



THE doom of arrogance and the reward of humility are lessons which Dr. Talmage here draws from Merdcaal on horseback and Haman afoot; text, Esther viii, 10. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai."

Here is an oriental courtier, about the most offensive man in Hebrew history. Haman by name. He plotted for the destruction of the Israelitish nation, and I wonder not that in some of the Hebrew synagogues to this day when Haman's name is mentioned the congregation clinch their fists and stamp their feet and cry, "Let his name be blotted out!" Haman was prime minister in the magnificent court of Persia. Thoroughly appreciative of the honor conferred, he expects everybody that he passes to be obsequious. Coming in one day at the gate of the palace, the servants drop their heads in honor of his office, but a Hebrew named Mordecai gazes upon the passing dignitary without bending his head or taking off his hat. He was a good man and would not have been negligent of the ordinary courtesies of life, but he felt no respect either for Haman or the nation from which he had come. So he could not be hypocritical, and while others made oriental salaam, getting clear down before this prime minister when he passed, Mordecai, the Hebrew, relaxed not a muscle of his neck and kept his chin clear up. Because of that affront Haman gets a decree from Ahasuerus, the dastardly king, for the massacre of all the Israelites, and that, of course, will include Mordecai.

Comedy and Tragedy.
To make a long story short, through Queen Esther this whole plot was revealed to her husband, Ahasuerus. One night Ahasuerus, who was afflicted with insomnia, in his sleepless hours calls for his secretary to read him a few passages of Persian history, and so while away the night. In the book read that night to the king an account was given of a conspiracy, from which Mordecai, the Hebrew, had saved the king's life and for which kindness Mordecai had never received any reward. Haman, who had been fixing up a nice gallows to hang Mordecai on, was walking outside the door of the king's sleeping apartment and was called in. The king told him that he had just had read to him the account of some one who had saved his (the king's) life, and he asked what reward ought to be given to such a one. Self-conceited Haman, supposing that he himself was to get the honor and not imagining for a moment that the deliverer of the king's life was Mordecai, says, "Why, your majesty ought to make a triumph for him and put a crown on him and set him on a splendid horse, high stepping and full-blooded, and then have one of your princes lead the horse through the streets crying: 'Bow the knee! Here comes a man who has saved the king's life!'" Then said Ahasuerus in severe tones to Haman: "I know all about your sordidness. Now you go out and make a triumph for Mordecai, the Hebrew, whom you hate. Put the best saddle on the finest horse, and you, the prince, hold the stirrup while Mordecai gets on and then lead his horse through the street. Make haste!"

What a spectacle! A comedy and tragedy at one and the same time. There they go! Mordecai, who had been despised, now starred and robed in the stirrups, Haman, the chancellor, afoot, holding the prancing, roaring, champing stallion. Mordecai bends his neck at last, but it is to look down at the degraded prime minister walking beneath him. Hurra for Mordecai! Alas for Haman! But what a pity to have the gallows, recently built, entirely wasted! It is fit that cubits high and built with care, and Haman had erected it for Mordecai, by whose stirrups he now walks as groom. Stranger and more startling than any romance, there go up the steps of the scaffolding, side by side, the hangman and Haman, the ex-chancellor. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai."

Lessons of Warning.
Although so many years have passed since cowardly Ahasuerus reigned and the beautiful Esther answered to his whims and Persia perished, yet from the life and death of Haman we may draw living lessons of warning and instruction. And first we come to the practical suggestion that when the heart is wrong things very insignificant will destroy our comfort. Who would have thought that a great prime minister, admired and applauded by millions of Persians, would have been so nettled and harassed by anything trivial? What more could the great dignitary have wanted than his chariots and attendants and palaces and banquets? If affluence of circumstances can make a man contented and happy, surely Haman should have been contented and happy. No. Mordecai's refusal of a bow takes the glitter from the gold and the richness from the purple and the speed from the chariots. With a heart puffing up with every inflation of vanity and revenge, it was impossible for him to be happy. The silence of Mordecai at the gate was louder than the braying of trumpets in the palace. Thus shall it always be if the heart is not right. Circumstances the most trivial will disturb the spirit.

It is not the great calamities of life that create the most worryment. I have seen men, felled by repeated blows of misfortune, arising from the dust, never desponding. But the most of the disquiet which men suffer is from insignificant causes, as a lice attached by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through the forests at the slightest of his brayway scold of a few insects. You must come great loss in business with common sense, but you must not think of petty trifles which land upon you which drive all your energy for

wrath and remain in your heart an unbearable annoyance. If you look back upon your life, you will find that the most of the vexations and disturbances of spirit which you felt were produced by circumstances that were not worthy of notice. If you want to be happy, you must not care for trifles. Do not be too minute in your inspection of the treatment you receive from others. Who cares whether Mordecai bows when you pass or stands erect and stiff as a cedar? That woodman would not make much clearing in the forest who should stop to bind up every little bruise and scratch he received in the thicket, nor will that man accomplish much for the world or the church who is too watchful and appreciative of petty annoyances. There are multitudes of people in the world constantly harrowed because they pass their lives not in searching out those things which are attractive and deserving, but in spring out with all their powers of vision to see whether they cannot find a Mordecai.

An Emblem of Worldliness.
Again, I learn from the life of the man under our notice that worldly vanity and sin are very anxious to have plenty bow before them. Haman was a fair emblem of entire worldliness and Mordecai the representative of unfinishing godliness. Such were the usages of society in ancient times that had this Israelite bowed to the prime minister it would have been an acknowledgment of respect for his character and nation. Mordecai would therefore have sinned against his religion had he made any obeisance or dropped his chin half an inch before Haman. When therefore proud Haman attempted to compel a homage which was not felt, he only did what the world ever since has tried to do when it would force our holy religion in any way to yield to its dictates. Daniel, if he had been a man of religious compromise, would never have been thrown into the den of lions. He might have made some arrangements with King Belshazzar whereby he could have retained part of his form of religion without making himself so completely obnoxious to the idolaters. Paul might have retained the favor of his rulers and escaped martyrdom if he had only been willing to mix up his Christian faith with a few errors. His unbending Christian character was taken as an insult.

Fagot and rack and halter in all ages have been only the different ways in which the world has demanded obeisance. It was once, away up on the top of the temple, that satan commanded the holy one of Nazareth to kneel before him, but it is not now so much on the top of churches as down in the aisle and the pew and the pulpit that satan tempts the possessors of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Platonic philosophers of early times as well as Toland, Spinoza and Hobbingshroke of later days were so madly opposed to Christianity? Certainly not because it favored immoralities or arrested civilization or dwarfed the intellect. The genuine reason, whether admitted or not, was because the religion of Christ paid no respect to their intellectual vanities. Blount and Boyle and the host of infidels hatched out by the vile reign of Charles II., as reptiles crawl out of a marsh of slime, could not keep their patience because, as they passed along, there were sitting in the gate of the church such men as Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, who would not bend an inch in respect to their philosophies.

Satan's Wiles.
Satan told our first parents that they would become as gods if they would only reach up and take a taste of the fruit. They tried it and failed, but their descendants are not yet satisfied with the experiment. We have now many desiring to be as gods, reaching up after yet another apple. Reason, scornful of God's Word, may foam and strut with the proud wrath of a Haman and attempt to compel the homage of the good, but in the presence of men and angels it shall be confounded. "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" When science began to make its brilliant discoveries, there were great facts brought to light that seemed to overthrow the truth of the Bible. The archaeologist with his crowbar and the geologist with his hammer and the chemist with his batteries charged upon the Bible. Moses' account of the creation seemed denied by the very structure of the earth. The astronomer wheeled around his telescope until the heavenly bodies seemed to marshal themselves against the Bible as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Observatories and universities rejoiced at what they considered the extinction of Christianity. They gathered new courage at what they considered past victory and pressed on their conquest into the kingdom of nature until, alas for them, they discovered too much! God's Word had only been lying in ambush that, in some unguarded moment, with a sudden bound, it might tear infidelity to pieces.

It was as when Joshua attacked the city of Ai. He selected 30,000 men and consulted most of them; then, with few men, he assailed the city, which pointed out his numbers and strength upon Joshua's little band. According to previous plan, they fell back in seeming defeat, but after all the proud inhabitants of the city had been brought out of their homes and had joined in the pursuit of Joshua suddenly that brave man halted in his flight, and, with his spear pointing toward the city, 30,000 men bounded from the thickets as panthers spring to their prey, and the pursuers were dashed to pieces, while the hosts of Joshua pressed up to the city and, with their lighted torches, tossed it into flame. Thus it was that the discoveries of science seemed to give temporary victory against God and the Bible, and for awhile the church acted as if she were on a retreat, but when all the opposers of God and truth joined in the pursuit and were sure of the field Christ gave the signal to his church, and, turning, they drove back their foes in shame. There was found to be no antagonism between nature and revelation. The universe and the Bible were found to be the work of the same hand, two strokes of the same pen, their authorship the same God.

Pride Before a Fall.
Again, learn the lesson that pride goeth before a fall. Was any man ever so far up as Haman, who tumbled so far down? Yes, on a smaller scale every day the world sees the same thing. Against their very advantages men trip into destruction.

When God humbles proud men, it is usually at the moment of their greatest arrogance. If there be a man in your community greatly puffed up with worldly success, you have but to stand a little while and you will see him come down. You say, "I wonder that God allows that man to go on riding over others' heads and making great assumptions of power." There is no wonder about it. Haman has not yet got to the top. Pride is a commander, well-plumed and ensarbered, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. We have the best of authority for saying that "pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the small stones from the brook Elah make him stagger and fall like an ox under the butcher's blade. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm, but those with all sails set capsize at the sudden descent of the tempest.

Again, this oriental tale reminds you of the fact that wrongs we prepare for others return upon ourselves. The gallows that Haman built for Mordecai became the prime minister's strangulation. Robespierre, who sent so many to the guillotine, had his own head chopped off by the horrid instrument. The evil you practice on others will recoil upon your own pate. Slanders come home. Oppressions come home. Cruelties come home.

Fortune's Vagaries.
Furthermore, let the story of Haman teach us how quickly turns the wheel of fortune. One day, excepting the king, Haman was the mightiest man in Persia, but the next day a lackey. So we go up, and so we come down. You seldom find any man twenty years in the same circumstances. Of those who in political life twenty years ago were the most prominent, how few remain in conspicuity! Political parties make certain men do their hard work and then, after using them as backs, turn them out on the commons to die. Every four years there is a complete revolution, and about 5,000 men who ought certainly to be the next President are shamefully disappointed, while some who this day are obscure and poverty stricken will ride upon the shoulders of the people and take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as well as they go up. Of those who were long ago successful in the accumulation of property how few have not met with reverses! While many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation. Of all sickle things in the world fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to the man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes! She cheers when you go up, and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world! Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's companionship gather your satisfaction. Then, come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Wealth and Happiness.
Again, this Haman's history shows us that outward possessions and circumstances cannot make a man happy. While yet fully vested in authority and the chief adviser of the Persian monarch and everything that equipage and pomp and splendor of residence could do was his he is an object lesson of wretchedness. There are to-day more aching sorrows under crowns of royalty than under the ragged caps of the homeless. Much of the world's affluence and gaiety is only misery in colors. Many a woman seated in the street at her apple stand is happier than the great barons. The mountains of worldly honor are covered with perpetual snow. Tamara, who conquered half the world, but could not subdue her own fears, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Were I called to sketch misery in its worst form I would not go up to the dark alley of the poor, but up the highway where, with prancing Bucephal strike the sparks with their hoofs and between stately and parks of talking deer. Wretchedness, however bitter, is not so earthy as the voice of a tremendous conscience which says: "I am immortal. The stars shall die, but I am immortal. One wave of eternity shall drown time in its depths, but I am immortal. The earth shall have a shroud of flame, and the heavens flee at the glance of the Lord, but I am immortal. From all the heights and depths of my nature rings down and rings up and rings out the word 'immortal.'" A good conscience and assurance of life eternal through the Lord Jesus Christ are the only securities.

The soul's stream of too large a craft to sail up the stream of worldly pleasure. As ship carpenters say, it draws too much water. This earth is a bubble, and it will burst. This life is a vision, and it will soon pass away. Time! It is only a ripple, and it breaketh against the throne of judgment. Our days! They fly swifter than a shuttle, weaving for us a robe of triumph or a garment of shame. Begin your life with religion, and for its great trial you will be ready. Every day will be a triumph, and death will be only a king's servant calling you to a royal banquet.
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Character.—Nature always does her duty by first making herself attractive. She believes in beauty. Would that men did the same. To be a man is really to reflect the moral character of God as a diamond radiates the glory of the sun.—Rev. William Hamilton Morgan, Episcopalian, Detroit, Mich.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

The Real "Man Who Was."
It has happened not infrequently in the world's history that a man has returned home to find himself long mourned for dead. But it is given to few to lay a wreath upon their own monuments. Such a strange experience has, however, fallen to the lot of Guilford Jackson, of Flushing, L. I., a veteran of the civil war.

In the public square of Flushing there stands a handsome granite obelisk, "erected in honor of the patriot brave who died on the field of battle from 1860 to 1861." The slain soldiers who hailed from Flushing itself are especially commemorated, and the names of these sturdy Long Islanders are given in full. Among the number is mentioned "Guilford Jackson."

Jackson is almost a prototype of Rudyard Kipling's "Man Who Was"—that unfortunate British officer who fell into Russian hands and was accounted dead by his comrades, only to reappear after long years and startle his old regiment by establishing his identity.

The story of the Flushing "Man Who Was," however, is not so sad as that of Mr. Kipling's luckless hero. He enlisted in 1862. His first battle, of any consequence as well as his last, was that of Chancellorsville on May 3. General Robert E. Lee, having renewed the attack commenced upon the Federal troops three days earlier by Jackson's famous namesake, "Stonewall" Jackson, the defenders of the stars and stripes were routed with exceptionally heavy loss. Over 17,000 of the boys in blue, indeed, were killed, and among these Guilford Jackson's comrades of the Seventy-fourth and other New York regiments set him down.

Jackson had behaved with notable bravery on April 23, during the first battle of Chancellorsville, and in the retreat across the Rappahannock, on May 3, he had been seen to fall, apparently riddled by bullets. He was not among the 5,000 prisoners taken by the Confederates. Consequently his name was honorably marked upon the rolls as having "fallen in action."

When Colonel Romer, Captain Bogel, and others erected the monument to natives of Flushing who had fallen during the war, Jackson's name was one of the first ordered to be carved on the granite slabs around the obelisk. And there, with its accompanying record of life sacrificed in the cause of patriotism, it remains to this day.

But about seven years ago there arrived in Flushing during the celebration of Memorial day an elderly man in whom, despite his decided lameness and battle-scarred features, many of the villagers discerned something familiar. The newcomer hobbled up Main street until he reached the soldiers' monument. With his stick he followed the list of names on the pedestal until he came to that of Guilford Jackson. There the stick rested, while its owner burst into a hearty laugh.

"I heard it was there," he cried, "but I wouldn't believe, until I had seen it with my own eyes."

Then, turning to a curious group which had surrounded him, he exclaimed: "My friends, Guilford Jackson is no more dead than you are. * * * I am Guilford Jackson, and, except for a lame leg and a rather disfigured face, I am as well as I was when I left Flushing, in the early '60s."

One by one Jackson's old friends and schoolfellows recognized him by sundry signs and tokens, which left no doubt of his identity.

On investigation it appeared that, at Chancellorsville, instead of being killed outright, he had been badly wounded. He fell close to the banks of the Rappahannock, and managed to crawl, with great pain and loss of blood, out of the direct line of pursuit. For many hours he lay cocooned, and suffering great agony, in the long grass. On May 4 a negro found him and conveyed him in a mule wagon to an abandoned plantation near by.

The whole countryside was in the hands of the Confederates, and Jackson dreaded capture. At first he feared that his right leg, in which he had been severely wounded, would have to be amputated, but, thanks to the fact that the negro who had found him chanced to be a capable, if somewhat lengthy, physician, he recovered, after a lengthy illness. At once he crossed the Rappahannock in a canoe, and made his way, in the face of many difficulties, toward the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

By ill-luck he fell in with a detachment of Confederates, and, on attempting to escape, was once more shot down. He was then sent South, where he remained in prison hospital for several months. When released he was a hopeless cripple. Making his way North, he practiced his trade of carpenter for some time in Wheeling, W. Va., eventually settling down in Greensburg, Pa., where he became a sufficiently influential citizen.

Happening one day to see an account of the soldiers' monuments in his native village of Flushing, he sent an inquiry to that place asking for the names of such of his old friends as had been killed in the war. To his astonishment he found that his own name appeared on the list.

A curiosity to see his own monument prompted him to journey eastward, with the result already described. The name could not be chiseled off the granite, without seriously impairing its

general symmetry. As a result it has been permitted to remain.

Since his first visit, Mr. Jackson has never failed to return for a look at the obelisk at least once a year. He generally arrives in Flushing on some such holiday as Memorial day, the Fourth of July, or Washington's birthday, when he lays a commemorative wreath against the slab upon which his name has been cut.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

War Horses.
It is remarkable how quickly horses adapt themselves to the military service," said an old soldier. "Every artilleryman knows that they learn the bugle calls and the evolutions quicker than the men, as a rule. They soon acquire a uniform gait, which is about the same as what we call the route step or the usual marching step. If the horses did not acquire the same gait as the infantry there would be varying distances between the different arms of the service—that is, between the infantry and the cavalry, artillery, and the commanders and their escorts. In the drills in the artillery service the horses will preserve their alignment as well as the infantry rank."

"I shall always remember one illustration of this trait which I noted at a very exciting and critical moment of a battle during our civil war. In order to save some of our infantry from being surrounded and captured, the commander of one of our batteries quickly mounted the cannoners on the guns and put the whole battery at a dead gallop across a stretch of meadow about half a mile wide. I was quite accustomed to such sights; but when that dashing company was half way across the field I noticed the inspiring array, and for a moment was lost in rapt admiration of the magnificent picture. Every driver was plying whip and spur, the great guns were rocking and thundering over the ground, and every horse, reeking with foam and full of animation and excitement, was straining every muscle as he galloped forward, yet a straight line drawn along in front would have touched the noses of the lead horses in front of the six guns. That was an aviator's charge, one of the most thrilling sights in the evolutions of war.

"It is surprising how quickly horses learn the bugle calls. Let the first note of the feed or water call be sounded, and instantly there will be a stamping, kicking and neighing among the horses. Once, during a terrible night storm in camp, our horses were seized with such terror that those of nearly every battery broke loose and scattered about. The next morning there was a wild rush among the artillerymen to capture horses for use. All was excitement, and the horses refused to be caught. An officer ordered the bugler to give the feed call. Horses from every direction came dashing in to that battery, and the rush was so great that it was with difficulty the men could get out of the way of the eager horses.

"When it comes to a battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on and the reason for it all, and does his duty nobly. He enters into the spirit of a battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries during the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up to the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would follow it with his gaze as if to note its effect on the enemy. When a shell would burst near by he would turn his head and look at it. When he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the glory of battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart, not the wound, that killed him.

"During a fierce charge of Confederate cavalry at Murfreesboro an officer was killed and the cavalry driven back. The horse the officer had ridden was a magnificent animal, and he had not been taught to retreat. Riderless he kept on his way, and as he dashed through our battery the sight of him was indescribably grand. His nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed and he clutched the bit determinedly with his teeth as he came on like the wind, with his saddle flaps flying until he looked as if he were himself flying instead of wildly running. Every one gave him room as he dashed toward us. An officer shouted that he would give \$100 to any one who would capture that superb animal, but all seemed too much bound up in admiration of the noble beast to make the effort, and he sped on and disappeared in the blue distances."—New York Sun.

First Union Prisoner Exchanged.
Col. William Ayres, who died recently at his residence in Philadelphia, enjoyed the distinction of having been the first Union prisoner who was exchanged during the rebellion. Early in that conflict he and several soldiers, while on a reconnoitering expedition, had the misfortune to be surprised and captured by a detachment of Mosby's guerrillas. The prisoners were sent to Libby prison, from which Col. Ayres was released through the intervention of Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, and an old friend of his, who secured his freedom by an exchange for a son of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy. Young Stephens afterward rejoined the Confederate forces and was killed in battle.—Exchange.

HOW A MAN MADE \$7,000.

The Chap Who Lost It Told His Business in a Cafe.

"Don't discuss your private business affairs in a public place," said an old Brooklynite to the New Yorker who approached him in a cafe near the City Hall. Then the Brooklyn man, pointing out a real estate dealer, said:

"Talking about a business deal in this very cafe cost that man \$7,000, and the money went into my pocket, too. You see, he represented a syndicate that wanted to build on some property in which I was interested as the owner of one house and city lot. The agent did not know me from a Canarsie clammer. Well, he came in here with a friend—one of the syndicate—for luncheon on an afternoon in last July. They took seats at this table. I sat at the next one."

"I began to 'take notice,' as grandmas say, when I heard the strangers at the next table discuss quite loudly a deal in relation to the property adjoining mine. The agent had ordered a fine layout for luncheon and was evidently well pleased with his deal. He said to his friend:

"Well, I pulled off the trick for that property at 219 Cheap street to-day. The owner thought I was doing him a favor. I started in at \$15,000 and finally closed with him for \$18,000. He bit in a hurry. Why, the property is worth \$25,000 if it's worth a dollar to us. Now I must look for that chap that owns 221. He'll be glad to get \$18,000 for his house. It's lucky for us they're not onto the fact that we want to buy that entire block."

"I didn't need to do any eavesdropping, you see. That little speech of the agent cost him exactly \$7,000. You can readily guess that I, as the owner of 221 Cheap street, was not especially anxious to sell after that. I kept Mr. Real Estate man on the jump for nearly five months, and when I let up on a bit I got my price, exactly \$25,000. A neat little profit of \$7,000 above what I would have gladly accepted. So you see the point of my remark to you, 'Don't discuss private business affairs in a public place.' Now, we'll go to my office, and I'll listen to your proposition."—New York Sun.



Henri Rochefort has employed his prison leisure in writing a preface for the edition of La Fontaine's fables. The clever draughtsman, Caran d'Ache, is illustrating.

Mrs. E. S. Willard, wife of the English actor, is bringing out her first effort in the line of serious fiction. It is a story dealing with the social life of the Jews in Russia and is called "A Son of Israel."

Before "Quo Vadis" was written Sienkiewicz was supposed to have made \$500,000 by his pen. As that book has sold into the hundreds of thousands, after running as a serial, he must be a good many thousands of dollars richer to-day.

Mrs. Wiggins' vivacious story, "Penelope's Progress," will be published shortly, and as it relates wholly to Scotland it is to be bound in Scotch plaid. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in order to procure precisely the plaid which seemed most fitting, have had it made especially for this book at a factory in Glasgow.

Frank Stockton's interesting "Pirates of the American Coast," which is now running in St. Nicholas, will, after its course as a serial, be issued by the Macmillan company under the title of "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts." The same publishers announce for publication in the near future "The Loves of the Lady Arabella," an eighteenth century story by Molly Elliot Seawell.

At last there is some likelihood of Balzac's statue, executed by Rodin, being erected, the site chosen being the Place du Palais Royal. Why the delay has been so great no one seems to know, but it must be admitted that the protests and complaints of the Societe des Gens de Lettres have not been without grounds. However, the work is now finished, and represents Balzac draped in his celebrated robe de chambre; and, though the sculptor has not reproduced the features from any of the numerous portraits that have been published of the great novelist, it is viewed with great favor by many of his admirers.

The Theater Hat in Paris.
M. Blanc, the new prefect of police in Paris, has begun his administration by the issue of a stringent ordinance against women's high trimmed hats in the parquet and balcony seats of the metropolitan theaters. The rule does not apply to women in the boxes. Curiously enough, a similar rule was enacted at the close of the last century by the chief of the Parisian police, whose name was not M. Blanc, but M. Nola. The same edict debarred all women, except those of the aristocracy, from appearing in theaters and places of public resort with rouge on their cheeks.

Sea of Petroleum Down There.
It is believed by oil experts that West Virginia is underlain by a sea of petroleum. The output of white sand oil for 1897 amounted to over 18,000,000 barrels.

Worms in a Hatch.
A strange item in the Bishop Burton Church accounts for last year is: "To killing worms in the bust of John Wesley, 15 shillings."