

# BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

## Dr. Talmage Preaches On the Burden of Egypt.

A Continuation of Observations Made During His Journey through the Holy Land Confirmatory of the Holy Scriptures.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1891.—The Tabernacle was thronged as usual this morning. The vast edifice, filled to its utmost capacity with eager listeners, shows how the popular preacher retains his power over the people. Although he has been preaching in Brooklyn for more than twenty-four years, his audiences were never so large as now, and although the largest Protestant church in America has been built for him there never was a time when so many persons were turned away for lack of room. The subject of this morning's sermon was "Bricks Without Straw," a continuation of the series on the confirmation of holy scripture which Dr. Talmage found in his journey from the Pyramids to the Acropolis. His text was Isaiah, 10:1: "The burden of Egypt."

What is all this excitement about in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, this December morning, 1890? Stand back! We hear loud voices and see the crowds of people retreating to the sides of the street. The excitement of others becomes our own excitement. Footmen come in sight. They have a rod in the hand and tasseled cap on head, and their arms and feet are bare. Their garb is black to the waist, except as threaded with gold, and the rest is white. They are clearing the way for an official dignitary in a chariot or carriage. They are swift and sometimes run thirty or forty miles at a stretch in front of an equipage. Make way! They are the fleetest-footed men on earth, but soon die, for the human frame was not made for such endurance. I asked all around me who the man in the carriage was, but no one seemed to know. Yet as I fell back with the rest to the wall I said, This is the old custom found all up and down the Bible, footmen running before the ruler, demanding obedience, as in Genesis before Joseph's chariot the people were commanded, "Bow the knee," and as I see the swift feet of the men followed by the swift feet of the horses, how those old words of Jeremiah rushed through my mind: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

Now, my hearers, in this course of sermons I am only serving you as footman, and clearing the way for your coming into the wonders of Egyptology, a subject that I would have you study far beyond anything that can be said in the brevity of pulpit utterance. Two hundred and eighty-nine times does the Bible refer to Egypt and the Egyptians. No wonder, for Egypt was the mother of nations. Egypt, the mother of Greece; Greece, the mother of Rome; Rome, the mother of England; England, the mother of our own land. According to that, Egypt is our great-grandmother. On other Sabbaths I left you studying what they must have been in their glory; the Hypostyle hall of Karnak, the architectural miracles at Luxor, the colonnade of Hermetib, the cemeteries of Memphis, the vase of a kingdom in one monument, the Sphinx, which with lips of stone speaks loud enough to be heard across the centuries, Heliopolis and Zoan, the conundrum of archeologists. But all that extravagance of palace and temple and monument was the cause of an oppression high as heaven, and deep as hell. The weight of those blocks, heavier than any modern machinery could lift, came down upon the Hebrew slaves, and their blood mixed the mortar for the trowels.

We saw again and again on and along the Nile a boss workman roughly smite a subordinate who did not please him. It is no rare occurrence to see long lines of men under heavy burdens passing by task-masters at short distances, lashing them as they go by into greater speed, and then these workmen, exhausted with the blasting heats of the day, lying down upon the bare ground, suddenly chilled with the night air, crying out in prayer, "Ya! Allah!" "Ya! Allah!" which means Oh! God! Oh! God! But what must have been the olden times cruelty shown by the Egyptians towards their Israelitish slaves is indicated by a picture in the Beni-Hassan tombs, where a man is held down on his face by two men and another holds up the victim's feet while the official beat the bare back of the victim, every stroke, I have no doubt, fetching the blood.

Now you see how the Pharaohs could afford to build such costly works. It cost them nothing for wages, nothing but the tear and blood of the toilers, and tears and blood are a cheap drink for devils. "Bricks without straw" may not suggest so much hardship until you know that the bricks were usually made with "crushed straw," straw crushed by the feet of the oxen in the threshing, and, this crushed straw stemmed to the workmen, they had to pick up here and there a piece of stubble or gather rushes from the waterside. This story of the bible is confirmed by the fact that many of the brick walls of Egypt have on the lower layers brick made with straw, but the higher layers of brick made out of rough straw or rushes from the river bank, the truth of the book of Exodus thus written in the brick walls discovered by the modern explorers.

That government trial outrage has always been a characteristic of Egyptian rulers. Taxation to the point of starvation was the Egyptian rule in bible time as well as it is in our own time. A modern traveler gives the figures concerning the cultivation of seventeen acres, the value of the yield of the field stated in plasters;

Produce.....	1,802
Expenses.....	969
Clear produce.....	808
Taxes.....	493
Amount cleared by the farmer.....	315

Or, as my authority declares, 315%

per cent. of what the Egyptian farmer makes, is paid for taxes to the government. Now, that is not so much taxation as an assassination. What think you of that? You who groan under heavy taxes in America? I have heard that in Egypt the working people have a song like this: "They starve us, they starve us, they beat us, they beat us, but there's some one above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well." But seventy per cent. of government tax in Egypt is a mere as compared with what the Hebrew slaves suffered there in bible times. They got nothing but food hardly fit for a dog, and their clothing was of one rag, and their roof a burning sky by day and the stars of heaven by night.

Then began slavery in Egypt. The government owned all the Hebrews. And let modern fanatics, who in America propose handing over telegraph companies and railroads and other things to be run by the government see the folly of letting government get its hands on everything. I would rather trust the people than any government the United States ever had or ever will have. We worth the day when legislators and congresses and administrations get possession of anything more than it is necessary for them to have. That would be the revival in this land of that old Egyptian tyranny for which God has never had anything but red-hot thunderbolts. But through such unwise processes Israel was enslaved in Egypt, and the long line of agonies began all up and down the Nile. Heavier and sharper fell the lash, hungrier and ghastlier grew the workmen, louder and longer went up the prayer, until three millions of the enslaved were crying, "Ya! Allah! Ya! Allah!" Oh! God! Oh! God!

Where was help to come from? Not the throne, Pharaoh sat upon that. Not the army, Pharaoh's officers commanded that. Not surrounding nations. Pharaoh's threat made them all tremble. Not the gods Ammon and Osiris, or the goddess Isis, for Pharaoh built their temples out of the groans of this diabolical servitude. But one hot day the princess Thonoris, the daughter of Pharaoh, while in her bathing house on the banks of the Nile, saw a word brought her that there is a baby afloat on the river in a cradle made out of big leaves. Of course there is excitement all up and down the banks, for an ordinary baby in an ordinary cradle attracts smiling attention, but an infant in a cradle of papyrus root, king on a river arouses not only admiration but curiosity. Who made that boat? Who made it water-tight with bitumen? Who launched it? Reckless of the crocodiles who lay basking themselves in the sun, the maidens waded in and snatched up the child, and first one carries him, and then another carries him, and all the way up the bank he runs the gauntlet of caresses, till Thonoris rushes out of the bathing house and says: "Beautiful founding! I will adopt you as my own. You shall yet wear the Egyptian crown and sit on the Egyptian throne." No! No! He is to be the emancipator of the Hebrews. Tell in all those who are writhing under the lash, tell it among all the castles of Memphis and Heliopolis and Zoan and Thebes. Before him a sea will part. On a mountain top, alone, this one will receive from the Almighty a law that is to be the foundation of all good law while the world lasts.

But Moses, are you going to undertake the impossibilities? You feel that you are going to free the Hebrews from bondage. But where is your army? Where is your navy? Not a sword have you, not a spear, not a chariot, not a horse. Ah! God was on his side and he has an army of his own. The snow storms are on God's side. Witness the snow banks in which the French army of invasion were buried on their way back from Moscow. The rain is on His side. Witness the 16th of June at Waterloo when the tempest so saturated the road that the attack could not be made on Wellington's forces until 11 o'clock and he was strong enough to hold out until re-enforcements arrived. Had that battle been opened at 5 o'clock in the morning instead of at 11 the destiny of Europe would have been turned the wrong way. So also are the winds and the waves on God's side. Witness the Armada with one hundred and fifty ships and two thousand six hundred and fifty guns and eight thousand soldiers sent out by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England. What became of those men and that shipping? Ask the wind and the waves all along the English and Irish coasts. The men and the ships all wrecked or drowned or scattered. So I expect that Moses will be helped in rescuing the Israelites by a special weaponry.

To the Egyptians the Nile was a deity. Its wate s were then as now very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and Germans have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile. But one day when Pharaoh comes down to this river Moses takes a stick and whips the waters and they turn into the gore of a slaughterhouse; and through the sluices and fish ponds the incarnadined liquid back up into the land and the malodorous whelm everything from mud hovel to throne room. Then came the frogs with horrible croak all over everything. Then this people, cleanly almost to fastidiousness, were infested with insects that belong to the filthy and unclean, and the air buzzed and buzzed with flies, and then the distemper started cows to bellowing and horses to neighing and camels to groaning, and they rolled over and expired. And then boils, one of which will put a man in wretchedness, came in clusters from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. And then the clouds dropped hail and lightning, and swarms of them worse than the grasshoppers ever were in Kansas, and then darkness dropped for three days so that the people could not see their hand before their face, great surges of midnight covering them.

The Israelitish homes, however, were untouched. But these homes were full of preparation, for now is your chance, O ye wronged Hebrews! Snatch up what pieces of food you can and to the desert! Its simoons are better than the bondage you have suffered. Its

scorpions will not sting so sharply as the wrongs that have stung you all your lives. Away! The man who was cradled in the basket of papyrus on the Nile will lead you. Up! Up! This is the night of your rescue. They gather together at a signal. Alexander's armies and all the armies of olden time were led by torches on high poles, great crests of fire; and the Lord Almighty kindles a torch not held by human hands but by omnipotent hand. Not made out of straw or oil, but kindled out of the atmosphere, such a torch as the world never saw before and never will see again. It reached from the earth unto the heaven, a pillar of fire, that pillar practically saying, "This way! March this way!"

After three days' march the Israelitish refugees encamped for the night on the bank of the Red Sea. As the shadows begin to fall, in the distance is seen the host of Pharaoh in pursuit. There were 600 finest war chariots followed by common chariots rolling of full speed. And the rumbling of the wheels and the curse of infuriated Egyptians came down with the darkness. But the Lord opened the crystal gates of Bah-el-Kulzum and the enslaved Israelites passed into liberty and then the crystal gates of the sea rolled shut against the Egyptian pursuers. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the interlocked axles of the Egyptian chariots could not move an inch either way. But the Red Sea unhitched the horses, and unhelmed the warriors, and left the proud host a wreck on the Arabian sands. Then two choruses arose, and Moses led the men in the one, and Miriam led the women in the other, and the women beat time with their feet. The record says: "All the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'" What a thrilling story of endurance and victory. The greatest triumph of Handel's genius was shown in his immortal dramatic oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." He had given to the world the oratorio of "Father and Daughter" and "Athaliah," but reserved for his mightiest exertion at the full height of his powers the marshaling of all his musical instruments to the description in harmony of the scenes on which we this morning dwell. He gave twenty-seven days to this production, with its twenty-eight choruses, enrapturing his own time and all after time with his "Israel in Egypt."

Another burden of Egypt to be lifted is the burden of Mohammedanism, although there are some good things about that religion. Its disciples must always wash before they pray, and that is five times a day. A commendable grace is cleanliness. Strong drink is positively forbidden by Mohammedanism, and though some may have seen a drunken Mohammedan, I never saw one. It is a religion of sobriety. Then they are not ashamed of their devotions. When the call for prayers is sounded from the minarets the Mohammedan immediately unrolls the rug on the ground and falls on his knees, and crowds of spectators are to him no embarrassment; reproof to many a Christian who omits his prayers if people are looking. But Mohammedanism, with its polygamy, Mohammed, its founder, had four wives, and his followers are the enemies of good womanhood. Mohammedanism puts its curse on all Egypt, and by setting up a sinful Arab higher than the immaculate Christ, is an overwhelming blasphemy. May God help the brave and consecrated missionaries who are spending their lives in combatting it.

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God would allow the de potism against his people to go no further. Making bricks without straw!

That oppression still goes on. Demand of your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary. Bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood. Bricks without straw. United States government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when twenty-five cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability. Bricks without straw. In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic service on starvation salary; sanctified Ciceros on \$400 a year. Bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor bricks. In all departments bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not bricks at all. Work adequately paid for is worth more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

But in all departments there are Pharaohs! Sometimes capital a Pharaoh, and sometimes labor a Pharaoh. When capital prospers, and makes large percentage on investments, and declines to consider the needs of the operatives, and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then capital is a Pharaoh. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of a firm employing them, and at a time when the firm are doing their best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, at such a time to have his employees make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss—then labor becomes a Pharaoh of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

When in December, 1889, at the museum at Boulae, Egypt, I looked at the mummies of the old Pharaohs, the very miscreants who diabolized centuries, and I saw their teeth and hair and finger nails and the flesh drawn tight over their cheek bones, the sarcophagi of these dead monarchs side by side, and I was so fascinated I could only with difficulty get away from the spot. I was not looking upon the last of the Pharaohs. All over the world old merchants playing the Pharaoh over young

Pharaoh over young lawyers, old doctors playing the Pharaoh over young artists, old artists playing the Pharaoh over young ministers. Let all oppressors whether in homes, in churches, in stores, in offices, in factories, in social life or political life, in private life or public life know that God hates oppressors, and they will all come to grief here or hereafter. Pharaoh thought he did a fine thing, a cunning thing, a decisive thing when for the complete extinction of the Hebrews in Egypt he ordered all the Hebrew boys massacred, but he did not find it so fine a thing when his own first-born that night of the destroying angel dropped dead on the mosaic floor at the foot of the porphyry pillar of the palace. Let all the Pharaohs take warning. Some of the worst of them are on a small scale in households as when a man, because his arm is strong and his voice loud, dominates his poor wife into a domestic slavery. There are thousands of such cases where the wife is a lifetime serf, her opinion disregarded, her tastes insulted, and her existence a wretchedness though the world may not know it. It is a Pharaoh that sits at the head of that table, and a Pharaoh that tyrannizes that home. There is no more abhorrent Pharaoh than a domestic Pharaoh whom death passage from Egypt to Canaan, because they get rid of a cruel taskmaster. What an accursed monster is that man who keeps his wife in dread about family expenses, and must be cautious how she introduces an article of millinery, or womanly wardrobe without humiliating consultation and apology. Who is that man acting so? For six months—in order to win that woman's heart, he sent her every few days a bouquet wound with white ribbon, and an endearing couplet, and took her to concerts and theaters, and helped her into carriages as though she were a princess, and ran across the room to pick up her pocket-handkerchief, and on the marriage day promised all that the liturgy required, saying, "I will," with an emphasis that excited the admiration of all spectators. But now he begrudges her 2 cents for a postage stamp and wonders why she rides across Brooklyn bridge when the foot-passage costs nothing. He thinks now she is awful plain, and he acts like the devil, while he thunders out, "Where did you get that new hat from? That's where my money goes. Where's my breakfast? Do you call that coffee? Didn't I tell you to sew on that button? Want to see your mother, do you? You are always going to see your mother! What are you whimpering about? Hurry up now and get my slippers! Where's the newspaper?" The tone, the look, the impatience—the cruelty of a Pharaoh. That is what gives so many women a cowed-down look.

But it rolls over on me with great power the thought that we have all been slaves down in Egypt, and sin has been our taskmaster, and again and again we have felt its lash. But Christ has been our Moses to lead us out of bondage, and we are forever free. The Red sea of a Saviour's sacrifice rolls deep and wide between us and our aforesaid bondage, and though there may be deserts yet for us to cross we are on the way to the promised land. Thanks be unto God for this emancipating gospel! Come up out of Egypt all ye who are yet enslaved. What Christ did for us he will do for you. "Exodus!" is the word. Exodus! Instead of the brick-kilns of Egypt come into the emerald vineyards of God where one cluster of grapes is bigger than the one that the brook Eschol, though that cluster was so large that it was borne "between two upon a staff."

Welcome all by sin oppressed,  
Welcome to his sacred rest,  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

### The Fan in Japan.

The fan is an inseparable part of the Japanese dress. A native is rarely without a fan. It is his shelter from the sun, his notebook and his plaything. The varieties of these paper fans would form a curious collection in respect to form as well as quality. The highest-priced fan that was used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than 5 yen, or 15 shillings; but now they have been made to order for foreigners as dear as £2 to £3. The general prices of ordinary fans range from 2 shillings to guineas per 100. There are many curious uses for fans in Japan. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, snapped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of the fan constitute a language, which the wrestlers fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese commander used a large fan, having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In case of danger it could be shot, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair. One notable variety of fan is made of water-proof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes.—The Paper Mill.

### The Oriental Joe Miller.

The Oriental Joe Miller is parent to many jests that are still current among us. For instance, a preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah with this citation from the Koran: "I have called Noah." Unluckily he forgot the rest of the verse and repeated the same words over again. At last an Arab exclaimed: "If Noah will not come, call somebody else." The careful was another, who was seen as well. One Friday, when the muzzing rang out the call for prayer, he mounted the pulpit in the mosque and asked the people if they knew about what he intended to preach to them. "No," one of them replied. "Well, then, I shall not tell you," and he stepped down. The next Friday he asked the same question, and now, taught by experience, they answered, "Yes, we know." "Well, if you know, you do not need me to tell you," and again he stepped down. The third Friday, when the same inquiry was made, the people said: "Some of us know and some don't know." "In that case," the preacher rejoined, "let those of you who know tell those of you who don't know." And again there was no sermon.

## PUEBLO INDIANS.

The Women, Habits, and Customs of the National Races of New Mexico.

Of all the native people that remain in North America, none is richer in folk-lore than the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who are, I believe, next to the largest of the native races left in the United States. They number nine thousand souls. They have thirteen cities (called pueblos, also) in this Territory, and seven in Arizona; and each has its little outlying colonies. They are not cities in size, it is true, for the largest (Zuni) has only fifteen hundred people, and the smallest only about one hundred; but cities they are, nevertheless. And each city, with its fields, is a wee republic—twenty-six of the smallest, and perhaps the oldest, republics in the world, for they were already such when the first European eyes saw America. Each has its governor, its council, its sheriffs, its wardens, and other officials who are elected annually; its laws, unwritten but unalterable, which are more respected and better enforced than the laws of any American community; its permanent and very comfortable houses, and its broad fields, confirmed first by Spain and later by patents of the United States.

The architecture of the pueblo houses is quaint and characteristic. In the remote pueblos they are as many as six stories in height—built somewhat in the shape of an enormous terraced pyramid. The Pueblos along the Rio Grande, however, have felt the influence of Mexican customs, and their houses have but one and two stories. All their buildings, including the huge, quaint church, which each pueblo has, are made of stone plastered with adobe mud, or of great sundried bricks of adobe. They are the most comfortable dwellings in the southwest—cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Pueblos are divided into six tribes, each speaking a quite distinct language of its own. Isleta, the quaint village where I live in an Indian house, with Indian neighbors, and under Indian laws, is the southernmost of pueblos, the next largest of them all, and the chief city of the Teewah race. All the languages of the Pueblo tribes are exceedingly difficult to learn.

Besides the cities now inhabited, the ruins of about fifteen hundred other pueblos—and some of them the noblest ruins in the country—dot the brown valleys and rocky mesa-tops of New Mexico. All these ruins are of stone, and are extremely interesting. The implacable savages by whom they were surrounded made necessary the abandonment of hundreds of pueblos.

The Pueblo Indians have for nearly two centuries given almost no trouble to the European sharers of their domain; but their wars of defense against the savage tribes who surrounded them completely, with the Apaches, Navajos, Comanches, and Utes, lasted until a very few years ago. They are valiant fighters for their homes, but prefer any honorable peace. They are not indolent, but industrious—tilling their farms, tending their stock, and keeping all their affairs in order. The women own the houses and their contents, and do not work outside; and the men control the fields and crops. An unhappy home is almost an unknown thing among them; and the universal affection of parents for children and respect of children for parents are extraordinary. I have never seen a child unkindly treated, a parent sanctity addressed, or a playmate abused, in all my long and intimate acquaintance with the Pueblos.—G. F. Lummis, in St. Nicholas.

### What is Cocoa?

It is a popular error that cocoa and cocoanut are in some way related—an error which is due to the similarity of names, but to no other property in common. Cocoa is the product of the seeds of trees of the genus *Theobroma*—the name signifying "food for the gods." The trees are natives of the tropical portions of this continent, though they now grow, by cultivation, in some of the low latitudes of the Eastern hemisphere. At the time of the discovery of Yucatan, it is said that the Indians were using these seeds as money, while in Mexico, when it was first visited by the Spaniards, the Aztecs made from them a beverage, which they called *chocolatl* (literally "cocoa water")—whence the modern name of chocolate. The first writer to state these facts was the Spanish explorer Captain Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes, who wrote about the middle of the sixteenth century regarding the origin of the new beverage, which was at that time first attracting attention in some of the European countries.

There are several species of the genus *Theobroma*, the most valuable of which is the *Theobroma Cacao*, which is frequently spoken of as the cocoa tree, in distinction from other members of the genus. This tree is extensively cultivated in the countries lying near the equator in this continent, and has been introduced with success into similar latitudes in Asia and Africa. It usually grows to a height of some twenty feet, though occasionally attaining to thirty or thirty-five. The trunk grows in a straight stem to the

height of from six to ten feet, when it divides into numerous branches. The fruit of the tree ripens twice a year and may be compared to the cocoon in shape, being six to ten inches in length, red on the side most exposed to the sun, and yellow elsewhere. The rind is hard and warty, enclosing a sweetish, pleasantly flavored pulp embedded in which are about twenty beans, the size of large almonds, each of which is inclosed in a thin, reddish brown scale or skin, which when broken and separated from the inner bean or kernel forms the cocoa shell of commerce, which are often used in the preparation of a very mild and healthful beverage. The tree attains its full vigor and productiveness when seven or eight years old, and will yield a satisfactory crop for perhaps twenty years or more. The average yield of a tree is from twenty to thirty pounds of dried beans in a year.

The ripened pods are gathered twice a year, and after being picked from the tree are allowed to lie on a ferment for some five or six days, being either kept in earthen vessels or piled in heaps on the ground. They are then opened by hand, the seeds are removed from the pulp and dried either by the sun or artificially. There is another method, not so agreeable in contemplation, but which is said to yield an even better quality of cocoa. In that case the fruit is buried in the ground till the pulp has decayed, when the seeds are dug out and the produce sold as *cacao terre*.—Good House

### Sunset on Tillamook Bay.

Far out over the long black sea billows, ocean's vapors arise, pass and change, group themselves and revolve round the great, central, luminous orb, and these dissolve and resume themselves, here assume beauty and there terror. Domes of gold, realms of beauty, unfold an image of splendor and solemn repose. The night dew are falling, all is somber and still, the indistinct light reveals war in the skies, the armies of gold o'er the embattled mountains rise and rest, while far up in the dim airy crags the shapeless fleecy clouds which seem to be brilliant fragments of some golden world, hover in the light around the rims of the sunset. Then all these phantasmagorical images wane dim and draw off slowly in silence, to meet the powers of night, which now gathering afar, baffle the last smile of the sun in his setting. In this last light of day, a ship far away and asleep on the waves now mingles with the wild shapes of this cloud world, but lasts only awhile for the sun has gone down and all the purple and gold in the west has turned ashen. The bay, from whose glimmering lights the last transient pomp of the pageants of sunset departed, drew into its bosom the darkness.—Tillamook Watch-tower.

### All Sixes and Sevens.

"How are you coming on, Uncle Moses?"  
"Poorly, poorly, thank God."  
"What's the matter?"  
"I has seben gals to support, boss. Hit costs a power of money to fill up seben mous free times a day."  
"Yes, but I heard one of your daughters was going to be married, so that will only leave six to support."  
"Dat's whar you am foelin' yourself, boss. Dat ar gal am gwine ter marry one of dese culled politicians, so instead of habin only six to support, even she marries, I'll have eight mous to feed, for mighty few ob dese politicians, white or black, is wuffe ob wasser hit would take to shoot 'em. No, boss, it will be eight instead ob six ter feed when dat gal marries, no countin' de natural consequence."

### A Severe Test.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has begun to put cast-iron car-wheels to a very severe test. For each fifty wheels which have been shipped or are ready to ship, it is provided that one wheel shall be taken at random by the railroad company's inspector—either at the wheel manufacturer's, as the case may be—and subjected to the following test: The wheel shall be placed flange downward on an anvil block weighing 1,700 pounds, set on rubble masonry two feet deep, and having three supports, not more than five inches wide, for the wheel to rest upon. It shall be struck centrally on the hub by a weight of 140 pounds falling from a height of twelve feet. Should the wheel break in two or more pieces after eight blows or less, the fifty wheels represented by it shall be rejected; if, however, the wheel stands eight blows without breaking in two or more pieces, the fifty wheels will be accepted. The wheel for test to be furnished by the manufacturer in addition to the fifty wheels ordered.

### The Feathered Contingent.

Russia has been experimenting with a movable pigeon loft, from which dispatches are sent by pigeons to various parts of an army camp. Army officers are also training falcons to catch pigeons, so that in case of war the former can capture the enemy's messenger birds.

## Catarrh in the Head

is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. If Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with satisfactory results, receiving permanent benefit from it." J. F. HUBBARD, Siretor, Ill.

"My daughter has had catarrh for nine years. She coughed and expectorated so much that everyone thought she had consumption. I tried everything I heard of, but gained no relief. I sent her to Florida in September of the winter, and there her friends advised her to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes that she had taken three bottles, and never felt so good in her life." Mrs. McKINNEY, 123 Williamson Street, Newport, Ky.

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

100 Doses One Dollar