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JONAH OF OLD SOON TIRED OF THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS.

But It Took Heroic Treatment to Bring Him to His Senses Dr. Talmage Draws Instructive Moral Lessons from Jonah's Misadventure.

In Satun's Service.

At this senson of the year, when a large portion of the community is journeying either by land or sea, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his midsummer preaching and lecturing tour, chose as the subject of his sermon for last Sun-day, "Man Overboard," the text being Jonah i., 6: "So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him: What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God if so be that God will think upon us,

that we perish not."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an anpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around on the rocks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you burry, you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the ves sel to get out on the broad sea. The sail-ors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhibitanting to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurri-The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this

"Oh, yes," he says; "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abeam's end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody. commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examin-ing the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleopless nights about questions of duty, and he is storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying, if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think up us, that we perish not." The rest of the

Jonah overboard. The Devil's Dupes. Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on duty and does that which is not right.

story I will not rehearse, for you know it

To appease the sea they threw

There is a young man who, during the past year, has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half-starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The man-acles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse

One hundred dollars for wine suppers! One hundred dollars for cigars!

One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!

Making \$400 for his damnation! Instead of being in Tarshish now, he is

in the middle of the Mediterranean. Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called free think-He buys Theodore Parker's works \$12, Renan's "Life of Christ" \$1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis' words for Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man-a little weak in some re spects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots, and of Christians as, for the most boots, and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites, and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy. Sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day. Bathes his feet, has mustard plasters, calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept down stuirs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house suits. The may "Bead for the mighter." But no! he does not believe in insister." But no! he does not believe in the bester.

TALMAGE'S SERMON. him." No; he does not believe in the opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He Bible A lawyer comes in, and sitting by has gone forever. And while the canyon A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "In the name of God. Amen I, being of sound mind, do make this my dirge, playing with open diapason of mid-last will and testament." It is certain night storm: "Because I have called, and where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash! He goes to the bottom. He paid 85 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel

books. He landed in perdition! Every farthing you spend in sin satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have 30 per cent, or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success,

but you will never get to Tarshish. Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound askep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours -his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down-his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could be sleep! What if the ship struck a rock! What if it sprang a leak! What if the lumsy Oriental craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

Unfathomable Depths of Danger. So men sleep soundly now and amid per-ils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whiripools and hot breathed Levanters; yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a bundred voices; yea sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whating vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the porthole a man at a stand, as though keeping a logbook. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook frozen to death. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of

So from this gospel craft to-day I descry voyagers for eternity. 1 cry: "Ship aboy! Ship shoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin; hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh, that my Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of the wheel, and steer the craft down into the warm gulf stream of his mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea, but here it is done. So now men in strangest ways are aroused from spirituni stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home un impressed; but, crossing his barnyard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says, "There it is now-'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house-why don't we have them? has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest way and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntington was convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream in which he saw the last day, and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis, "John Hardonk, come to judgment?" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God!"

Again, learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

Too Late. So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die," he says, "yet not ready. I must push out upon this awful ses, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The darkness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days and mouths and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late." Invisible hands take him up. He strog-

has gone forever. ropes thumped the sen took up the funeral ye refused. I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof. I also will hugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh.

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You heard him, in his old days, tell about some terrible exposure in a snow storm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garroters, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to by evidence. He who says "don't" lying around the house there are passages marked with a lead pencil-passages that make you think your father was not a when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready-all ready. But perhaps your the world or his own appetites. Do not think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place. where it never gets cold and where the bread does not fail and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading her Bible Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah, I think from your looks that I am on the right track! Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and mother were deprayed. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents, I beg of you.

But you have children You know God kindled those bright eyes and rounded those healthy limbs and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be for the best you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel be-side you, and fold their little hands, and look up, their faces all innocence and love. you know that there is a God somewhere

about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children! May he set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to night they will say their little prayers! But alas! some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their father had a God, that their mother had a God, and their children have a God, but they have no God. All pious example to them for nothing. All the divine goodness for nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound asleep in the side of the ship, though the sea and sky are in mad wrestle.

Many years ago a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China to trade there. On the coast of China, in the midst of a night of storm, he made shipwreck. The adventurer was washed up on the beach sense-less—all his money gone. He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years there was no communication between himself and fam-They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor, pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there he took an evening train for the his family. Taking the stage from the depot and riding a score of miles, he got home. He says that, going up in front of the cottage in the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping He did not dare to wake them for fear of Bending over to kiss his chibt's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face and she wakened, and he said Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome and joy and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are sea-tossed and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Es-caped from the shipwrecks of earth may you at last go in! It will be a bright night -a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that he who was your father's God and your mother's God and your children's God is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

A useful cement for mending broken crockery and for repairing various domeetic articles is made of the curds of milk mixed with lime. A similar compound is formed of cheese and lime mixed with water or skim-milk, and to used in Europe as a putty for joiners' work, and as a material for moulding.

OUR TWO LANGUAGES.

cracked, and the yards rattled, and the One That We Use in Convergation.

the Other in Written English. A writer in the current number of the Laucational Review prefaces an extremely interesting article on English literature in the college by the dec laration, "It is now, I think, generally admitted that the first principle of rhetoric is, write as you speak. The pedantic, declamatory, Latinized diction that prevailed in literary circles a hundred years ago is no longer the standard King's English. In order to write well it is necessary first to speak well-that is, to speak naturally, cor-

rectly and strongly." This is a clever and cunning, as well as complete begging of the whole question. The assumption that we, English and Americans, speak as we write, and that the ordinary rules of grammar and chetoric run through and underlie read which makes you think your father and "can't" and "isn't," and who talks "he and I," or who says "done" for godless man, but that, on that dark day pen or pencil in hand and write English which is unexceptional from the standpoint of person, mood or tense, the fact father was a bad man-prayerless and a being that written language is a refine-blasphemer, and you never think of him ment, and, possibly, an improvement on spoken language, but at the same being that written language is a refinetime as different from it as the dialect then, I beg of you call upon your father's of Yorkshire from that of Cornwall, God, but call on your mother's God. I or the talk of Yankseland from the or the talk of Yankeeland from the patois of the uplands of North Carolina or the lowlands of Louisiana.

> The writer of the article in question has fallen into the rhetorical error of, as the vernacular has it, putting the cart before the horse. Every written language, protected and fenced in as it may be by rhetorical fences and hedges. each of which is bristling with rules and safe-guarded by exceptions to those rules, is only a development from a spoken language, and whether it be an improvement or not is an open question. At all events it must be apparent to every student of language or philology that we have, at least in English, two separate and distinct languages, and that if we should attempt to follow the dictum of the writer in the Educational Review, and write as we speak, our contributions to current literature would be speedlly side-tracked into the editor's waste paper basket. It might be better for the genius of the English language, and for the preservation of its integrity. that we should speak as we write, but to adopt the converse proposition and write as we speak seems the very climax of absurdity to those who know and appreciate the distinction between English "as she is wrote" and "as she Is spoke."-San Francisco Chronicle.

The Pump.

to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of this department. One morning, after Mike | body who does so will save a breath. had been a month at the place, Simpson who had made ready to start off with his milk-cart, said to him: "Mike, von may give the cows some outment this morning; and be sure you give my best milker an extra quantity." "The best milker, is it, sir?" "Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?" "Bedad, I think I do, sir." "Well, you give her four quarts of the mash." "All right, sir. I'll do that same." On the evening of that day Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle, but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally he discovered that all the upper part was loaded with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called his man. "Mike," said he, "what is the matter with this pump?" "The pump, is it, sir?" "Yes. How came this outmeal mash in here?" "Sure, sir, I put it in meself." "You stupid blockhead, why did you do that?" "It was yerself that told me, sir." "I-I told you to put it in here?" "Indade ye did, sir." "Why, you thick-headed rascal, what do you mean?" "Don't be in a passion, master. Did ye not tell me to give yer best milker an extra quantity of the mash? And where in all the world. I'd like to know, is the crathur that gives so much milk to yer cans as does this

Electric Lighting for Carriages.

Although it is claimed that the first orivate carriage having outside and inside electric lamps was that of the lord mayor of London, twelve years ago, it is only within a year or two that the precedent has been much followed. The German emperor, the Prince of Wates and other foreign dignitaries have carriages thus lighted; and their example, as well as the exhibition of such vehicles at the Antwerp world's fair last year, has gone far toward establishing the fashlon abroad. As yet very few coaches in this country are

electrically lighted.

It is a simple matter to provide a stor age battery under the coachman's seat which will supply the current. It is necessary, however, to mount the lamps on elastic supports of rubber or steel to prevent the folting of the vehicle from breaking the lamps. Incandescent burners of less size than those or-dinarily employed in houses and offices

An eight-cell battery, eight inches man to relate his long, seven deep and four wide in mid friends interested.

to be sufficient to maintain the light for eighteen hours without recharging. The Inside lamp is placed in the center of

the roof, and has two filaments. A reflector and a flat glass plate cover are other features of such lights. Additional lamps of various colors are sometimes attached to the harness at nate negroes who were held in bondage different points, producing a highly decorative effect.-New York Tribune.

Berlin's Private Post. Berlin has had for some years past

a private postal company for the delivery of letters and packages, and stifdents of the postal question are somewhat astonished to learn that this concern rivals the government postoffice in cheapness and pays annual dividends of 25 per cent. The private post carries a letter of ordinary weight within the bounds of the city at 2 pfenninge, or about 5 7-10 mills. Last year the private post carried 2,oral, as well as written language, is an | 500,000 packages. The company emassumption which cannot be verified ployes 1,000 men and many horses. The private post charges less than the public post for packages, circulars and the had a God. In the old religious books about "him and me" when he means like, and does a great deal of work for business houses that in New York "did" or "seen" for "saw," can take his is accomplished by special delivery wagons and messengers in the employment of the house. Some business houses save large sums annually by making use of the private post.

The capital of the concern is not large, for its 25 per cent, dividend was made last year from net profits of about \$100,000. It has been suggested that the great European capitals should have like private posts and establish an international exchange for letters and packages in competition with the Postal Union. But the by-laws of most European countries, like those of the United States, secure to the governments a monopoly of business strictly postal.-New York Sun.

New York's Name Too Long.

We don't object to the amputation of the word "New" from the name of New York, says the Sun, of that city, Time would be saved by chopping it off. It is useless, and it is out of place in the name of a city that is as old as heard of in other States.

Mike Welsh had been recommended Lots of laws are made that way. The best of them are thus made.

We shall not urge people to cut off the "New" and call it York; but every-

If all the time wasted in the utterance of the word "New" by the millions of people who are constantly talking of New York were devoted to the study of the classics, ancient literature would be better known than it is.

Woman's Fidelity.

The obligation of fidelity will be as natural to woman in the time to come as it was in the old days, because human nature is stronger than any laws we may make to change it, and the instinctive feeling of a woman, like a dog, is fidelity-fidelity to the man she loves, the man to whom she has given herself. Education and modern influences may modify for a time the bent of her life, and may cause some women to break away and embark on other lines and ways of living, but the prodigals will return home, finding out the hollowness and the impossibility of the career they prepared for them-

From physical causes, women cannot lead the same lives as men, do what they may; and as nature, in her wisdom, has placed such restrictions on them, they will recognize, after a time, their limitations, and be content to admit that they have been worsted in the unequal struggle.-Lady Jeune, in the Saturday Review.

Wooden Hats.

Connecticut has always been prolific in inventors with a genius for utilizing the time when one of her sons manufactured nutmegs out of pine knots down to the present day. The latest which is said to be very durable. The Tribune. inventor says that the substance is lighter than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the other material. -Boston Herald.

Corn Sprinkler.

A Hannibal (Mo.) man has invented arid regions. The machine is on the of this sort of thing. Advertise him as same principle as a corn planter. It is so arranged that from a quart to a halfgallon of water will drop at the hills.

It requires considerable genius for a

WHITTIER'S COURAGE.

He Hazarded Life and Popularity in the Cause of Abolition

Before he was 30 he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortuin the South. In 1883 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery, and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later be became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the Pennsylvania Freeman; and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing-office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterward for the same cause, Whittier was in danger of his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting in his lot with the little band of abolitionists. Up to this time he had looked forward to holding public office, as well he might, when many another journalist has stepped from the newspaper desk into public life. When he became one of the small band who denounced slavery, he gave up all chance of office, He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave-owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated, and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the anti-slavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly, and he never regretted it. Indeed, in later life he said to a boy of 15, to whom he was giving counsel, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."-St. Nicholas.

A New Field for Electricity.

It seems as though the United States New York. Let our citizens who want House of Representatives will soon to get rid of it speak of our place as miss the page boys who have hitherto 'York" henceforward, and let the old been so much in evidence. Not that adjective "New" sleep in the grave in the boys will be abolished, but that which it has been buried by lots of they will be relegated to ante-chamother American cities. After a while bers and benches, where they will the word would be remembered only await summons, like the ordinary morby antiquarians. Plenty of the people tals who answer to "Front!" in hotels, who live in the outer regions have al- Electricity will be responsible for this ways called us York, and everybody change. There will be less noise, and knows what place is thus spoken of the wonted handclapping of members without looking in the geography for in a hurry will be a thing of the past; the weather-worn English city on the but the house will be a decided gainer River Onse. "York State" is as much in decency, quiet and decorum. Two We do not need any law to authorize cloak room at either end of the hall, annunciators will be used, one in each the amputation until after everybody has performed it, and then the Legislaand providing for a total of 300 calls On each desk will be a calling push button, and the wires will run under the floor in cables to the rooms where the annunciator boards are. When a member calls, his number on the board will drop and the page next on turn will hie to his bidding. If this plan should prove successful, as it promises to be, it is likely that members will register their votes in like fashion, with a great saving in time.

The Lord Mayor's Secretary.

If the Lord Mayor's private secretary ever wore all his decorations his breast would blaze as brilliantly as that of the chief magistrate himself Mr. Soulsby, who has just received from the Mikado the Order of the Rising Sun, already possesses the blue ribbon of the Legion of Honor, to say nothing of the orders of Francis Joseph of Austria, the Humane Redemption of Liberia, and a Servian and Greek decoration to boot. The genial permanent secretary of the Mansion House, who has assisted twenty-one lord mayors to preserve some continuity of civic government, was appropriately born in a cockney family, and educated at the City of London School. While still in his teens he began to read for the bar, was called after the shortest interval of study permitted by the Inns, and immediately received the appointment which he has filled with such distinction ever since. He is 43 years of age.

Another Use for Aluminum. The value of aluminum for use in the

army is about to be demonstrated in wood in unexpected directions from another way-for use as a signal lantern. The Signal Corps has been experimenting with lanterns for some time, and one has been found that gives exoutcome of this ingenuity is a wooden cellent results. It is made of aluminum hat. A Connecticut man has made a and its type is similar in many respects machine that cuts a block of wood into to the headlight of a locomotive. It fine strips. These are moistened and has worked satisfactorily at a distance then woven like straw into headgear, of twenty-eight miles.-New York

A Versatile Actor.

A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler ex-plosion. When the manager heard of machine for sprinkling corn in dry or it he remarked to his agent: "I am sick usual and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star, Mr. D-, will appear in several parts.

There should be a law providing that man to relate his wors and keep his the first grandchild belongs to friends interested.