

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ONLY A LITTLE HONEY LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"I Did but Taste a Little Honey with the End of the Rod That Was in My Hand, and, Lo, I Must Die."—I Samuel 14: 43.



THE honey-bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects; geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature.

Corrupt literature, fascinating but deathful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there is a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence.

The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the banquet table of mercy.

There is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat.

It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the famous historian, and Charles Fox, the renowned statesman.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre? Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre, and other styles of games without any wagers."

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into the stock market, and depositing a small sum of money, run the chance of taking out a fortune.

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the Cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of honey from the Eternal Rock will give you eternal life with God.

FRENCH A CURIOUS PEOPLE.

They Have Vanity, but Not Pride; Religion, but Not Morality.

"The French must be the most curious people on earth," writes Lillian Bell in a letter from Paris to the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Family and the Home.

This is the time to provide the means for instruction and amusement for the long and quiet evenings to come.

Why It Pleaseth Him.

Parson Sainly (excitedly)—"Ha!—the great philanthropist Giveaway is dead—and has left his entire fortune to local charities and foreign missions."

One Reason.

"Can you tell me why old widowers nearly always want child wives?" "I can account for it only upon the theory that old widowers are generally childish themselves."

Riches.

"All the world's a stage." "And everybody wants to be the star." "I don't. I'd be willing to be one of the property men."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR TORPEDO BOATS.

STORE HOUSE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

A Large Flotilla to Be Kept Upon a War Footing, So That at Any Moment the Government Can Dispatch a Fleet.

Looking along the side of one of Uncle Sam's swift torpedo boat catchers in an opposite direction to the sunlight one can see the indications of the ribs as plainly as those of a well-bred Orloff.

It seems now that all this is to be remedied. A torpedo boat storehouse has been planned, under which a fleet of seventeen large boats can be housed.

SNAKE ATE PIGS.

He Was a Monster Very Closely Resembling a Python.

From Buffalo Times: Farmers in the vicinity of Lock Springs, Mo., were greatly harassed for several weeks through depredations on their chickens and pigs, and the mystery was not solved until Newton McCrary started on the trail of what appeared to be a monster snake.

The contortions of the snake as it lashed its tail and body against the ground and trees added to the fears of the now thoroughly terrified man.

Wild Horses in Arizona.

From the New York Times: In the Arizona papers of late there have been frequent complaints of serious injury, both to crops and to pastures, caused by the raids of wild horses.

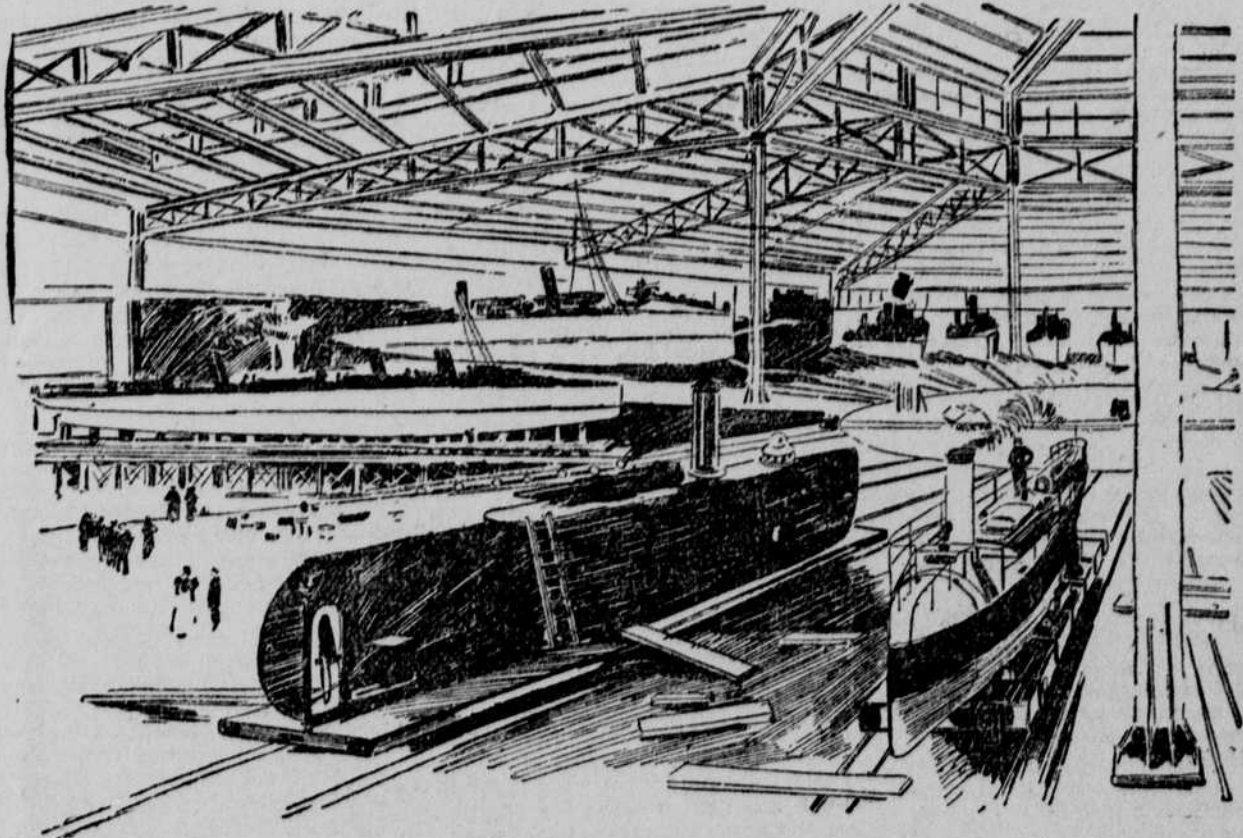
POWER PROPELLED LIGHTERS.

River Scoops Sent Along Like Trolley Cars.

A new idea, somewhat on the order of the trolley canal boats used in France and Germany, has been suggested to relieve the traffic in large cities where a narrow gauge river carries a large amount of boat traffic.

Output of Cent Pieces.

The mint of Philadelphia is almost constantly engaged in turning out cents made of copper, with a slight alloy of zinc and tin.



HOW THE TORPEDO FLEET WILL BE HOUSED.

structures, with separate rooms for each boat; but as the different official ideas were condensed the composite result was in favor of a single structure—a marine lift, turn-table and a machine shop for torpedo work.

The discussion is more or less constant as to the advisability of enlarging the functions of government, not only by the municipal ownership of street railways, gas works, printing plants, and the like, but also by the extension of the scope of state and national government.

owns the finest pearls in Europe. The duchess of Cumberland possesses the finest pearls in Europe.

is a rather delicate creature, subject to many ills, and often hard to keep in health though watched with close attention and allowed to want for nothing whatever.

cents issued by the mint since it began operations. It is rather a profitable business for the government, as it means the conversion of copper costing 10 cents a pound into a form in which it is worth \$2 or more a pound.

PERSONALS.

M. Paty de Clam prosecuted Dreyfus at the court-martial.

Edward Rose, the man who wrote the stage versions of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Under the Red Robe," began his career by reading law.

When Dr. Hans Richter, the famous Wagnerian conductor, made up his mind to devote himself to that branch of music, he burned all the music he had composed up to that time, and declared that it cooked the most delicious cup of coffee he had ever tasted.

Selvedden Bey, the charge d'affaires of the Turkish legation at Washington, has left that post to assume his new duties as first secretary of the Turkish embassy at St. Petersburg.

Francis Coppée, the great French poet, novelist and dramatist, is an old bachelor, and is as devoted to his pet cats as to the proverbial spinsters.

Jules Massenet, the French composer, whose "Sapho" has been a great success in Paris, with Caive in the title role, has announced that he will write no more operas.

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