TALMAGE'S SERMON, It has slain a multitude of intellectual the Cross I dip it up for all your

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 Dis."-I. Samuel 14:43.



ography, written by Huber and Swame merdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus; and Mozes, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the beeline. The honey-comb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honey-bee construct; its cells, sometimes a dormitory and sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square, and plumbline, fashion them for use. Two and two these workers shape the wall. If an accident happens, they put up buttreases of extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect before unknown, in the night time attacked the bee-hives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the bee-hives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees arranged for their own protection, and built before the honeycombs an especial wall of wax with portholes through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

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. When the boys on the cars come through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The bookbindery may be attractive, and the style of writing sweet as the majority who are victimized you hear trains almost run over their roses, and the plot dramatic and startling, hone; that Jonathan took up with his not one word. One great stock firm and yet they leave a Place de la Conrod, but your best interests forbid it, goes down, and while columns of your moral safety forbids, it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey them. The great steamer goes down. with the rod that was in my hand. and, lo, I mrust die." 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. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in prize packages, bet on no base ball the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our citles the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum, but unburied, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood. thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once glorious ly alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas! how many take no warning! They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take als life. This infatuation of strong drink is so might in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing and his domeatic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the namea of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is the air and lowering gradually to the pleasant to your taste and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Rememboy Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods at Leth-aven. 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. Indeed the hunger for food is often overpowered by the hunger for wagers. It is absurd for those of us who have creant. Here is honey gathered from never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightly of the temptation. with a rod made out of the wood of property men."--Cincinnati Enquire." i

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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, and in olden times, senators

as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' HE honey-bee is a parlor, and ended with the suicide's pismost ingenious artol at Monte Carlo. They played with chitect, a Christothe square pieces of bone with black pher Wrenn among marks on them, not knowing that Sainsects; geometer tan was playing for their bones at the drawing hexagons same time, and was sure to sweep all and pentagons, . the stakes off on his side of the table. freebooter robbing State legislatures have again and the fields of polagain sanctioned the mighty evil by len and aroma, passing laws in defense of race tracks, wondrous creature and many young men have lost all of God whose bitheir wages at such so-called "meet-Every man who voted for ings." such infamous bills has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

of the United States, who used to be

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. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children and then at the close, said, "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are to my mind so associated with the temporal and spiritual ruin of spiendid young men, that I would as soon say to my family, "Come, let us have a game of cards," as I would go into a menagerie and say, "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnake," or into a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the gravediggers, "Come, let us have a game at skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying, "Do you think card playing will do us any Perhaps not, but how will harm?" you feel if in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man should say, "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1898 at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals, and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on the way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

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. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as it is to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said in substance, "I have there the value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." His home is today penniless. What was the mat-

souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which STORE HOUSE AT THE BROOKwould make men live forever, and one sip of honey from the Eternal Rock will give you eternal life with God. Come off the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace, where the vineyards sun themselves. "Oh, taste and see that the lord is gracious!" Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it seemed a great sweetnes to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the Deity. Shelley was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Survey Chapel that he might renounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was twenty-four feet long he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the storm except one, in which Shelley and That his two friends were sailing. never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed up on the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and I fear had no God when he died. 'The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Beware of the forbidden honey!

FRENCH A CURIOUS PEOPLE. They Have Vanity, but Not Pride; Reli-

gion, but Not Morality.

"The French must be the most curious people on earth," writes Lilian Beil in a letter from Paris to the Ladies' Home Journal. "How could even Heavenly ingenuity create a more uncommon or bewildering contradiction and combination? Make up your mind that they are as simple as children when you see their innocent picnicking along the boulevards and in the parks with their whole families, yet you dare not trust yourself to hear what they are saying. Believe that they are cynical, and fin de siecle, and skeptical of all women when you hear two men talk, and the next day you hear that one of them has shot himself on the grave of his sweetheart. Believe that politeness is the ruling characteristic of the country because a man kisses your hand when he takes leave of you. But marry him, and no insult is too low for him to heap upon you. Believe that the French men are sympathetic because they laugh and cry openly at the theatre. But appeal to their chivalry, and they will rescue you from one discomfort only to offer you a worse. The French have sentimentality, but not sentiment. They have gallantry, but not chivalry. They have vanity, but not pride. They have religion, but not morality. They are a combination of the wildest extravagance and the strictest parsimony. They cultivate the ground so ter? Stock gambling. Of the vast close to the railroad tracks that the

FOR TORPEDO BOATS.

LYN 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 wellbred Orloff. That is not, however, a sign of weakness, for it is generally admitted that the American "new model" boats are possibly the strongest in construction and very likely the most powerful of anything of equal weight that at present floats; nevertheless their thin plates fast become a prey to the solvent action of the sea. With plates one-eighth of an inch thick there is little or no margin for rust, and to prevent oxidizing coastant painting is resorted to, which operation would more than likely keep all the eastern navy yard docks occupied when our new torpedo flotilia 13 complete, to the exclusion of the ships of the line. Strangely enough, it costs more to dock a torpedo boat than it does our largest battleship. For example: The Iowa when entering the dry dock displaces 11,410 tons of water or thereabouts. Now, when the Cusaing enters the same dock she only displaces 105 tons of water, and in order to drain the dock for the Cushing they are obliged to pump 11,305 more tons of water than is required to clear the dock for the Iowa, which consumes time and coal. For mechanical reasons the Brooklyn yard is a center for repairs. At present three small boats will fill the docks, and in case of a sudden arrival of a dozen boats to te put on an immediate war footing the flotilla would be obliged to go to sea in miserable "driblets" of threes, at

long intervals, as it were. 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.

F om 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. He traveled a distance of two miles, when he came to the banks of the Grand river, where it appeared the reptile entered the water. A search of the vicinity later on rewarded McCrary for his persistence. Apparently asleep, after having dispatched several full-grown chickens, lay a reptile of such monstrous proportions that the man was transfixed with fear. His courage return ing, McCrary sent a charge of buckshot into the head of the reptile and precipitately fled.

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. Summoning the assistance of neighbors, McCrary cautiously led back an armed party, when, to his satisfaction, the life of the reptile was found to be extinct. It measured 16 feet, and the body was as large as an ordinary stovepipe. The species of the reptile is not known, although it looks very much like a python. Early in the spring it was seen several miles further up the Grand river, but reports of the terrified spectators were not generally credited.

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. Something like 20,000 of these creatures, it is estimated, are now roaming the plains of that territory, and they have become serious nuisances. There is some cause for surprise in the fact that at this late day, even in Arizona, an animal alien to the country can resume the habits of his almost unmeasureably remote ancestors and can multiply rapidly without care or protection of At first it was proposed to build two any kind. The horse in domestication | come of the hundreds of millions of

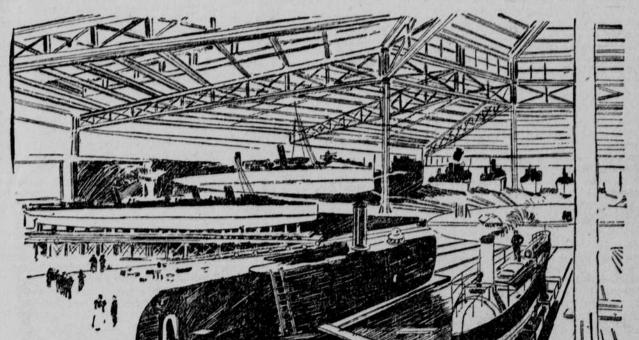
POWER PROPELLED LIGHTERS.

River Scows 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 citics where a narrow guage river carrying a large amount of boat traffic enters the heart of the city. This, of course, necessitates numerous drawbridges and interruption and annoyance both to the land traffic and the boat traffic. The scheme proposed contemplates the use of trolley lighters, which could run up alongside the vessels for unloading at the docks on the outskirts of the town, and when , loaded could convey the goods to the warehouses and docks desired, without necessitating the opening of swing bridges. In loading the vessels the system would be just as applicable, and the coal and supplies in cars could be loaded directly on the lighters, carried to the boats and unloaded with a minimum of handling. Broad, shallow lighters, with screw propellers driven by electric motors, could be used, and the power supplied by trolley wires running along the banks and under the bridges, connection between the boats and the wire being made by means of flexible cables. If this method were adopted the swing bridges could be made permanent ones, and all the smoke, dirt and noise of the puffing steam tugs would be obviated, and the teaming, dock and lighterage charges reduced to a minimum. Moreover, the motors used for driving the lighters could be utilized at their destination to raise the goods from the hold into the warehouses or local docks, as required.

Output of Cent Pleces.

The mint of Philadelphia is almost constantly engaged in turning out cents made of copper, with a slight alloy of zinc and tin. The state of Pennsylvania alone absorbed 11,000,000 last year, and New York 9,000,000. There is as much curiosity about the final fate of these cents as there is about that of pins. Nobody is able to tell where the pins go to, and it is impossible to even surmise what has be-



newspapers discuss their fraud or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks, five hundred unknown men sink with and all the little boats are swallowed

in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or breadstuffs, or dice, or race horse betting. Exhilaration at the start, but a raving brain, and a shattered nervous system, and a sacrificed property, and a destroyed soul at the last. Young men. buy no lottery tickets, purchase no game or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment, drive away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side, and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable.

The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lins, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said, "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back when, just as they heard him say, "I almost have it," he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you can walk knee-deep amid the full blooms of the very Paradise of God? When a man may sit at the King's hanquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the refuse and bones of a hound's kennel? Sweetor than honey and the honeycomb." says David, is the truth of God. "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the rethe blossoms of the trees of life, and

corde in the heart of the city."

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. Farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, merchants, men of all classes and agesnow is the time to ask yourselves, how shall we spend the winter evenings most pleasantly and profitably? Ladies -it is your pleasure to make home the happiest spot on earth-prepare now to make the fireside attractive and happy. Parents, have you thought of the best means of promoting the welfare and happiness of your children during the winter? Every one knows something of the charms of a winter evening at home, and of those charms, reading is the chief, the most lasting, and the best. A thoroughly good and entertaining paper is specially adapted to meet the desire for winter evening amusement. Every one who has enjoyed the society of the Ledger by the fireside must have felt happier and better for its perusal. To instruct, to amuse, to advocate a high standard of morality, and to cherish all the better feeling of the heart, is its mission. Nothing is admitted to its pages that can wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or call a blush to the cheek of the most modest. Children may read it with pleasure and profit, and we wish to make the oldest, wisest and best in the community confess their

Why It Pleased Him.

obligations to us for many pleasant,

well-spent hours.

Parson Saintly (excitedly)-"Ha!the great philanthropist Giveaway is dead-and has left his entire fortune to local charities and foreign missions." Stranger-"Ah! God bless him! God bless him! I like to see money left like that." Parson Saintly-"Pardon me, sir; but are you one of the cloth ?" Stranger-"Oh, no! I'm a lawyer,"-Puck.

One Reason

"Can you tell me why old widowers nearly always want child wivea?" - 11 can account for it only upon the theory that old widowers are generally childish themselves."

everybody wants to be the star." "I don't. I'd he willing to be one of the



HOW THE TORPEDO FLEET WIIL BE HOUSED.

ideas were condensed the composite result was in favor of a single structure-a marine lift, turn-table and a upon a war footing, so that at any moment the government can dispatch practically a brand new mosquito fleet to the seat of annoyance, most likely to meet an enemy who is some hundreds of miles from his base of supplies, with jaded crews and battered boats. The enemy, seeing his disadvantage, becomes at once the victim of moral effect. Small things have turned the tide of battle, little as the difference is in the spelling of "victor" and "victim."

Our illustration is intended to give an idea of what is proposed to be built, showing the boats as they would appear overhauled after an engagement. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be expended on the building, lift and table, to be erected between the new timber dry dock and the wall separating the navy yard from Brooklyn's new market. The naval officials to a man desire the improvement, and look upon it as the most important work on hand at present. A prominent officer said: "We will

draw on the experience of Europe, and go them one better," which feeling is echoed by most of us without question .- New York Herald.

Owns the Finest Fearls in Europe. The duchess of Cumberland possess es the finest pearls in Europe. They were part of the crown jewels of Hanover, and in 1857 they were valued at £160,600. These pearls were claimed in 1837 both by the queen and her uncle, King Ernest of Hanover, but it was not until 1857 that Lord Wensleydale, Lord Hatherley and Sir Lawreace Peel unanimously decided that they belonged to Hanover. So they were then given up, along with a splendid casket of jewels, part of which had been brought to England from Han-"All the world's a stage." "And over by George II., and the rest had belonged to Queen Charlotte, who left them by will to her son, Ernest.

structures, with separate rooms for | is a rather delicate creature, subject | cents issued by the mint since it beeach boat; but as the different official to many ills, and often hard to keep gan operations. It is rather a profitin health though watched with close able business for the government, as attention and allowed to want for it means the conversion of copper nothing whatever. When forced to costing 10 cents a pound into a form machine shop for torpedo work-mak- | rely on his own resources, however, he | in which it is worth \$2 or more a ing it possible to keep a large flotilla | shows a marked capacity for resuming | pound. the wild state and for guarding himself against enemies of all sorts. Ever since the days of the Spanish explorers the horse at every opportunity has demonstrated his liking for freedom and his adaptability for meeting without aid the conditions of life in the west and south. Large herds were often seen years ago, but that they should still find room in the United States is really notable, as proving that the country is not nearly so well settled as the opponents of immigration would have us believe.

The Scope of Government.

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. In the meantime it is doubtful if any but special students of the subject know to what extent the enlargement of the scope of government is constantly taking place. Prof. Eugene Wambaugh, of the Harvard Law School, contributes to the Atlantic Monthly an article on the present scape of government. He takes a citizen of any one of our large cities, and follows him through the course of a day, pointing out how he and all his possessions and his actions are regulated by government, municipal, state or national. At almost every step in the daily life of a resident of any large city the govelament meets him and providea for him, and the scope of government is thus in many ways being so constantly enlarged that if the process continue it is only a question of time when we shall be under government control almost in a socialistic 80035.

About 200,000 people are engaged in the French lace trade.

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. He soon abandoned it for the stage, however, and is now dramatic critic of the London Sunday Times.

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.

Selfedden 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. He is only 26 years of age, and is the youngest diplomat who has ever been charge d'affaires at the national capital.

Francois Coppee, the great French poet, novelist and dramatist, is an old bachelor, and is as devoted to his pet cats as the proverbial spinster. Au American friend, who visited him a few years ago, avera that he found one cat in the ante-chamber of the poet's residence, two cats in the dining-room, four in the parlor, and eight in his study.

Jules Mussenet, the French composer, whose "Sapho" has been a great success in Paris, with Calve in the title role, has announced that he will write no more operas. Massent is like Gen. Grant in his love for a cigar, having one between his lips almost all the time. He never accepts social invitations, never attends performances of his own works except at rehearsals, and is of an exceedingly nervous habit.

Biches.