OUR POSSESSIONS.

DR. TALMAGE PORTRAYS THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Religion Never Was Designed to Make Our Pleasures Less—God Will Withhold No Good Thing from Those Who Love Him—The Infinite Father.

LONDON, July 17.—Dr. Talmage's preaching tour in England has been a continued series of unprecedented successes. The English people have assembled by thousands to hear the American preacher wherever he has preached. In Manchester the great Free Trade hall was engaged for him. It holds 7,000 persons, but it would not contain a third of the people who tried to get in. The streets leading to the hall were jammed with a dense surging mass of humanity. After the service Dr. Talmage preached in the street to the crowd, which numbered fully 15,000. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Our Possessions," from I Corinthians iii, 22, "All are yours."

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack. In a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want today to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government securities—the empire of heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark, in the first place, that he owns this world. My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape, but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while he allows those who are not his children and who refuse his authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my father gave it me." "All are yours."

GOD'S WORLD IS FOR HIS CHILDREN.

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after awhile he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go farther back, and I trace the title from year to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God Now, to whom did he give it? To his own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

THE SWEETNESS OF SACRED MUSIC.

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text when he said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory keyboards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after awhile, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns, and the Beethovens, and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud thunder euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all fishponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table. The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then to clothe all these people—how many furs must be captured, and how much flax broken, and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for his children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at his table sometimes, but first of all the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment.

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will he not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will he not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

THE PILOT OF LIFE'S VOYAGE.

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding, and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track and it will reach the depot for which it started and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life.

Sometimes we seem to be going this way and sometimes we seem to be going that way, but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve. A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now you say, "This vessel instead of going to Glasgow must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way and another storm blows us that way, but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

TEMPORAL LOSS AND ETERNAL GAIN.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake." All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert the manna will fall and the sea will part.

If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement. There will be very few people who will ever find out they are there. But those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven all the redeemed will turn out to greet them and bid them hail and welcome.

THE PROMISE OF BOTH WORLDS.

I go further and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall, there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises.

"All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say, "My father." You look up into the face of Jesus and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!" See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse and the factory and the mine All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

THE VISION OF ETERNAL LIFE.

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead—O ye whose happiness went by long ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here! A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago now radiant with joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport Yours the cry of the four and twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following him on white horses What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary and faint. Now let him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our chief! Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerers they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

Bequests for New York Woman's College.

At the closing exercises of Barnard college recently the Rev. Arthur Brooks, chairman of the board of trustees, announced that a donation of $100,000 toward the new college building fund had been accepted. The name of the donor was not divulged. The agreement provides that the college shall purchase a suitable site within 1,000 feet of the land lately purchased by Columbia college, between One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth streets and the boulevard; or the college may secure a long lease at a nominal rent. The college is also required to have its temporary charter made permanent and to begin the erection of a recitation hall within four years, the donor to name the hall. The money is to be paid in four annual payments, beginning June 1, 1893.

The closing exercises were attended by a large gathering, mainly ladies interested in the new adjunct to Columbia. Chairman Brooks said the success of the college was attested by the fact that, while there are but sixty scholars in the three classes, forty-five new applications for admission to next year's class had already been received. The gift of $100,000, added to the $100,000 to be received in trust from the Fayerweather estate, and the beginning of an endowment fund by five subscriptions of $5,000 each, augured well for the future. He said it had been agreed to take immediate steps to move with Columbia college, as in addition to continuing the relations between the two institutions, Columbia's is a more desirable locality.—New York Recorder.

To Hesitate Is to Be Lost.

It is a curious fact that left to themselves the fingers will generally spell a word correctly. It is in the hesitation that certainty is lost. There can no doubt that the fingers of a writer acquire a sort of automatic education. Even when a doubt as to the right spelling of a word has crossed the mind the hand will usually bring the letters into form if given its course.

It is as if it consciously reasoned, "I have always driven the pen so, and so, having begun so!" But once hampered by the spirit of investigation the irresolute hand inclines toward the Unabridged.—Boston Commonwealth.

WHEN WILLOWS GREEN.

When goldenly the willows green,
And, mirrored in the sunset pool,
Hang wavering, wild rose clouds between;
When robins call in twilights cool,
What is it we await?
Who lingers and is late?
What strange unrest, what yearning stirs us all
When willows green, when robins call?

When fields of flowering grass respire
A sweet that seems the breath of Peace,
And liquid voiced the thrushes choir,
Oh, whence the sense of glad release?
What is it life uplifts?
Who entered, bearing gifts?
What floods from heaven the being over power
When thrushes choir, when grasses flower?
—Helen Gray Cone.

"Local Color" in Fiction.

Among the most pleasing occupations of our literary times has been the hunt for "local color." It has been a matter of faith. Everybody has believed in it as something you could buy, like paint, in quantities needed for your palette. It has been frankly admitted that local color is a thing indispensable, especially in a novel, and to some extent in an essay in biography. Indeed, there is scarcely any mixture that is not improved by it. This is so well understood that when a writer is about to put his fiction into limits of time and space he finds it to his advantage to get, either by letter or personal visit and inspection, some local color to make vivid, if not real, the scenery and personages of his representation.

Very often all he needs is certain words or phrases, or at most a dialect. There is probably more marketable local color in a dialect than in any other thing that can be acquired. Giving a knowledge of the prevailing wind, the shape of the hills, the attitude of nature in that locality toward the residents, and the dialect, a story can be made so saturated with local color that it would deceive almost anybody—except, perhaps, such a person as Hawthorne was. —Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

His Reluctance Explained.

A well known artist, who hitherto has been a great enthusiast for the propagation of "art among the masses," sends us the following story, which leads him to take a rather gloomy view of the situation. For the purpose of a picture on which he was engaged he required a well kept donkey as a model and commissioned a friend to hire such an animal. A costermonger was found possessed of one in every way suitable, and was told that an artist would be glad to paint the "moke."

The owner looked annoyed, even angry, at the request. Later he called at the gentleman's house and said, "I understand you want to paint my donkey?" "Yes," replied the artist, "I shall be very pleased if you will allow me." "Why," continued the coster, "ain't he a good enough color already?" From a painter's point of view the question was unanswerable, and set the artist pondering on the great work that still remains to be done in the art education of the people.—London Telegraph.

Miss Pope and Her Pockets.

While women are bewailing their restriction to one of the most inconvenient of pockets there comes from Vienna the story of Miss Pope and her pockets. She taught school at too great a distance from her home to take her meals there; accordingly she built around the hem of her dress a series of pockets. In one she carried her lunch, in another her dinner; the remaining pockets held her knife, fork, spoon, salt cellar, pepper mill, a small plate, a napkin, a towel and some bottles of medicine. Thus equipped Miss Pope made her daily rounds for many years, mistress of herself, dependent on nobody.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There Used to Be Cats.

"There used to be cats in North America 100,000 years ago," said a paleontologist. "Great carnivorous creatures of the feline tribe roamed over the country then in enormous numbers. They are all extinct, and have left only their bones behind to tell the story of how they lived and what they fed upon."—Washington Star.

Liked Children.

Neighbor No. 1—Does the noise of my children disturb you?

Neighbor No. 2—Oh, I like it.

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, indeed. My husband's relatives are rather nervous people, and they never stay longer than a day or two now."—Good News.

The Trouble with Poultry.

An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quitted it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens never'll lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."—London Tit-Bits.

Pumice Stone for the Teeth.

If carefully prepared so as to remove the grit, pumice stone is one of the most valuable tooth powders, and with its assistance the oldest, yellowest and worst set of tobacco stained fangs that ever grew in a human head can be rendered as white as ivory.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Greatest on Record.

Johnson—Who is the heaviest man in the world?

Thomson—I don't know, but the Prince of Wales has had about the greatest wait I know of.—Kate Field's Washington.

Mr. Kite, in his system of ventilation, employs a jet of water at service pressure issuing from an orifice in the form of a Greek cross, for inducing the air current. These jets may be upward, downward or horizontal.

The motor men employed by the West End Electric road, of Boston, are sent in small squads to the company's shops and thoroughly instructed in the construction and setting up of the car equipments.

The Etruscans of old used to mount arrowheads in gold, and one sees them worn even now in scarfpins. Thus is the stone age brought down to the very present time.

The latest kind of lock for nuts on railroads, machinery or other places is formed of an elastic nonmetallic washer, to be placed on the threaded end of the bolt.

Never swing your arms when walking, unless quite outside the town. If free from observation this will be found an excellent means to help locomotion.

English sanitarians claim that their low death rate figures are due to their thorough system of school inspection and the control exercised by the health officers.

It is just as well to make the best of a bad dinner, but there is no law in the land that will keep you from swearing at the cook.

Odd French Costumes.

At a dinner party the other evening the pretty auburn haired hostess was attired in an imported gown of yellow satin with an overdrapery of black net embroidered in gold stars. The under petticoat where the net was gathered up showed three rows of insertion in black and gold, showing the gleam of the satin through. The black net was arranged in a deep Watteau plait in the back, held in place by an immense yellow rosette. The bodice was plain heavy yellow satin cut square in the neck back and front, draped with the gold embroidered net. The sleeves were of net and came only to the elbow, where they were met by long wrinkled black suede gloves. The high coiffure was banded by a narrow black satin fillet with two tiny blackbirds and a diamond star in the very center of the fluffy bank. Black satin shoes, stockings and feather fan of the same hue completed this exceedingly chic costume.

One of the guests who was going to a ball afterward was attired in vieux rose silk, with a deep ruffle on the skirt fringed fully eight inches in depth. The sleeves and round neck were finished by ruffles treated in the same way, and a bunch of chartreuse green tips on one shoulder and a full sash of the same color made this gown look not unlike a harlequin ice, yet very becoming to the blond wearer. An all white crape was made with an underskirt of pale pink velvet. These underskirts seem to mark a new departure in draperies, and are very novel and elegant. The crape was caught up with festoons of white silk ribbon passementerie, interspersed with pale pink pearl beads, and a fringe of the same outlined the very low cut bodice that had pink velvet underarm seams and short puffed white net sleeves, with an inch pearl fringe for trimming.—Philadelphia Times.

Dress in Anglo-Saxon Times.

We find the influence of Roman costume in our own country in the days of the Anglo-Saxons. It might have been thought that the loose, and, we may add, the few garments which sufficed for the climate of Italy and Greece (for Rome borrowed her fashions from Greece) would have been totally unsuited to the raw, damp, chilly atmosphere of Great Britain. We should certainly think so now, in spite of all the warmth of cozily furnished houses and the protection from weather which we enjoy.

How women managed to live and work in those long flowing tunics in days when manual labor was so much more common in all classes, when roads were miry and pathways and pavements did not exist, passes comprehension. It never seems to have occurred to Anglo-Saxon dames to clothe the body in sections and have separate garments adapted to each part. Their idea was to envelop themselves in one long covering, adding a mantle for outdoor wear, while the interior clothing was of the most elementary kind. Greek women only wore one garment under the chiton, and it is amusing to follow the struggles of learned German writers attempting to define the shape and make of this usually invisible piece of clothing, which seems to have been a cross between a low necked vest and a chemise.

Our male ancestors were a little more sensible, for they wore coarse leggins, and their tunics, being worn only to the knees, did not incommode their movements.—Notes and Queries.

Every Girl Should Have an Allowance.

As long as a woman has to buy her own belongings she will be more careful; it teaches her the value of money. This desire to have their own money is what induces girls to go out and work when they seemingly have everything they need. No one knows how often they have to deny themselves a book they desire; now frequently they want to buy some flowers for a friend who loves them. It is always the little things that they want, always the little things that they cannot get, and yet it is the little things that make them happy, the lack of them discontented. These little things may seem like luxuries to others; to them they are necessities.

All this an allowance, were it ever so little, would aid. Buy your daughter fewer gowns, but let her have her own spending money, and do not complain if she buys what seems unnecessary to you. You give it to her to do with as she likes. Why restrain her? If she prefers to spend it all in gifts for others, be sure that gives her the most satisfaction. If she lets herself be imposed upon by beggars and imposters on the street, let her do it. She will soon gain experience.

What difference to you how she spends the money you give her so long as she does not ask you for more?—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

The Rights of Children.

The first right of a child is to be well born. If a man knows that he has a physical defect of any kind which science has taught him may be transmitted, or if it is serious enough so that by being transmitted it may seriously cripple the child in the race of life, then he should gravely consider as to whether he has a right to be a father. A man with a taint of insanity in his blood; a man with the seed of some incurable disease, no matter what it may be; a man who has reason to suppose that, either on account of his own fault or the fault of his fathers, he may transmit some moral weakness or tendency—such a man has no right, it seems to me, to assume the responsibility of calling an immortal out of the unknown and placing it, disabled at the outset, in the midst of this great world of competition that we call life.

The next right is to a happy childhood. The third right of a child is the right to be properly educated. The one thing for father and mother to do is to make themselves needless just as early as possible. We do not know how long we shall be here. Push them over the edge of the nest as fast as you can—not because you do not wish them to come back, but because you wish them to learn to use their wings.—Rev. M. J. Savage in Arena.

A Disinfecting Device.

In cases of whooping cough, diphtheria and other throat diseases physicians frequently prescribe that cloths dipped in a solution of carbolic acid be hung up in the sickroom or other disinfectants sprinkled about. An improvement on the old method is suggested by the "whooping cough lamp," a device invented abroad. A small, hastily regulated coil oil flame acts directly upon a bowl filled with a proper amount of thymalized hydrocarbon, the fumes of which disinfect the air. The required amount must be prescribed by the physician, because the air must not be charged with too great a quantity of this powerful disinfectant.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Delsartian Test.

If any one should tell you he loves you and does not move his shoulders, do not believe him. It is impossible for one to love and not move one's shoulders.—Chicago Times