

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come," Gen. 22:18, "Come," Revelation 22:17.

Imperial, tender and all-persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians into the ark of a Savior's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is in ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feelings have that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs, sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accretive of all power. It is hearse of most of the past and almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its own syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigal. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and drink wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowning in the corner of the bar-room, said: "There he is; Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing to him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a leech? Take your tiger claws off him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccup? No. It was: "Come with me to church today and hear our singing." "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire." "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring." "Come with me into joy such you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you all right with God? "No," you say. "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you. Come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who going into battle armed only with needles or saw, or axe, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heaven resound. What all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be afraid of the Lord.

What a blessed work of consolation the dinner when it attempts to console.

dole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on the prairie of the far west. Night coming on and after he was almost faint from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest, or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peeping through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of the world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for if it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for 6,000 years, sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back. No, no! You need not believe but two things, namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them." "But," you say, "I do believe both of these things." Do you, really, believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah, Prince of God, why do you not come and take your crown? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

"Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "Come with us and we will do you good." "Come and see." "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that heareth say 'come' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chiming in the towers of Amsterdam, or Ghent, or Copenhagen, can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying, "Come!" The angels who never fail, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea; all the towers of heaven, towers of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming. "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and for all who will come.

A Soft Answer.
A young newspaper man, who is somewhat of a wanderer, found him self in Whitman county, 500 miles from his base of supplies, and "broke." In the midst of his adversity he was fortunate enough to find a farmer who wanted a hand. The young man was put to work plowing furrows for potatoes. The horses were not very well trained, and the driver was far from being an exceptional one. As a result the rows were not parallel. In fact they looked as if they had been made by some monstrous spider, which had been by an upheaval of nature partly buried in the soil, and whose terrific struggles to extricate himself had left his zigzag leg prints on the ground.

In the evening the farmer happened around that way, and somewhat testily criticised the wopper-jaw appearance of the rows. The newspaper man felt that the time for his departure was at hand, but not wishing to capitulate without a protest, replied: "I know the rows are rather crooked, but the sun was exceedingly hot today and it warped them." The answer turned away the farmer's wrath, and, instead of being discharged, the newcomer was given an easier and much pleasanter job, and is now the farmer's son-in-law.—Walla Walla Journal.

Louis Fagan, master of prints in the British museum, is on his way to this country on a tour of the world. He will lecture on the treasures of the British museums while on his travels.

About Reading.

An active minded boy or girl can find out a great deal about the world we live in by the habit of attention, by looking around; and he or she can get much inspiration from the example of good men and women. But this knowledge can be added to indefinitely by reading, and people will read if they have a genuine desire to know things, and are not, as we say, "too lazy to live." When I hear a boy say that he does not know what to read I wonder if he has no curiosity. Is there nothing that he wants to know about? Most children ask questions.

It often happens that the persons they ask cannot answer the questions. Now, it is the purpose of books to do just this thing which the particular person asked cannot do. And that is about all there is in reading. Of course it must be borne in mind that curiosity is of many kinds—curiosity about facts, about emotions, about what happened long ago, about what is taking place now, about the people who lived ages ago, and the people who know about others and about one's self. So it happened that one wants to read science and poetry and history and biography and romances and the daily news.—St. Nicholas.

Olives.

The olive tree in its wild state is a thorny shrub or small tree, but when cultivated becomes a tree twenty to forty feet high, with no thorns. It lives to a good age. The leaves resemble those of a willow; the flowers are small and white and grow in clusters as grapes do, and the fruit is greenish, whitish, violet or even black in color and generally oval in shape. It is produced in great profusion, so that an old olive tree becomes very valuable to its owner. Olive oil is much used as an article of food in the countries in which it is produced. Pickled olives are very much liked by most people though to many they are disagreeable at first.

Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; it was also the emblem of purity. A crown of olive twigs was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a Greek citizen. An olive branch was also the symbol of peace, and the vanquished who came to beg for peace bore olive branches in their hands.

The American olive is remarkable for hardness of its wood. It is found as far north as Virginia. Its fruit is fit for use and its flowers are fragrant.

The fragrant olive of China and Japan has extremely fragrant flowers, which are used for flavoring tea.—Detroit Free Press.

Chicago's Steel Steamships.

Two twin steel steamships stand on the stocks at the yards of the Chicago Shipbuilding company at South Chicago. They are nearly ready to be launched into the Calumet river. These 1,000 tonners are being built for the Minnesota Steamship company. As the first steel vessels built so far west as Chicago they are of special interest. They represent the first season's successful work of a pioneer shipbuilding company. The vessels, as they now stand, are 308 feet in length over all, with a keel of 392 feet. The beam is 40 feet and the depth 25 feet. At present they do not contain single stick of timber. The main deck, however, will be floored with lumber and the hold celled with the same material. The vessels, when complete, will have cost \$210,000. The carrying capacity of each will be 2,500 tons. They are being fitted for the Lake Superior iron trade.—Chicago Tribune.

Queer New Year Superstition.

"Don't take a light out of the house before one has been brought in," is the solemn injunction on New Year's night of the peasantry of Lincolnshire. Death is certain to result if this advice is not followed.

To permit a woman to enter the house first on New Year's day is said to be a sure forerunner of evil. The same results are said to follow the throwing out of dirty water, ashes or any kind of refuse.

In sweeping the house the dust must be swept from the door to the hearth or death will be the consequence. A custom largely observed at present is after making the fire in the morning to spread the ashes over the threshold. If in the morning there is an impression of a foot leading from the house a death in that family is so firmly believed in that preparations are made for it, but if the footmark leads toward the house a birth during the year is sure, and preparations are made accordingly.—Philadelphia Times.

The Manufacture of Plate Glass.

The casting table of a plate glass factory is about 20 feet long, and 15 feet wide and 7 inches thick. Strips of iron on each side afford a bearing for the rollers, and determine the thickness of the plate to be cast. The molten glass is poured on the glass to a uniform thickness. The glass, after cooling rapidly, is transferred to the annealing oven, where it remains several days. When taken out it is very rough and uneven, and in that state is used for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Thought "Ouida" a Man.

I never see "Ouida's" name mentioned and it recalls to me the circumstances under which her work was first introduced to the American public. I don't think the story has ever been printed. It was just before the war that Mr. Lippincott, the Philadelphia publisher, saw in an English magazine a serial story bearing the name of "Ouida" and was attracted to it and determined to publish it. One question, however, arose. The story was named "Held in Bondage" or "Grave of the Virgin" and Mr. Lippincott feared that the name would give the false impression that the story was another of the many works that were then flooding the country.

He therefore determined to reverse the title, and to bear him out in this he appealed to the writer. A long and pleasant correspondence took place between Mr. Lippincott and "L. de la Plume, Esq., the former supposing the latter to be a man. "Ouida" never corrected the impression, and for a long time—in fact until Mr. Lippincott's subsequent visit to Europe—did the publisher believe that "Ouida" was a man, and many of his friends remind him today of his enthusiasm over "the new man across the water" whom he had discovered. Edward W. Bok's Letter.

Why the Sea Is Salt.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt. The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck of isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorns and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a block of salt. Compare with Genesis xix, 26. The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion, she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of the land sank and the waters rushed through. From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Clara S. Cochrane, who was recently ordained to the ministry at Bath, N. H., pursued the regular course of study in the theological seminary at Meadville, Pa., in company with her husband, Rev. L. D. Cochrane, who is now pastor of the Unitarian church at Littleton.

He Was a Good Man.

A tall, thin man, with silky pale brown hair, worn long and put back behind his ears, the high tops of which bent forward a little under the weight, and thus took on the most remarkable air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; set far in front of these as though it did not wish to be disturbed by what was heard a white, wind splitting face, calm, beardless and seeming never to have been cold, or to have dropped the kindly dew of perspiration; under the serene peak of this forehead a pair of large gray eyes, patient and dreamy, being habitually turned inward upon a mind toiling with hard abstractions; having within him a conscience burning always like a planet.

A bachelor, being a logician; therefore sweet tempered, never having sipped the sour cup of experience, gazing covertly at womankind from behind the delicate veil of unfamiliarity that lends enchantment; being a bachelor and a bookworm, therefore already old at forty, and a little run down in his toils, a little frayed out at the elbows and the knees, a little seamy along the back, a little deficient at the heels, in pocket poor always and always the poorer because of a spendthrift habit in the matter of secret charities; kneeling down by his small hard bed every morning and praying that during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty might discharge its function logical, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control.

At night kneeling down again to ask forgiveness that, despite his prayer of the morning, one or more of these same faculties—he knew and called them all familiarly by name, being a metaphysician—had gone wrong in a manner the most abnormal, shameless and unforeseen. Thus, on the whole, a man slight, forgetful, remorseful, eccentric, humane creature, but well of every logical faculty, an erring moralist, a wool-gathering philosopher, but, humanly speaking, almost a perfect man.—James and Allen in Harper's.

His First Ice Cream.

Almer Dugrass, from away up beyond the white mountains, had penetrated to the Hub, says the New York Ledger. It was Almer's first visit to the city—in fact, his first trip away from home.

A relative doing business in the metropolis had spent the previous summer with Almer's parents, and in return for many kindnesses he had invited his friends to visit him in his city home.

And thus Almer chanced to be in Boston, and was now dining at a hotel with his host.

At first our countryman hardly knew what to do with himself at the wondrously laden table. His relative, observing his hesitation, whispered to him: "Don't be backward, Almer, help yourself to just what you like."

By and by a gentleman sitting opposite directed a waiter to bring him a plate of ice cream.

The ice cream was brought and the gentleman set it down before him while he finished a dish of scallops. Almer looked up and saw the delicate looking man in the plate not far away. It was tempting, and he reached forth and took it. He had put a spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth, and was hesitating between surprise and delight, when the gentleman opposite rather abruptly and not very pleasantly spoke:

"Well, my friend, that's what I should call decidedly cool!"

"Yank," responded Almer, innocently when he had swallowed a frigid morsel. "It's about the coldest pudd'n' I ever tasted. I swan to man! I don't believe it's really teched with frost!"

Gave a Burglar Her Card.

Miss Gertie Dewey, a girl employed in a dry goods store in Los Angeles, according to the Herald, was preparing to leave her home when she heard a suspicious noise, and grabbing a large carving knife which lay on the dining table she went to her brother's bedroom and saw two men, on the outside attempting to get in. They had the window raised from the bottom six inches or more, and one had grasped the casing inside and was just in the act of climbing in.

The young lady was alone and unprotected, but to decide what to do was the work of only an instant. She crept up to the window and with her big carving knife gave him a rap over the knuckles with all the force she could command in her desperation. The man, who up to this time seemed not to notice her presence, gave an unearthly shriek, and with his companion made good his escape, roaring with pain. The young lady then finished her toilet and proceeded to her uncle's.

Humor on a Sick Bed.

While reading one of the humorous papers a few days ago I came across a sunny story which carried me back to months ago when sitting in my room one evening, I was summoned by messenger to the sick bed of a friend. He is perhaps one of the best known funny paragraphs in the country, and his work finds a ready sale wherever offered. Upon arriving at the room of my friend I found him in a high fever, tossing on a bed of perfect agony. I had not sat long by his side when, turning over, he said to me: "My dear fellow, my 'copy' is due tomorrow morning at the office of— Won't you take a pad and write down some paragraphs at my dictation?"

I took a pad, and for a half hour my friend dictated to me a continuous string of jokes, many of them so funny that I could scarcely repress laughing myself. One story I especially remembered as exceedingly bright and witty, and yet it was dictated between groans. There are indeed people in this world who suffer to make others laugh.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

A Brave Texas Girl.

A telegram from San Antonio, Texas gives this remarkable story of frontier bravery, the heroine being Pauline Collier, sixteen years old, of Childress, in the Panhandle country. She is a pupil in Childress school and, although she lives ten miles from that town, makes the trip back and forth each day on a spirited Texas pony. One morning recently she left home at an early hour, and was riding leisurely along when she espied an enormous catamount (North American tiger) immediately in front of her, crouched in the short prairie grass ready for the fatal spring. With admirable presence of mind Miss Collier seized the lariat hanging at her saddle bow, and with great dexterity the animal's neck was encircled with the deadly coil. At a word from his mistress the pony which Miss Collier rode sprang away at a gallop, dragging the savage but helpless monster to death. Upon becoming satisfied that the savage brute's life was extinct, the young lady untied the rope from the pommel of her saddle, leaving the beast stretched upon the prairie behind her. Proceeding on her way to school she met several cowboys and related her story. They went to the spot where the dead panther lay and stripped off its hide, which will be made into a robe and presented to the courageous girl. The panther weighed 210 pounds.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

What an Indian Can Stand.

To show what an Indian can stand when he has to tell of an incident which happened during the winter I was with them says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug half full of whiskey and with his rifle. I imagined that the jug had been entirely full of whiskey when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him, and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began.

He was found in one of the sheds near the barn under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of the snow bank and pulled off his blankets, and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow she took the pan that was beside the hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed painful after painful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searches had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken in the house frozen as he was, he would have died.

No One Need Drown Now.

An Italian has just arrived in London with an "instantaneous" self-expanding life saving belt, by which he expects to enrich himself from the pockets of the people who are nervous at sea. It has already been adopted by the principal steamship companies of Italy. The unique feature of this new life saving belt is that it may be worn about the body while promenading about the decks during the day, and is not even taken off in bed. It weighs about twice as much as one of the ordinary canvas or leather belts sold for general use.

In its finished state it is about the last thing in the world that a prudent man would place confidence in if he was to attempt to jump for his life from the deck of a sinking vessel into the sea. But the moment the belt touches the water two chemical substances contained in it are instantly united, and it begins to inflate with gas. What these substances are is the inventor's secret. He claims that one belt will keep the most heavily clothed person afloat for forty-eight hours. For ladies the belts are made of silk, for men of canvas.—Boston Transcript.

The Origin of Picaudilly.

An article of wearing apparel which sometimes lead into out of the way places. For instance, the collar was once called picaudilly, or pickadilly, and Higgins, a tailor in London, made so much money out of it that he was enabled to build a great number of houses in a certain street, which from that time came to be known as Picaudilly Clothier and Furnisher.

By a Dreamer.

There are but two epochs in a man's life. The first that of hope and youthful illusions, when he wears his hair brushed behind his ears and leaves it wildly flouting of the breeze. The second when, gloomy and dejected, he has finally subscribed to Solomon's edict, vanitas vanitatum, and pulls his thin-lipped locks mournfully over his eyebrows.—Judge.

A Miner's Belief in Prayer.

Luther Ladin Mills; I was coming in from Denver not long ago, and fell in with one of those great, big-hearted fellows who live out in the western country. He told me he was on his way to Switzerland to raise \$1,500,000 for the purpose of opening up some valuable mines in Colorado. He said there was a great deal of idle capital in Switzerland waiting for a chance to be invested. He was a pious man, too. He said to me, having explained his mission as I have just related, and in answer to a question I had asked as to what hope he had success:

"I am bound to succeed, sir. There are people who are praying for my success, and I am not idle in that respect. My wife and children are praying for me and they will continue to pray for me as long as I am gone. The good people of the church of which I am a member are praying for me. And when I have succeeded and the money begins to reap a profit I am going to build a fine church for those people myself. If it wasn't for the faith I have in the prayers of all those people I couldn't go to Switzerland and ask for what I am going to ask, no matter how much is in the mines."