

RELIGION OF WORKS.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES IT IN HIS SUNDAY SERMON.

Practical Religion the Kind that Is Worth Something—The Rectifier of All Mechanism and All Toil—Faith Without Works Is Dead.

The Washington Preacher.

This subject of Dr. Talmage cuts through the conventionalities and spares nothing of that make believe religion which is all talk and no practice. The text chosen was James ii. 26: "Faith without works is dead." I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say, "That watch was manufactured in Geneva," when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say, "That is pure coffee," when dandelion root and chlorey and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say, "That is pure sugar," when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon, and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift dust from the flour, and it will wash soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

The Age of Adulteration.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. However, only knows what they put into the butter, and into the sugar, and into the coffee, and into the medicinal drugs. But chemical analysis and the microscope have been wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it but one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood, warranted pure, from Boston was found to have 41 per cent of rosin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medicinal drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap of the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material. Then it comes to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

A Sealy Job.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were found beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up, and they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years, trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital, deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forgive the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which is practically making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of \$10,000,000 and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a sealy job, but then, it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take 1 per cent of the profits, and with that 1 per cent, you can build an asylum for these poor, miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe. Forever and ever. Amen."

Ab, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collateral on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

Reform in Work.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the evidence or showiness with which a workman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour, he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected—ships inspected, houses inspected, machinery inspected, bones inspected, the journeyman, capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss, conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected.—Imperfections in the wood covered with putty, garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time, shoddy in all kinds of clothing, chromos, pinchbeck, diamonds for \$1.50, bookbinding that holds on until you read the third chapter, spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry; wagon tires poorly put on, horses poorly shod, plastering that cracks without provocation and falls off, plumbing that needs to be plumbed, imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world! I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things; it will be the all-prevailing influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the city market a deal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old farmer from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

All Will Feel It.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil and exposing the wrong, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the schoolteacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper man, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

White Lies.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired" or "too busy to see you" and will keep innocent reputation from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

Yes, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. In some of the cities it is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street or the rail car or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exclusive company, but she has made too many visits to the wino-room, and now her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is she was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah, no! She took too much champagne and mixed liquors and got drunk. That was all.

White Lies.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymnbook and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

New Work for the Old Gospel.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerrotype and the ambrotype and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious gospel is just what we want—a photograph of the image of God on one soul and daguerrotype it on another soul. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the electric telegraph invention, and the electric invention, but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of

men to become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations, an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and businesses of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life; Dr. John Abercrombie of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer; Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh, myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ and his hope of heaven, and a score of Christian family physicians in Washington just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country; John McLean, judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and president of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former, and scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Religious Merchants.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, denied in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, deciding for it, then, himself, as I know him well, in moral character Al. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out hymns, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any special troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan, I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge, in the iron business; Moses H. Grinnell, in the shipping business; Peter Cooper, in the zinc business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they got home at noon, after they had put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonored head of rye, not one dishonored ear of corn, not one dishonored apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac and the Karitan, where I know them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the saw, and the adze, and the drill, and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God, and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough.

Short Sermons.

Judgment.—The time of God's final judgment and the dispensing of rewards and penalties has not yet arrived. The Lord Jesus Christ does not formally and finally judge the quick and the dead until the last great assize at the end of the world. We are not now through with life, nor is God through with us. To judge men at present is to prejudice them. Judgment is not the matter which God has now in hand.—Rev. Henry Sweetzel, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pure in Heart.—Many who declare that their hands are clean and their hearts pure tell an untruth. Their hands would be repulsive if we could see them as God sees them. Many things in society and business are condoned. There is a great deal of sham, which, according to an unwritten law, is looked upon by the world as right and fair. There is, however, a standard of honesty, and all should live up to it. We can not have clean hands if we have impure hearts.—Rev. R. F. MacLaren, Presbyterian, San Jose, Cal.

The Bible and Progress.—No real progress of the race ever started from infidelity, or was ever helped to success by men who cut themselves loose from the historic influences of Christianity. All remedial, preventive and redemptive philanthropy has always been rooted in the Word of God, and the men who have wrought the most for their fellows have ever been guided and empowered by the forces embodied and made radiant in the historic events and noble lives of the church of God in all time, for all real progress will always be based on the principles of the Bible.—Rev. T. Beeber, Presbyterian, Norristown, Pa.

Divine Architecture.—A gentleman who was walking near an uncompleted building one day saw a stonecutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. "Still chiseling?" he remarked, pleasantly. "Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work. "In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know," replied the stonecutter. "I haven't seen the plans." And then he went on chiseling, chiseling, chiseling. And that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect above, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—Rev. S. E. Haines, Episcopalian, New York.

A KENTUCKY RABBIT-HUNT.

All Sorts of Continuance and of Horace Used.

The men are dressed as they please, the ladies as they please. English blood gets expression, as usual, in independence absolute. There is a sturdy disregard of all considerations of form. Some men wear leggings, some high boots; a few have brown shooting-coats. Most of them ride with the heel low and the toes turned according to temperament. The Southern woman's long riding-skirt has happily been laid aside. These young Dianas wear the usual habit; only the hat is a derby, a cap, sometimes a beaver with a white veil, or a tam-o-banter that has slipped down behind and left a frank bare head of shining hair. They hold the reins in either hand, and not a crop is to be seen. There are plenty of riding-whips, however, and sometimes one runs up the back of some girl's right arm; for that is the old-fashioned position for the whip when riding in form. On a trip like this, however, everybody rides to please his fancy, and rides anywhere but off his horse.

The men are sturdy country youths, who in a few years will make good types of the beef-eating young English squire—sunburned fellows with big frames, open faces, fearless eyes, and a manner that is easy, cordial, kindly, independent. The girls are midway between the types of brunette and blonde, with a leaning towards the latter type. The extreme brunette is as rare as is the lovely blonde, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes differentiates from her dazzling sister with locks that have caught the light of the sun. Radiant with freshness these girls are, and with good health and strength; round of figure, clear of eye and skin, spirited, soft of voice, and slow of speech.

There is one man on a sorrel mule. He is the host back at the big farmhouse, and he has given up every horse he has to guests. One of the girls has a broad white girth running all the way around both horse and saddle. Her habit is the most stylish in the field, she has lived a year in Washington, perhaps, and has had a finishing touch at a fashionable school in New York. Near her is a young fellow on a black thoroughbred—a graduate, perhaps, of Yale or Princeton. They rarely put on airs, couples like these, when they come back home, but drop quietly into their old places with friends and kindred. From respect to local prejudices, which has a hearty contempt for anything that is not carried for actual use, she has left her crinkled black hair grow rather long, and has covered it with a black slouch hat.

Contact with the outer world has made a difference, however, and it is enough to create a strong bond of sympathy between these two, and to cause trouble between country-bred Phyllis, plump dark-eyed, hair-covered, who rides a pony that is trained to the hunt, as many of the horses are, and young farmer Corydon, who is near her on an irongray. Indeed, mischief is brewing among those four. At a brisk walk the line moves across the field, the captain at each end yelling to the men—only the men, for no woman is ever anywhere but where she ought to be in a Southern hunting-field—to keep it straight.

"Billy," shouts the captain, with the mighty voice, "I fine you ten dollars." The slouch-hat and the white girth are lagging behind. It is a lovers' quarrel, and the girl looks a little flushed, while Phyllis watches smiling. "But you can compromise with me," adds the captain, and a jolly laugh runs down the line. Now comes a "rebel yell." Somewhere along the line a horse leaps forward. Other horses jump, too; everybody yells, and everybody's eye is on a little bunch of cotton that is being whisked with astonishing speed through the brown woods. There is a massing of horses close behind it; the white girth dashes in the midst of the melee, and the slouch-hat is just behind. The bunch of cotton turns suddenly, and doubles back between the horses' feet. There is a great crash, and much turning, twisting and sawing of bits. Then the crowd dashes the other way, with Corydon and Phyllis in the lead. The fun has begun.—"After Br'er Rabbit in the Blue-Grass," by John Fox, Jr., in the Century.

Chinese Trust One Another.

I have said that a Chinaman trusts his friends to an extent that we would consider almost incredible. Among them money is loaned without interest and without written acknowledgment or witnesses. If a man is "short" and appeals to his cousin or his friend to help him, that friend will divide up without specifying a time for its repayment. If the man is sick or poor, the creditor, in all probability, will never mention the matter again, and will certainly not ask for its return while the debtor refrains from gambling or opium-smoking, and honestly does his best. I have known men to be for a time without employment, and while they were trying to obtain it, if they conformed to the strict moral code of Chinese law, they were helped by the various cousins with gifts of money sufficient to support them until work was obtained; and not only to support themselves, but their families also. And then, as "turn about is fair play," they were expected to be equally generous with some one else.—Century.

Uses for the Orange.

In view of the prospects of the future developments in orange production in this country, attention has been drawn to the supplementary uses to which the products of the orange tree can be put. In their natural state the orange flowers serve to flavor drinks, candies, etc. When distilled they yield the much-prized orange flower water, and an

essential oil called neroli. When treated with sugar, the flowers form a delicious candy, which is said to be not only exceptionally palatable, but more wholesome than many other productions of the confectioner's art. The flowers are selected with care, weighed and immersed in cold water for twenty-four hours, after which they are dipped in cold water, re-washed, and finally spread out on a linen cloth or sheet to dry. When quite dry they are laid out in low, wide dishes, each flower separate from its fellow, and then sprinkled with double their weight of sugar, administered at intervals over a period of eight days. They are meanwhile moved and kept in the shade. At the expiration of that time they are once more placed in the sun, whose rays dry them completely. The orange flower water is made of equal proportions in weight of blossoms and water, which yield on an average about one-fifth of a pound weight of water and flowers and aqua nana, with about .007 per cent of essential oil. At present the best manufactures of orange flower water are to be found in France, where a spirit called petit grain is produced by the distillation of the leaves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



Frederick Moncrieff has written a historical romance called "The Provost-Marshal."

Andrew Lang's long-heralded "Pickle, the Spy," dealing with a romance of King Charles, the Stuart pretender, is on the point of appearance.

The Macmillan Company is issuing an edition of Irving's "Alhambra," illustrated with numerous lithographs by Joseph Pennell, which have drawn out a note of praise from Whistler.

Jules Verne is cheerily turning out his seventy-sixth novel. To novels a year are his ambition, and he has realized it regularly since 1858. He is a hard critic of his own work, and rewrites his stories at least half a dozen times.

The relations between Alfred de Musset and George Sands are the subject of animated discussion in the French press. Paul Marieton is treating the subject in an exhaustive volume, soon to appear under the title "Une Histoire d'Amour."

Hall Caine calls his new story "The Christian," which is in line with his regular titles. Every book that he has written is "the" something: "The Deemster," "The Bondman," "The Seapogon," "The Manxman," and now "The Christian."

The London Chronicle has printed several pages of interesting illustrated matter from the pen of Nansen, describing his arctic experiences. That paper is authority for the statement that Dr. Nansen will receive nearly \$125,000 for the whole rights of his arctic book. There will be Norwegian, French, and German editions, besides the English and American.

It is now definitely stated that the executors of William Morris will close the Kelmscott Press as soon as the works already in hand are completed. The last book to be issued from the famous press will be "The Sundering Flood," a short tale, which Morris finished a few weeks before his death. Aymer Vallance, a well-known disciple of Morris, has in preparation a work on his master, which will be an elaborate survey of his work as "an industrial and decorative artist, preserver (as distinguished from 'restorer') of ancient monuments, and general worker in the aesthetic movement of the day."

Must Wait Upon the Servants.

Considerable interest has been aroused in England by the news that the Legislature of New Zealand has just passed a law creating a statutory half holiday for domestic servants. According to the measure the employer is obliged to turn every servant out of the house between 3 p. m. and 10 p. m. on one day each week. The half holiday is compulsory, not only in the sense that the employer is bound to grant it, but in the sense that the servant is bound to take it, and if any servant is found at work during the statutory half holiday the unfortunate employer is liable to a fine of \$25. Should the servant return for meals during the half holiday—and this is one of the most beautiful provisions of the new law—the master or mistress will have to minister to the wants of the domestic. Under the circumstances it is only natural that every hired girl in New Zealand will make it a point of coming home to tea on her half holiday, the privilege of being waited upon by one's employer being a right which no "lady help" would willingly forego.

Bridesmaids in Alpaca.

White alpaca gowns, the material of exquisite fineness and pliability, but still alpaca, were worn by the bridesmaids at a recent wedding. The frocks were softened with flecks of white chiffon, and the tulle completed by black tulle picture hats that had white satin crowns and were trimmed with ostrich feathers. Another group of alpaca-clad bridesmaids had their chiffon flecks caught down with violets, and wore large violet trimmed picture hats of white chiffon. They carried tall white sticks, trimmed with ribbon and violets.

"Why do you laugh at his stale jokes?" "If I did not laugh, he would think I did not understand the jokes, and would try to explain them."—Truth.

THE USE OF BURRS.

They Carry the Seeds of Plants Away from the Parent Stem.

After a stroll abroad, in the fall, one is apt to wonder, as he works away at the burrs that cover his clothes, what use they can possibly be. Burrs are a great nuisance to men and animals; but the plants they grow on find them very serviceable, for they are simple fruits covered with spines or prickles; and this is only another way plants have to distribute their seeds. That it is a scheme that works well any one can see who has a hunting dog, and keeps it in his yard. In the spring fine crops of Spanish needles and clover-burrs come up as if by magic, where there were none before. They have grown from the burrs the dog brought home in his coat the autumn before. Around woolen mills in New England plants from the West spring up in a mysterious way, and nearly always these have burr fruits. They have grown from the burrs taken from the fleece of sheep, in cleaning, and thrown out as waste. Some troublesome weeds have been introduced in this manner. On the prairies there are many plants with this kind of fruit. In former days, when great herds of buffalo roamed the plains, their hair caught up these burrs, which thus stole long rides, like the tramp that you see. Even now, in old buffalo wallows plants are found that do not grow elsewhere in the country round.

Some burrs, like Spanish needles, have only three or four slender spines, or awns, as they are called, at the summit of the fruit. If we look at them through a magnifying glass, we find them bearing sharp, downward-pointing barbs, like that of a fish hook. The sand spur, an ill weed that grows on sea beaches and sandy river banks, has burrs covered with such spines. The boy who has stepped on sand spurs with his bare feet knows this to his sorrow. The tiny barbs go in easily, but every attempt to draw them out makes them tear into the flesh.

Often the spines or bristles are hooked instead of being barbed. The clover-burr, or cuckle-burr, that grows abundantly in waste ground, and the agropyron of our woods, are examples. Burdock has such hooked prickles on its fruits, and they stick so fast together that children make of them neat little baskets, handles and all. The tick-trefoil has jointed pods, covered thickly with small hooked hairs that can hardly be seen without a magnifying glass. These are the small, flat, brown burrs that cover the clothing after a walk through the woods in September. They are most annoying burrs, worse than clover-burrs; they are so small and stick so fast—"How Plants Spread," St. Nicholas.

Needles.

The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1730; and, while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived, and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Dunster established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1630, and there were soon followed by other London needle makers. Redditch is still the center of English needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire which is caused to revolve rapidly, and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye.

Fashionable Corn Husking.

For several winters the National Society of New England Women has been reviving one old custom from the land of steady habits, and it is under the auspices of the members of this organization that the "corn huskings" will take place. Last winter an old-fashioned "quilting bee" was given by the society at the Hotel Majestic, and the great success of that affair led the members to hit upon the idea of imitating the "huskings" of their grandfathers and grandmothers' time. All of the plans for this unique entertainment have not yet been completed, but enough is known to warrant the statement that the Waldorf "husking bee" will exhibit a curious admixture of the backwoods and the highest refinements of society.—New York Letter.

A Rare Dollar.

There are two stories regarding the rarity of the silver dollar of 1804, the most generally accepted being the one which accounts for the scarcity by saying that they were sent to Africa to pay the soldiers engaged in war between this country and Tripoli. There were only 19,570 of them coined. Another version of the story which accounts for their rarity is that a vessel bound to China with almost the entire mintage of that year was lost. The former story appears to be the most likely explanation.

Prayn—How did the Fat Woman and Living Skeleton come to marry?

Phreque—Well, you see, he said that he just doted on Jueneque women, and she declared that her affinity must be spirituelle.—Pack.

We are all equally guilty of putting our largest gifts in the places where they will attract most attention.