

AT THE TABERNACLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE BREAD QUESTION.

Some of the Causes Which Lead to the Ever Present Distress Among the Working Classes—Alcohol and Improvidence Are Potent Factors.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 7.—It seemed appropriate that Dr. Talmage should preach this sermon after his personal contribution of 3,000 pounds of meat and 2,000 loaves of bread to the poor who gathered shivering in the cold around the bakery and meat store of Brooklyn, where the food was distributed without tickets, and no recommendation required except hunger. The text was, Matthew xxvi, 11, "Ye have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during his earthly stay. His cradle and his grave were borrowed. Every fig he ate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water he drank was from some one else's well. To pay his personal tax, which was very small, only 8 1/4 cents, he had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in his earthly experience, and when he comes to speak of destitution he always speaks sympathetically, and what he said then is as true now—"Ye have the poor always with you."

For 6,000 years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the 7,000 hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great famines in England. Think of the 25,000,000 people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras Presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

THE TARIFF BUGBEAR.

The first reason we have always the poor with us is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariff controversy. There is a need for such a word, and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. When I was 5 years of age, I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all. When your great-grandchild dies at 90 years of age, it will probably be from over-exertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the post-office steps—one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the silver question, the pension question, the civil service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks' voyage away and the heat of their volcanoes conveyed through pipes under the sea made useful in warming our continent, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the queen of night, who is said to be disolute, and bringing the lunar populations under the influence of our free institutions; yea, all other questions, national and international, may be settled, but this tariff question never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well because of too many doctors. It is with sick nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful every hour. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood letting; now roll up your sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homoeopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets and says, "All the patient wants is rest."

Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says, "What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is hot and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready for the shower baths." Recovery still postponed, an eclectic doctor is called in, and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that neither treatment has a full opportunity,

and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact—which I have never heard any one recognize but nevertheless the fact—that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariff controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty, and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this subject could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the tariff controversy—"Ye have the poor always with you."

ALCOHOL AS A SOURCE OF DISTRESS.

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crumbles into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing, when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of un buttered bread when they can get it, sworn at by passersby because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, candidates for almshouse and penitentiary. Whatever other cause of poverty may fail, the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever increasing throng of paupers. Oh, ye grogshops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities; ye mouths of hell, when will ye cease to crunch and devour? There is no danger of this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness makers fail, druggists fail, bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealers never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, in the first place, the men in that business, if tight up for money, only have to put into large quantities of water more strychnine and logwood and nuxvomica and vitriol and other congenial concomitants for adulteration. One quart of the real genuine pandemoniac elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of milder damnation. Besides that, these dealers can depend on an increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. Hard times, which stop other business, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up. There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims—claret, champagne, port, cognac, whisky, tom and jerry, sour mash, and on down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse blankets and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession, and they move on in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose blotched, nerve shattered, rheum eyed, lip bloated, soul scorched nebricates, followed by the women, who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping past with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, barefoot, unclothed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on, and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities, where the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

THE IMPROVIDENCE OF WORKMEN.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number of people have such small incomes that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence you enact a cruelty. On such a salary as many clerks and employees and many ministers of religion live, and on such wages as many workmen receive, they cannot, in 20 years, lay up 20 cents. But you know and I know many who have competent incomes, and could provide somewhat for the future, who live up to every dollar, and when they die their children go to the poorhouse or on the street. By the time the wife gets the husband buried, she is in debt to the undertaker and gravedigger for that which she can never pay. While the man lived he had his wine parties and fairly stank with tobacco, and then expired, leaving his family upon the charities of the world. Do not send for me to come and conduct the obsequies and read over such a carcass the beautiful litany, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for, instead of that, I will turn over the leaves of the Bible to 1 Timothy v, 18, where it says: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," or I will turn to Jeremiah xxii, 19, where it says, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven, and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for victuals at the basement door of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a posthouse somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for awhile on thin soup and gristle instead of sitting down at the King's banquet. It is said that the church is a divine institution, and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and the life insurance companies divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Hugen and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculation of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more stable or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in his congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked after his wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!" Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart with your vest off, and have signed, sealed and delivered to you a document that will, in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between a queen and a pauper.

I have known men who have had an income of \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000, a year, who did not leave one farthing to the surviving household. Now, that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle. He did not die; he absconded. There are 100,000 people in America today a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to pay the premium on a life insurance." Are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah xlix, 11, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." But if you are able to, remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

For the benefit of those young men exercise a practical personality. Beginning my life's work on the munificent salary of \$900 a year and a parsonage, and when the call was placed in my hands I did not know how in the world I would ever be able to spend that amount of money, and I remember indulging in a devout wish that I might not be led into worldliness and prodigality by such an overplus of resources, and at a time when articles of food and clothing were higher than they are now, I felt it a religious duty to get my life insured, and I presented myself at an office of one of the great companies, and I stood pale and nervous lest the medical examiner might have to declare that I had consumption and heart disease and a half dozen mortal ailments, but when I got the document, which I have yet in full force, I felt a sense of manliness and confidence and quietude and re-enforcement, which is a good thing for any young man to have. For the lack of that feeling there are thousands of men today in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn who might as well have been alive and well and supporting their families. They got a little sick, and they were so worried about what would become of their households in case of their demise that their agitations overcame the skill of the physicians, and they died for fear of dying. I have for many years been such an ardent advocate of life insurance, and my sermon on "The Crime of Not Insuring" has been so long used on both sides of the sea by the chief life insurance companies that some people have supposed that I received monetary compensation for what I have said and written. Not a penny. I will give any man \$100 for every penny I have received from any life insurance company. What I have said and written on the subject has resulted from the conviction that these institutions are a benediction to the human race. But, alas, for the widespread improvidence! You are now in your charities helping to support the families of men who had more income than you now have, or ever have had, or ever will have, and you can depend on the improvidence of many for the truth of my text in all times and in all places, "Ye have the poor always with you."

LACK OF MENTAL BALANCE.

Another fact that you may depend upon for perpetual poverty is the incapacity of many to achieve a livelihood. You can go through any community and find good people with more than usual mental caliber, who never have been able to support themselves and their households. They are a mystery to us, and we say, "I do not know what is the matter of them, but there is a screw loose somewhere." Some of those persons have more brain than thousands who make a splendid success. Some are too sanguine of temperament, and they see bargains where there are none. A common minnow is to them a gold fish, and a quail a flamingo, and a blind mule on a towpath a Bucephalus. They buy when things are highest and sell when things are lowest. Some one tells them of city lots out west, where the foundation of the first house has not yet been laid. They say, "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornamented deed for 10 lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Nevada, and they say, "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate

of mining stock as was ever printed, and the only thing they will ever get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are always on the verge of millionairehood and are sometimes worried as to whom they shall leguate their excess of fortune. They invest in aerial machines or new inventions in perpetual motion, and they succeed in what mathematicians think impossible, the squaring of a circle, for they do everything on the square and win the whole circle of disappointment. They are good honest, brilliant failures. They die poor, and leave nothing to their families but a model of some invention that would not work and whole portfolios of diagrams of things impossible. I cannot help but like them, because they are so cheerful with great expectations. But their children are a bespect to the bureau of city charities. Others administer to the crop of the world's misfortune by being too unsuspecting. Honest themselves, they believe all others are honest. They are fleeced and scalped and vivisectioned by the sharpers in all styles of business and cheated out of everything between cradle and grave, and these two exceptions only because they have nothing to do in buying either of them. Others are retained for misfortune by inopportune sickness. Just as that lawyer was to make the plea that would have put him among the strong men of the profession, neuralgia struck him. Just as that physician was to prove his skill in an epidemic, his own poor health imprisoned him. Just as that merchant must be at the store for some decisive and introductory bargain, he sits with a rheumatic joint on a pillow, the room redolent with liniment. What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sickness! Then the cyclones. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the insectile devastation of potato patches and wheat-fields. Then the epizootics among the horses and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes, and the iron strikes, and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike labor harder than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land in New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Caribbean sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gully the earth with their oppressions. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text, "Ye have the poor always with you."

CELESTIAL INSURANCE.

Remember a fact that no one emphasizes—a fact, nevertheless, upon which I want to put the weight of an eternity of tonnage—that the best way of insuring yourself and your children and your grandchildren against poverty and all other troubles is by helping others. I am an agent of the oldest insurance company that was ever established. It is near 3,000 years old. It has the advantage of all the other plans of insurance—whole life policy, endowment, joint life and survivorship policies, ascending and descending scales of premium and tontine—and it pays up while you live and it pays up after you are dead. Every cent you give in a Christian spirit to a poor man or woman, every shoe you give to a barefoot, every stick of wood or lump of coal you give to a fireless hearth, every drop of medicine you give to a poor invalid, every star of hope you make to shine over unfortunate maternity, every mitten you knit for cold fingers, is a payment on the premium of that policy. I hand about 500,000,000 policies to all who will go forth and aid the unfortunate. There are only two or three lines in this policy of life insurance—Ps. xli, 1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Other life insurance companies may fail, but this celestial life insurance company never. The Lord God Almighty is at the head of it, and all the angels of heaven are in its board of direction, and its assets are all worlds, and all the charitable of earth and heaven are the beneficiaries. "But," says some one, "I do not like a tontine policy so well, and that which you offer is mere like a tontine and to be chiefly paid in this life." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Well, if you prefer the old fashioned policy of life insurance, which is not paid till after death, you can be accommodated. That will be given you in the day of judgment and will be handed you by the right hand, the pierced hand of our Lord himself, and all you do in the right spirit for the poor is payment on the premium of that life insurance policy. I read you a paragraph of that policy: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me.'"

In various colors of ink other life insurance policies are written. This one I have just shown you is written in only one kind of ink, and that red ink, the blood of the cross. Blessed be God, that is a paid up policy, paid for by the pangs of the Son of God, and all we add to it in the way of our own good deeds will augment the sum of eternal felicities. Yes, the time will come when the banks of large capital stock will all go down, and the fire insurance companies will all go down, and the life insurance companies will

all go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all banks will forever suspend payment. In the last conflagration the fire insurance companies of the earth will fail, for how could they make appropriation of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence, and how could life insurance companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our celestial life insurance will not be harmed by that continental wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle—the noon-day sun! Tear it down like worn-out upholstery—the last suns! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the anther of a water lily—the ocean! Scatter them like thistle-down before a schoolboy's breath—the worlds! That will not disturb the omnipotence, or the compassure, or the sympathy, or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the down-trodden, and the cold, and the hungry, and the homeless, and the lost, "Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did it to me!"

A Queer Indian Relic.

There was recently found in an ancient oyster bank on the Sabine river, just below this point, a well preserved Indian idol. The image was nearly four feet high and was of a three-headed man, with the scales of a turtle covering the entire body, but with the feet and claws of a panther. The idol is hollow and contained the skeleton of a young child, in an upright position, the head fitting into that of the god.

The King of Bells.

The Titan of Bells, the King of Bells, the Great Bell of Moscow, etc., as variously known, has probably been described a million times. It was cast in 1732, part of the metal used being from the fragments of The Giant, one of the former monster bells which have made Moscow famous. The King was only in use five years before it met with an irreparable accident, having a huge piece broken from its side during the great fire of 1737. It is now on the ground and will probably never be repaired and hung, as it would be impossible to do so without recasting it. During the present century this monster bell itself is said to have been used as a church, the three cornered break in the side serving as a door! This story is not at all improbable when we consider its gigantic proportions, which are as follows: Height, 19 feet 3 inches; circumference around the margin, 69 feet and 9 inches! The weight of this "colossal folly" has been variously estimated by different travelers and authors, but as it has never been set down at less than 443,000 pounds I am perfectly satisfied to give the minimum estimate, which is 240 tons!—St. Louis Republic.

CARE OF THE INSANE.

The laws of New York and Massachusetts have placed those states in the foremost rank of intelligent and liberal care for the insane. The enactments regulating the commitment to asylums, and the care while there, of the insane, and especially the state care act of New York, have been in the main wise and beneficent.

The weak point in the New York law is that a plan for centralizing in a state commission power as to details of management of the hospitals, which was overwhelmingly defeated in the Massachusetts legislature, has become part of the New York statute, and that the lunacy commission, which ought to be a purely supervising and advisory board, has executive functions which are not only needlessly vexatious to the hospital managers and medical officers and prejudicial to the interests of their patients, but also may be destructive of good morals. The managers and medical officers of the hospitals for the insane have taken courage from the political upheaval in their state and are attempting a reform, in which we wish them every success.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

TAMPING AND RAMMING BOREHOLES.

An innovation in mining work is an invention for tamping and ramming boreholes. The hole itself is made of a smaller diameter at the inner end where the cartridge is placed. A small wood disk rests against the shoulder made by the smaller hole and protects the cartridge. The tamping consists of blocks of compressed clay, which are broken up in the hole by the rammer. The disk, blocks and rammer head are all perforated so that they can be threaded on to the fuse wires. Clay blocks are made at a very cheap rate by a simple machine, and by their use uniformly in the tamping material is secured. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Mrs. Newed—You never objected to my talking before we were married.

Newed—But my dear, you didn't talk to me then as you do now.—N. Y. Sun.

BECOMES A PROCEEDENT.

A Mississippi man who brought suit against a railroad company for the value of the ticket which he bought but which was not used.

PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

Children require special legal protection. In multitudes of cases they need to be protected from their parents to whom they do not wholly belong. They have rights of their own—a right to proper care and good treatment, to education and adequate training.

These rights of children impose on their parents corresponding obligations, says Youth's Companion. Such obligations are violated when children are made street beggars, when they are shut up in factories, to the stunting of both physical and mental growth, when they are surrounded by ruinous home influences, when for any purpose, they are deprived of instruction, or when their parents use them in any way for their own sole benefit.

The state also has rights in the children. They are its only hope, its future support, defence and glory. In them are possibilities of future scholarship, statesmanship, generalship and invaluable service of every kind. What a loss to our land had the parents of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant or Clara Barton blighted the possibilities of their offspring! What a loss to England and the world had the possibilities in Florence Nightingale been thus blighted!

It may not always be easy to say how the state shall best protect the rights of the child and its own rights in the child, but of its obligations in the case there can be no doubt.

It recognizes them in part by demanding that every child be allowed to attend school up to a certain age. Hence, also, its laws respecting child-labor and parental cruelty. Under certain circumstances, indeed, it does not hesitate to take the child from the parents and put it in charge of other persons, better qualified guardians.

It is possible for the state to go too far in such a guardianship, but there is little danger of that in this country. Indeed, the danger is quite the other way, except as the government is urged by a healthy and earnest public sentiment. It becomes us all to help in the creation of such a sentiment, and in the securing and enforcing of its proper legal expression. In every case in which both parents are habitual drunkards, the state should assert its right by giving the children to the care and training of others.

Children often need protection against themselves. This the state grants in the matter of truancy.

It is well known to the medical profession that the use of tobacco by children and the young during the period of growth is exceedingly pernicious, especially in its effect upon the heart. There is need of legislation in all our states to put a stop to this evil, and the law should be backed by an intelligent public sentiment.

PROGRESS IN COREA.

American Apples Are Raised and Small Boys Can Smoke.

An interesting little magazine entitled the Korean Repository was started last year in Seoul, the capital of Corea. It is devoted to Korean affairs; it gives many facts showing the progress of that little known country, and also contains a budget of news. It says, for instance, that some of the Coreans of rank and influence have imported American fruit trees and vines from the Pacific coast, and it is hoped that this is the beginning of productive orchards and vine yards in Corea. The editor says that Americans there have during the last year eaten American apples, pears and grapes grown in the country, and that they expect a small crop of cherries next year.

It has a short discussion of the proper way to pronounce the name of the capital, Seoul. The editor protests against pronouncing it "sow" and he says that "sool" is still worse, for that is the Korean for whisky. He says that if foreigners pronounce the word as though it were "saw-sool" they will get the sound about as near as they are likely to catch it.

It is said to learn that grave irregularities have occurred in the civil service examinations, says the New York Sun. Officers of the government are appointed in Corea, as in China, through competitive examinations. It has been found that at the semi-annual selection of minor officials for reappointment the royal signature was forged on quite a number of late.

Mr. Gale, who has traveled through Corea and into Manchuria, describes his wanderings among the people, many of whom never saw a white man before. He tells of the crowds who press around strangers whenever they arrive in a new town. One day he saw a little boy carrying a pipe, who pushed his way through the crowd. Then he coolly filled his pipe. He lit it and sat down to smoke before the strangers. He appeared to be about four years old. As Mr. Gale had never seen so accomplished a smoker for one of his age, he asked the boy if he would sell his pipe. He said "No," and when pressed to part with it he began to cry. The sum of 20 cents was offered, and the crowd began to urge the boy to sell, as he could buy several pipes for that amount of money. Mr. Gale has the pipe among his curiosities, and he says he believes it belonged to the smallest boy in the world who could smoke and not get sick.

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