RELIGION IN POLITICS.

DR. TALMAGE'S PRACTICAL SERMON FOR PRACTICAL MEN.

When the Ballot Box Is Surrounded by Corruption Is the Time for the Christian to Work Hardest—Daniel's Experience.

WACO, Tex., Aug. 31.—Dr. Talmage today delivered the following discourse on the text, "Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions."—Daniel vi. 16.

Darius was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him prime minister, or secretary of state. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king within thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep, with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

SAVED BY GOD.

But not so well does Darius the king sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O king! live forever. My God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar they announce to all ages that while God will defend his people the way of the ungodly shall perish.

THE CRIME OF SUCCESS.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be prime minister. They could not forgive him for that; and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gantlet between landlord and tax gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say: "Poor man, I am sorry for him. He ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after awhile the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful, your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you passed by them. "Stuck up," says one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves.

Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh!" said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers, how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character so eminent in Daniel many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go west. Perhaps they will go east. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go north. Perhaps they may go south. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads. Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool—these men on the sea of life, everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architecture.

START RIGHT AND KEEP ON.

Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin; it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes they grimace and wink and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint."

Oh, young man, have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hands—questions of finance, questions of war, of peace, all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the secretary of state, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store shelf.

IMPERTINENT RELIGION.

They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse; or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out closing the door, saying, "Good night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday!" But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it and say, "Ha! ha! where did you get that?"—they think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them they would like to have religion as a sort of night key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be an impertinence. Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods.

I say other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian.

THE BUSIEST MEN THE BEST MEN.

If you have a thousand irons in the fire, you have a thousand more opportunities of serving God than if you had only one iron in the fire. Who so busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men. All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom house duties; the Prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy! busy! Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three times a day worshiping the God of heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a Christian. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician, and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a Christian politician.

So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, attorney general of New York in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean, of Ohio. Such was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Men faithful to the state, at the same time faithful to God.

OUR HOPE IS IN THE YOUNG MEN.

It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem.

But because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; and the last time to surrender the ballot box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics, as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home.

Religion would drive out all base personalities from politics. You have a right to discuss men's politics and denounce their political sentiments, or receive them, as you will; but you have no right to assail their private character, as is done every autumn. That is not carrying religion into politics. Now you can always tell without asking, in any contest, what candidate I will vote for. It is always for the man who is most badgered, and most abused, and most spit upon, and most howled at. You have a right to contest a man's political sentiments; you have no right for base political purposes to assail his private moral character.

LIONS SURROUND YOU.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all about him, as a hunter's hounds at the well known whistle come bounding to his feet.

You need not go to Numidia to get among lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you.

The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea shells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulcher, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you.

When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood he was compelled to go fully armed the night before among the tombs of the dead carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes streaming over seas of sapphire.

Relics of the Seashore.

The relics of a sea washed beach are a strange study. Here you pick up a bottle—there a can—here a basket—there a box—here an old hat or cap—there a boot or shoe—here a great spike—there a bit of rope—here a piece of cabin gilding—there a bit of stout planking. The sea never rests. It brings in and it carries out. The beach one day is shelving. The next run of the tide cuts it full of runs and ravines. One tide brings in a splintered spar—the next carries it far out to sea. Where there is a great bed of oyster and clam shells to prevent you bathing today, there may be only smooth hard packed sand to-morrow.—Atlantic City Letter.

To Be Avoided.

Like repulsive features, awkwardness hurts a person's business. I shun, first the man of slovenly person; second, the totally unreliable man; third, the awkward, bungling man.—Winters Hewit in Globe-Democrat.

A well known old Philadelphia gossip was counting on her fingers the other day some of the fashionable people whose marriages were the result of runaway matches, and in not a single instance had they turned out well.—Philadelphia Times.

BILL NYE AND BURGLARS.

He Thinks They Are Favored More Than Other People.

Bill Nye writes to The New York World from St. Joseph, Mo.: When I reached this point yesterday I found in a bushel basketful of forwarded letters the following peculiar epistle:

DEAR SIR—Along with other good citizens I am pleased to see the sanitarian effort now being made to devise some form of quick and painless death for our murderers and other criminals who may have to suffer the death penalty. Such efforts denote a refined and cultivated society, one that would in no way countenance the slightest injury even to the most wicked dude that smokes cigarettes on the elevated stations.

As one good turn deserves another, and as by some chance one of these nice, good intentioned people may, under an unlucky star, come in contact with one of my profession engaged in his regular business, you would most certainly fill a long felt want if you would invent some quick and painless method for a criminal to murder his victim. Murders are too often lingering and painful. Why should there not be a reform in that way? Should you kindly lend your genius to help our profession in that way you would gain the lasting gratitude of the public as well as of many BURGLARS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1888.

In replying briefly to the above, I will state that no burglar ever came to my house for a favor and went away disappointed, provided I was able to contribute to his wants and provided he went at it in the right way. I have never jumped on a burglar behind his back or taken advantage of my great strength to do him up.

When a burglar is in my house he is my guest. If he is willing to take things as he finds them he will have no trouble with me. But I believe that, as a class, burglars are already favored more than other people.

Burglars presume too much, I think. Because they have free entree and carte blanche to the drawing rooms of our best people, they want the earth and make themselves disagreeable. I do not wish to hurt the feelings of my correspondent, especially if he takes the paper regularly, but for one I am going to quit protecting and fostering the infant industry of American burglary as against the pauper burglar of Europe. Let us get our burgling done by the best and cheapest methods. Let our burglary take its chances in competition with that of effete monarchies, just as everything else will have to do some day. In the meantime I do not propose to do anything in a newspaper way that will look like an attempt to retain the burglar vote.

Let the burglar rustle for his wages the way I do and the way other workingmen do. I know that burglars claim they are poorly paid because their work keeps them up nights so much, but newspaper men have to work nights also, and unless they can rob a prosperous burglar once in a while they have a hard row to hoe.

And what have the burglars ever done for me that I should now be called upon to advance their interests?

When they had no other place to go, have they not always felt free to come to my house? And how have they rewarded my hospitality? When they went through my house last year and found a condition of things which would have moved the stonicst heart, what did they do? They stole a valuable autograph album which had been sent me to write in, and I had it to pay for. They took a valuable umbrella which I had borrowed a few years ago, and which I intended to return to the owner after a while. They ate some cold rice and sorghum which had been set aside for the use of other guests, and then they left the gate open so that cows got in and ate up my lima beans.

Now I am asked to use my influence in the direction of better sand bag facilities for burglars and a more reliable style of rapid transit between the tax payer and the New Jerusalem.

In years past I will admit that I was running for office a good deal, and I had to do things that would retain the burglar vote, but now I am firm in my convictions and outspoken for what I believe to be right. A man engaged in trying to be his own successor in the portfolio of justice of the peace is not a free moral agent. It is more or less so in other offices, but it is especially so with a justice of the peace.

I now propose, with the help of the American people and an earnest, manly effort on my part, to shake off the burglar and come out and take higher ground. Henceforth my voice will be heard in more or less stentorian tones in the interests of humanity. Prosperous burglary, which gets a second trial, will be regarded the same as less fortunate petty larceny, which gets ninety days.

Burglars who may have voted for me in the old days are hereby notified that the autograph album and lima beans offset that account, and that it is my earnest wish, so far as it is in my power, during the remaining years which may be granted me, to live down and forget the dark and devious days when I was in politics. I believe that easier and more painless methods for the administration of capital punishment will soon be perfected, whereby a man who is executed by the law will not be entitled to any more glory of flowers than one who dies of pneumonia. To that end I am willing to work. When that is accomplished I will devote my halting powers to the further amelioration of our race. But the burglar has no further political claims on me.

Men who visit New York from a distance desiring to purchase greenbacks at forced sale or to obtain gold bricks of those who are compelled to sell them for a mere song, will always be ameliorated so long as my good right arm shall not forget her cunning.

I am willing to do what I can for the promotion of science and the painless pulling of burglars, but this is as far as I would go. Moreover, I hope that our correspondence will not continue any longer. Burglars who pleased and entertained me when I was in politics have long since ceased to do so. The truth of the matter is that while all other professions have made rapid progress, politics and burglary are just where they were 100 years ago.

One reason why burglary has not made more rapid strides I believe to be because burglars do not advertise. They rely solely upon their insight and keen penetration. The result is that burglars and burglary have fallen off. I do not believe in trying to help a profession so abundantly able to help itself. BILL NYE.

Leap Year in Florida.

Laura—George, my love for you——
George—Enough, Laura, dear; I will always be a brother to you, but——Life.

Pure Water for Plants.

Persons whose plants mysteriously sicken and die are warned by Dr. J. W. L. Thudicum, in a communication to the London Society of Arts, that only pure water must be used in watering them. Impure water breeds a sort of fungus at the roots, which soon destroys them.—Chicago Times.

The English army is in a state of discontent because some London theatres refuse to admit non-commissioned officers in uniform to those parts of the house where full dress is required.

NANAIE.

"The word of the wind to the sea."

You would know her if you saw her
Once, forever after;
Know her by her eyes so true
And her merry laughter;

Know her by her rosy mouth,
Where the winds have kissed her,
Blowing from the scented south,
Nanaie, that's my sister.

In her hair of chestnut brown
Sunlight dies a-resting;
In her eyes demure, cast down,
Cupid lies a-resting.

Have you seen her, do you s'pose?
You could not have missed her;
Near her lips a dimple shows
Where Love, the rascal, kissed her!

White lagrustine, perfect flav'r,
Fragrant foam from out the sea,
Star white sweet that lives an hour
That the billow brings to me.

She's like thee, oh, fair and sweet!
Sun and winds have kissed her;
But daintier far, from brow to feet,
Anemone, my sister!

—Buffalo Courier.

Inside of a Whale's Mouth.

The great Greenland whale has no teeth, its baleen plates, or whalebone, taking their place. Along the center of the palate runs a strong ridge, and on each side of this there is a wide depression, along which the plates are inserted. These are long and flat, hanging free, and are placed transversely—that is, across the mouth, with their sides parallel and near each other. The base and outer edge of the plates are of solid whalebone, but the inner edges are fringed, filling up the interior of the mouth and acting as a strainer for the food, which consists of the small swimming mollusks and medusæ, or jelly fishes. This whale rarely, if ever, swallows anything larger than a herring, shoals of these small creatures being entangled in the fibers of the baleen, the water which does not escape from the mouth being expelled by the blow holes. Though the cavity of this whale's mouth is large enough to contain a ship's long boat, the gullet is not larger than a man's fist. The lower jaw has neither baleen nor teeth, but has large, fleshy lips, within which the upper is received when the mouth is closed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Value of Hand Reading.

I am acquainted with a sculptor who declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than a crank. But his hand judgment turned out to be correct after all, for another sculptor, having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment.

One of these hand readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there were some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers that he disliked. The matter weighed on his mind. He was a queer sort of fellow and plain spoken. "My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a very lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection. But the more I study your hand the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break the engagement." They did. She married another man and eloped with a third in less than four years.—Ralph Edmunds in Kate Field's Washington.

Colorado and Consumption.

A very impartial review of the influence of the climate of Colorado on the health of consumptives sent there from other states has appeared, the statements made being based on an analysis of a hundred recorded cases in which the patient has been under observation long enough for the effects of his sojourn to be determined. Fifty per cent. of all the cases received so much benefit that they were able to pursue their occupations without serious inconvenience. Seventeen per cent. were somewhat improved, but had always to use certain precautions and to limit their exertions. Many of these returned to their homes. Seven per cent. of all these cases became worse, largely because of their own imprudence. Twenty-six of all the cases died. Thus two out of three received benefit from their residence in Colorado. Nearly all of those who were entered as "worse," and nine out of the twenty-six who died, were doing well until some imprudence caused a permanent relapse.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How a Lasso Is Made.

First, the rawhide is cut in thin strips as long as possible and half tanned with the hair on. Then these strips are soaked and stretched over a block. Then they are braided into a rope, care being taken, of course, to pull the strands as tight as possible. When the riata (lasso) is made it should be buried for a week, ten days or even a fortnight, in the sand. It takes up moisture from the ground without getting hard. Soaking it in water won't do, nor will anything else that I know of except, as I say, burying it.

When the riata is resurrected it should again be left for a time stretched over a block, with a weight to hold it taut. Then the hair should be sandpapered off the outside, and when the riata is greased with mutton tallow and properly noosed it is ready for use. Every vaquero that pretends to take care of his apparatus will bury his riata and stretch it every six or eight months.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Watch in a Steer's Stomach.

Hamilton & Brannaman, the butchers, purchased a steer a day or two ago of Squire John Henry Blose, a well known resident of Tremont. When the steer was killed a silver watch, in good condition, was found in the stomach. Two years ago a laborer on the farm hung his vest on a rail fence. A silver watch was in the pocket, and both vest and watch disappeared. It is believed the steer ate the garment and contents. The watch is on exhibition at Tremont.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Adams' Daily Swim.

Old John Quincy Adams left a definite record here as a swimmer, and was perhaps the last of our presidents who swam in the Potomac river as he would have done in the Charles river. I wonder whether the people of Washington would have any clear idea of John Quincy Adams at the present time had it not been for this independent habit he had of going back of the White House to the river margin and taking his morning swim.—Washington Letter.

Effective Pulpit Work.

For effective pulpit work a rested brain is the best of all immediate preparations. Had I to choose between a manuscript with a weary head on my shoulders, and a fresh head—not a new one, of course—and no manuscript, I would select the head.—George C. Lorimer in The Writer.

WORKING WOMEN'S APPAREL.

The Experience of a Woman Who Has Supported Herself for Years.

"If you are a working woman and are ambitious to get on in whatever you may be doing," said one of the most clever and successful of that class, "there is one thing which you must do, and that is dress well. Simply from a business point of view, you cannot afford to do otherwise. Aside from the very direct and helpful influence the consciousness of being well dressed has upon the mind of any woman, the fact of her being so impresses other persons in her favor. Good clothes give her an air of prosperity that, in a working woman who supplies her own needs, stands for good pay, and good pay means capable work. More than that, the habit of wearing good clothes implies a recognition on the part of the wearer of her own dignity and worth, which others are very quick to see and acknowledge. It ought not to be true, perhaps, but it is true, that there is a quick instinct of consideration in the minds of most men—and business life brings most working women chiefly into contact with men—toward a well dressed woman that does not manifest itself toward an ill-dressed, dowdy looking creature, and so the good clothes give her a pleasanter atmosphere and easier conditions in which to do her work.

"And as for the money side of the question, I firmly believe that my persistence in dressing well, even when I was desperately poor, has been worth at least $500 a year to me. Let me tell you how I found that out. I am not by nature careful about these matters, but on that bitter day when I made my first venture out into the world in search of bread and butter some worldly wise instinct led me to put on the best gown I had. I went to an editor to ask for work as a fashion writer for his weekly edition. A shabby woman sat talking with him. He offered her $15 a week to do half the fashion work. She took his offer and left. Then he turned to me.

"'I want to do the other half of that fashion work,' I said.

"We talked a few minutes about it and then he said: 'I'll pay you what I do the other woman, $15 a week.'

"'I can't do it for that,' I answered. 'I couldn't live on $15 a week.'

"He looked me over critically from the top of my best hat down to my best French kid boots.

"'No,' he said slowly, after a bit, 'you look different, somehow, and I'll give you $20 a week.'

"That was my first experience in the benefit of being well dressed, and each succeeding year has only added to it."—New York Evening Sun.

Birds 1,000 Miles from Land.

Every day we see playing around the ship and skimming up and down the wave hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the air have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business.

Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who "lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sea lace, which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at 100 knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far away Irish coast.

Marvelously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea swallow back to his roost.—London Telegraph.

With Leading Strings Cut Loose.

Does going west work a radical difference in a man's character? Hardly. We are all cut out of the same piece of cloth. The western man is the eastern or the southern man let loose, with his leading string cut. But the change of situation creates immense diversity in interests and in spirit. One has but to take up any of the great newspapers, say in St. Paul and Minneapolis, to be aware that he is in another world of ideas, of news, of interests. The topics that most interest the east he does not find there, nor much of its news. Persons of whom he reads daily in the east drop out of sight, and other persons, magnates in politics, packing, railways, boom up.

It takes columns to tell the daily history of places which have heretofore only caught the attention of the eastern reader for freaks of the thermometer, and he has an opportunity to read daily pages about Dakota, concerning which a weekly paragraph has formerly satisfied his curiosity. Before he can be absorbed in these lively and intelligent newspapers he must change the whole current of his thoughts and take up other subjects, persons and places than those that have occupied his mind. He is in a new world.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Wild Turkeys in Austria.

Wild turkeys have lately been acclimatized in Austria, though such a thing has hitherto been considered almost impossible. From four hen turkeys and three cocks, brought from the American prairies, the colony has increased to about 580 individuals.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Does Not Apply.

The law allowing three days' grace on a note does not apply to musicians; they must take up the notes at sight as they come due, or the whole will go to protest.—Dansville Breeze.

By a system of dry cold storage strawberries can be kept for several months with unimpaired freshness and solidity.

The latest English word in Paris is "struggforlifer," meaning one who has to struggle to get a living.

A Collection of Crowns.

The next room (to the throne room of the Kremlin palace) contains probably the finest collection of jewels in the world, even more valuable than those of the holy synod, but not so rare and curious. Here is an assemblage of crowns, most of them coming from the palaces where the thrones were stolen, and some time worn by royal heads. The crowns of Poland, Kazan, Georgia, Astrakhan, Persia and others are more splendid, being covered with some of the largest and most precious stones ever known—"crowns upon crowns, oceans of pearls, rivers of diamonds," as one writer has expressed it. Beyond them are the ancient crowns of the czars, the double one for Peter the Great and his half witted brother being the most curious, and it sits before a double throne, with a place behind the drapery where their sister Sophia used to sit and prompt them what to do and say on occasions of ceremony.

The costliest crown in the entire collection was made by the order of Peter the Great for the Swedish peasant girl who became his wife and the Empress Catherine I, the number of diamonds in it being 2,536, all of them large, flawless stones of the first water, with the largest and finest ruby in the world as a crest. The crown of Ivan the Terrible has some of the rarest stones, very large and perfect turquoises and sapphires of great purity and value. In this room is a large casket of solid gold, which contains the code of the Czar Alexis.—W. E. Curtis in Chicago News.

Fight Between Whales.

The canal schooner H. G. Ely, of this city, George Moore, of Delaware, master, has arrived with a cargo of lumber from North Carolina. Mate John Bennett reported that when in Chesapeake bay, off Point-no-Point, on the afternoon of March 17, with a light breeze from the westward, two whales were seen first on the port bow, distant about a quarter of a mile, lashing the water into foam. As the vessel drew nearer it was seen that one was about thirty feet in length, the other a little larger, and that they were engaged in deadly combat. The whales would rush at each other, sometimes striking with their huge, square heads, but oftener dodging the blows, and the smaller seemed to have the best of it. They sounded often, and as often as they came to the surface they threw the water fifteen or twenty feet into the air from their blow holes. When they came together the blows sounded like the fall of a pile driver, only not so clear, and the thrashing of their tails threw the water half masthead high. The crew of the Ely watched the combat for nearly half an hour, during which the larger whale was steadily driven toward the shore.—Philadelphia Times.

Congressional Pages.

The boys who serve as pages in the house and senate are a lucky lot. There are 16 of them in the senate and 33 in the lower branch. Their ages range from 9 to 15 years, and they get $2.50 per diem for their services, which means about $800 a year. In addition to this regular stipend they pick up a good many odd dollars in the shape of gratuities from the senators and congressmen whom they serve with alacrity. They all wear knickerbockers and are bright lads. Senator Gorman, ex-Congressman William L. Scott and the late Richard H. Townsend all began their careers in Washington as page boys, and there is probably the making of numerous congressmen in the boys who are now running errands for statesmen.—Boston Herald.

Centenarians Rare.

It is a significant fact that twelve of the largest and oldest London life assurance companies, which had, of course, issued policies only to the most carefully selected, could produce from their lists but a single case of centenarianism. The instances alleged of persons reaching their 120th, or even their 118th year, etc., may be set down as without exception not authentic. The three to five years over a hundred, which science indicates as the natural term of human life, is found to be the period beyond which post-centenarians, even under the best conditions of attendance, nursing, etc., fail to go.—Boston Herald.

He Was a Watch Dog.

"It is very singular about my dog," remarked a clerk in the electric light works to a friend.

"What about your dog? I haven't heard."

"Why, I took him to the works with me and he was galvanized so badly I nearly lost him."

"That's strange," remarked the friend, "I thought it was only watches that were galvanized by electricity."

"Well, he was a watch dog."—Detroit Free Press.

Food and Eating.

If the food taken by the average man were of better quality, and eaten with less haste, he would probably be stronger than he is now. If the average woman learns to cook better, the average man of the next generation will be better physically and mentally than the average man of today.—D. B. St. John Roosa.

The Coming American Girl.

The prediction is freely ventured that as a result of the cosmopolitan mixing of races in this country the American girl of the future will be a brown haired, dark eyed creature, smaller as a type than the girl of today, but plumper and less angular.—Hall's Journal of Health.

To Perforate Earthenware.

A method which is said to be very satisfactory is recommended by Professor Stuart as follows: Instead of a drill, a soft copper rod or pipe is used in the lathe, it being fed with a mixture of powdered emery and linseed oil. The emery is embedded in the copper by the friction, and cuts right through the hardest material in a very short time.—Scientific American.

Who Settled Kentucky.

Col. T. W. Bullitt, of Louisville, says that it was not Daniel Boone who made the pioneer settlement in Kentucky, but an ancestor of his own named Walker. In proof of this assertion he shows a hatchet with which the said Mr. Walker blazed a path through the trackless woods in 1749.—Chicago Herald.

Can Do Nothing Else.

Russell Sage says he keeps on at stock dealing because he does not know what else to do. He thinks New York superior to Paris, and says Broadway is good enough for him, and adds: "I'd rather stay at 71 Broadway and guess on the prices of things than be anywhere else in the world."—New York World.