Discimilarity in the Attire of the Sexes an Imilication of Good Morals-A Masculine Weman and a Womanly Man Are Alike Repugnant.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 29.-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today in the Broolyn Tabernacle C e fourth of the series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The subject of the sermon was: "Dominion of Fashion." and the text was from Deuteronomy xxii, 5: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God." Dr. Talmage said:

In this, the fourth sermon of the series of nermons, I wish those who hear to bear in mind that I take into consideration not only those whom I have before me on Sabbath days, but the wider audience opened through the printing press, and while some things may not be particularly appropriate for one locality, they are appropriate for many other localities. And here I will tell a secret that I have never before told in public. About twenty years ago I began to pray that God would open to me the opportunity of preaching through the secular newspaper press, The religious papers in which my sermons had been published chiefly went to positively religious families. So I asked God for the wider field in which to proclaim the great truths of religion and good morals. In a strange way the answer came. And the syndicates having charge of these matters inform me that every week there are now 15,600,000 copies of my discourses puplished in this country, and about 4,000,000 in other lands, whether English speaking countries or by translation in many foreign tongues. I want people to understand that it is all in answer to prayer to God that this opportunity has come, and I pray for grace to occupy the field. It is not, therefore, presumptuous when I give wide scope to these discouses and address them "to the women of America, with important hints to men."

God thought womanly attire of enough importance to have it discussed in the Bible Paul the apostle, by no means a sentimental ist, and accustomed to dwell on the great themes of God and the resurrection, writes about the arrangement of woman's hair and the style of her jewelry, and in my text Moses, his ear yet filled with the thunder of Mount Sinai, declares that womanly attire must be in marked contrast with masculine attire, and infraction of that law excites the indignation of high heaven. Just in proportion as the morals of a country or an age are depressed is that law defied. Show me the fashion plates of any century, from the time of the deluge to this, and I will tell you the exact state of public morals. Bloomerism in this country years ago seemed about to break down this divine law, but there was enough of good in American society to beat back the Indecency. Yet ever and anon we have imimported from France, or perhaps invented on this side the sea, a style that proposes, as far as possible, to make women dress like men, and thousands of young women catch the mode, until some one goes a little too far In imitation of masculinity, and the whole custom, by the good sense of American womanhood, is obliterated.

The costumes of the countries are different and in the same country may change, but there is a divinely ordered dissimilarity which must be forever observed. Any divergence from this is administrative of vice and runs against the keen thrust of the text, which says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abomination nuto the Lord thy God."

lany years ago a French authoress, sign ing he self George Sand, by her corrupt but brilliant writings depraved homes and libra ries innumerable, and was a literary grand mother of all the present French and American authors who have written things so much worse that they have made her putrefaction quite presentable. That French authoress put on masculine attire. She was consistent. Her writings and her behavior were perfectly accordant.

My text by implication abbors masculine women and womanly men. What a sickening thing it is to see a man copying the speech, the walk, the manner of a woman. The trouble is that they do not imitate a sensible woman, but some female imbecile And they simper, and they go with mineing step, and lisp, and scream at nothing, and take on a languishing book, and bang their hair, and are the nauscation of honest folks of both sexes. Oh, man, be a man! You be long to quite a respectable sex. The starting figure of the human race was a man. Do not try to cross over, and so become a hybrid, neither one nor the other, but a failure, half way between.

Alike repugnant are masculine women They copy a man's stalking gait and go down the street with the stride of a walking beam. They wish they could smoke cigarettes, and some of them do. They talk boisterously and try to sing bass. They do not laugh, they Foar. They cannot quite manage the broad profanity of the sex they rival, but their onversation is often a half swear; and if they said "Oh, Lord!" in earnest prayer as often as they say it in lightness they would be high up in sainthood. Withal there is an med rugosity of apparel, and they wear a man's hat, only changed by being in two or three places smashed in and a dead canary elinging to the general wreck, and a man's coat tucked in here and there according to an unaccountable esthetics. Oh, woman, stay s woman! You also belong to a very respectable sex. The second figure of the human race was a weman, and sometimes a second edition of a volume is the first edition im proved and corrected. Do not try to cross over. If you do you will be a failure as a an and only a nondescript of a man. We already have enough intellectual and moral bankrupts in our sex without your coming over to make worse the deficit.

In my text, as by a parable or figure of ch, it is made evident that Moses, the inpired writer, as vehemently as ourselves, reprehended the effeminate man and the masculine woman: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's gar ment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord, thy God."

My text also sanctions fashion. Indeed, it sets a fashion! There is a great deal of senseless cant on the subject of fashion. A woman or man who does not regard it is unfit for good neighborhood. The only question is it is right fashion and what is wrong fashion. Before I stop I want to show you that fashion has been one of the most potent of reformers and one of the vilest of usurpers. netimes it has been an angel from heaven and at others it has been the mother of abominations. As the world grows better there will be as much fashion as now, but it will be a righteous fashion. In the future life white robes always have been and always

will be in the fashion. There is a great outcry against this sub-

mission to social custom, as though any consultation of the tastes and feelings of others were deplorable; but without it the world vould have neither law, order, civilization nor common decency. There has been a canonization of bluntness. There are men and women who boast that they can tell you all they know and hear about you, especially if it be unpleasant. Some have mistaken rough behavior for frankness, when the two qualities do not belong to the same family. You have no right with your eccentricities to crush in upon the sensitiveness of others. There is no virtue in walking with hoofs over fine carpets. The most jagged rock is covered with blossoming moss. The storm that omes jarring down in thunder strews rainbow colors upon the sky, and silvery drops on orchard and meadow.

There are men who pride themselves on their capacity, to "stick" others. They say: 'I have brought him down. Didn't I make him squirm?" Others pride themselves on their outlandish apparel. They boast of being out of the fashion. They wear a queer They ride in an odd carriage. By dint of perpetual application they would per suade the world that they are perfectly indifferent to public opinion. They are more proud of being "out of fashion" than others are of being in. They are utterly and universally disagreeable. Their rough corners have never been worn off. They prefer a hedgehog to a lamb.

The accomplishments of life are in no wise productive of affeminacy or enervation. Good manners and a respect for the tastes of others are indispensable. The Good Book speaks favorably of those who are a "peculiar" people; but that does not sanction the behavior of queer people. There is no excuse, under any circumstances, for not being and acting the lady or gentleman. Rudeness is sin. We have no words too ardent to express our admiration for the refinements of society. There is no law, moral or divine, to forbid elegance of demeanor, or ornaments of gold, or gems for the person, artistic display in the dwelling, gracefulness of gait and bearing, polite salutation or bonest compliments; and he who is shocked or offended by these had better, like the old Scythians, wear tiger skins and take one wild leap back into midnight barbarism. As Christianity advances there will be better apparel, higher styles of architecture, more exquisite adornments, sweeter music, grander pictures, more correct behavior and more thorough ladies and gentlemen.

But there is another story to be told. Wrong fashion is to be charged with many of the worst evils of society, and its path has often been strewn with the bodies of the slain. It has often set up a false standard by which people are to be judged. Our common sense, as well as all the divine intimations on the subject, teach us that people ought to be esteemed according to their individual and moral attainments. The man who has the most nobility of soul should be first, and he who has the least of such qualities should stand last. No crest, or shield, or escutcheon can indicate one's moral peerage. Titles of duke, lord, esquire, earl, viscount or patrician ought not to raise one into the first rank. Some of the meanest men I have ever known had at the end of their name D.D., LI. D. and F. R. S. Truth, honor, charity, heroism, self sacrifice should win highest favor; but inordinate fashion says; 'Count not a woman's virtues; count her adornments." "Look not at the contour of the head, but see the way she combs her "Ask not what noble deeds have hair." been accomplished by that man's hand; but is it white and soft?" Ask not what good ense is her conversation, but "In what was she dressed?" Ask not whether there was hospitality and cheerfulness in the house, but 'In what style do they live?'

As a consequence, some of the most ignornt and vicious men are at the top, and some of the most virtuous and intelligent at the bottom. During the last war we suddenly saw men hurled up into the highest social positions. Had they suddenly reformed from evil habits, or graduated in science, or achieved some good work for society? No, they simply had obtained a government con

This accounts for the utter chagrin which people feel at the treatment they receive when they lose their property. Hold up your head amid financial disaster like a Christian: Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honor, truth, faith in God, triumphant hope, and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign orever and ever.

If the owner of millions should lose a penny out of his pocket would be sit down on a curbstone and cry! And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortune wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpess you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars, and the Pharaohs, and the Alexanders could never afford.

And yet society thinks differently, and you see the most intimate friendships broken up as the consequence of financial embarrassments. You say to some one: "How is your friend?" The man looks bewildered and says: "I do not know." You reply: "Why, you used to be intimate." "Well," says the man, "our friendship has been dropped. The man has failed."

Proclamation has gone forth. "Velvets must go up and plain apparel must come down," and the question is: "How does the coat fit?" not "Who wears it?" The power that bears the tides of excited population up and down our streets, and rocks the world of commerce, and thrills all nations, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, is clothes. It decides the last offices of respect; and how long the dress shall be totally black; and when it may subside into spots of grief on silk, calico or gingham. Men die in good circumstances, but by reason of extravagant funeral expenses are well nigh insolvent before they get buried. Many men would not die at all f they had to wait until they could afford it.

Wrong fashion is productive of a most ruinous strife. The expenditure of many households is adjusted by what their neighbors have, not by what they themselves can afford to have; and the great anxiety is as to who shall have the finest house and the most costly equipage. The weapons used in the warfare of social life are not Minie rifles, and Dahlgren guns, and Hotchkiss shells, but chairs, and mirrors, and vases, and Gobelins, and Axminsters. Many household establishments are like racing steamboats propelled at the utmost strain and risk, and just coming to a terrific explosion. "Who cares,"

say they, "if we only come out ahead?" There is no one cause today of more financial embarrassment and of more dishonesties than this determination at all bazards to live as well as or better than other people There are persons who will risk their eternity upon one pier mirror or who will dash out the splendors of beaven to get another trinket.

"My house is too small." "But," says some one, "you cannot pay for a larger."
"Never mind that, my friends have a better residence and so will I." "A dress of that style and material I must have. I cannot afford it by a great deal; but who cares for neighbor had one from that pattern, and I must have one." There are scores of men in the dungeons of the penitentiary who risked honor, business everything, in the effort to shine like others. Though the beavens fall they must be "in the fashion.

The trace famous fraudy of the day have of com this reciting. It keeps hundred ico struggling for their commercial or The trouble is that some are can be d incarcerated if their largery be small it be great they escape and build their astle on the Rhine. Men get into jail not secons they steal, but because they did not

deal enough Again: Wrong fashion makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory from which has come forth more bollow pretenses and immeaning flatteries and hypocrisics than the Lowell mills ever turned out shawls and garments. Fashion is the greatest of all itars. It has made society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent "not at home" when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say: "The furnace has just gone out" when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never live any better. They deery their nest luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. 'It was an heirloom and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." People who will not lie about anything else will be about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.

Few people are really natural and unaffected. When I say this I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unhewn block of the quarry. From many circles in life fashion has driven out vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room and iceberg grinds against iceberg You must not laugh outright, it is vulgar, You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room, you must glide. There is a round of bows, and grins, and flatteries, and ohs and ahs, and simperings, and nambypambyism, a world of which is not worth ne good, round, honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening and assures

his host that he has enjoyed himself. Thus social life has been contorted and deormed until, in some mountain cabin, where rustics gather to the quilting or the apple paring, there is more good cheer than in all the frescood ice houses of the metropolis. We want in all the higher circles of society nore warmth of heart and naturalness of behavior, and not so many refrigerators.

Again: Wrong fashion is incompatible with happiness. Those who depend for their comfort upon the admiration of others are subject to frequent disappointment. Somebody will criticise their appearance, or surpass them in brilliancy, or will receive more attention. Oh, the jealousy and distraction and heart burnings of those who move in this bewildered maze! Poor butterflies! Bright wings do not always bring happiness. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." The revelations of high life that come to the challenge and the fight are only occasional croppings out of disquietudes that are under neath, like the stars of heaven for multitude, but like the demons of the pit for hate. The misery that will to-night in the cellar cuddle up in the straw is not so utter as the princely disquietude that staiks through splendid drawing rooms, brooding over the slights and offenses of luxurious life. The bitterness of life seems not so unfitting when drunk out of a pewter mug as when it pours from the chased lips of a golden chalice. In the sharp crack of the voluptuary's pistol, putting an end to his earthly misery, I hear the confirmation tost in a hollow fastidious life there

Again: Devotion to wrong fashion is productive of physical disease, mental imbecility and spiritual withering. Apparel insufficlent to keep out the cold and the rain, or so fitted upon the person that the functions of life are restrained; late hours filled with excitement and feasting; free drafts of wine that make one not beastly intoxicated, but only fashionably drunk, and luxurious indolence-are the instruments by which this unreal life pushes its disciples into valetudinarianism and the grave. Along the walks of prosperous life death goes a-mowing-and such harvests as are reaped! Materia medica has been exhausted to find curatives for these physiological devastations. Dropsies, caners, consumptions, gout and almost every infirmity in all the realm of pathology havbeen the penalties paid. To counteract the lamage pharmacy has gone forth with melicament, panacea, elixir, embrocation, salve

and cataplasm. To-night with swollen feet upon cushioned ottoman, and groaning with aches innumerable, will be the votary of luxurious living, not half so happy as his groom or coal heaver. Wrong fashion is the world's undertaker, and drives thousands of hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn.

But, worse than that, this folly is an intellectual depletion. This endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns and styles, bedwarfing to the intellect. I never knew woman or a man of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a sleeve, or the color of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries, to walk through the universe, to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes-hovering perpetually over a new style of cloak! I have known men reckless as to their character and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest button. What is the matter with that woman wrought up into the agony of despair? Oh, her muff is out of fashion!

Worse than all-this folly is not satisfied until it has extirpated every moral sentiment and blasted the soul. A wardrobe is the rock upon which many a soul has been riven. The excitement of a luxurious life has been the vortex that has swallowed up more souls than the Maeistrom off Norway ever destroyed ships. What room for elevating themes in a beart filled with the trivial and unreal? Who can wonder that in this haste for sungilded baubles and winged thistle down men and women should tumble into ruin? travelers to destruction are not all clothed in rags. On that road chariot jostles against chariot; and behind steeds in harness golden plated and glittering, they go down, coach and four, herald and postilion, racketing on the hot pavements of hell. Clear the track! Bazaars hang out their colors over the road; and trees of tropical fruitfulness overbranch the way. No sound of woe disturbs the air, but all is light, and song, and wine and gorgeous ness. The world comes out to meet the dazzling procession with: "Hurrah! hurrah!" But suddenly there is a halt and an outcry of dismay, and an overthrow worse than the Red sea tumbling upon the Egyptians. Snadow of gravestones upon finest silk! Wormwood squeezed into impearled goblets!

Death with one cold breath withering the

on es and freezing the fountains In the wild turnult of the last day-the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling: amid the boom of the last great thunder pea and under the crackling of a burning worldwhat will become of the disciple of unholy fashion?

But watch the career of one thoroughly artificial. Through inheritance, or perhaps his own skill having obtained enough for purposes of display, he feels himself thor-oughly established. He sits about from the common herd, and looks out of his window upon the poor man and says: "Put that dirty wretch off my steps immediately!" On Sabbath day be finds the church, but mourns the fact that he must worship with so many of the inelegant, and says: "They are per-fectly awful?" "That man that you put in my pew had a coat on his back that did not cost \$5." He struts through life unsympathetic with trouble and says: "I cannot be bothered." Is delighted with some doubtful story of Parisian life, but thinks that there are some very indecent things in the Bible. Walks arm in arm with the successful man of the world, but does not know his own brother. Loves to be praised for his splendid house, and when told that he looks younger than ten years ago, says: "Well, really; do you think so?"

But the brief strut of his life is about over. Upstairs he dies. No angel wings hovering about him; no gospel promises kindling up the darkness; but exquisite embroidery, elegant pictures, and a bust of Shakespeare on the mantel. The pulses stop; the minister comes in to read of the resurrection, that day when the dead shall come up-both be that died on the floor and he that expired under princely upholstery. He is carried out to burial. Only a few mourners, but a great array of carriages. Not one common man at the funeral. No befriended orphan to weep a tear on his grave. No child of want pressing through the ranks of the weeping, saying: He is the last friend I have, and I must see him."

What now! He was a great man. Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of the Jordan and escort him up to the palace! Shall not the angels exclaim: 'Turn out! A prince is coming." Will the bells chime! Will there be harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trum-

Not not not. There will be a shudder as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past with flery downfall, and shrick: "Wandering star, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever!"

But sadder yet is the closing of a woman's life that has been worshipful of worldliness, all the wealth of a lifetime's opportunity wasted. What a tragedy! A woman on her dying pillow, thinking of what she might have done for God and humanity, and yet having done nothing! Compare her demise with that of a Harriet Newell going down to peacefully die in the Isle of France, reviewing her lifetime sacrifices for the redemption of India; or at the last hours of Elizabeth Hervey, having exchanged her bright New Eng home for a life at Bombay amid stolid heathenism, that she might illumine it, saying in her last moments: "If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; all is light, light!" or the exit of Mrs. Lennox, falling under sudden disease at Smyrna, breathing out her soul with the last words: "Oh, how happy?" or the departure of Mrs. Sarah D. Comstock, spending her life for the salvation of Burmah, giving up her children that they might come home to America to be educated, and saying, as she kissed them good-by, never to see them again: "Oh Jesus, I do this for Thee!" or the going of 10,000 good women, who, in less resounding spheres, have lived not for themselves, but for God and the alleviation of human suffer That was a brilliant scene when, in 1485, in the campaign for the capture of Roma, Queen Elizabeth of Castile, on horseback, side by side with K ng Ferdinand, rode out to review the troop. As she in bright armor rode along the lines of the Spanish host, and waved her jeweled hand to the warriors, and ever and anon uttered words of cheer to the worn veterans who, far away from their homes, were risking their lives for the kingdom, it was a spectacle that illumines history. But more glorious will be the scene when that consecrated Christian woman crowned in heaven shall review the souls that on earth she clothed, and fed, and medicined, and evangelized, and then intro duced into the ranks celestial. As on the white horse of victory, side by side with the king, this queen unto God forever shall ride past the lines of those in whose salvation she bore a part, the scene will surpass anything ever witnessed on earth in the life of Joan of Arc, or Penelope, or Semiramis, or Aspasia, or Mariamne, or Margaret of Anjou. Ride on, victor!

Too Much Precaution.

After the great catastrophes at the Opera Comique and other places of amusement, the precautionary apparatuses gained such a predominance in the theatres of Paris, France, as to cause a great deal of annoyance and induce the press to editorialize against "trop de precaution." The other day the iron curtain at the Comedie Francaise refused working, and on the fireman's attempting to force the machinery the cistern broke, inundating the stage, the box of the administration, the orchestra, and a considerable extent of the pit. During the performance of "Le Caprice" another evening, the alarm bell began pealing without any provocatory cause, rendering the actors quite inaudible and narrowly failing to occasion another panic. And the performance of "La Souris" was interrupted for some ten minutes by the captain of the fire brigade setting his forty men to go through their evolutions in marching and climbing, etc., the discussion between him and the manager of the performance regarding the relative importance of the two branches of the service being of a rather lengthty and acrimonious nature.-Chicago

The Ancient Artillery Company. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Boston proposes to have a great time next summer, when it will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its organization. A lot of persons are expected to come from England; there will be a trip to Washington, to Mount Vernon and to Gettysburg; of course there will be a trip to New York and a sail around the waterways and up the Hudson to West Point, and then all will go to Boston to amuse themselves as best they may.—Chicago Herald.

Hot Water and Cold. The 150 police who went to evict David Foley, of Ballykerogue, on the estate of Col. Tottenham, County Wexford, took a fire engine with them. After the end of the house had been battered in the defenders drove back the police with garden syringes filled with hot water. The hose from the fire engine was then turned on and a stream of cold water sent into the building for an hour, at the end of which time the drenched and shivering defenders surrendered.—Chicago

A farmer at New Garden, Pa., has a sheep whose wool made nineteen yards of cloth a yard wide.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PERSONS.

Col. T. W. Higginson, the author, is a reat out of doors man, and is devoted to the tricycle and the toboggan, Lord Wolseley threatens to take away the

Highland's soldier's kilt, and the Highland oldier threatens to make a row in return.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, writes thus disparagingly of some brother bards: 'Mr. Lowell knew when he had written mough in the dialect of New England, Bayard Taylor in the Quaker dialect of Pennsylvania, and John Hay in the dialect of Pike county; but rhymesters of the stamp of Will. Carleton, Mr. Adams and Mr. Bruce are less wise, or more avid for money than reputation, for they are still grinding stupid music out of their rustic hurdy gurdies.

Kashin Nath is the name of a Hindoo asrologer who astonishes European visitors. He told a political officer that Scindia would die such a day, and die Scindia did. He has ven testimonials from lieutenant generals and members of council, who note two extraordinary things about him-first, that he can tell "the present, past, and future of man's life by looking at his face merely"; and, second, that he is "above pecuniary views,"

A story comes from Honolulu that after Queen Kapiolani and her daughter got home from their recent trip to Europe they caused to be put up in shop windows pictures of themselves taken in London in the superb court costume that they had bought in Paris. A native mob passed resolutions denouncing this breach of Sandwich Islands customs as to clothes, visited all the shops where the pictures were displayed, destroyed the portraits, and then went to the palace and demanded that the costumes themselves be delivered to them. The royal ladies had to field, and saw the triumphs of Worth torn to pieces by the mob. A promise was then exacted that the queen and princess hereafter would wear the native costume, and the mob broke up.

The Earl of Derby, whose sent is in the suburbs of Liverpool, is a pronounced kleptomaniae. His grace's particular weakness is for old silver, and the greater its antiquity and beauty the more certain it is to find its way into his pocket. There is a story to the effect that while kneeling at the communion table only the ready hand of the rector saved the quaint old wine cup from sliding up the earl's sleeve. It is the duty of his valet to examine his master's clothes every morning when he has dined out the night before, Whatever is found is taken to the countess, a beautiful and good woman, who returns it to the owner with a pretty note of apology. The earl is quite aware of his unfortunate weakness, and has struggled against it in vain. No fear of detectives or exposure makes heavy his light fingers, and it is said he will not trust himself to go alone to a public sale where old silver is displayed.

Racing Bulls in France.

In France there is a breed of cattle called the Landaise. These animals are peculiar to the department of Landes, where the grass is hard and scanty, and where the agriculture is rude indeed. On many of the farms these cattle are fed by hand. There are openings with wickets in the wall of the house, which faces on the court where the cattle are kept. Members of the farmer's household take their places by these openings and feed the cattle from within. They hand out mouthful after mouthful, but so slowly that the animal puts its muzzle to the opening and has every straw carefully tucked in between its jaws. Hour after hour is consumed in this kind of feeding. Sometimes the cow tires before it is considered she has had enough. In that case a piece of turnip or choice wisp of hay is offered. The poor brute raises her head to the opening only to be fooled and have tucked down her throat another bunch of coarse straw. It is said to be astonishing how little is required to keep the Landaise thrifty by these methodical methods of feed-

The Landaise cows, as well as the oxen, worked hard in the fields and on the roads. Some of these animals are highly prized for their speed, and the most exciting features of the programmes of the fairs in Landes are the bull races. The consul who sent home a picture of a Landaise racer said the agility was extraordinary. These animals take a trot without being blown. They often make long trips, covering forty-five and fifty miles in a day. At the games in Landes they are turned loose in a ring, and the athlete wins the plaudits of the spectators by teasing and dodging one of these bulls. The performer's greatest feat is to advance with a cigarette in his mouth. The bull charges with lowered horns. The athlete nicely calculates the distance, and just as the bull reaches him he places a foot between the horns and vaults over the bull's back, being aided in the jump by the upward toss of the animal's head,—St, Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Curious and Valuable Book.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and, being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and the minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vallum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II, of Germany, offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained. -The Bookwarra.

Witches in the Cream.

A most peculiar case of superstition exists in York township, O. A well known farmer named Milar has always kept a fine lot of cows and made a great deal of most excellent butter. Of late years he has had what he terms it, "Witches in the cream," giving himself and family a great deal of trouble and great loss. It happens about every two weeks when they put the cream in the churn it begins foaming over the top and refuses to gather. No amount of churning has any effect toward gathering the butter, and the cream is taken out and thrown far away. The family attributes the trouble to witches brought on through the agency of a woman in the neighborhood through spite. It is a strange case. - Chicago Herald.

Tea Growing in Canada

Professor St. Andrews, of the Central Ex perimental farm of Canada, proposes trying some experiments with a hardy variety of tea grown in Japan, and which, it is hoped, may prove successful in the Dominion, as the northern part of Japan has a climate about as cold as that of the Ottawa valley .- Chicago News.

Doesn't Like Little Soldiers. Queen Victoria, like Frederick the Great of Prussia, cannot abide little soldiers. admires big six or seven footers. If she had her way all the men in her army would be eight feet high -New York World.

ITEMS FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Interesting Bits of Good Reading on All Sorts of Subjects.

In Rhode Island a man must register by Dec. 31 if he wants to vote the following Year.

The New York Press club is talking of erecting a monument at the grave of Horace

Convicts confined in the Eddyville (Kv.) prison are permitted to give public negro minstrel shows.

A cabman in Binghamton keeps a small oil stove in his cab, and reads his paper in comfort when waiting for a fare.

The crazy sociable is a form of winter recreation down in Maine. Wherein it differs from other sociables is not set forth. There are more than 150 travelers who sell

earnets for New York houses alone. Six years ago 120 did the business for the whole The young ladies of White Cloud, Kan.,

have resolved to abstain from chewing gum and slang, and they expect the young men to do the same for corn juice and tobacco. An Irish terrier belonging to George Gas-kin, of Babbacombe beach, England, watches

and barks and points when a school appears, The last penny of the \$100,000 which Buffalo proposes to give as a prize to the man who invents a feasible method of barnessing the immense water power of Niagara has been subscribed.

for mackerel from a high bluff near the hotel

Street car tickets as a medium of exchange has become such a nuisance in Galveston, that a large number of merchants have signed an agreement that henceforth they will not receive car tickets as payment or part payment for anything of value.

Indiana is proud because she claims to be the first state to adopt a daily weather service. The headquarters are to be at Indianapolis, from which 100 telegrams will be sent out each morning early, giving the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance.

The physicians of Louisville, Ky., are mystified by a case in the hospital of that city. It is that of a Polish man who freely perspires blood. As far as can be ascertained his affection is the result of a virulent fever contracted in equatorial regions. At last accounts he was improving.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., man killed 106 English sparrows one day, took their heads to the authorities, and received a bounty of one cent on each. Then with \$1.06 in his pocket with which to buy the proper seasoning, he went home and dressed the birds, The next day he and a party of his friends dined on sparrow potpie.

At Johnstown, Pa., several men got into a dispute as to whether the hind feet of a rabbit were larger than the fore lect. To settle the matter they bit upon a novel expedient. They caught a rabbit, painted its hind feet and then let it run through the snow. Measurement was made of the painted tracks, and they were found to be larger than the others,

Truckee, Cal., recently celebrated the second anniversary of the expulsion of the Chinese from the place. Although the mercury was 14 degs, below zero, a large torchlight procession paraded the streets and marched over the ruins of old Chinatown. There were big bonfires, salutes from cannon, and speeches by the most prominent citizens of the place.

A man in Auburn, Me., went away from home for a day, having asked his wife to feed the horse at noon. She gladly complied, and at noon went to the stable, and, carefully dipping up a measure of sawdust from a barrel standing alongside of the feed barrel, gave it to the horse. When the husband came home at night he found that the horse had failed to eat his dinner.

Pakenbam Preserved in Rum. A strange story comes from Chester county,

in this state. It is said that the body of Gen. rakenham, who commanded the British in the attack on New Orleans in the war of 1812, is buried in that county and his grave has been found. The general's body was said to have been placed in a cask of rum and sent to England. On its arrival there, it was, through mistake, not even opened, but shipped again, this time to Charleston. Reaching this city it was sent to McMillen. who kept a general stock of groceries and liquors. There a spigot was placed in the barrel and the boys who had returned from the war would congregate around the store, take large potations of the good old Jamaica rum and tell their exploits in the war.

After the rum was exhausted the head of the cask was knocked out and the body of a man was found therein. The news spread like wildfire and the boys gathered to inspect the body. Several of them had been to New Orleans and had seen Gen. Pakenham, and at once identified it as being no less a corpse than that of the general. The body was inclosed in a coffin and buried near the store, Mr. Austin now owns the property. He lives a few miles from Rossville, Chester county. Until recently there were still living some of those who helped to drink the rum and who identified the body.-Charleston Cor. New York Tribupe.

A Prisoner's Wonderful Invention. Recently an electrician named S. L. Bar-

rett was sentenced to the county jail for a period of twenty days for using a pistol in the county court house. While in jail he invented an instrument that he calls a microdetector. While in working position it will warn a jailer if prisoners are attempting to escape by sawing, flling, or using any other adroit means. It was tested today by a number of citizens, they posting themselves in a front room in the back part of the prison, with doors closed. A clock was put in motion. Every click could be distinctly heard in the room. A saw was used gently on the bars, and produced a loud sawing noise. The instrument is worked by electricity on a single wire, the various noises of the cells coming over it distinctly. The invention is considered wonderful.—Houston (Tex.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

To Explore Ancient Ruins.

The University of Pennsylvania is preparing to send an expedition, headed by Dr. John P. Peters, to thoroughly explore the ancient city of Sepharvaim, whose ruins are to be found above Babylon, on the Euphrates, almost directly west of Bagdad. The city is better known under the name of Persepolis. It has been estimated that \$30,-000 will be needed to cover the necessary expenses of carrying on digging for two or three years; most of the sum has already been raised. The time for the starting of the expedition has not yet been determined, and some diplomatic communication with the sultan of Turkey will first be necessary .-Frank Lesdie's.

Nothing Like Leather.

One of the features of the new electric light plant in the enry of Utica is the big belt connecting engire and dynamos. The leather in it required the skins of too adult cows. At this rate, good dairy putter in Oneida county promises to advance in price.-New York Tribune.

A white collie has been presented to the queen as an unheard of rarity.