

WINDS THAT HINDER.

REV. DR. TALMAGE TO THE WEARY AND DISCOURAGED.

He Gives Words of Comfort to All Who Labor Under Adverse Circumstances, Both Physical and Mental—The Overburdened and Overworked.

Our Washington Pulpit.

Dr. Talmage's sermon this week is one of good cheer. It will give encouragement to many struggling souls. The subject is "Contra Winds," and the text: Matthew xiv, 24. "The wind was contrary." As I well know by experience on Lake Galilee, one hour all may be calm and the next hour the winds and waves will be so boisterous that you are in doubt as to whether you will land on the shore or on the bottom of the deep. The disciples in the text were caught in such a stress of weather and the sails bent and the ship plunged, for "the wind was contrary." There is in one of the European straits a place where, whichever way you sail, the winds are opposing. There are people who all their life seem sailing in the teeth of the wind. All things seem against them. It may be said of their condition as of that of the disciples in my text, "the wind was contrary."

The Divine Physician. A great multitude of people are under seeming disadvantage, and I will to-day, in the swarthy Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription and stirs them in a half glass of water, but as when a man has by a mistake taken a large amount of strychnine or Paris green or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly round the room and shaken up until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draft of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

First, many people are under the disadvantage of an unfortunate name given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. Sometimes at the baptism of children while I have held up one hand in prayer I have held up the other hand in amazement that parents should have weighed the babe with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. I have not so much wondered that some children should cry out at such christening fonts as that others with such smiling faces should take a title that will be the burden of their lifetime. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace. It is no excuse, because they are Scripture names, to call a child Jehoiakim or Tig-lath-Pileser. I baptized one by the name of Bathsheba. Why, under all the circumstances, any parent should want to give to a child the name of that loose creature of Scripture times I cannot imagine. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did the Rev. Dr. Richards of Morristown, N. J., when a child was handed him for baptism and the name given, "Hadn't you better call it something else?"

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of a household," or Alfred, meaning "good counselor," or Joshua, meaning "God, our salvation," or Ambrose, meaning "immortal," or Andrew, meaning "manly," or Esther, meaning "star," or Abigail, meaning "grace," or Victoria, meaning "victory," or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose," or Margaret, meaning "a pearl," or Ida, meaning "kiddie," or Clara, meaning "illustrious," or Amelia, meaning "busy," or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good that are a help rather than a hindrance.

The Family Name. But sometimes the great hindrance in life is not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislators are willing to lift such incubuses, there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say, "I wonder if he is any relation to So-and-So," meaning some family celebrated for crime or deception. It is a wonder to me that in all such families some spirited young man does not rise, saying to his brothers and sisters, "If you want to keep this nuisance or scandalization of a name, I will keep it no longer than until by quickest course of law I can slough off this gangrene." The city directory has hundreds of names the mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. If you have started life under a name which, either through ridiculous orthography or vicious suggestion, has been an incumbrance, resolve that the next generation shall not be so weighed. It is not demeaning to change a name. Saul of Tarsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadassah, "the myrtle," became Esther, "the star." We have in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names which ought to be abolished, and can be and will be abolished for the reason that they are a libel and a slander. But if for any reason you are submerged either by a given name or by a family name that you must bear, God will help you to overcome the outrage by a life consecrated to the good and useful. You may cease the curse from the name.

Again, many people labor under the misfortune of incomplete physical equipment. We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the oblation of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot! The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, septupled, in our time by the civil war, and at the North and South a great multitude are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half, the needed physical armaments. I do not wonder at the patches of a soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said, "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "Well, then, good-by, old hand. I shall go on with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it is a good service for you to be good-by."

Some men are born with one of the organs of the body, when a poor man is born with two, and so opportunity

the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation when the poor man leaped from the table and hobbled to the door, and said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but by the help of God I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Creep was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Physical Ills. Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, he will add it on somewhere else. As Augustus, the emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another. But it is amazing how much of the world's work has been done by men of subtracted physical organization. S. N. Preston, the great orator of the south-west, spent limping all his life, but there was no foot put down upon any platform of his day that resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his oratorios. Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic martyr, was given the commission to drive cart out of the world's literature. The Rev. Thomas Stockton of Philadelphia with one lung raised his audience nearer heaven than most ministers can raise them with two lungs. In the banks, the insurance companies, the commercial establishments, the reformatory associations, the churches, there are tens of thousands of men and women to-day doubled up with rheumatism, or subject to the neuralgias, or with only fragments of limbs, the rest of which they left at Chattanooga, or South Mountain, or the Wilderness, and they are worth more to the world and more to the church and more to God than those of us who have never so much as had a finger joint stiffened by a felon.

Put to full use all the faculties that remain and charge on all opposing circumstances with the determination of John of Bohemia, who was totally blind and yet at a battle cried out, "I pray and beseech you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one good blow with this sword of mine." Do not think so much of what faculties you have lost as of what faculties remain. You have enough left to make yourself felt in three worlds, while you help the earth and bask hell and win heaven. Arise from your discouragements, O men and women of depleted or crippled physical faculties, and see what, by the special help of God, you can accomplish!

A New Outfit. And then remember that all physical disadvantages will after awhile vanish. Let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot, or emaciated out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement house of flesh will come down and a better one shall be builded. The resurrection morning will provide you with a better outfit. Either the unstrung, wormed, blunted and crippled organs will be so reconstructed that you will not know them, or an entire new set of eyes and ears and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable. No limping in heaven, no straining of the eye-sight to see things a little way off, no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum, but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resurrection comes let us bear each other's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Another form of disadvantage under which many labor is lack of early education. There will be no excuse for ignorance in the next generation. Free schools and illimitable opportunity of education will make ignorance a crime. I believe in compulsory education, and those parents who neglect to put their children under educational advantages have but one right left, and that is the penitentiary. But there are multitudes of men and women in middle life who have had no opportunity. Free schools had not yet been established, and vast multitudes had little or no school at all. They feel it when as Christian men they come to speak or pray in religious assemblies or public occasions, patriotic, or political, or educational. They are silent because they do not feel competent. They owe nothing to English grammar, or geography, or belles lettres. They would not know a particle from a pronoun if they met it many times a day. Many of the most successful merchants of America and men in high political places cannot write an accurate letter on any theme. They are completely dependent upon clerks and deputies and stenographers to make things right. I knew a literary man who in other years in this city made his fortune by writing speeches for Congressmen or fixing them up for the Congressional Record after they were delivered. The millionaire illiteracy of this country is beyond measurement.

Now, suppose a man finds himself in middle life without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can. The most effective I ever heard speak on religious themes could within five minutes of exhortation break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of linguistic devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me if I were sick or in trouble than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible, and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes enough tears to see the closing hymn I ended the meeting, fearful that some long-winded prayer meeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

Opportunity. Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech or the elocution or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who were brought up in the days of poor school houses and ignorant schoolmasters and so opportunity

you may have so much of good in your soul and so much of heaven in your every-day life that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard or Yale or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ. When you get up to the gate of heaven, no one will ask you whether you can parse the first chapter of Genesis, but whether you have learned the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, nor whether you know how to square the circle, but whether you have lived a square life in a round world. Mount Zion is higher than Mount Parnassus.

But what other multitudes there are under other disadvantages! Here is a Christian woman whose husband thinks religion a sham, and while the wife prays the children one way the husband swears them another. Or here is a Christian man who is trying to do his best for God and the church, and his wife holds him back and says on the way home from prayer meeting where he gave testimony for Christ: "What a fool you made of yourself! I hope hereafter you will keep still." And when he would be benevolent and give \$50 she criticizes him for not giving 50 cents. I must do justice and publicly thank God that I never proposed at home to give anything for any cause of humanity or religion but the other partner in the domestic firm approved it. And when it seemed beyond my ability, and faith in God was necessary, she had three-fourths the faith. But I know men who when they contribute to charitable objects are afraid that the wife shall find it out. What a withering curse such a woman must be to a good man!

Then there are others under the great disadvantage of poverty. Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton; they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour; they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap, because you pay cash; they pay dear, because they have to get trust. And the Bible was right when it said, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Then there are those who made a mistake in early life, and that overshadows all their days. "Do you not know that that man was once in prison?" is whispered. Or, "Do you know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was once discharged for dishonesty?" Perhaps there was only one wrong deed in the man's life, and that one act haunts the subsequent half century of his existence.

Other Hindrances. Others have a mighty obstacle in their personal appearance, for which they are not responsible. They forget that God fashioned their features and their complexion and their stature, the size of their nose, and mouth, and hands, and feet, and gave them their gait and their general appearance, and they forget that much of the world's best work and the church's best work has been done by homely people, and that Paul the apostle is said to have been humpbacked and his eyesight weakened by ophthalmia, while many of the finest in appearance have passed their time before flattering looking glasses, or in studying killing attitudes, and in displaying the richness of wardrobe—not one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or glove, or button, or shooting of which they have had brains to earn for themselves.

Others had wrong proclivities from the start. They were born wrong, and that sticks to one even after he is born again. Oh, this world is an overburdened world, an overworked world! It is an awfully tired world. It is a dreadfully unfortunate world. Scientists are trying to find out the cause of these earthquakes in all lands, cisatlantic and transatlantic. But what about the moral woes of the world that have racked all nations, and for 6,000 years science proposes nothing but knowledge, and many people who know the most are the most uncomfortable?

A Cheering Voice. In the way of practical relief for all disadvantages and all woes, the only voice that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether I have mentioned the particular disadvantage under which you labor or not, I distinctly declare, in the name of my God, that there is a way out and a way up for all of you. You cannot be any worse off than that Christian young woman who was in the Pemberton mills when they fell some years ago, and from under the fallen timbers she was heard singing, "I am going home to die no more."

Take good courage from that Bible, all of whose promises are for those in bad predicament. There are better days for you, either on earth or in heaven. I put my hand under your chin and lift your face into the light of the coming dawn. Have God on your side, and then you have for reserve troops all the armies of heaven, the smallest company of which is 20,000 chariots and the smallest brigade 144,000. The lightning of heaven thunders drawn sword. The voices of your adversaries, human and satanic, shall be covered with confusion, while you shall be not only conqueror, but more than conqueror, through that grace which has so often made the fallen helmet of an overthrown antagonist the footstool of a Christian victor.

Short Sermons. **Conscience.**—Earth's greatest tragedy is the tragedy of those who have fallen from integrity and virtue, as stars fall out of the sky. A ship may lose its sails and rudder, but if it retains its compass it yet may reach the harbor. But in life all is lost when man loses his conscience.—Rev. Dr. Hillis, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Government.—If the State should assume paternal relations toward its citizens the result would be that it would soon be looked upon as a gigantic nurse, who would have the management and direction of everything. All energy, by which wealth is acquired and art and industries advanced, would be deadened, and society would soon lapse into a state of barbarism.—Rev. B. M. Palmer, Presbyterian, New Orleans, La.

Unskilled Labor.—New machinery is more and more enabling unskilled labor to replace skilled labor. In a California city last winter it was told that three-fourths of the men were out of work. I hope it was an exaggeration. I was told in San Francisco by an employer of labor that he could get any amount of labor he wished by employing men who were willing to work.—Rev. W. D. P. Miles, Episcopal, Boston, Mass.

THE FAMILY STORY.

THE OTHER BOX.

A well-brought-up boy learns at a very early age that practical jokes are dangerous things. Sometimes he learns it at his mother's knee, sometimes on his father's face down. Otherwise he receives physical demonstration from a bigger boy. From which it would appear that the youngsters gazed at the irrepressibles were not well brought up. At all events, they had the reputation of being the most rowdy crew in the army list. Now, in India, a reputation is only gained by being deserved. And it was in a hill-station that the "alters of the irrepressibles" reached the loftiest pinnacle of their folly. The affair was hushed up afterward, for the honor of the regiment, as such things should be.

The irrepressibles were unlucky in their quarters that year. They were fixed on the plains at a time when there was nothing to do, no game, no society, no anything. In a case like that they were thrown back on themselves, and the result was unfortunate. Men's tempers began to give way under the strain, and from the commanding officer down to the smallest boy capable of beating a drum, there was not one who did not curse the hour he was born at least seven times a day.

The trouble came. It all arose out of the Junior Subaltern going out fishing one day, or out of the fact that he caught nothing. Coming back, however, he must needs run across a cobra, which, with his usual foolhardiness, he duly forked and transferred alive and wriggling into his creel. Thence, on arrival at quarters, it was removed to a perforated box and tenderly fed.

Two of the subalterns began to develop a most astonishing degree of hatred the one for the other. They were two men sufficiently alike in character and capabilities to be either the friend or the bitterest of enemies. As a matter of choice they were the latter. Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble, no doubt. In the natural order of things, this little feeling didn't make life any the pleasant for the rest. At first it was treated as a welcome diversion, and for a time the other youngsters used to take an artistic pleasure in fanning the quarrel, foremost being the Junior Subaltern.

What was originally a variation of the monotony of life, however, soon came to be a nuisance, and the irrepressibles began to feel very sick. Then they got to wishing that one or both of the men would die. This is not a nice sentiment to entertain toward any man, especially if he is a brother-officer. But, most of all, each of the men wished that the other would go out, and this was even worse.

At last matters came to a head. The two subalterns had a regular row one night after mess. They would have come to blows if it hadn't been for the interference of the older men. There were six men present, all subalterns except one, and it would have been better if they had let the two fight it out then and there. Probably the difficulty might have been settled finally. But peace was patched up for about three days, and then they broke out worse than ever, and said things that half a century ago would have led to pistols next morning. In the meantime, the Junior Subaltern and four other lumps of mischief had matured a plan by which they hoped to fix up the matter once for all. And in this plan, naturally enough, the snake took some part. It was a grim enough practical joke at the best, and they ought to have possessed more sense between the five of them than to think of such a thing.

The idea was nothing more or less than to propose to the two men to spend a night together, and with the cobra, in a disused room in quarters. They were to be locked in and left to settle the matter among themselves during the night, and in the morning the rest of the party would release the survivors, if any. Of course there was no thought, even for a moment, of letting loose the cobra in that way, but, as the Junior Subaltern said: "It won't do them any harm to think it out, and perhaps with reflection will come an increase of wisdom."

While the two men were still in the heat of anger, the Junior Subaltern proposed to them his idea of settling their difficulty by means of the snake. The affair being thus decided, a disused room was chosen as the scene of the ordeal, and was hastily cleared of what furniture was in it. This being done, the two men, who had not changed color during the scene, were stationed at opposite corners of the room, propped up in sitting positions, with a clear space between them of something like fifteen feet.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the boy brought in the fatal box and deposited it in the center of the room, in such a manner that the lid should open sideways. Here again his ingenuity came into play. It was obvious that the box must be opened when all except the principals were outside the door. Luckily, the box had a sliding lid, and the Junior Subaltern was able to arrange it so that, by attaching a piece of string, any one standing outside the door would be able to slide back the lid and so release the presumed occupant of the box.

and it is probable that the two men who weren't behind the scenes, who each doubted whether he might be alive in the morning, were less nervous. But then they were still very angry, and hadn't had time yet to think out all the details.

At last all the arrangements had been settled with due exactness. The Junior Subaltern had been an unconscionable time at work. It is probable that he was getting very sick of his box, and would have been glad enough to show it up if anyone had given him the lead. After all, he knew that there was an ugly side to the face, and as his first boyish enthusiasm died away he wanted to throw the thing up. But no one helped him out of it, and for very shame he could scarcely give himself away. Besides, the two principals wouldn't have thanked him.

Nothing more remained to be done. There was solemn enough leave-taking on all sides as the five youngsters fled out of the room and locked the door, leaving the two men in their corners and the box in the center of the room. For a moment or two the five stood in silence out in the passage, the Junior Subaltern holding the end of the string and shaking like an aspen leaf with suppressed excitement. Then he gave it a sharp tug, and they could hear the box-lid sliding back until it dropped to the floor with a slight smack.

It was a hushed and rather conscience-stricken band that dispersed to the various rooms in quarters, and the hours of that night hung heavily. It is a fact that the five youngsters did not average an hour of sleep between them. This was proved by the alacrity with which they all turned out at the first break of dawn, and assembled, shivering and drawn-looking and haggard, ready to go and release their voluntary prisoners.

They were, in fact, so disturbed that they took no notice of the Senior Captain, who, for some reason best known to himself, had turned out, too, and followed them as they trod softly along to the door of the disused room. He was still unnoted as they reached it, and there made a marked halt; and his curiosity to see their little game prevented him from announcing himself. They stood for a moment in breathless silence, showing a strange, sudden disinclination to stir.

Then, as was the case the night before, the Junior Subaltern took the lead. There was a faint murmur as he turned the key in the lock and stepped boldly into the room the rest following in a crowd. The Senior Captain stood for a moment outside, wondering and trying to make out what it all meant. But a sudden, stifled cry caused him to step quickly after them.

He was a man who had been in several actions. He had seen men killed under all sorts of ghastly circumstances. He had commanded burial parties sent out after the Afghan women had been at their devilish work, and had seen sights that, hardened as he was, had made him feel sick and full of horror. But those scenes were in no way comparable with what met his eyes as he entered the room behind his juniors.

The two men were no longer propped up in the position in which they had been left. Their swollen, distorted bodies were huddled on the floor in attitudes that showed the awful manner in which they had met their doom. But the figures, almost grotesque in the contortions which had attended the last death agony, were as nothing. In each case the face was upturned, livid, with distended cheeks and cracked skin, with flecks of blood oozing from mouth and nose, and with eyes widely open and a fear and horror in them past all description. It was not so much the physical agony as the expression of terror in the fixed faces that rendered these corpses so dreadful to contemplate. Yet the two men, while alive, were as brave, with all their faults, as any men should be.

As he looked in, the Captain was glued to the ground by the nameless horror of that death-stare. He seemed forgetful of his companions, of where he was, all his faculties concentrated on the two huddled masses on the floor. A ghastly incident aroused him. The Junior Subaltern burst into a laugh, faint at first, and then swelling into loud after peal of uproarious mirth.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted, reeling from foot to foot, and holding his shaking sides. "Look at them! Don't they sham well? Aren't they first-rate actors?"

The Senior Captain stepped up to him, and laid a hand roughly on his shoulder. Then the boy turned, and they could all see in his eyes that he was mad. But the touch had quieted him. "They act beautifully, don't they?" he whispered confidentially to his senior officer. "I wonder when they will find out the joke." "What do you mean?" asked the other, soothingly. "Mean?" the maniac replied. "Why, don't you see? I had two boxes just alike, and I put the empty box in here. The snake is still in my own room. It seemed something like a grim contradiction that, almost at the same moment, a flat, spectacled head reared itself under one of the bodies, and two baleful eyes surveyed the awe-struck group.—San Francisco Argonaut.

CAPTURING AN EAGLE.

A Young Bird Caught for a Pet in Southern Arizona.

In St. Nicholas, Volunt Le Clear Beard writes of "Moses: A Tame Eagle," one of his pets while he was engaged in engineering in southern Arizona. Mr. Beard gives the following account of its capture:

I saw on the rounded top of one of the great crests with which these deserts are thickly studded an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen; and I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which she belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but she desired no closer acquaintance; for, after unfolding her wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, she finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing her speed. The cactus on which she had been resting was a very fair sample of the largest variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple-green, to a height of twenty-five feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good-sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel basket; and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought above its edge a little head covered with grayish-yellow fuzz, out of which peered two big round eyes with an air of anxious inquiry.

In that desert country, far from rail-lives; so the several pets we possessed in the big permanent camp miles away served in no small measure to amuse us; and to these we wished to add our young friend of the cactus. But how to get him down was a problem.

Somebody suggested that a volunteer climb the cactus, but no one thrust himself forward to do so. The Spanish name by which it is known is *Sulinarro*, which, put into English, means "that which scratches"; and as the spines which thickly cover the outer edges of the ridges are from one to four inches long, and as sharp as needles, it will be seen that the name gives a good idea of that plant.

We did not like to cut it down, for fear the fall might injure the fledgling; but after some debate no better method presented itself, so the town axmen set to work. As the first blows made the green shaft tremble, the head appeared once more, trying, with an expression of concern, to see what was going on below; but this the thick sides of the nest prevented. Then it looked at us and said, "Jark!" This was the first remark "Moses" ever made to us, and there was no time for more than: for the axes had eaten through the pulpy mass, which now began to bend to its fall.

As the nest tilted we could see the thick body belonging to the head, with two big claws clutching wildly, while the weak, featherless wings flapped madly in an instinctive effort to support their owner.

The cactus came down with a crash, and running up we looked for our bird; but only a little gray down was visible, with one leg helplessly extended from under a big branch which, broken by the shock, had fallen across and almost hid him. We feared he was killed; but when, by means of an ax-head hooked around the prickly stuff, it was pulled aside, he gathered himself together, quite unharmed, and then, surveying the strange beings who surrounded him, made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent, hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

He Wanted Little.

Representative Ellis, of Oregon, had an amusing visitor at the Capitol the other day. A young man from Eastern Ohio called to see the Representative, and after sending in a picturesque little card managed to corner Mr. Ellis in the lobby, says the Washington Star.

"What can I do for you to-day?" said Mr. Ellis, smilingly. "Mr. Ellis," said he, "I've come a good distance to see you and ask a small favor; my family is well connected in Ohio; we are friends of Maj. McKinley and personally acquainted with Mr. Hanna," proceeded the young man, with a serious air about him, which aroused Mr. Ellis' curiosity. "Now, I thought that as I am anxious to go to Oregon to begin building up my own fortunes I would ask for a helping hand."

"I will help you all I can," said Mr. Ellis. "Well," said the Ohioan, "I thought perhaps you would recommend me for the postmastership at either Portland or Astoria, which are in your district, as a starter. I think I could make out with such a start."

Mr. Ellis' mouth opened at least two inches, his eyes watered, he put his hands across his head in a bridge fashion and looked at the young man for fully five minutes without uttering a syllable, so great was his amazement, and the young man walked off wondering at Mr. Ellis' silence.

Mr. Ellis' district contains but two postmasterships of great prominence in the State, and they are Portland and Astoria, and the scramble of his constituents after the places is something terrific when there is a vacancy at either; in fact, coupled with the Ohioan's request, was more than he could stand, and he was too dumfounded to talk.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but a lie sells better.