TALMAGE HOME AGAIN.

HE RESUMES PREACHING IN BROOKLYN AFTER HIS FOREIGN TRIP.

A Powerful Sermon Drawn from the Great Bible Drama of the House on the Wall—We Must Go to God for Salvation.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., resumed preaching in Brooklyn this morning, after his visit to the Holy Land, and the Academy of Music was crowded. Thousands of people were not able to get into the building. The subject of his discourse was "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua vi, 23: "And the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." He said:

When, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho I said, can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces which once stood here? Where is the great theatre from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the rams' horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

A SAD HOUSE.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken her home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not; but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like hers, and they start up and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the hour, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast, and she begins to stoop so that those who saw her only a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clench their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back? There is a long, deep shadow over all the household. Added to this there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is the shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of those two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and my brothers, and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city." O, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life, and the life of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, than Rahab takes a scarlet cord and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window, and as he clambers out—nervous lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted, she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up, and they say: "You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brothers and your sisters; you had better get them in this house. And then, after you have them here, take this red cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up, and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab, from the window, "it shall be so." That is the second scene in this Bible drama. There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up and says: "Come in," and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is the third scene in this Bible drama. The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah no, no. On a crag of the wall—the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. What saved them? Was the house more firmly built? Oh, no; it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? O, no. Why, then, was she spared and all her household? Can you tell me why? O, it was the scarlet line in the window. That is the fourth scene in this Bible drama. When the destroying angel went through Egypt it was the blood of the lamb on the door posts that saved the Israelites; and now that vengeance has come upon Jericho it is the same color that assures the safety of Rahab and all her household. My friends there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They will trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but, blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated with the blood of the cross that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet cord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul? It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of the soul? It is the sins of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But you say the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That was strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window.

"But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There is only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? I suppose they came with flustered cheek and with excited heart. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad door of sin; but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

THE FIRST STEP.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—called so, I suppose, because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glossiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. A delirium is on him. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and was gone. A minister of Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once; but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his and led them to the grave. I had a wife—to know her was to love her; but she sits in wretchedness to-night, while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, and the pride of her life was I; but the thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames, for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: 'Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!'" That minister of the Gospel went in through the broad door of temptation; he came out of the window. And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on—an infernal storming party attempting to take our soul—this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back defeated forever.

PROTECT YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

Still further, we must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish army came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "Oh," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but all that cannot protect your household. Is there on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ; but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific. It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery hovering over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh, across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without God! A prayerless father! An undevout mother! Awful! awful! Is that you? Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out and out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched towards me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan, in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out towards me today, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons there was a scarlet line in the window. O, the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: We want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father, and her mother, and her brothers, and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army invading, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. Today, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off towards the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

THE SCARLET LINE AT THE WINDOW.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness, "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of heaven. O, do you think they could see our waving today? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadows of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other defense or barricade, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

What a Blind Man Accomplished.

The Berkshire County (Mass.) Eagle gives an interesting account of the achievements of Dr. Edward L. Plunkett, who died at his residence in New York city on the 10th ult. He was a native of Pittsfield, his father, who died many years since, having been a wealthy and influential citizen. While at Lafayette college, Easton, Pa., in 1879, the son became blind. He was 23 years old. Instead of falling back on the abundant means of the family, he resolved to study medicine. The undertaking doubtless seemed to many to be preposterous, but he was admitted to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, went through the course and took the degree of M. D.

His success was due to the assistance of his devoted mother, a lady of superior intelligence and attainments, who followed up the son's attendance on the lectures with reading to him by day and by night the necessary books. With determined purpose he memorized what he heard, and his delicate sense of touch enabled him to become familiar with the various parts of the body as they were placed in his hands after dissection. He became a private instructor of medical students who were at the same time going through the college courses. In the last year no less than thirty students who had been his pupils in this collateral way were graduated from the college.

There is a species of acacia which is commonly called the angry tree. It reaches the height of eighty feet after a rapid growth, and somewhat resembles the century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one spot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions like quills on a porcupine.

ODDS AND ENDS.

By the new route via British America it will be possible to go from London to Yokohama in twenty-three days.

A leasehold property in Worcestershire was sold a few days ago which is held for a term of 2,000 years from 1600 A. D., so that the lease still has 1,711 years to run.

It is claimed that phosphate is found in only three places throughout the United States—South Carolina, New Mexico and Florida. In New Mexico it is about exhausted, while in Florida it is more extensive than in South Carolina and assays 25 per cent more.

A pancake machine has been invented to be placed on the table. Turning a handle grinds out a batter between metal rollers that are kept hot by a lamp and deposits the cakes, brown and warm, as they are needed.

A squirrel was killed recently on its way from a grain field in San Joaquin valley, Cal., and on examination of its pouches they were found to contain 819 grains of wheat, which goes to show how much damage a few of these animals can do.

A Cincinnati man who has preserved a record of 320 railroad accidents happening in this country in the past year, finds that only thirteen out of the lot occurred from causes beyond human control.

In the Royal palace at Athens a triumvirate of chefs reign in the culinary regions. One of them, a master of the Danish cuisine, cooks specially for King George; the second, equally up in Russian cookery, cooks for Queen Olga; whilst the third, a Parisian cordon bleu, cooks a la Francaise for those state dinners at which both king and queen are present as royal hosts.

Official notice has been sent to all the foreign legations in Constantinople, warning tourists in Turkey in Asia not to take any rifles, revolvers, wearing apparel, silver coins, pictures, books or manuscripts in their possession, as all such things will be confiscated by the custom houses. All political matter will be taken away on the plea that it may refer to the religious or political system of Turkey.

An absent minded German professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil meeting him saluted him with: "Good evening, herr professor. How are you?" "I was very well, I thought," answered the professor, "but now I don't know what's the matter with me. For the last half hour I've been limping."

A large class of applicants for teachers' positions assembled in the rooms of the Santa Clara (Cal.) school superintendent last week. They were set to work on the examination papers, and all went smoothly until this question cropped up in the history division: "What was the name of the head steward of Stanley's exploring party, and was he any relation to the ameer of Swat?" The whole class silently left the room, and walked out in the drizzling rain to cool off.

The co-operative bakeries created by the Belgian labor party are extraordinary evidences of the power of organization. At Ghent the workmen have built, for a cost of £7,000, the most perfect bakery of Belgium, where 43,000 quartern loaves are turned out every week, and out of the 131,000 inhabitants of Ghent 18,000 belong to this institution. At Brussels the Maison du Peuple bakes 35,000 per week, and at Jolimont 8,000 loaves per day.

There are probably more flowers sold in France on New Year's day than on any other day in the year, for gifts of flowers are almost de rigueur among all those who aspire to a place in "high life." But there is a general complaint this year that the "whiter flowers" are becoming more expensive than ever, and that even in the sunny south, where most of them are said to have their home, natural violets are sold at ten times the price paid for the crystallized violets which are a favorite bonbon.

Springville, Utah, is enjoying a genuine sensation over a wonderful musical clock owned by Mrs. Martha Stevenson, of that place, accounts of which have appeared in the Provo papers. Mrs. Stevenson says: The whole thing is unaccountable to me. I have had the clock for seventeen years, and never suspected it had any musical tendencies until Nov. 1. On that day an enlarged portrait of my son Charles, who was killed by Indians in Arizona, was hung in the room where the clock was. Shortly afterward the clock began playing of its own volition, and has continued to do so ever since. It has been carefully examined by several persons, and the question as to how the music is produced still remains a mystery.

Peabody Homes in Paris.

Workmen's dwellings on the Peabody principle have been opened in Paris under the auspices of the Prince d'Arenburg and the members of the Philanthropic society. The funds for the purpose come from a legacy of £22,000 bequeathed to the "poor of Paris" by the banker M. Armand Heine, who died a few years ago. The Philanthropic society has already built a house with the money in the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, and the dwellings opened the other day are on the Boulevard de Grenelle, the apartments or "rooms" being rented at £10 to £14 a year, whereas some in the other tenements may be had at a rental of a little over £6. The sanitary arrangements in these cites ouvrieres are much better than in other parts of Paris, where the working classes and the utterly indigent live almost side by side, and in this important matter hints have been borrowed from the London dwellings erected under the terms of the Peabody trust. It is, in the meantime, devoutly to be hoped that the Societe Philanthropique will extend its operations to other malodorous metropolitan districts besides Grenelle, for such places as the Heights of Montmartre, Belleville and Menilmontant undoubtly would derive much hygienic benefit by the destruction of the "jerry built" and fever haunted tenements which are numerous in these localities and by the erection of more solid and salubrious dwellings in their stead. —Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Rainfalls.

It is said that 610 inches of rain fell in one year at Cherrapongee, tropical Asia. Two hundred and fifty-four inches of rainfall has been recorded in one year at Mahabuleswher, in the western Ghauts of India. At Vera Cruz, Mexico, 278 inches of rain has fallen. La Matoula Gaudeloupe, West Indies, 292 inches have fallen. At San Louis de Maranham, Brazil, 280 inches have been recorded. At Sierra Leone, tropical Africa, 312 inches have been noted. The annual rainfall in the British Islands, among the mountains, is 41 inches; on the plains, 25 inches; 45 inches of rain falls on the west side of England, 27 on the east side. Eighty-two inches of rain falls on parts of the west side of the Scandinavian mountains, and only 21 inches at Stockholm, on the east side. The amount of rainfall at Boston is 39 inches; Hanover, N. H., 38 inches; New York, 36 inches.

New Mourning Jewelry.

Black onyx with a dead finish is used for mourning. It appears in the double violets, pansies and buttercups that are so perfectly reproduced in enamels. Diamond centers and dewdrops are used in the same manner on the black jewelry as on the colored.

Awestruck Travelers.

A curious phenomenon of nature was witnessed near here last night by the passengers on the north bound passenger train on the Houston and Texas Central, which passes this point at 2:25 a. m. It was in the form of a luminous arch of a phosphoric or electrical character. Such phenomena are of frequent occurrence at sea, but are almost unheard of on land. The luminous mist was first observed by the engineer, when it was still several hundred yards ahead of the train, and thinking it a prairie fire, he slowed up, thus arousing the passengers, who, with the crew, crowded to the windows and on to the platform to look at the vast, hueless rainbow spanning the heavens. As the arch was more closely approached its dim, white radiance was seen to be clearly defined against the sky as though painted there by the sweep of a brush dipped in white fire. The stars could be seen shining close against the rim of it, and all around and under the arch. The shape, as near as could be guessed at, was half a mile in diameter, though it seemed gradually widening and was in form the half of a perfect circle, one leg resting on the earth, while the other appeared to have been broken off near the base.

The arch rose directly over the track, and as the train approached it seemed to gather a quicker tincture of luster, as of the diamond or some clear, glittering star, though it threw no gleam upon the air beyond its own irridation, as could be seen by the stars shining in close proximity to it. When the train passed directly under the bridge of light, the surrounding country spanned by it became plainly visible, appearing to be bathed in pale moonlight.

A curious feature of the luminosity was that while it gave all objects a weird, unreal aspect, the shadows which it caused them to throw were black and as clearly defined as silhouettes. In a few minutes after the train passed under the arch it seemed to fade away, melting gradually into the starlit sky. The night, as will be remembered, was fair and fogless. There was no moon, so the arch must have been self luminous.—Hearne (Tex.) Dispatch in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Parallel Stories.

Julius Cæsar, when landing on the coast of Africa, stumbled as he leaped from his boat and fell. To disabuse the minds of his soldiers of the superstitious impression the accident might otherwise have produced, he immediately exclaimed: "Thus, land of Africa, I take possession of thee!" Words almost exactly similar have been put by the chroniclers into the mouths of two of our mediæval heroes.

When William the Conqueror, disembarking in the Bay of Pevensey, descended from his great galley, the Mora, he missed his footing, and fell forward with both hands on the ground. Immediately his soldiers sent up a despairing cry of "God help us! God preserve us! This is a fatal sign." But William, with his usual presence of mind, exclaimed as he sprang to his feet: "Par la resplendor De! By the splendor of God, what ails you? I have taken seisin of this land with my two hands, and so much as there is of it shall be yours." The ready reply greatly cheered his soldiers, one of whom, rushing forward, plucked some thatch from a cottage roof and placed it in the duke's hands as seisin of England and all within its borders. "I accept it," said William, "and may God be with us!"

In 1346 Edward III landed at Saints Vaste, on the coast of Normandy, to undertake the campaign which culminated in the great victory of Cressy, and drew from a similar accident an equally prosperous augury. "When the fleet of the king of England," said Froissart, "took ground in the Bay of La Hogue, and was all anchored on the sands, the king sprang from his ship, and as he put his foot to earth fell so rudely that the blood flowed from his nose. Then his knights, who were close at hand, surrounded him and said: 'Dear sir, return to your ship and do not land yet awhile, for this is a bad sign for you.' Whereupon the king replied: 'Nay, but it is a very good sign, for the earth desires me.' At this answer all were rejoiced."—Montreal Star.

He Hit Too Hard.

I was taking my usual afternoon plunge in the salt water baths at the Produce Exchange the other day, said a broker friend yesterday, and was amusing myself watching the antics of a couple of small boys who were indulging in a sparring exhibition, of which their father was the instigator and referee. They were sturdy little fellows, aged about 8 and 10 respectively, and were typical representatives of the New York boy of today. Among the other onlookers was a magnificent specimen of physical development, who, after applauding a particularly clever "counter" on the part of one of the lads, asked if he could not come into the game. His challenge being promptly accepted by the smaller of the laughing pugilists, he plumped down on his knees and the combat began.

The giant seemed to enjoy the fun, as he entered into the sport with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. "Oh!" he cried, "you hit too hard," as the little fellow landed on his jaw. Encouraged by the plaudits of the few onlookers, and gaining additional confidence from the evidently craven character of his antagonist, the young athlete went in for a knockout. A moment later, and all was over. The big fellow lay on his back crying for mercy, and the victor was rewarded with cheers.

After a final plunge everybody dressed, and as the rivals again met at the cashier's desk one of the attaches came over to the father of the boys and said, in an awed whisper, "Do you know who that big man is, sir?" "No," answered the gentleman, with a broad smile, "Who is he?"

"Why, that's John L. Sullivan."—New York Star.

Buying Women's Shoes.

The most tedious customer for a salesman to come in contact with is a husband buying shoes for his wife. He comes into the store boldly and makes known his wants, but when it comes to picking out a pair of shoes that would suit he is unable to make a decision. He asks numerous foolish questions about the style, fit, price, etc., and in many ways shows his ignorance of what his wife wears and his incapacity for the task of buying women's shoes. In nearly every instance after the stock is pulled down and thoroughly examined, and a brief story told about each shoe, the husband-buying-his-wife's-shoes will draw back with a sigh, saying: "[illegible] well, you know better than I, and suppose you pick me out a nice pair." This is easily done, and the shoes are sent out, but the salesman is certain to see them again. Women are often hard to please, and not many days [illegible] before the wife is back to exchange [illegible], and the first trouble is almost [illegible] over again.—Shoe Dealer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Catholic population in this country is estimated at 8,301,3[illegible], and the number of priests is placed at 8,[illegible]—2,[illegible] regulars and 6,337 seculars. They attend 7,420 churches, 2,718 stations and [illegible] chapels. There are 202 orphan asylums, caring for, it is estimated, 22,761 orphans. There are 30 theological seminaries, with 1,631 students, 125 colleges and 632 academies, and 3,209 parochial schools, with 654,838 pupils.

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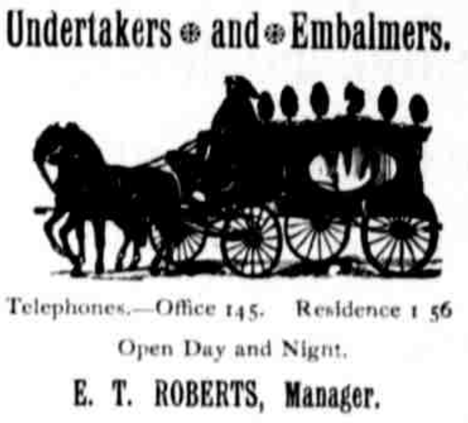

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