

ON EXILE'S LIFE

THE RUSSIAN SYSTEM OF BANISHMENT IS DESCRIBED.

There has been a great deal of sympathy wasted upon Siberian exiles, writes William E. Curtis from St. Petersburg. While there have doubtless been innumerable cases of injustice and brutality, for Russian officials are corrupt and cruel, and the Slavs, as a race, have always regarded human suffering with indifference, nevertheless, under ordinary circumstances, the majority of those who have been banished to Siberia are much better off than they were at home and ought to consider themselves fortunate to escape imprisonment for a term of years. The caravans of convicts, whose misery and anguish have aroused so much horror and indignation in civilized countries have not usually undergone any greater hardships than were borne by the pioneers who crossed our own prairies to Colorado, Montana and California before the overland railroads were built. And, upon arriving at their destinations, unless they were guilty of serious crimes, their surroundings and circumstances were often much better than those of the men who developed the wealth of the mountains and the prairies west of the Mississippi river. The life of a miner or a ranchman or a farmer in Siberia, whether he be an emigrant or a convict suffering banishment, offers infinitely greater advantages for moral and material improvement than can be found in any of the great Russian cities, and in the great majority of cases what was imposed as a punishment turned out to be a blessing, for many of the wealthiest and most influential men in Siberia are exiles who have found unlimited opportunities for the exercise of their talents and industry. The exile system was adopted by Nicholas I., "the iron czar," with the idea of utilizing convict labor for the development of the timber, pastoral and agricultural resources of the vast region beyond the Caucasus mountains, and, instead of sending offenders to prison, shipped them into the wilderness to work out their small salvation under the surveillance of the police. They were ticket-of-leave men. They were permitted to go and come and do whatever their hands found to do, and

enjoy the fruits of their industry without interference from the authorities so long as they remained in the neighborhood of the community to which they were assigned. Good behavior was rewarded by additional liberty. Exiles who proved trustworthy were allowed the privileges of ordinary citizens and were sometimes permitted on parole to return to their old homes in Russia to visit their parents or attend to business affairs. No one was chained either on the march or after arrival unless he had committed a capital crime, or had tried to escape, or was refractory or had violated the orders or the rules imposed upon him. The heartrending pictures drawn by Mr. Kennan and other writers were often accurate, but the figures who appeared in them were usually men who had aroused the hostility of the officials by resistance or defiance and were punished for that reason.

Friend in Need.

"Say, pa, what does animadversion mean?" "Animadversion? Just wait a minute, my boy, and I'll look it up." "You needn't mind, pa. I only wanted to see if you could say it." That's one of the words I heard ma tell Aunt Mary she was goin' to spring on you when you came home from the club. Here's the other two—"paraphernalia" and "idiosyncrasy." Better practice 'em up, dad, while you've got time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Kangaroo Ranch.

An Arkansas planter is making arrangements to start a kangaroo ranch. The hides are valuable and the tendons much more so. The latter can be split extremely fine, and are the best thing known to surgeons for sewing up wounds and especially for holding broken bones together, being much finer and tougher than catgut.

New York's Presidential List.

From New York state have come five of the twenty-five men who have been presidents of the United States—Van Buren, Fillmore, Arthur, Cleveland and Roosevelt.

The Chinese have a superstitious horror of being caught in the rain.

Her Wealth a Burden

Vast Riches Cause Great Worry to a Former Pauper.

For a year and a half an inmate of an institution for the poor, Mrs. Ellen Cushing of Chicago, is now burdened with wealth and is more unhappy by far than when a pauper dependent upon others for the necessities of life. Broken in health and spirit by old age and the vicissitudes of former years, worried by a legion of petty annoyances that follow in the wake of her inheritance so that she cannot sleep, a bequest of \$8,000,000 from her uncle, Henry Dolan of New York, left to be divided between herself and four sisters, is only a scurvy trick that fate has played upon her.

Her friends say the inheritance will kill her. They tell of hundreds of letters she receives from persons who seek to take advantage of her feebleness and obtain a portion of her riches. Some of these are the letters of professional beggars, who recite harrowing tales of poverty and distress, and ask for amounts ranging from \$5 to \$500. Others are from promoters of enterprises, such as mines in Alaska, the search of sunken treasure, the completion of flying machines and perpetual motion contrivances, who would accept in trust all her money were she willing. These are read nervously as fast as they are received, and are much to blame for her present condition.

Mrs. Cushing will receive her inheritance November 28, and what she will do with the money the beneficiary has not the slightest idea. Now she is not content to live in any one place but moves about from the home of

one friend to that of another, unhappy in the possession of her great riches.

The Drum in Warfare.

In 1869 the Italian minister of war, Signor Ricotti, abolished the drum in the Italian army. For nine years a crusade in its favor has been carried on in Italy, and at length its return is decided upon. Every regiment in the country has been supplied with one or more of the 1,200 drums which have been ordered from a Milan maker. These new drums will be an improvement on the old ones, for they are only to weigh four pounds, as against the previous seventeen pounds.

France's Submarine Fleet.

By 1906 France will have a fleet of 68 submarine boats when the present programme is fulfilled. Twenty submarine boats have been laid down this year, and owing to this large number none will be laid down in 1902. Five will be begun in 1903 and in 1904 26 more will be undertaken. Three will be ready next year, and 17 more in 1903.

American Servants Want Too Much.

A writer in a German paper declares that servants in the United States do only half as much work, demand twice as much free time and four times as much wages as servants do in Germany.

An Isolated Land

Scottish Islanders Who Live in Practical Ignorance of the World.

It is interesting to note that the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, lying off the west coast of Scotland, only have communications with the mainland during three months of the year, from the beginning of June to the end of August. In these months it is visited by excursion steamers perhaps half a dozen times; for the rest of the year its inhabitants know as much about British affairs as do the Eskimos of the north. If King Edward were to die tomorrow, or London be burned down, they would learn of the events for the first time next June. But while unable to receive communications except during the period mentioned they have a quaint seapost. When they desire to communicate with the mainland they put their letters, with coins for postage, into a tin box or a bottle, which is enclosed in a roughly-shaped tin boat, with the words "Please open" cut on top, and a bladder full of air attached. This is thrown into the sea at certain tides, and so carried to the Hebridean shores, or mayhap to the coast of Norway.

The group of islands of which St. Kilda is the chief, has an area of 4,000 square miles. The climate is mild

owing to the Gulf stream and immense numbers of wild fowl make their homes on the islands. The waters are full of fish and the natives raise valuable sheep.

"Baby Mine" Elected Him.

Isaac W. Van Shaick, who died recently in Maryland at the age of 84, was one of the most notable characters that ever claimed Milwaukee as home, and it was from that city that he was twice elected to Congress, and he could have gone oftener had he so desired. "Baby Mine" was the song that elected him the time he ran for Congress. In the outer wards of the city—in the thickly populated districts where the Polish voters live—he visited the humble homes and dandled the children on his knee, jollied the mothers and sang "Baby Mine" to the babies. He sang it on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce when trading was dull. Everywhere he went he was called upon for his favorite song and never failed to respond.

Mrs. Robert T. Haines has placed a four-act society play, entitled "Hearts Adaine," with Amelia Bingham.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MAN VERSUS EVIL THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From Proverbs XXIII: 35, as follows: "When Shall I Awake? I Will Seek It Yet Again"—The Return of the Prodigal—Surmounting Obstacles.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.] Washington, Nov. 10.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get out of this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by unradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning, except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said, "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

Surmounting Obstacles.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God, thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

Slavery to Habit.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking Juggernauts.

The Prodigal's Return.

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why, are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was

saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. In all our great cities there are men who are 5,000 miles from church—vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if there come to the House of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know, unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen! I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting today among the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you might have been a crouching wretch in a stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage should not be so hard on the fallen.

First Get Ashore.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water, "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore and then talk to him about the nonessentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you, my brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way, take hold of the same hymnbook with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that he that "converts a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unriveted and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits you have and ask him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of ohs and ahs and forever and forever amens! Go to God and cry for help.

Healing Balm for Wounds.

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at the time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street hospital was opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men tonight. Please take care of them." From my church there went out twenty or thirty men and women. As the poor wounded men were brought in no one asked of them from what state they came or what was their parentage. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God he does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unwholesome intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the 1,600,000,000 of the race, not one instance. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three but one.

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grogshop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

Surrendering to God.

Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. And what glorious news might these young men send home to their parents that this afternoon they had surrendered themselves to God and started a new life! I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up from the meadow brook at the nightfall and stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under their feathers. When the nights get cold, the flames clap their hands above the great back log and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of? After awhile the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town tonight?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you. We always could trust him when he was at home, and since

he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 or 9 o'clock just before they retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said, "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victor.

Honor to Parents.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery reading the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother, mother!" Oh, that today, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly sympathy. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me!"

Hesitation Is Ruin.

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight, upward and away, until a door swung open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for the good angel flew, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of the bolts, and the scenery on each side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" The answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" The answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And when the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer and he said: "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!"

Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, encircling for your soul, as above the Appennines eagle and condor fight in midsky. This hour decides eternal destinies.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, NOV. 24, ISAIAH V: 8-30.

Golden Text—Woe Unto Them That Are Mighty to Drink Wine—Isa. 5: 22.—World's Temperance Lesson—Parable of the Vineyard.

I. "Covetousness."—Vs. 8-10. Covetousness leads to the selling of strong drink, to renting buildings for saloons and gambling dens. Even members of the church disgrace their profession and their Master by doing this. Officials take bribes, and policemen protect crime and saloons for money in some cities. Nothing but the love of money could induce men to enter upon the degrading business of selling liquor. In his beautiful Deserted Village, Goldsmith says: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

II. "The Tyranny of Strong Drink."—V. 11. "Woe unto them." Not a wish, but a warning; not vengeance, but a plain statement of fact. "That rise up early in the morning." The first thing they think of, the first and most urgent business of the day, is "More strong drink." "They are already gone into captivity" (v. 13). "That they may follow strong drink." They do not wait for its fumes to tempt them, but seek the tempter.

III. "The Angels of Social Life Are Transformed into Demons."—V. 12. "And the harp, and the lute." The latter word, generally rendered "psaltery," was a stringed instrument played with the fingers, perhaps a lyre, perhaps a dulcimer. "Tabor," tambourine or timbrel. "Pipes." Flute. All the powers of music, and feasting, and social life are joined to embrace the enchanting and attracting power of strong drink. Here lies one of the greatest dangers of intemperance.

IV. "Deadness of the Moral Nature."—V. 12. "They regard not the work of the Lord." They will not look around them and see what God is doing to save them, nor the punishment he sends upon those who continue in their course. Warnings are on every hand, but they will not notice them. Strong drink is an agent of the conscience, and blinds the eyes to the law of God.

V. "Chains and Captivity."—V. 13. "My people are gone into captivity." The northern kingdom was carried captive by the Assyrians while Isaiah was preaching to Judah. This was a warning; they should have taken to heart. The intemperate become the slaves of appetite, driven into all excesses and crimes by their taskmaster.

VI. "Ignorance."—"Because they have no knowledge," which they might have possessed. They were wilfully ignorant. They learned nothing from observation or experience. They were very dull scholars in God's school. Illustration. "Foolish water." "Maw-way, a prominent Comanche chief, was arrested, with six other Indians, in New Mexico, in 1868, and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On his return he gave to some of his people a graphic description of the trip.

VII. "Poverty."—"The honorable men." "The margins call attention to the form of the Hebrew. Their glory are men of fame." The distinguished men of a country are its glory." "Their multitude." "The masses, as compared with the distinguished men. The distinguished and the undistinguished alike suffer from famine and from thirst."—Prof. W. F. Beecher.

VIII. "Death and Destruction."—Vs. 14-17. "Therefore hell (Sheol, the place of the dead) hath enlarged herself." "The Comanche Indians call whiskey 'Foolish water.'" "And their glory," etc. Every good is ruined by intemperance. Great men, great causes, great ideas, great virtues, everything that makes the glory of a nation, have an inveterate enemy in intoxicating liquors.

IX. "Intensity of the Appetite and Desire."—V. 18. "That draw iniquity with cords of vanity," such as false reasoning, deceptive excuses. "With a cart rope." So strong is their desire for the forbidden thing that only the strength of a cart rope can express it. "They are magnets drawing every sort of sin toward themselves; or a vast maelstrom into which all sorts of wickedness are sucked down."—Cowley. Illustration. Linnæus and Abram (Num. 16:30-32). "And their glory," etc. Every good is ruined by intemperance. Great men, great causes, great ideas, great virtues, everything that makes the glory of a nation, have an inveterate enemy in intoxicating liquors.

X. "Defiance of God and His Laws."—V. 18. "Let him (God) make speed." Let God come to punish us if he will; who fears? Expressing utter unbelief in God's threats. They do not believe that the evil threatened will ever come. They are the fools described in Prov. 1:24, 25. "This figure of sinners jeering at the approach of a calamity, while they actually wear the harness of its carriage, is very striking."—George Adam Smith.

XI. "Distorted Views of Right and Wrong."—V. 20. "Call evil good." They baptize wickedness with good names. They advocate the cause of strong drink as promoting temperance and liberty. They do not say, "spirit of wine, thy name is devil," but thy name is joy, pleasure, prosperity, life. "People will sell liquor, and let their buildings for saloons; and yet not seem conscious of sin."

XII. "Self-Conceit."—V. 21. "Wise in their own eyes." Wine makes people self-confident. The drunkard is often the last person to know how much he is under the power of liquor. He thinks he is safe when all his friends know that he is on the brink of a precipice.

XIII. "Tendency to Excess."—V. 22. "Mighty to drink wine." The habit grows by indulgence. They are heroes of the wine-cup. But the cup is mightier than the hero. "Dishonesty, Bribery."—V. 23. "Which justify the wicked for reward."

XIV. "Who for the sake of votes, or money, or influence, give wrong judgments in court, help the wicked to escape justice, make bad laws." "Take away the righteousness," etc. Deprive men of their just rights for the sake of bribes.

"The Results."—Vs. 24-30. are compared to a devouring flame, and to a devastating army, "whose arrows are sharp," and "their wheels like a whirlwind," the sound of their coming like "the roaring of a lion," and "like the roaring of the sea."

Last Year's Output of Pennies. At the United States mint 66,838,700 bronze cents were coined last year—a larger number than was produced during any previous twelvemonth.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A pretty stick pin is a moonstone in the shape of a sphere set in a small claw.

White pine when green weighs 34.62 pounds to the square foot; when seasoned, 29.56.

Oats are cultivated in a corner of the Boston common, where grass would not grow.

A careless proofreader on the Wellington (Kas.) Journal let "society" appear on the subscription list.