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TABERNACLE PULPIT.

SERMON ON THE POWER OF KINDNESS BY DR. TALMAGE.

"Kind Words Never Die, Cherished and Blessed"—We Hear Much About the Bitter Tongue and the Sarcastic Tongue, but Little of the Soft Tongue.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 24.—Dr. Talmage, who is in this city, today discoursed on a power which, if it had been used as extensively as Christ intended it to be used, would have saved the church and the world from infinite discord and sorrow—the power of kindness. His text was, "A soft tongue breaketh the bone" (Prov. xv, 1). Following is the sermon.

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

THE USES OF KINDNESS.
If the weather were not so hot and I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense, kindness as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man in the course of his life is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted, or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What do you do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says, "You ought to reconsider that matter. You look up into the face of Christ and say, 'My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?' And Christ instantly answers, 'Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.'"

Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature; "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

HOW A GREAT CHURCH QUARREL WAS SETTLED.
Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other members of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As in the autumn a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new church Presbyterian church became one—the different parts of the Presbyterian order welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part, and he acts the un-Christian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say, "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one great hand shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for his armed enemies.

THE SOFT ANSWER.
"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us and we are abused and spat upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one fifty are born. All your denunciations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed about his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we have. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October, and I have

to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christ's soul.

CHRIST'S WORDS WERE KIND ONES.

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of the young, or through the influence of a meddling curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now, we'll just rouse up all this sea!" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart throbbing of one world against the heart throbbing of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God.

I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

THE POWER OF PERSUASION.
You cannot overcome men with religious argument. If you come a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hicough only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of depravity upon him, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand was steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noontide sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow! she took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for his life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney general of the United States; but higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

KIND WORDS COST NOTHING.
Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in the Lord, and let the Lord increase his fortune. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to tomorrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, heard down on him. Tell him that the Lord wants to be gracious to him, and though he has been a great sinner there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There is a use to being at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may have not been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment!

Kind words never die, never die, Cherished and blessed!

LET US TRY THE FORCE OF KINDNESS.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honey-suckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story.

There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens' pictures. No man can stand and look at that descent from the cross as Rubens pictured it without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an over-mastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathe-

dral looking at Rubens' "Descent of Christ from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent of Christ from the Cross" turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get him down."

Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that he may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ of seeing them prepared for the world that is to come.

Above all, I look for the mercy of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with him. Oh, they want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, one work all done, and sorrow all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

A Dog That Did Great Swimming.

Thomas L. Clements, a salesman of the firm of Wood, Brown & Co., tells a remarkable story concerning a water spaniel that is owned by a hotel keeper at Brigantine Beach.

"A party comprising myself and a few friends," said Mr. Clements, "had taken a boat and sailed out from the beach to the fishing grounds. A contrary wind drove us back, and while we were endeavoring to weather the adverse breezes we perceived an object on the water that we at first took for a post or submerged log until we saw it was making its way toward us. It came beside our boat, when we recognized it as the beach spaniel. We took it on board and wondered how it had managed to swim the five miles then intervening between us and the shore.

We continued our course just north of Atlantic City and then steered for the wreck, where the vast fishing grounds are to be found. This sailing direction brought us again within a few fathoms of Brigantine Beach, and as we approached the nearest point to it we were surprised to see the dog jump overboard and begin swimming for his home. That dog certainly swam ten miles that day, and when we returned to Brigantine Beach we found him calmly seated on the beach and exhibiting no signs of extraordinary exertion."—Philadelphia Press.

How They Execute Women in Spain.

Thirty thousand inhabitants of Madrid, mostly women, assembled one Saturday morning outside the great prison walls opposite the scaffold upon which a woman was to be executed. According to Spanish custom, this was done by strangulation. The criminal sits upon a wooden bench before a post, against which the neck is pressed and broken by an iron collar. This execution excited tremendous interest in all classes of society, and particularly among the lower orders. Many were dissatisfied with the sentence, because it was believed that this servant girl had not been alone in the murder of her aged mistress. She confessed her share in the crime, but accused another woman, who was sentenced to penal servitude, with being the principal actor in the tragedy. The woman had to be carried to the scaffold half-insensible.—London Globe.

New York in 1800.

In the year 1800, except for a few banks and the more offices, taverns, lodges, canals and land companies, with her bonds and stocks were known. The city of New York was so small as to make extravagance difficult; the Battery was a fashionable walk, Broadway a country drive and Wall street an uptown residence. Great accumulation of wealth had hardly begun. The Patron was still the richest man in the state. John Jacob Astor was a fur merchant living where the Astor house afterward stood, and had not yet begun those purchases of real estate which secured his fortune. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a boy of 6 years old, playing about his father's ferryboat at Staten Island. New York itself was what it had been for a hundred years past, a local market.—Boston Budget.

The Original Eldiput.

Stories about the pygmies of Africa have been common in classical as well as modern literature, and yet always read as a fiction, a pretty fable to entertain children or embark in a poem. Three or four centuries before Christ the Greeks were really aware of the existence of a people of stunted growth inhabiting a district somewhere about the source of the Nile. It was reserved for Schweinfurth, in 1869, to discover a race of African pygmies in the Akkas, since which time Krapf found the Doko or Berikeemo dwarfs. Du Chailu the Obongos and Stanley captured one of the dwarfs said to live north of the Wakum country, so that abundant evidence now exists in proof of the claim so long ago made that Africa was the land of the pygmies.—Kochester Times.

Fashions in Epitaphs.

A man was returning from the west to visit his mother's grave in a cemetery near Boston. "I couldn't find the lot," he said, in telling the story, "and when I got home I asked my sister about it, and who it was that had put up the big monument there with the name 'Theodosia' on it. 'Why, that was the place,' said my sister. 'But who is Theodosia?' I asked. 'That is mother,' said she; 'I know it wasn't her name, but it is a pretty one, and I thought she would like it. And you see, John, I thought mother looked handsome in that big lot, and I had a baby headstone set up near the corner with 'Jennie' cut on it. You can't mind, do you?' Boston Post.

Of the Summer Summer.

Jack: Is your latest conquest your summer girl?
Jim: Nothing could be more so.
Jack: Ah? Don't understand.
Jim: Of course you don't. But you would had you noted her summery manner of dismissing me last evening.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A bolt of lightning recently struck a house in Kansas, setting it on fire and at the same time touching off the fire alarm.

Women have been occupying the lecture platform in Italy with great liveliness this year. The Beatrice celebration has had a great effect in rousing Italian women to intellectual effort.

By the side of the main road, about four miles from Canterbury, the following curious notice may be read: "Traction engines and other persons taking water from this pond will be prosecuted."

Kangaroos are to be imported into this country to provide fresh big game for sportsmen, now that the buffalo is almost extinct. A number of wealthy Americans propose to introduce the kangaroos at the beginning of next summer and house them in the Yellowstone park until they become acclimated.

A planter at Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton every stalk of which is of a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. There is a fortune in this new variety if it can be perpetuated.

An effort is being made to have plants registered, so as to avoid confusion in names and to give originators of new varieties sole rights for a limited time to sell the variety they register. A circular upon this question has been sent forth by the California state board of horticulture.

Fifteen years ago, when a gentleman began the culture of bees, he suffered severely from stings, but they have now lost their force. For several years past they have caused only a slight and rather pleasurable sensation, and that lasts only for a few minutes. But this thorough inoculation against bee poison leaves him as susceptible as ever to the sting of the wasp.

An English gentleman, who, with an American friend, was watching the procession of fashionable turnouts on a Newport drive recently, commented upon the skill with which several well known New Yorkers handled their tandem teams. "It is surprising," the Englishman said, "how few otherwise really excellent whips can drive tandem well."

J. Price, of Savannah, has a curiosity in the shape of a young mocking bird, entirely white. Price purchased the bird from a negro trapper on the Waters road, who brought it into town the other day. From the appearance of the bird's bill it cannot be over six weeks old. There is no doubt of the bird being a mocking bird, as it has all the marks of the species except the color, and has the peculiar chirp of the young mocking bird. A white mocking bird is a great rarity.

Two or three young fathers who are included among the safety bicycle riders of New Haven make a practice of taking their little sons and daughters out to ride. They have attached to their machines and in front of them a wicker seat with a canopy top, which holds the little one.

A lotus lily blooming in the rear garden at the Hotel Lanier at Macon, Ga., is attracting considerable attention. The flower, which is of about the same shape and size as that of a water lily, is remarkable for its sword shaped petals, tinged at the tips with a light rosy blush, and for its faint, sweet, cinnamon odor. This is the far famed lotus of the Nile, the roots of which are eaten by the Egyptians.

Figures show that it is by no means true that agriculture has kept pace with manufacturing in this country. While farm products increased in value from \$32,000,000 in 1865 to \$47,000,000 in 1885, or about 49 per cent., manufactured products increased from \$273,800,000 to \$528,900,000 in 1875, or about 93 per cent., and to \$674,000,000 in 1885, or nearly 100 per cent. in the twenty years.

The libraries of the German empire are as follows: Berlin Imperial library, 797,574 volumes; Berlin university, 137,792; Bonn university, 219,086; Breslau, 263,630; Goettingen, 442,371; Greifswald, 132,783; Halle, 186,149; Kiel, 192,500; Koenigsberg, 303,305; Marburg, 146,300; Munster academy, 95,000; Braunsberg, 14,000; Dusseldorf, 40,532; Wiesbaden, 87,542; Erfurt, 48,357. Besides the three million and odd volumes here enumerated the high schools and educational institutions possess several hundred thousand books and manuscripts.

Not to be outdone by the generosity of Philadelphia and Baltimore in presenting appropriate emblems to the cruisers bearing the names of their city the people of San Francisco have presented to the new cruiser of that name a \$7,500 silver service that is said to be the handsomest thing of the kind owned in America. The sum was subscribed popularly in less than a day, and so great was the public desire to "leave a mark" aboard their favorite ship that subscriptions were finally stopped and a part of the money returned.

A small collection of walking sticks, formerly the property of George III and George IV, fetched astonishing prices. An ebony walking stick with gold top, engraved with "G. R." and crown, containing the hair of the Princess Augusta Elizabeth, Mary Sophia and Amelia, and inscribed, "The gift of the Princess Mary, 1804," sold for £18; an ivory walking stick, with engraved top, £11; a Malacca cane, with gold top, £8; a bamboo cane, with bloodstone top, inlaid with gold, and a hazel walking stick, with gold top, £13 10s.; a tortoise shell stick, with amber top, and a cane with amber crutch, £29.

While two young men were taking an early bicycle ride in Prospect park, Brooklyn, a morning or so ago they suddenly came upon a young woman lying in the roadway beneath her overturned wheel. She explained that her skirts had become entangled in the machine, and that when thrown to the ground the garments, which were of the divided variety, had become so tightly fastened to the spokes of the wheels that she was compelled to wait for assistance to enable her to rise. The young men gave the necessary aid, and the thankful young woman went on her way, stopping to give neither name nor address.

There is a birds' home and hospital in Oxford street, London, where people can take their pets to be nursed and cared for. The proprietor says birds suffer chiefly from consumption and asthma, diseases brought on by the birds being placed in draughty windows. Consumption is helped on by the birds being indiscriminately fed on all sorts of things that are unsuitable as food. Birds are very fond of luxuries, and the more you give them the more they will eat. When a bird is going off into a consumption it is always eating. He pointed to one and said: "He is in a consumption, and he will be like a ball of down to-morrow, all puffed out. Physic will sometimes arrest the disease."

He Never Catches Anything.

Sunday: I went fishing with Jaysmith yesterday, and while I caught a big string he didn't catch a fish. "Strange, wasn't it?" Jaysmith: Not at all. You seem to forget that Jaysmith is a detective.—Judge.

Cold Human Nature.

"You newspaper fellows talk about the kind platform of a street car being a great place to study human nature," said the driver of an ice wagon, as he got a moment to spare, "but it don't begin to compare with that seat up there."

"One wouldn't suppose you saw much of it, as you deal mostly with back packs." "It isn't so much the quantity as the quality. I see enough of it every day to satisfy me that four families out of five give the truth the cold shake when dealing with an ice company. I just caught a man the other day at a trick no professional thief would play."

"Let's hear about it." "Well, he's one of my earliest customers. I got along to him about 6 o'clock in the morning, and I leave the ice in a shady angle at his back gate. About two weeks ago he complained of a shortage, and next morning I picked out the biggest piece I could. There was another complaint, and I was overhauled at the office. Then I took along a pair of scales and gave him five pounds over, but a third complaint came in. This time I took a witness, weighed the ice, and put down the weight in black and white, and yet he sent a note to the office saying he was short on weight. This time I took a man to drive the wagon and a second as witness, and after the ice was delivered we hid it in doorway to watch."

"In about ten minutes the old chap comes out, looks all around, and then with pick and hammer splits off about five pounds and carries it in. Five minutes later the cook comes out with the tong at the lump, and that same forenoon we get another complaint of shortage. He was sent for, and the roasting he got will last him till the snow flies. Human nature! Why, sir, when a man worth a hundred thousand dollars will let you out of a dime's worth of ice you can bet you are seeing something that will hide away hidden to the car conductor."—New York Sun.

Lightning Conductors.

Professor Lodge, in Industries, has the following to say on lightning conductors from a modern point of view: "The fact that an iron wire, such as No. 5 or even No. 8 B. W. G., is electrically sufficient for all ordinary flashes, and that resistance is not a thing to be objected to, renders a reasonable amount of protection for a dwelling house much cheaper than it was when a half inch copper rod or tape was thought necessary."

A recognition of all the dangers to which a struck neighborhood is liable doubtless prevents our feeling of confidence from being absolute in any simple system of dwelling house protection; but at the same time an amount of protection superior to what has been in reality supplied in the past is attainable now at a far less outlay, while for an expenditure comparable in amount to that at present bestowed, but quite otherwise distributed, a very adequate system of conductors can be erected.

Turners as Soldiers.

"If there was a war between the United States and another nation," said an army officer, as he stood on the sidewalk and watched a company of Turners march by behind a brass band, "the Turner organizations of the country could put into the field within twenty-four hours 500,000 athletic young men who would make good soldiers as ever carried a musket."

"They are all young, very muscular, above the average in intelligence, and they have been so strictly disciplined and drilled that a brigade of them would become a terror to the enemy within a couple of months. People complain sometimes that the young men of the country do not take any interest in military affairs, but they forget that the Turner organizations are training young men who will make the best soldiers the world ever knew if the occasion comes for them to be called to the front."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The New Game of Clumps.

In this game all the players are equally divided. They sit on opposite sides of the room and a girl is taken from one clump and a boy from the other. They leave the room, while each clump selects some word, proverb or incident. They then return into the room and go each to the opposite party whences they came. By dint of questions and cross-questioning they must find out the word in incident fixed on. If the girl succeeds she rejoins her own clump, if she fails she sits with the other, and the same with the boy; if he succeeds he keeps with his own party, and if he fails he also has to join the adverse party. The failures, thus assembled in the clump opposed to their own, and the game is won by the side that numbers most at its conclusion. It is an amusing game, the different clumps welcoming the successes and failures, making it lively and bright.

Italians Welcome Casati.

Capt. Casati has arrived in Rome. Our correspondent telegraphs that a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled at the station to welcome the captain. A great many associations with their banners were present. As the train stopped the traveler was greeted by loud and repeated cheers. Everybody pressed forward eager to catch a glimpse of him, and the members of the Geographical society had great difficulty in keeping a way clear. Capt. Casati was in excellent spirits, and thanked those present warmly for their cordial welcome. The Geographical society will give a great banquet in honor of the companion of Emin Pasha.—London News.

A New Steel.

Dr. J. Hopkinson, F. R. S., has announced the formation of a nickel-steel which, like manganese steel, is practically non-magnetic, although all the ingredients are strongly magnetic. The new steel contains 24.7 per cent of nickel and 0.8 per cent of manganese, and its magnetic permeability or power of being magnetized is represented by the low figure 1.4, whereas pure steel runs up to many thousands.—New Orleans Picayune.

Thought He Knew the Coast.

A good story is told at the office of the favorite harbor steamer New York. Its familiar announcement, "Matinee Bay Trips" recently brought to the ticket seller's window on Lewis wharf a puzzled old man, evidently from the country, who innocently observed, "I thought I knew about all the lays on this coast, but I never heard tell of this Matinee Bay before—where is it, anyhow?"—Boston Globe.

Its Worst Feature.

Doctor: I wonder if we will have any yellow fever this summer?
Society Lady: Dear me! I hope not. I am told that yellow is not fashionable this season.—Munday's Weekly.

John M. Stoddard, B. S., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was a graduate of Cornell university two years ago, has accepted an appointment as biologist in the agricultural department at Washington. He is 34 years old.