory, and President Harrison is an example. - Toledo Blade.

This is a great day for the mugwump. He looks upon the result as his own work and he claims everything .- Albany Journal.

127 It was German hostility to the republican attitude on the school question which carried Illinois for Cleveland. This "victory" may have an unpleasint heritage. - Boston Journal.

The people of the United States seem to think they want more of Grover Cleveland. The people of the United States have exhibited surprisingly poor taste. - Kansas City Jour-

One of the gentlemen who will not be attorney general under the Cleveland regime is Hon. Wayne Mac-Veagh. Tammany says that all new converts must remain on probation for at least four years. - Minneapolis Trib-

une. Strange as it may seem to democrats, there is a larger probability of breaking the solid south during the next four years than there has ever been. The republican party will carry several southern states in 1896. -Minneapolis Journal.

Now look out for those wonder. a metallic ring, rested upon the oil. ful markets of the world. Every farm mortgage will be paid off while Grover Cleveland is president. What great things we have the pleasure of waiting for; pray to heaven we may not continue waiting.-lowa State Register.

Mr. Cleveland's bargain with the Tammany gang-the organized evil and ignorance of the city of New York -seems to have worked successfully. But it is gratifying to know that they will all live to despise each other more thoroughly than they do at this time .-N. Y. Advertiser.

The republicans have probably lost the senate as well as the presidency. Thus the democrats will find themselves in complete control of the executive and legislative branches of the government simultaneously for the first time since ante-bellum days .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The democratic party is the party of the masses," may do for talk in the north, but the democrats should be careful to confine it to this section or they will offend the aristocratic classes of the south who do not believe in universal suffrage, and in this way justify their frauds at the polls.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

EF Every republican paper in the country is in favor of the extra session of congress. The democrats are now beginning to back water on the repeal of the McKinley law. Are they cowards before their victory is a week old? Why let this tariff robbery (?) go on for another year when it can pealed in March?-Iowa State Regis-ter.

politicians that the republican ticket TReligious and race prejudices were appealed to. The republicans were industriously charged with being people's action there is no doubt of the enemies of the foreign born and what it means. Mr. Cleveland will with harboring the purpose of suptake office with a democratic majority pressing their church schools and their in both houses of congress to support language. By such acts tens of thouhim. In one sense this is not to be re- sands of foreign-born citizens in Illigretted. It has been a favorite demo- nois and Wisconsin were induced to cratic argument during this campaign vote against the party.-Burlington

#### MRS. KSMITH SCARED.

Something Happens to Indicate Burglary. Mrs. Ksmith is not a superstitious voman, nor is she hysterical except about burglars. Anything but burglars! know not what others may say, but as for Mrs. Ksmith give her burglars and give her death. She went down to her favorite grocery-perhaps I should say grocer-kept by a tall, good natured Methodist with the genuine Methodist sympathy for women. At the grocery she talked a long while with her favorite Methodist and at last went away without buying anything. When she was passing into her garden gate on her return she happened to think that she went down to the grocery for matches. She blushed a little all by herself, said "Well, there!" and returned to the grocery. She bought a box of parlor matches and after a few happy moments with the grocer went home. She placed the matches on the window sill where she kept a hanging plant. When her kind husband came home to dinner he watered the plant, for her and incidentally soaked the matches, though he did not observe it at the time.

Late in the day when the water on the match box and the plant had dried in, Mrs. Ksmith took out some of the matches and filled various ornamental match safes in her kitchen and bed rooms. Still later in the day she went over to Mrs. Bjones to borrow a cup of lard and remained there talking over an hour. She did not intend to stay so long but Mrs. Bjones was telling about a fight between her Irish washerwoman and Mrs. Vallandigham's Polish wash-

By the way, just a word about that fight. It almost ended in a murder. The dispute arose over the use of a line. One word of genuine Irish brought on another of genuine Polish until the two were swearing at each other with great vehemence, but each in a language the other could not understand. At length the Polish woman resorted to English and said in accents showing intense disgust:

"Irish!" The Irish woman was horror-stricken and fell back in dismay. "How the divil," she said to a bystander, "did she know Oi be Irish." Then she went back at the Pole and tried to get a handful of hair. The Pole in turn tried to stab her in the face with a clothespin and then the employers of the two interfered and stopped the quarrel. But the Irish washerwoman could not get over that "Irish!" and half an hour later soaped the stairs up and down

covered and a murder prevented. This was the story Mrs. Ksmith could hardly retain in her memory till her husband got home. Then she told him and continued to repeat portions of it till time to light the lamps or gas. Then she got a match and tried to use it, but she found it was souked! She tried one from each and every matchsafe.

which the Pole had to climb when hanging out clothes. The plot was dis-

All soaked! Robbers!

She knew it. They had got into her house and soaked all her matches so that when they arrived in the dead of the night she could not light a light. The more she thought of it, the more she was certain of it. Her husband laughed and asked her why the thieves had not done their stealing while in the house soaking the matches.

were scared off and are coming back tonight to get the rest," replied Mrs. K.

Mrs. Ksmith was nervous all evening and she did not sleep a wink that night. Next morning her husband happened to think, as she was telling nim where she put the box of matches, that he had soaked them when he watered the plant. He told her so and does not have to water plants any more.-Peck's Sun.

## THE MEMORIAL FLAME.

A Pretty and Ancient Custom of the Jew-ish Families.

At the home of a well-known Jew was recently seen a tiny flame burning in a handsome goblet. Examination showed the goblet to be half filled with water, on the top of which floated about an inch of pure olive oil. A ministure float of corks, fastened on either side of On the ring was placed a wax taper,

passing through a small circle of thin wood, so that the lower end of the thread dipped through the ring into the olive oil. The upper end of the taper was lighted as above mentioned. The oil drawn up through the wax-covered taper served to keep it alight for several hours.

"We burn this," said the lady of the hou-e, "in memory of one of our dead, When the taper burns nearly out we will substitute another, so that the flame, like the vestal fire, never goes out. We light the taper when our relatives dies and let it burn a year, the last

one being allowed to burn out.

"We attend to those lights with great care, thus keeping alive the memory of our loved one. It is an old custom of ours, and one seldom now observed. burn it only for a week, while others burn it for a month. Our family adheres to the custom in all its purity, always keeping the flame alive for a year. -Yankee Blade.

A Timely Lasso Throw.

"The prettiest throw of the lasso I ever saw was down in New Mexico last summer," said a western cattleman. "I had gone out to look at a bunch of cattle I thought of buying, and was standing in front of the owner's house discussing the proposed trade. A twoyear-old child was playing about the lawn, when suddenly it clapped its hands and cried out as though highly elated. I turned my head and saw, to my horror, that it was amusing itself with a monster rattlesnake that was just coiled so strike. The sn.ke was shooting its forked tongue out, almost into the face of the child, and it was this action that so pleased the little one. At my side stood a Mexicau cowboy with a lasso on his arm. Quick as a flash it went whizzing through the air and closed around the neck of the ser-pent just as it drew its head back for the fatal stroke. The father of the child nodded his head, remarked that it was a capital throw, and resumed our discussion with imperturbable gravity. Your Mexican is nothing if not stoleal. It is the result of his Indian blood."— St. Louis Globe-Democra: