JOYS OF RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage on the Future Life of Christians.

Worldly Success Without Religion Brings Little True Happiness—The Christian Always Cheerful—Beauties of Heaven Depicted.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage discoursed on "New Springs of Joy." The text was: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."—Joshua xv. 19. The preacher said:

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work was done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost any thing she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

What a suggestive passage! The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the King does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cried out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "O, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I used to go no further than your street to find illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful wordlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful wordlings—pick me out ten successful wordlings, and you can not find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at two o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall street, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who can not bear the burden any more because they have only a hundred thousand left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land" and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father, Caleb, we make this day to our father, God: "'Thou hast given me a south land, give me also springs of water.' And he gave them the upper springs and the nether springs.'"

Blessed be God! We have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this word which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion. David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. O, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth Heaven is his bodyguard; if he sit down to food his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat;" the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps;" the doorkeepers of Heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of Heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. O these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." O, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! O, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation!

When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth. I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poor house cry out: "Bless the Lord, O, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." O, you have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by my text. It seems that old father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in Heaven.

It is very fortunate we can not see Heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there, and heard the song, and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if we once got there. But as people who can not afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip.

How they must pity us as they look over and down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" O, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O, Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that can not be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as a brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day: Be manly and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden.

Do I hear any one in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to comfort you with this messager and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the day of salvation. O, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ, who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

On Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia to the great eternity.

"What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

MRS. MADISON'S COMPLIMENTS.

The First Message That Ever Was Ticked Over a Telegraph Wire.

In your issue of this morning you have a reference to Mistress Dolly Madison, justly lauding her womanliness and advising young writers to study her free and charming style. No better advice could be given. This reference to Mistress Dolly brings to my mind the fact that Mistress Dolly carried to her grave an honor never presented to any other woman, and one that can never befall again. History, you know, is not always to be relied upon. It is due to the memory of Mistress Madison that I correct an accepted historical statement as to the first telegraphic message ever sent over a wire. It is generally supposed that the words, "What hath God wrought," were the first four words thus transmitted. This is not true.

When Prof. Morse was in Washington preparing to test the telegraph line which had been erected at Government expense between Washington and Baltimore he was attended by several gentlemen friends, among whom was Congressman John P. Wetherill, of Maryland. Prof. Morse rang up the Baltimore office, then located in a room over the post-office at Fayette and North streets, and having received an answering signal he announced that he was ready to transmit a message to Baltimore. At this juncture Congressman Wetherill suggested that, as communication by electricity was a great event in the world's history, the honor of sending the first message should be bestowed upon some one identified with the Nation's progress. This suggestion met with approval, but none could think of a person whom this honor would conspicuously befit. Suddenly Wetherill cried out: "I have it! Mrs. Madison is in Washington and she is just the person!"

That distinguished lady was sent for and in half an hour she arrived, duly excited, but with the heavenly, obliging smile she always wore. Prof. Morse asked her to write out a brief message to some friend in Baltimore, and Mrs. Madison accordingly wrote a line to the wife of the Congressman, simply the words: "Mrs. James Madison's compliments to Mrs. Wetherill." The first message was ticked off and shortly thereafter reached Mrs. Wetherill at her country home in the suburbs of Baltimore, having been dispatched from the Baltimore office by a courier on horseback.

Several other preliminary messages, such as "How are you?" etc., were sent, and then came the formal communication: "What hath God wrought." These facts were narrated to me by Congressman Wetherill in 1847.—Cor. Chicago News.

TWO VISIONS.

My friend is dwelling in spacious halls,
Paintings and statues adorn her walls,
She treads on velvet and sleeps on down,
Laces and jewels cover her gown.
The earth's four corners yield up to her
Their gold and purple, perfumes and myrrh;
The artist and sculptor find new grace
In every curve of her radiant face;
The silver strings of the poet's lyre
Swell to the tune of her heart's desire.
I only muse to myself and say:
"The fashions of this world pass away."
Hers the palaces, statues and rings—
The joys of the world—*"riches have wings."*

But while I muse there passes from me
That glowing vision, and *this* I see:
Her palace walls are riven apart—
From broken statues winged creatures start;
I see the dust on her garment's hem,
Her mirrors cracked, distorted and dim;
Moths are rioting over her gown,
Mildew invading her bed of down;
Purple and gold and jewels and myrrh,
Like smoke have vanished away from her;
The poet's harp with its trailing strings
No more of her love and beauty sings;
The glory gone from her summer day,
Her world and its fashions have passed away;
While her soul in travail with evil things,
Learns all too late that "riches have wings."

—M. H. Lawless, in Demorest's Monthly.

CONCERNING THE EARS.

Common Habits which Frequently Injure Them.

Methods to Pursue When Symptoms of Disease Appear—Danger From Picking the Ears and the Indiscriminate Use of Favorite Remedies.

The ears are so often subject to disease, especially in early life, that people should know more of them than they now generally do. A little, but not much, can be said about the care they need. The real apparatus of hearing is, fortunately, so well constructed, and so well protected in its situation, it does very well, as a rule, under the "let alone treatment."

Anatomists have divided the ear into three parts. A description of two is comparatively easy, but the other is too difficult to undertake. The drum of the ear is the dividing line between the external and the so-called middle ear. The drum lies about an inch and a quarter within the passage. Beyond the drum is the actual hearing apparatus. The outermost part of the external ear is trumpet-shaped, so as to receive and collect sounds from all quarters. The middle ear, lying back of the drum, is a small cavity which communicates with deep caverns, which are also a part of the hearing apparatus. The middle ear also communicates with the upper part of the throat—properly the pharynx—by a narrow passage called the eustachian tube. Hence it will be seen that but for the drum of the ear there would be one continuous passage from the outer ear to the throat. Patients who have suffered perforation of the drum will very readily appreciate this fact, for in blowing the nose the air escapes through the ear with a whistling sound. The eustachian tube plays several important parts. Were it not for that the drum, owing to the absence of air on one side, would not vibrate, and the hearing power, while not necessarily wholly destroyed, would be very much impaired.

Although the drum of the ear lies an inch and a quarter within the passage it is very often injured, and, in fact, destroyed by the wanton carelessness in picking the ears. An instrument quite often used for that purpose is the hair-pin. In picking the ears possible injury to the drum is by no means the only danger to be apprehended. The lining of the ear passage is quite sensitive to irritation. It requires but very little rubbing or scratching to inflame it, and even if that irritation be limited to the outermost part of the passage, as it is where only the finger is used, there is a decided tendency for the trouble caused to extend up to and involve the drum. Many people must have noticed that after even gently picking the ear there soon was felt an uncomfortable sense of fullness deep within, giving evidence of an extension of the irritation. Picking the ear, even if limited to the outer part of it, also gives rise to small abscesses, which are exceedingly painful and slow to disappear. There is naturally always a small amount of wax in the ears. People generally think that they should remove that from time to time, and for the purpose a variety of ear spoons have been constructed. It is true that there are occasional cases where the wax accumulates to such an extent it threatens to fill up the passage. But that condition of things is scarcely ever noted in a healthy ear. Nature has made such provisions that the wax is properly disposed of if it is not meddled with. The glands which secrete it are on the upper wall of the passage, which has just sufficient "pitch" to let it roll out. If one knows the fact he need not try to aid nature in removing the wax, for in so doing he will most probably defeat her plans by pushing it far within, where the floor of the canal slopes in the opposite direction. That done, the wax is liable to remain there until picked out, or in some other way removed. It is generally the rule that where one is careful to keep the ear free of wax, its secretion is very greatly increased in consequence of the irritation set up. All interference with the outer passage of the ear is fraught with danger, and even in using the towel after bathing the face the parts about the ear should be touched with great gentleness. Many people incautiously make themselves deaf by using a towel or handkerchief, rolled in the shape of a wedge, to wipe out the ear. An occasional itching of the ear is almost always overcome by rubbing near the passage just in front of the ear. Where the itching is quite constant, a diseased condition of the lining of the passage will be found, and to effect a cure the services of a physician will be needed. The itching may be temporarily relieved with warm, weak saleratus water, dropped into the passage. It is a common practice in such cases and many others to drop into the ear sweet oil or glycerine. Their use can scarcely ever be justified, and certainly in some conditions of the ear it is absolutely forbidden as harmful. Not only is itching when severe an evidence of trouble within the ear, but all such sensations as of fullness, of burning or of pain, also indicate that there is some disease going on therein, and, of course, a physician should be consulted. For these symptoms and for some others the syringe is frequently brought into service. Very generally that instrument is a small glass affair which is well nigh valuless for the purpose to which it is put. To syringe out the ears is a very nice operation, and one can scarcely do it properly without being instructed by a physician. Where there is any deposit in the ear, as of hardened wax, etc., a considerable quantity of water must be thrown into it in order to do any good. Again, the stream must be properly directed or more harm than good will result; instead of being dislodged and washed out, the offending substance to be removed will be driven further in and become packed against the drum. Then, there are other things to be considered in this connection. In using a syringe, if a stream of water is thrown against the drum with too great force, injury is sure to result. In that way it is possible to rupture the drum, but if that is not done inflammation will very likely be the consequence. Again, water too hot or too cold may set up an inflammation. Therefore, all things considered, the rule is fixed that syringing the ear should never be done unless a physician has advised it and given ample instructions as to all its details.

In all cases of earache, the sufferer should consult a physician—a specialist in diseases of the ear, if possible—instead of trying the effects of poultices, "earache drops," onions or tobacco smoke and similar favorite remedies. These never need to be used to relieve painful ears. Oftentimes the earache is only a sign of disease in distant parts; as, for instance, decaying teeth often cause reflex pains in the ear. It is easy to see the utter absurdity of treating the ear in such cases. Usually, and, indeed, almost always in children an earache signifies an inflammation in the middle ear, which, as has been stated, lies beyond the drum. In every case where that symptom is complained of, the parent should determine whether or not the hearing power is impaired. That is easily done by stopping up the unaffected ear and asking the child a question. If he does not answer promptly, then his hearing power is lessened, and there is disease. In such cases an accurate knowledge of the condition of the ear must be had before rational treatment can be given. About the only remedy which is safe to be administered by parents on their own responsibility is dry heat over the ear by the means of hot flannels, bran bags and the like. Young children by far the most often suffer from earache, and they are the ones who have not learned "how to blow the nose," and so mechanically open the passage from the throat to the ear, through which the air enters to the cavity beyond the drum. Among the children who frequently suffer from earache it is also noted that quite a large proportion have chronic throat or nasal troubles, enlarged tonsils, "catarrh" and the like. When this is the case a perfect cure is impossible unless these affections are overcome.

An irritation in one part of the body will oftentimes give rise to a peculiar manifestation in some other part of it, even quite distant. One illustration—that of the decayed tooth and the aching ear—has already been given. As another illustration is instanced the fact that when one tickles his ear with his finger he feels quite a strong inclination to cough. Now, children often have a dry nervous cough without any apparent trouble about the throat or chest. Very often in such cases there is found in the ear something or other, like lumps of wax, which excites an irritation, and so induces the cough, which is then called "ear cough." From this it will appear that where a persistent cough exists, for which there is no apparent reason, such as bronchitis, etc., then the ears ought to be carefully examined.

Rupture by concussion of air is one of the most common accidents which happen to the drum of the ear. Sudden and intense noises, such as cannon firing, are likely to cause it, and more especially if the mouth is closed. Rupture may even be caused by screaming suddenly into a person's ear. Blows on the ear are a frequent cause of the accident, and, hence, boxing the ears, a form of punishment quite often resorted to by parents, is absolutely sinful.

Rupture of the drum takes place most easily where there is some disease of the ear, like that which occasionally complicates catarrh of the nose. Bathers run some danger of rupture of the drum; it has been known to be caused by direct force of a sea wave striking the side of the head. The same accident is liable to occur in deep diving as the consequence of water pressure.

When the drum of the ear is ruptured recovery may take place and there be no very noticeable impairment of the hearing power. Of course much depends upon the extent and situation of the rupture. A small wound of the drum tends to heal very quickly; it is scarcely likely that the drum would be restored where the rupture is of any considerable size. The extent of hearing power left where there has been rupture and a perforation of the drum exists varies much in different cases. In one case the hearing may be very good notwithstanding there is quite a large hole in the drum, whereas in another there may be almost total deafness. Of course the difference is due largely to the changes which take place in the deeper parts of the hearing apparatus.—Boston Herald.

RELIGIOUS RAG BAGS.

What Mr. Kennan Saw While Riding Through the Trans-Baikal.

All day Wednesday we rode southward through a rather dreary and desolate region of sandy pine barrens or wide stretches of short, dead grass, broken here and there by low hills covered with birches, larches and evergreens. Now and then we met a train of small, one-horse wagons loaded with tea that had come overland across Mongolia from Pekin, or two or three mounted Buriats (Boor-yats) in dish-pan shaped hats and long brown kaftans (kaf-tans), upon the breasts of which had been sewn zigzags of red cloth that suggested a rude Mongolian imitation of the Puritan "Scarlet Letter." As a rule, however, the road seemed to be but little traveled and scantily settled, and in a ride of nearly fifty miles we saw nothing of interest except here and there on summits of hills, small sacred piles of stones, which Mr. Frost called "Buriat shrines." All over Siberia it is the custom of the natives when they cross the top of a high hill or mountain to make a propitiatory offering to the spirits of storm and tempest. In the extreme northeastern part of Siberia these offerings consist generally of tobacco, and are thrown out on the ground in front of some prominent and noticeable rock; but in the Trans-Baikal the Buriats and Mongols are accustomed to pile a heap of stones beside the road, erect thereon half a dozen rods or poles, and suspend from the latter small pieces of their clothing. Every pious traveler who passes a shrine of this sort on the summit of a mountain is expected to alight from his vehicle or dismount from his horse, tear off a little piece of his kaftan or shirt, hang it upon one of these poles and say a prayer. As a result of this ceremonial, every shrine presents to the traveler a sort of tailor's collection of scraps and remnants of cloth of every conceivable kind, quality and color, fluttering to the wind from slender poles that look like hastily improvised fishing-rods. Theoretically this custom would seem to be not wholly without its advantages. If a native was familiar with the clothing of his friends, he could always tell by simple inspection of one of these shrines who had lately passed that way, and, if necessary, he could trace any particular person from hilltop to hilltop by the strips of his shirt or the frayed edges of his trousers left hanging on the stone-ballasted fishing-rods as an offering to the mighty gods of the Siberian tempests. In practice, however, this might not be feasible unless one could remember all the old clothes of the person whom one wished to trace and the ancestral rags and tatters of that person's family. From a careful examination that we made of a number of shrines we became convinced that every religious Buriat keeps a religious rag bag, which he carries with him when he travels and to which he has recourse whenever it becomes necessary to decorate the sacred fishing-poles of the storm-gods. I am sure that such miserable, decayed scraps and tatters of raiment as we saw fluttering in the wind over the shrines between Selinginsk and Kiakhta never could have been cut or torn from any garments that were actually in wear.—George Kennan, in Century.

NATURE'S SUBSTITUTES.

Trees That Enable Man to Dispense With the Slaughter of Animals.

Nature seems to have provided many ways to enable us to dispense with the slaughter of animals if we will. For an instance of this in domestic use, besides the soap-tree bark, which is perfectly cleansing in properly, we have the tallow-tree, a tree reaching a height of forty feet, the seeds of whose flowers are covered with something resembling tallow, which rises to the top when the seeds are thrown into boiling water, and being skimmed off and pressed, makes a hard cake of tallow, from which excellent candles are manufactured, and which can be used in various salves and ointments. The tree producing this really valuable substance is a native of China, but now is to be found all along our southeast sea-coast. Another tallow-producing growth, although not known generally as such, is the fragrant bayberry, the sheath of whose berries yields a hard and spicy waxen product of a gray-green color, which, although not so much used, is of nearly equal worth with that of the tallow-tree, and which is in some respects superior to the tallow of any animal, except possibly those oxen that are fed for two-thirds of the year upon hay and what is called dry fodder. It may be a fanciful notion, but there is something to our way of thinking much pleasanter in the light, and heat furnished by a vegetable substance than in that resulting from burning animal fat, however thorough the process.—Harper's Bazar.

—Plenty of men can tell you what the score of the day's base ball game was, and be at the same time utterly unable to say any thing about their own scores at the corner grocery.—Merchant Traveler.

—A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, said to his mother: "This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kittycisms for little boys?"