

DIVINE MAGNETISM.

CHRIST REGARDED FROM AN UNUSUAL STANDPOINT.

Sermon on the Prophecy of Isaiah, "His Name Shall Be Wonderful" Dr. Talmage Denies Reports of His Disaffection with His Church.

Our Weekly Sermon.

Dr. Talmage, referring to reports as to the substance of his present pastoral relations, has authorized the following statement:

"I have denounced the infamous falsehood concerning my disaffection with my Washington church and the statement that I had determined not to return there. Relations between that congregation and myself are perfectly happy, and the church has met all its obligations to me. Our attendance was larger last year than ever before, many more people coming than we could accommodate. I will be in my regular pulpit the second Sabbath in September."

In the discourse below by Dr. Talmage Christ is looked at from an unusual standpoint. His text is Isaiah ix, 6, "His name shall be called wonderful."

The prophet lived in a dark time. For some 3,000 years the world had been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As the captain of a vessel in distress sees relief coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the stormy times in which he lived, put the telescope of prophecy to his eye and saw 750 years ahead one Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful he spoke wisely.

Popular Pictures of Christ.

In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the reception of Christ, I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Tiberius Caesar, and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven. I take up this book of divine photographs, and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch and at Paul's sketch, and I say, with Isaiah, "Wonderful!"

I think that you are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that he is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded admiration for the commander who helped his passengers ashore while he himself perished, but have you no admiration for him who rescued our souls, himself falling back into the waters from which he saved us?

Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of his person.

After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men joined his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person, but hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz and Jena and Badajos, but there was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who trampled no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for he never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Ah! The idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet so sooner does he set foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman calls down that before him, and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman, pressing through the crowd, says, "I must touch the hem of your garment." Children, who love their mother better than any one else, struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these, for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have 500 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh, weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What is this coming down the road? A triumphal procession. He is seated—not in a chariot, but on an ass, and yet the people take off their coats and throw them in the way. Oh, what a time Jesus made among the children, among the beggars, among the fishermen, among the philosophers! You may boast of self-control, but if you had seen him you would have put your arms around his neck and said, "Thou art altogether lovely."

Apparent Incongruities. Jesus was wonderful in the opposition and seeming antagonisms of his nature. You want things logical and consistent, and you say, "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator. "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made." Matthew says that he was omnipresent. "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Christ declares his own eternity. "I am Alpha and Omega." How can he be a lion, under his foot crushing kingdoms, and yet a lamb, tick-

ing the hand that slays him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why flee into Egypt? Why not stand his ground? Why, instead of bearing the cross, not lift up his right hand and crush his assassins? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountain, when he owned the palace of eternity? Why catch fish for his breakfast on the beach in the chill morning, when all the pomegranates are his, and all the vineyards his, and all the cattle his, and all the partridges his? Why walk when weary, and his feet stone bruised, when he might have taken the splendors of the sunset for his equipage and moved with horses and chariots of fire? Why beg a drink from the wayside, when out of the crystal chalice of eternity he poured the Euphrates, the Mississippi and the Amazon, and dipping his hand in the fountains of heaven and shaking that hand over the world from the tips of his fingers, dripping the great lakes and the oceans? Why let the Roman regiment put him to death, when he might have ridden down the sky, followed by all the cavalry of heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory?

You cannot understand, who can? You try to confound me, I am confounded by you you speak. Paul said it was unsearchable. He went climbing up from argument to argument, and from antithesis to antithesis, and from glory to glory, and then sank down in exhaustion as he saw far above him other heights of divinity unscathed and exclaimed "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Again, Christ was wonderful in his teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities. Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about his preaching—the people knew what he meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together, from salt, from candles, from fishing tackle, from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed him entrance! He would have been called uneducated and familiar in his style of preaching, and yet the people went to hear him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet fifty years and never got an audience. The philosophers sneered at his ministrations, and said, "This will never do!" The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard him gladly. Suppose you that there were any sleepy people in his audiences? Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what he meant when he compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the sunburned fishermen, with the fish scales upon their hands, were listless when he spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net? We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world, and if we cannot do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or Blair's "Rhetoric," or Kames' "Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our line cap and coat, and find our shining ears, and then we push out methodically and scientifically while some plain shoesman in rough fishing smock, and with broken oarlock goes out and gets the crew and passengers and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say: "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoesman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boats, they would have gone to the bottom."

The work of a religious teacher is to save men, and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul.

Christ's Sympathy. Christ, in his preaching, was plain, earnest and wonderfully sympathetic. We cannot dragon men into heaven. We cannot drive them in with the butt end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honeycomb of the gospel. We try to make crab apples do the work of pomegranates.

Again, Jesus was wonderful in his sorrows. The sun smote him and the cold chilled him and hunger exhausted him. Shall I compare his sorrow to the sea? No, for that is sometimes higher into the air. Shall I compare it with the night? No, for that sometimes gleams with Orion, or kindles with Aurora. If one throne should be thrust through your temple, you would faint, but here is a whole crown made from the thorns or spina Christi—small, sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross. They put down the long beam, and on it they fasten a shorter beam. Got him at last. These hands, that have been doing kindnesses and wiping away tears—hear the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look, look, look! Who will help him now? Come, men of Jerusalem, ye whose dead he brought to life, ye whose sick he healed, who will help him, who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross for him?

Shall Jesus bear the cross alone? And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for every one, and there's a cross for me.

You know the process of grafting. You bore a hole into a tree and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and rough, but into the holes where the nails went there have been grafted branches of the tree of life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was bitter, but the branches grafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live forever.

Again, Christ was wonderful in his victories. First, over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Central Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Gallies when aroused in a storm is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in his presence and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and winds. When he beckoned, they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of his foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead it is dead. But here is a paralytic, his hand lifeless. Christ says to

him, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and he stretches it forth. In the eye infirmity how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured. But Jesus says to one born blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an axe may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word.

Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding when the refreshment gave out could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke.

Nature is his servant. The flowers, he twisted them into his sermons; the winds, they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain, it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the Star of Bethlehem, it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks, they beat a dirge at his death.

Victories Over the Grave. Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up," and she sat up. To Lazarus, "Come forth," and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier," and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them in his girdle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him: "O death, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

But Christ's victories have only just begun. This world is his, and he must have it. What is the matter in this country? Why all these financial troubles? There never will be permanent prosperity in this land until Christ rules it. This land was discovered for Christ, and until our cities shall be evangelized and north, south, east and west shall acknowledge Christ as King and Redeemer we cannot have permanent prosperity. What is the matter with Spain, with France, with all of the nations? All the congresses of the nations cannot bring quiet. When governments not only theoretically but practically acknowledge the Saviour of the world, there will be peace everywhere. In that day the sea will have more ships than now, but there will not be one "man-of-war." The foundries of the world will jar with mightier industries, but there will be no molding of bullets. Printing presses will fly their cylinders with greater speed, but there shall go forth no iniquitous trash. In laws, in constitutions, on exchange, in scientific laboratory, on earth as in heaven, Christ shall be called Wonderful. Let that work of the world's regeneration begin in your heart, O hearer! A Jesus so kind, a Jesus so good, a Jesus so loving! How can you help but love him?

It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other heart and hand stand in church and have the banner of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel, the ring is set, earth and heaven witness it, the organ sounds, and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh, that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul! Thy Beloved comes to get his betrothed. Jesus stretches forth his hand and says, "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." I put your hand in his. Henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you, no time cool your love. Side by side on earth, side by side in heaven. Now let the blossoms of heavenly gardens fill the house with their redolence and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills!"

Short Sermons. A better thing than "hitching your wagon to a star," is to put your hand in the hand that moves the star.

Our Place in Life.—God has room in his thoughts for all of us, and has outlined something for each to do. If we are willing to humble ourselves and become like the little flower by the roadside, we will be on the way to success. We should take our place just where God puts us.—Rev. C. D. Junkin, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

God's Help.—Through Christ the heaviest load can be carried, the greatest sorrow can be borne, the severest temptation withstood, the hardest task accomplished, and the most powerful foe can be overcome with a strength that is practically omnipotent, because obtained from the Almighty God.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery, Presbyterian, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Church Life.—Blend your domestic, intellectual, social and business life with a true spiritual church life, and each passing day will witness the growth of a character well rounded, strong and beautiful, fit to adorn the high places of trust and honor in this world, or to worship with the white-robed saints in heaven.—Rev. G. W. Finlaw, Methodist, Stratford, N. J.

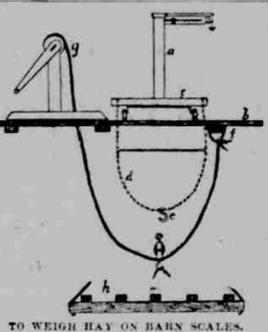
The Love of God.—Who is able to comprehend the length and breadth, the depth and length of the love of God? It is recorded through the most part of the earth. We find it in every leaflet and flower, in the babbling brook, in the songs of birds, in the joyous hymning of all sentient life; in the sunshine and the dark in the dewdrop and the snowflake.—Rev. T. L. Selp, Lutheran, Allentown, Pa.

Unused Opportunities.—There are quite respectable people, who have done nothing that was particularly wrong, but who, on the other hand, are condemned by the record of their unused opportunities. They might have visited the sick, they might have brought the blessed light into the dwellings of darkness, they might have been of some use and made the world better for their being in it; but they lived to themselves.—Rev. George Hodges, Methodist, Cambridge, Mass.



For Weighing Hay.

To weigh hay on barn scales, place scales, a, on the scaffold, b, over the barn floor. Across them lay a plank, c, several inches longer than the width of the scales, to which suspend a rope or chain like a swing, d, under the scales. Spread the ropes under them so they will not touch their frame. In this swing hang an iron bent like the letter S, e. To a joist, f, on one side of the scales fasten one end of a rope, passing the other end down under the scales and up to a windlass, g, on the other side of them, but first slip on this rope a hay fork pulley. To pile the hay on, make a frame, h, six feet square, light

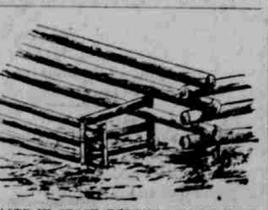


TO WEIGH HAY ON BARN SCALES.

and strong enough to support 700 pounds of hay. On two sides of this frame are ropes each 14 feet long with the ends passed down through holes bored in the corners of the frame and knotted. Pile the hay on the frame, bring the ropes together over it and attach them to the pulley by another S-shaped iron. Wind up until you can hang it on the rope attached to scales, letting the weight hang on them. A ton of hay can be weighed at three draughts on 800-pound scales. I have found the above very convenient for that purpose in a barn. Deduct weight of frame.—American Agriculturist.

Combined Stackyard and Manger.

With good prices for hay, many consider good, bright oat and barley straw to be worth, for feeding purposes, quite as much as overripe clover, or timothy hay, and, pound for pound, worth fully half as much as any good hay. Hence, instead of wasting the straw by building flat-topped stacks and allowing cattle and other stock to have free access to them, a yard is built around the stacks, and the straw fed out as regularly as hay or grain. A log pen has been made, as illustrated, that serves the purpose admirably. The logs rest upon a foundation of stone or wood, the lower log being 1 foot from the ground, and three logs on each side, the extreme height of fence being not less than 4½ feet. On the leeward side of the stack pen a permanent and durable manger can be easily made from small poles. This may extend the entire length of the pen, and be built upon one or more sides. The straw is thrown into it directly from the stack, and, if a ration of hay or straw be fed at noon, it will prove equally as valuable, the only objection being that it is located



WASTE IN STOCK FEEDING PREVENTED.

out of doors. It is far more economical than to throw the food upon the ground or in the nearest fence corner.—Farm and Home.

Apples for Profit.

Farmers frequently speculate as to whether or not there is more money in raising fruit than in the old-time farming of the cereals. As an example can be given the product of the fruit farm of William P. Fisher, of Unionville, Center County, Pa. Exclusive of what he sold during apple season, Mr. Fisher put away for shipment to Eastern markets during this winter 6,000 bushels of prime apples. From the poorer grades he made 60,000 gallons of cider and 250 barrels of vinegar. Mr. Fisher for a number of years maintained a choice vineyard, but of late he has devoted his energies more exclusively to apples, as a surer crop and a better money maker.

A Farm Income.

A gross income averaging \$12,000 annually for several years, is the record of a New England farm we are acquainted with. This large return from a farm of less than 100 acres is due to retailing its milk direct to the consumer, that being the principal source of income. We do not know what the net profit has been, but imagine that the owner is \$1,500 to \$2,500 better off

at the close of each year than at the beginning. He is one of the men who are satisfied with farming, but, unlike many a farmer who complains that his business does not pay, this man keeps only the best cows. He is no fancy farmer with a bank account to draw on, but has worked his way without assistance. Men of his kind usually "get there," be it in farming or any other business. They find plenty of room at the top, an old saying, but never more true than to-day.—The Agriculturist.

Can Such Things Be?

That the tools are dull? That no tool shed is on the farm? That there are no gates, but bars? That the stock is not salted regularly? That the harrow is out doors? That the plow is left standing in the ground? That crops are still planted in the moon? That gullies are left to increase each year? That the same breed of sheep has been on the farm from one generation to another? That line fences are not kept in good repair? That noxious weeds are allowed to go to seed? That the boys never get a day off for fishing? That the orchard was not trimmed last spring? That the harness is rarely cleaned and oiled? That a small patch of berries is not on the farm? That the garden is seen to only after the crops are in? That your initials are not on your grain sacks? That the outbuildings have not been painted for years? That nothing is done at the proper time, always behind? That sheep are not tagged every spring before turning on grass? That the same seed oats have been on the farm for fifteen years? That the horse stables are cleaned out only once a fortnight?

Bagging Grapes.

Mr. R. H. Reeves, Buncombe County, N. C., has for several years practiced successfully a new method of bagging grapes as shown in the accompanying sketch reproduced from Orange Judd Farmer. The bag is made of the



NEW MODE OF BAGGING GRAPES.

cheapest kind of white cotton cloth of two sizes to hold grapes having small or large clusters. Two clusters are put in each bag, which is pulled up over the vine, then turned over and pinned, as shown. Birds cannot pick through such bags; water will not stand in them, nor can wind or driving rain beat them to pieces, as is the case with paper bags. A hundred cloth bags can be "run up" on a sewing machine in half an hour and they will then last for years. There are a few varieties of grapes that do not need bagging, and a few that will not bear this confinement, but most of the grapes now grown can only be raised in perfection by some protection of this sort.

With the Busy Bees.

In hiving a swarm make sure that the queen is inside the hive. A worker grub can be transformed into a queen when it is five or six days old.

In breeding queens artificially it is important to get good cells for brood of the right age.

An absolute requisite of successful bee-keeping is a prompt attention to all of its varied duties.

If a colony has a young queen and is strong in numbers it will carry out the eggs and moths as fast as hatched. Bees when building comb begin at the top and hang in heavy clusters to the comb until they complete it.

Never allow a swarm of bees to remain out long after setting. Hive them as soon as possible and lessen the risk of loss.

In each family of bees there are three distinct kinds, which differ in form, color, structure, size, habits and function.—Rural World.

Salt for Cows Regularly.

Salt is an important aid to digestion, and especially so to all ruminant animals. If cows are not salted frequently, they will eat more than is good for them when they do get access to salt. In large quantities salt is laxative. It being an irritant to the bowels, which are therefore purged to get rid of it. Failure to salt regularly will make the cream more difficult to turn into butter, thus repaying the farmer for his carelessness by giving him a longer and harder job at churning.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Incidents in the Life of the Famous Physician Hudson.

Doctor Hudson, who practised in the midst of the "stocking" district of England, was known as "The Evening Mail," because he rarely made professional visits, unless specially summoned until after his dinner, three o'clock. His partner who did most of the day-work, was characterized as "The Morning Post." They had a practice so extensive as to require the service of thirteen horses and two dispensers, or makers of medicine. The late Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, who was Doctor Hudson's aid for several months, tells in his "Chapters of Medical Life" several anecdotes illustrative of this country doctor's character and practice.

The first time Richardson accompanied Doctor Hudson, five-and-twenty visits were made between five and ten o'clock, p. m., and at every house of importance at which the doctor called a table was spread with refreshments—biscuits, sandwiches, port and sherry.

Doctor Hudson was a stern-looking man with a course voice and an abrupt, jerky delivery. He had a kindly spirit which sometimes was the dupe of his heart. Once while riding through a village he was called in to see a girl who was very poor. She had all the symptoms of death. The doctor was touched, and used all the means at his command to restore her. Then he galloped home to procure the best remedies for her case.

He found that the dispensers were well acquainted with the character of the case, and one of them remarked that it was only that "Hysterical Harriet," who would cure herself with a peppermint drop. Whereupon the doctor became angry, asserting that hysteria had nothing to do with the illness; that the girl was dying, and would probably be dead before the medicines arrived. The dispensers worked rapidly, and a special messenger was sent off with the medicines.

The doctor passed a restless night, thinking of the poor girl, and rode off the next morning before breakfast to see her. He found her sitting at the wash-tub, and she had not touched his physic! It was a splendid illustration of "the mimicry of disease."

A nervous, lonely man, with a generous, sensitive heart, but of a sad nature, lived near the doctor's house. One day the man committed suicide, and the horrified neighbors supposed that his body, according to the custom, would be buried outside of the churchyard; but to their surprise the rector granted burial in the consecrated ground.

Then it was rumored that the rector had given his consent to the erecting of a stone by the doctor at the head of the suicide's grave, and that the doctor would also furnish an appropriate epitaph.

There were no flowers or other artistic designs, such as fashion then enjoined, carved upon the wide grave-stone, but, cut deeply, were to be read the full name of the deceased, and the date of his death. Just beneath were two words: "Judge not!" The villagers were brought to a stand by the admonition, and were ever after dumb on the subject of this man's death.

Among the Eskimos.

It is said that the Eskimo, as the natives of Greenland and the Arctic shores of North America are called, dislike water very much. Therefore they hardly ever wash themselves, and when they do so their toilet is rough and ready. If their feet get wet, they change their boots at once, as the extreme cold of the climate renders their feet icy and their boots stiff after a dip in the water. No doubt this also is the reason why they so seldom enjoy the luxury of a wash. So, too, they cannot swim; and, even if they could, the accomplishment would be useless, since the cold water would freeze them in a trice. When an Eskimo mamma thinks her infant needs a little soothing and titivating, she uses her tongue!

A Meeting of Monarchs.

About one hundred and eighty years ago Peter the Great visited Paris, and was received with much ceremony by Louis XV, then 7 years of age. Two chairs of state had been placed side by side for the two puissant monarchs, in anticipation of an interview of world-wide significance. The sequel was rather amusing. While Louis, with becoming deference, waited for the czar to say something, the illustrious Peter was obviously embarrassed by the tender age of his host. Finally, fausse maniere, he took the little king in his arms, kissed him, and conversed about toys, to the disgust of the courtiers, who had expected a set speech on political matters.

The Cause of the Trouble.

"Wires ain't working," said the operator tersely. "Can't take your message."

"What's the matter? Storm?" demanded the man with the message. "Worse than that," replied the operator. "What?"

"Just received a cablegram in Russian and it has twisted the wires all out of shape."—Washington Star.

A Fake.

Yeast—What do you think of that man Hobbs? He reads the future, you know.

Crimsonbeak—Reads nothing! I was with him last night until late and do you know what the last thing he said to me was?

"No; I can't imagine." "He said: 'Your wife won't say a thing to you to-night! He's a fake!'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Last year \$20,000,000 of English capital was invested in the business of manufacturing automotor carriages.