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COOKING IN BRAZIL.

The Coffee Is Delicious—The Hotels Are Wretched Places.

The domestic cooking of urban Brazilians, as a rule, is exquisite, says the New York *Times*. There is a very large French population in Rio, and French customs, styles, and cuisine are in vogue. The wines are superb and cheap. The Oporto claret, which comes from old estates in Portugal to relatives in Rio de Janeiro, is deliciously mellow and unrivaled in flavor. Sherry and Madeira are likewise fine, but of course Oporto is a specialty. The red wines are always good, even vin ordinaire. Fruits form a principal part of the dessert; and such fruits! Fruit of Conde, Pernambuco pineapples, Bahia oranges, grapes of Petropolis—ah! the memory thereof will last always and tantalize one in dreams! And the coffee! It is elixir—fit for the gods!

But when one leaves the cities one bids farewell to palatable cooking. Black beans, charqui, and farinha form the staple of edibles, unless, indeed, one is given "toucinho," greasy pork, with black beans and farinha. The mandioca root supplies the "staff of life" to the Brazilians of the interior. Farinha is the coarse meal—the grated, juice-expressed, oven-dried mandioca. The raw mandioca is poisonous, but the poison, being very volatile, is driven off by heat. Occasionally one finds a fair bottle of claret or some rare old port, but usually the wine is sour villainous stuff. The coffee is always good. I speak now of the vendas—the common, the only country inns. If one is thrown upon the hospitality of priests, as often happens, or the doors of a coffee planter's "fazenda" is open by letters of introduction, the traveler fares sumptuously. But hospitality is always the rule, and not the exception. Everywhere one is made welcome, even by the poorest. Even the vendas—not often clean or comfortable—have a hospitable air until one comes to pay the reckoning.

The hotels throughout Brazil, even in Rio de Janeiro, are wretched affairs. The Hotel Estrangeiro is the best, the rooms being large and airy and the beds clean and comfortable. The restaurants, as a rule, are poor, even in Rio. The Globo is fairly good. Butter comes in from the United States and Sweden and is to be avoided. Milk, save for cafe au lait in the morning, is not in demand. Families are served directly from the cow driven, with calf at heels, to the door, and the modicum milked while the black servant waits and gossips with the milkman.

SUBSTANTIAL HANDSHAKINGS.

A Preacher's Parishioners Play an Enjoyable Little Joke on Him.

It was years since, in the Ozark region, where I was riding a circuit, that I saw a minister enjoy a most substantial handshaking, says a writer in the *Globe-Democrat*. Shaking hands was his peculiarity. He believed in the potency of a cordial grasp to win men to the church, and though successful in winning souls he was very unfortunate in the matter of getting dollars. In fact poverty continually stared him in the face. He owned a little farm and mortgaged it as long as it would yield a dollar. The mortgages were falling due, but there was no prospect of paying them. But it did not bother him a bit. He shook hands more heartily than ever.

"I have unbounded faith in handshaking to bring everything out right," he often said, until his penchant came to be the talk of the town. At last came the day when the mortgage must be foreclosed that would deprive him of the little home that sheltered his family.

On the evening of that day a knock at the door of his home, which was a little way from town, called him. When he opened the door a whole crowd rushed in, and, without saying a word, commenced shaking hands. He felt something cold in the palm of the first man, and when the hand was withdrawn it stuck to his own. "That is the most substantial shake I ever experienced," he said, as he held up a $5 gold piece. But the next man stepped up and a silver dollar was left in the preacher's palm. No one would say a word in explanation, but pressed in on him as fast as he could stick the metal and bills into his pockets. The house was not large enough for the visitors, each one of whom deposited from $1 to $10 in the outstretched hand. Each left the moment his little errand was accomplished, and not a word could be had in explanation, except the last one, who, as he turned to go, remarked: "We wanted to play a little joke on you, and we have." The several "jokes" netted just $[illegible]. His home was saved and a neat balance was left besides. The minister maintained that he had contracted a habit that night that for a year afterward, when he shook a hand, prompted him to look into his own palm, half expecting to see a piece of metal there.

The Mexico Cathedral.

The interior of the grand cathedral in the City of Mexico is, even at the present day, after having been successively plundered, most magnificent. It contains five naves, six altars, and fourteen chapels, which contain the bones of some of the viceroys and departed great men of Mexico.

A balustrade surrounds the choir, of a metal so rich that an offer to replace it with one of equal weight in solid silver was refused. This weighs twenty-six tons, and came from China in the old days of Spanish dominion, when the richly freighted galleons of Spain sent their cargoes overland from Acapulco to Vera Cruz on the way to the mother country.

The high altar was formerly the richest in the world, and yet retains much of its original glory. It contained candlesticks of gold so heavy that a single one was more than a man could lift, chalices, cruets, and pyxes of gold incrusted with precious metal, studded with emerald, amethysts, rubies, and supplies.

The statue of the Assumption (now missing) was of gold, ornamented with diamonds, and is said to have cost $1,000,000. There was a golden lamp, valued at $70,000, which it cost at one time $1,000 to clean, but according to a French writer—and the joke is his—the liberal troops cleaned it for nothing, and it has not been seen since.

Not So Bandy-Legged as He Looked.

They sat on the sofa. They had just come to a mutual understanding, and he had measured her finger for the engagement ring, and they were in the first throes of tender reminiscence.

"You do not remember," he said in a trembling voice—"you do not remember when you first saw me."

"Yes, I do."

"Did any little thrill or throb tell your heart this happy moment would come? No; that could not be expected."

"Yes. Something did seem to whisper that we might become man and wife."

"My darling," he said, and he kissed her fondly.

"Yes. I remember I saw you from the window leaving the house, and I thought you were bandy-legged, and I thought how awful it would be to marry a bandy-legged man, but it was only the glass in the window that was uneven and made you look so."

All Around the Mitten

AND THE UPPER PENINSULA.

Various Matters of Note In and About the State of Michigan.

They Let Him Off Easy.

HILLSDALE, March 31.—The board of supervisors have accepted a proposition from ex-County Clerk Yeagley to pay the county $3,700 in full settlement of all the money he had wrongfully taken. Yeagley and his bondsmen to be released from all further liability. This is about $1,300 less than he is charged with taking, but the supervisors think it better to take it than to bring suit against his bondsmen to recover the money. Yeagley paid $1,700 before he went away, and is to pay the balance $2,000.

STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

Belding has a population of 2,000.

Big Rapids' gas well is down 800 feet.

Morley's clothes pin factory is running night and day.

The Benton creamery is turning out 400 pounds of butter daily.

Attorney General Trowbridge has returned to his Ionia home.

A Norwegian church and 100 houses are in process of erection in Alpena.

Marquette is talking about building a starch factory.

Wilson & Son's Shoe store at Owosso was burglarized Saturday night.

The Charlevoix Journal has been sold to Hon. Chas. S. Hampton.

A Sand Beach high school pupil walks nine miles daily to attend the sessions.

Every supervisor in Grand Traverse county but one is a patron of industry.

George Howe, a blacksmith of Burr Oak, has been arrested for counterfeiting money.

Gen. Alger was given a reception at Wichita, Kan., which was attended by 15,000.

Muskegon is going to erect a $20,000 frame flouring mill with a capacity of 250 barrels of flour per day.

The Michigan State troops will be carried to and from the annual encampment at the rate of one cent per mile.

The Chicago & West Michigan railroad has been surveyed from Traverse City to Charlevoix.

Three Finnish miners were killed by a fall of rock in the Prince of Wales mine at Negaunee Friday.

The Muskegon boom is still on $75,000 worth of business property being sold to the syndicate last week.

A stock coal mining company with a paid up capital of $6,000 is to be organized at Grand Ledge shortly.

W. H. Kennedy of Republic went into a drug store Friday and swallowed a dose of strychnine. He will die.

Ishpeming has $7,000 to spend on a pennant-winning base ball club this year, and will hire ten professional players.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of Hon. Wm. Van Buren as U. S. marshal for the eastern district of Michigan.

The barn, sheds, hay and grain of Abel A. Weatby, a farmer near Galesburg, burned Monday night. Loss, $1,500.

The United States fish commission will plant a large quantity of young white fish in Lake Michigan next summer.

A. C. French, a prominent citizen of Constantine, was stricken with paralysis Tuesday, and has remained speechless and motionless ever since.

Sheriff Davidson of Oscoda county avers that no such man as Bill Murrin runs a dive near Potts, and that no murder has been committed there, either by James Carbine or anybody else.

One man knocked another down in the postoffice at Port Huron Sunday and was arrested for assault and battery, but the court held that as the offense was committed upon United States ground the case must be tried in the United States court; but when the plaintiff went to get United States justice he found the federal courts do not recognize such a petty offense as assault and battery.

The bill appropriating $50,000 for the purchase of the Portage Lake and Lake Superior canals will be favorably reported to the house.

Dave Snyder of Marcellus, who is over 70 years old, fell from a load of hay recently and fractured his collar bone and two ribs but pluckily walked half a mile to his home after the injury. He is doing well.

Garfield township, Bay county, hasn't a school within her boundaries, but it has its school board and takes its portion of the primary school fund like other townships.

A Finland wedding took place in White Cloud last Friday. A brass band from Ludington was engaged and beer, cigars and all kinds of liquors were furnished ad lib.

Investigation of the records shows that fully 52 per cent of the mortgages on Van Buren county property recorded during the past 10 years are held by farmers.

Frank Tuttle, the Grand Rapids man who went away with the wrong woman last fall, came home the other day to say how sorry he was, and found the door locked against him.

The Kalamazoo Gazette is responsible for the yarn that a 15-year-old boy on a G. R. & I. train is the possessor of a pair of feet that are 20 inches long and 6 inches across the ball of his foot. His big toe is 6 inches long and 2 inches in diameter.

Mrs. Bouts, the Okemos woman, who created great excitement at Lansing recently by asserting that she had been assaulted, has been adjudged insane.

Mrs. Calvin Roop of Gratiot county, who is awaiting sentence for attempting to murder her husband, says Roop is a bad man, but if she could compromise her present trouble she believes she would go back and live with him.

At Ypsilanti on Saturday night Irving Jones and William McCoy got into a fight over the latter's attentions to Jones' sister, when Jones struck McCoy on the head with a stone, cracking his skull and inflicting a dangerous wound.

Last week we were told of a farmer in this county having a debt of $400 to pay, wiped it out in one season by a strict business policy of farming. His special crop was potato raising, but he put in his other general crops as usual, for his family, farm expenses and living. Getting rid of all surplus seeds, grain and stock at going market rates, he devoted his energies to his main object—a $400 raise, calculating that if he did not make it all last season he would come as near to it as possible. He estimated the amount of seed, number of acres, cost of labor, etc., for about one-fourth more than he needed to pay his debt. He worked hard, early and late, had good average success, and ended with paying the $400, and a respectable sum in bank beside.—Osceola Outline.

Noah Drew, once a prosperous Michigan farmer who went crazy over religion and went to Chatham, Eng., to join the Jeezreelites or "new and latter house of Israel," has just died and been buried in Potter's field. He spent his fortune to further the interests of the Jeezreelites.

Frank Hartel, a prosperous farmer aged 30, living near Potterville, took his first ride on the cars when he started for Kendallville, Ind., last Sunday to attend the funeral of his father in law.

Harry Cook of Grayling is in jail in default of $500 bail awaiting trial at the next term of the circuit court for highway robbery. He was walking in the night past some lonely sheds near Selling & Hanson's mill with Jacob Gonnia, when he felled Gonnia to the ground with a heavy blow and then stole about $25 from him. Such was the testimony at the examination.

Wolves are very thick on Beaver creek, in the northwest part of Alpena county. They have driven a woodsman into the river, and if his cries had not brought help, they probably would have eaten him. After night fall they have followed the teams to the landings, coming within a few rods of the log woodsmen.

Harry M. Brown of Grand Rapids has an English coachman who wears the regulation green livery, with drab tights and coachman's boots.

Grand Traverse county farmers aver that the asylum at that place buys its beef from non-residents.

Last week the Luther Lance denounced a certain villager as a widower and a vile wretch. The villager got hot and demanded a retraction. The Lance, always ready to do the right thing, says it was misinformed—he is not a widower.

A collision between two Chicago & Grand Trunk freight trains west of Battle Creek, detained passenger trains six hours. No one was hurt. The damage to engines, cars and freight is estimated at $20,000.

They have sent three tramp companions of the tramp murdered near Battle Creek to jail for 30 days so as to give time to hunt around for evidence to convict them.

Patrick Beatty, who had served 20 years as a soldier under the stars and stripes, took laudanum at the Soo Wednesday and died.

James Carbine did not kill "Dutch Mike" at Potts' camp last Thursday as he was in Oscoda at the time and can prove it by many.

The ice in the harbor at Cheboygan, and the ice above that place is in bad condition. It is expected that vessels can work their way through the straits very soon.

Byron L. Whitney of Grand Traverse county has a $100 fine on his hands because he neglected to get a government license for his whisky business.

Measles have become so common at Greenville that children from infected homes are not forbidden to attend school. The disease is in quite mild form.

The Minowan iron company has discovered a large body of hematite not far from Negaunee. The vein as far as located, is $1,000 feet long by 50 feet wide.

The board of supervisors of Hillsdale county was somewhat startled last week to find some discrepancies in the books of the county treasurer, but almost in the same breath began to discover errors which accounted for them.

The expert accountant who was appointed to examine the books of the late E. E. Weiser of Republic has discovered a large shortage. He will not state the amount, but it is known to be near $2,000. Mr. Weiser was a justice of the peace and treasurer of Republic township and was one of the men who gained much distinction by the clever capture of the bandit Holzhay.

At Montague Wednesday night, Eugene Young and Abraham Armstrong, Jr., got into a fight, and the latter cut Young's neck with a knife so severely that he may die.

Grand Rapids' divorce rate has been beating the other towns of the state for years. Now the returns show that the death rate last year was 16.56 to the 1,000, a great increase over previous records.

Stewart Price, a brakeman on the Flint & Pere Marquette road, was instantly killed at Reed City while coupling an engine to a car load of timber. His home is at Fountain. He leaves a wife and one child.

The reports received at the office of the commissioner of railroads, show that the gross Michigan earnings of the Chicago & Grand Trunk railroad for January of the present year were $81,4[illegible] in excess of the earnings for the corresponding month in 1889. As this is the only distinctly two cent fare road in the state and is operating under the Chapman law the figures are significant.

A Saginaw woman who was found getting the posted list Friday to warn the saloonkeepers not to sell her boys any liquor, was herself arrested Monday night for being roaring drunk.

SCHWEINFURTH'S CHURCH.

The Meetings in Rockford, Ill.—A History of the Man.

ROCKFORD, ILL., March [illegible].—The "Holy Convocation of the Church Triumphant," the sessions of which are being held in the [illegible] of its distinguished head, have been a season of refreshing. It has been attended by delegates from various churches in Minnesota, Michigan, New York, Colorado, Kentucky, Ohio, and one actually from England. The name of the latter is McGinty, and his christian one is Thomas. These delegates, with the thirty or more "angels" of Saints Rest, constitute a happy family of about one hundred souls, all professing intense faith in George Jacob Schweinfurth, who, they positively assert, is Christ manifest in flesh. All the disciples expressed absolute faith in his divinity. "Christ," said one enthusiast, "had but few followers when he was here before. Men sneered at him, as they now sneer at Mr. Schweinfurth, as they asked, 'Can any good come out of Nazareth?'"

Schweinfurth's story as told in his own words is as follows: "I was born of poor and honorable parents in Marion, Ohio, in 1854, and am therefore thirty-six years old. Six years later my parents removed to Spencerville, Ohio, an unsettled region. At this early age I felt the sacred breathings, although in scarce divine thoughts. I was wont to retire apart and live among the beauties of nature. I was modest and retiring and the little world about me did not understand me.

"A heavy affliction came upon me in my thirteenth year in the death of my saintly mother. A year before she was bodily afflicted and I then knew it was unto death. These twelve months were agony to my spirit, seeing her, my guide and wise counselor, passing slowly away. Her heart was made glad, however, in the oft repeated prophecy of an aged preacher, who told her that I was destined to be elevate, for God had truly chosen me. We were then living in Jackson, Mich., and ever anon I had arisen and testified to the workings of God in my soul and the need of righteousness for the stemming of the tide of wickedness then welling up around our settlement. I kept apart from rude youth and improper companions and held closer communication with God. I was ill understood and was deemed proud, when my soul was humble and was oppressed because of sin around me.

"As I grew older I communed more and more with Heaven. I attended the schools at Francisco until I was eighteen, working in the harvest fields each summer. I then successfully sold books as a canvasser. Afterward I was employed in a smithy, and later on became a clerk in a store. Preachers said I was too spiritual and that I demanded too great self-abnegation, but a phrenologist said to me: 'You are aiming at the sky, which you may not reach, but you will come nearer to it than if you did not so aspire.' I attended Grass Lake union school in 1872-3, thanks to the help from my brother Philip and sister Libbie, which loans I subsequently repaid. In the summer and fall of 1873 I was sexton of the Methodist church at Jackson, Michigan. I taught school in the winter of 1873-4 near Jackson, and then attended Albion college for nearly two years, where I won the confidence and esteem of my professors. I terminated my school days at Evanston, where I spent two terms, leaving there in 1875.

"In the summer of 1876 I visited my native place to consult with my uncles as to my future. Their views harmonized with my own, and I became a Methodist preacher, beginning my ministry at Kingston, Tuscola county, Michigan, Oct. 1, 1876. I neither wrote nor memorized my sermons. At the end of my year a petition was handed me to give to the appointing power asking that I be returned to my charge. That petition I did not deliver, for I said: 'I am in God's hands; He will bring about what seemeth good to Him.' I was sent to Algena. At the close of that year I met the sainted Dorinda Helen Fletcher Beekman. In her I found the truly spiritual Mary, the mother of my soul. She it was who gave to the world its Jesus."

Asked of his difficulty with the Methodist church he said:

"I was expelled for preaching an exalted christianity. My presiding elder had exhorted me not to hold up so high a standard of attainment, because, he said, I discouraged the members who despaired they couldn't reach it. I gave no heed to this elder. The committee of inquiry said I had done no wrong; that they found no evil in me, but this was overruled and I was expelled. I was not sorry to get out of the connection. I found too much worldliness in preachers and laity. This is 12 years since, and it is nearly that time since there came upon me the full knowledge of what I am and have been and am to be. I have preached as opportunity has afforded. My life since that time has been uneventful from the standpoint of the world but full interest to me as showing the dawn of light and the awakening of souls to the appreciation of the truth."

It will be seen that Schweinfurth claims progressive knowledge of his alleged divinity; that it came upon him slowly through the years and was hastened by his meeting with Mrs. Beekman, who recognized in him the Christ of promise and told him she was his spiritual mother—she was the Mary, he the divine son.

Chivalry in New York.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Miss Lizzie Van Note, 20 years of age and quite a belle in Long Branch society, was rotten egged while she was taking a walk by a number of young men who had concealed themselves behind trees and fences. The young men were arraigned before a magistrate, to whom they denied that they had thrown eggs at Miss Van Note, but they admitted that they had thrown them at her pet dog that was with her. The dog was not hit.

Parnell Accepts the Apology.

LONDON, March 29.—The Exeter Gazette has tendered Mr. Parnell an apology for its action in re-publishing from day to day as they came out the charges made by the London Times that the Irish leader connived at crime. Mr. Parnell, who had begun suit against the Gazette for libel, has accepted the apology as satisfactory, and will cause the legal proceedings to be dropped.

A Cold Bath.

THE WATERS ARE LET LOOSE.

Again the Mississippi Levees Give Way.—Driven to the Housetops To Save Their Lives.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 1.—It now seems probable that all the low lands below Helena, not already inundated, will be overflowed within the next two weeks. A break in the levee of about 40 feet occurred about midnight at Austin, Miss., and at 7 o'clock this morning it had widened to 300 feet. There is no possible way to close the gap, and as the levee is on a sandy foundation for a mile from that point the break may increase to an unlimited extent.

ST. LOUIS, March 31.—The "Lacona circle" of 20,000 acres in Desha county, Ark., is from five to 20 feet under water. Between 2,000 and 3,000 people are perched on housetops, haystacks and in trees. The live stock is also living on roofs and on stacks of wreckage. Starvation is telling on man and beast. The Mississippi delta from Vicksburg to New Orleans seems doomed to destruction. The towns of Mayersville, Fitlers, and Hayes are being surrounded and must go under. No trains are running on the Riverside division except on two sections aggregating 10 miles. Six inches more water will send the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific road under between Tallulah and Lake One. The railroad depot at Huntington is surrounded by three feet of water. Greenville is an island.

ST. LOUIS, April 1.—About 10 inches of snow have fallen. The melting is likely to be quite rapid and all small streams, tributary to the Missouri and Mississippi rivers within the area mentioned, will pour out floods of water within the next three days. The Ohio continues to raise at Cairo.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Secretary Proctor has authorized the additional expenditure of $27,000 to repair the Mississippi levees.

A Sensational Dance.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 31.—A ballet dance by a pretty young society lady from this place was one of the attractions at a Methodist church entertainment at Watertown, and it has caused more talk than can be finished in many a day. It was not down on the programme, else it would not have been presented. The Golden Rule mission had arranged a "gypsy festival" in order to replenish its coffers and please the young people of the society. It is unquestionably true that it succeeded in its undertaking. There was a big crowd, and the town hall was packed when the stage performance began. All went well until the wild dance of the gypsy maid was reached. Then there was a sensation. The young lady to whom that part had been assigned is a born actress and her portrayal of the character was first class. Contrary to the custom in Methodist entertainments, the young lady in question appeared in a giddy costume, cut very low in the neck and correspondingly high at the bottom, and executed sort of semi-ballet dance.

Thirty Years a Prisoner.

SEATTLE, WASH., March 31.—Homer Brown is not to be found in Seattle and it is thought that he has been spirited away. For 22 years he has been confined in insane asylums by his brothers. During the last eight years he has been under the guardianship of his brother Watson, who swore before the probate court that no property was involved in his brother's confinement. In February, 1859, Homer Brown received a patent from the United States to 150 acres of land which are now in the city limits of Sioux City, Ia. In 1867 Watson D. Brown was appointed guardian of Homer and the same year he sold Homer's land to Horatio D. Brown. Since then part of this property has been sold for over $20,000. He was adjudged sane by the probate court.

Pardoned by the Czar.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 1.—The czar and czarina recently paid a visit to the military prison. They conversed with the prisoners and asked them to state the causes which led to their imprisonment. The czar ordered the release of 10 of the prisoners and a reduction of the sentences of 68.

LONDON, March 31.—It is reported that Mme. Tschebrisova, the Russian lady who recently wrote a letter to the czar calling attention to the political situation of the country, has been secretly conducted to Siberia. Another report states that Mme. Tschebrisova was released by order of the czar, and that the czar wrote upon the margin of the letter sent him by Mme. Tschebrisova: "This is battery written, nevertheless the author can be left alone."

Archer's Steal.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 1.—The legislative committee charged with the investigation of Treasurer Archer's accounts report that $127,000 of bonds owned by the state have been hypothecated by Archer as security for private loans. The announcement created an intense sensation, as Archer's friends had supposed the amount of bonds taken would not exceed $5,000 or $8,000. Comptroller Baughman has learned that Archer has lost large sums at poker, and will probably bring suit for recovery against a number of prominent men who have been Archer's cronies and are supposed to have received their winnings from the state's funds. Mr. Baughman says the public will be surprised when the names of these men are revealed.

Killed and Buried Himself.

One of the most remarkable suicides recorded in the annals of self destruction occurred near Chapel, N. B. recently. Before committing the rash act, the self murderer, W. R. T. Jones, dug his grave and placed a rough coffin of his own make at the bottom. The dirt from the grave was kept from rolling back into the excavation by boards held in place by a trigger, to which a string was attached. Everything in readiness the deliberate Mr. Jones, as subsequent developments revealed, got into the coffin, took a dose of poison, and then pulled the string and was buried beneath tons of dirt.

Despotism's Iron Hand.

LONDON, March 29.—From Finland comes the news that the czar is preparing to abolish the liberties of that country, where for 80 years the spectacle has been presented of a free state subject to the most despotic power in the civilized world. It was in 1809 that the first Alexander gave a solemn pledge that he would respect the constitution of Finland, then newly subject to Russia. So far the pledge has been kept by Alexander and his successors, although a similar promise made to Poland was promptly violated.

Again the English Syndicate.

STEUBENVILLE, O., April 1.—An English syndicate represented by John E. Lees of Manchester, England, and W. T. Dunspaugh of Buffalo has just purchased the principal sewer pipes of the Ohio valley. The works purchased are the Great Western Fire Clay company, John Francy's Sons & Co., and the Ohio Valley Clay Co. of Toronto; Freeman Fire Clay Co., McMahon, Porter & Co. of West Virginia and a concern at Wellsville. The consideration is said to be about $2,500,000.

An Oddity in Citizenship.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 31.—Ivan Petroff, who went to Alaska as a special agent of the census bureau for the purpose of arranging for taking the census of that territory is a Russian by birth and occupies a unique position as a citizen of the United States. He was a resident of Alaska when purchased from Russia, and now his name appears in several government books. He is described in one as a "citizen of the United States by treaty," in another as a "citizen by purchase."

Bismarck Was Put Out.

BERLIN, April 1.—Vossische Zeitung says that in reply to an address from the citizens of Dresden expressing regret that he had resigned at so critical a time, Bismarck declared that his retirement was not of his own seeking. The reply has caused great excitement in Dresden. The Vossische Zeitung adds that public opinion demands a true explanation of the circumstances of Prince Bismarck's resignation.

BRIEFLY SKETCHED.

Governor Thayer denies that there is destitution among the farmers in western Nebraska.

Dynamite exploded in the Coalburg, Ala., mines yesterday, killing four men and wounding eight others.

In Utica, N. Y., tradesmen of all sorts not only sell their delinquent accounts at a public sale, but advertise them at full length in the papers.

The Wilson transportation company of Cleveland, with a capital stock of $1,500,000, will control 15 vessels engaged in the lake trade.

The St. Paul Globe says that a couple giving the names of M. R. Ferguson of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Lilla M. Basco came to Davenport, Ia., and were married. Afterwards A. J. Smith of Chicago, appeared on the scene and caused the arrest of the couple for bigamy, the woman being his wife.

CAPITOL CULLINGS.

WASHINGTON, April 1.

The record of the proceedings in the court of inquiry in the case of Commander McCalla and other officers of the United States steamer Enterprise was received at the navy department today. While it is impossible to state positively the findings of the court, the impression is general that Commander McCalla and several other officers will be court-martialed.

At a special meeting of the ways and means committee, Chairman McKinley presented the republican tariff bill. The minority will be allowed 10 days in which to offer amendments and prepare their views upon the bill and such amendments as may be made before the bill is reported to the house. The bill according to Chairman McKinley will effect a reduction of $5,000,000 in the revenues.

The court of claims has given a judgment in favor of Representative Crain of Texas, in his suit to compel the government to reimburse him for money lost through the defalcation of Clerk Silcott.

The house has passed the army bill and a bill depriving United States judges of the authority to give an opinion on a question of fact.

Representative Morrill of Kansas from the committee on invalid pensions, has reported to the house his bill providing for a service pension and a disability pension.

The secretary of the interior has denied the application of Geo. H. Gamble to locate Peterfield scrip on the abandoned "cemetery lot" at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

The senate has passed the dependent pension bill.

The appropriation bill for rivers and harbors will be reported in about two weeks. As the Michigan members have asked for a large amount, but not larger than is necessary in consideration of the importance of Michigan waterways, they are in a state of anxious expectation. The river and harbor committee, as is usual, is reticent as to what it will recommend as far as Michigan marine interests are concerned.

The senate has passed the bill appropriating $3,738,000 for the improvement of St. Mary's river, and $1,684,000 for the Hay Lake channel. The bill carrying these immense sums, the largest single appropriations the lakes have ever received, went through without a single objection.

The house committee on naval affairs has completed the naval appropriation bill. It carries a total appropriation of $22,151,528, which is $453,013 more than the appropriation for the current year.

Police authorities state that there is absolutely no truth in the story that Bridget Sweeney, an old trusted servant, had confessed to having caused the recent fire at Secretary Tracy's house.

It is claimed that Secretary Blaine has authorized the delegates of this country in the Pan-American conference to make a proposition of absolute reciprocity to the representatives of the South American countries; that the adoption of the plan would bring absolute free trade in every article of commerce between the United States and the South American nations, and that there is also involved in the plan, as an essential part of it, the adoption of articles of agreement for arbitration in cases of international disputes, which agreement would apply to the South American countries in their relations with the United States. The proposition is said to involve the surrender by the United States of the duties upon sugar and and carpet wools imported from the countries of Central and South America in exchange for similar concessions from the governments of those countries as to merchandise imported from the United States, including all farm products, refined petroleum, lumber, agricultural implements and machinery and some other articles. It is asserted that such an exchange of concessions would increase the exports from the United States to Latin America from 50 to 10 millions of dollars a year.

The house committee on contested elections has decided to recommend that Representatives Parrett and Buchanan of Indiana and Virginia respectively, democrats, shall keep their seats. So far the committee has seated four republicans and three democrats.

FOREIGN FRAGMENTS.

Strike of miners at Charleroi is spreading.

Emperor William will visit Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Bonn, Germany, Monday.

The Czar lately purchased a farm about as big as Texas.

Recent heavy rains have flooded the low lying portions of Rome, causing considerable damage and great public inconvenience.

The strike of the dock laborers at Liverpool has been resumed as a consequence of the refusal of the employers to negotiate with the men. A deadlock now maintains and the position is grave.

The senate of Bremen has approved a project for the widening of the harbor there and the building of a deeper lock. The cost of the proposed improvements will amount to 15,000,000 marks.

Michael Davitt has compiled terms for the settlement of the Liverpool dock strike. The two sides have agreed to resume work immediately.

One thousand Italian laborers who recently emigrated to Brazil are about to leave Rio Janeiro for home, having been unable to obtain employment.

It is said that the betrothal will soon be announced of Princess Victoria, sister of Emperor William, to Prince Albert of Saxe Altenburg. Prince Albert is a widower.

Lister's spinning factory at Bradford, England, has been destroyed by fire. Loss £40,000.

Prince Bismarck is compiling a memoir for publication. It will comprise the last 25 years of his official life.

The patriots of Athens are jubilant over an intimation from the Greek consul in New York that there is a prospect of the abolition of the American duty on raisins from Corinth.

A home for American and English governesses has been organized at Berlin under the patronage of the Empress Frederick and the wife of the American minister. The object is to make English the language of German nurseries, as French is used in Russia.

Peter Lockner, the hermit of the Sonnblick, the highest meteorological point in Europe, threatens to desert his post unless his salary is increased and he is permitted to marry. A wedding in very high life is likely to take place soon.

THE MARKETS.

New York Grain Market.

Wheat	88¾ @	89
Corn	36¼ @	36¾
Oats	28 @	28½

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat	80 @	80¼
Corn	28 @	28¼
Oats	20¾ @	21

Toledo Grain Market.

Wheat	80½ @	82
Corn	30 @	30½
Oats		21

Detroit Market.

Wheat, No. 2 Red	81 @	82
" " 3 "	71 @	74
" " 1 White	78 @	79
Buckwheat, per cwt	2.25 @	2.50
Clover seed		3.30
Oats	24 @	25
Corn	30 @	31
Apples, per bbl	3.00 @	3.50
Onions, per bu	1.50 @	2.00
Butter	16 @	17
Beans hand picked, per bu	1.40 @	1.42
Cheese	11 @	11½
Beef, dressed	3 @	6
Veal "	6½ @	9
Mutton "	4 @	8
Lamb "	15 @	13
Eggs	11 @	11½
Timothy, per ton	12.00 @	13.00
Clover	9.00 @	11.00
Timothy straw, per ton	4.50 @	5.50
Clover straw	5.00 @	5.50
Hides, No. 1 Green	@	4
" " Cured	4 @	5
" " Calfskin	4 @	6
" " Veal kip		3
Sheeppelts	50 @	25
Onions, per bu	1.00 @	1.15
Potatoes, per bu	35 @	40
Chickens	9 @	9
Ducks	11 @	12
Turkeys	12 @	13
Tallow, per lb	3 @	4

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle—Market strong for best beeves, $4 [illegible]; steers, $3 [illegible]; stockers and feeders, $2 50@3 .5; Texas corn fed steers, $3 [illegible].

Hogs—Market slow; mixed and light, $4 [illegible]; heavy, $3 95@4 30; skips, $3 50@3 [illegible].

Sheep—Market strong; natives, $3 75@4 25; western corn fed, $4 90@5 25; Texans, $4 00@5 10.

Thieves and fire bugs are working the districts swept by the recent cyclone.

THE MOST PERFECT BOOK.

Dr. Talmage's Beautiful and Eloquent Tributes to the Bible.

"A Living Dog is Better Than a Dead Lion"—Small Faculties Actively Used are of More Use Than Great Faculties Unemployed.

Last Sunday morning Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage preached at the Academy of Music, taking for his text, Eccles. 9:4—"A Live Dog is better than a Dead Lion." The eminent divine said:

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the Shepherd, Daniel the prime minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom-house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile, and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferry-boat, as in second Samuel, and a telegraphic wire, as in Job; and a railroad train, as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship-builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses and how he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interests me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility, and the dog for meanness. You must know that the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scott shdogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers and if you doubt it, ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch dog is a living protection, and if you doubt it, ask ten thousand homesteads over which safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem. Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote his text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" In self abnegation the Syro-Phœnician woman said, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians, "Beware of dogs," and St. John, speaking of heaven, says, "Without are dogs."

On the other hand, the lion is healthy, strong, and loud voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of fire arms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheatre of Rome. The Barbary lion, the Cape lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion-haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile. David understood its habits of night prowling and day slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out: "My soul is among lions." Moses knew them and said, "Judah is couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The king's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezekiel knew them, and says, "The third was as the face of a lion." Paul knew them, and said: "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Peter knew them and says: "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about." St. John knew them, and says of Christ, "Behold the lion of the tribe of Judah."

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowments is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy." He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint-hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner; waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver, comes into a rail-train, or stage-coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God Himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who sit near him clear back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the snow from his shoes, and threshing his arms around his body to revive circulation on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity than many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word Honorable, and after his name LL. D. and F. R. S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there. And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the heavenly circles when this humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and take the precedence of many Christians who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weigher in our store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car-driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coal into our cellar?" "I never could have thought it. What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten;" while Solomon, standing among the thrones, overhears the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all-suggestive smile, say, "Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is 'small faculty active' used than great talent unemployed, 'better a living dog than a dead lion.'"

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of their contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent, or three per cent, or two per cent, or one per cent, or a half per cent, or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall street, State street, Lombard street, and the Bourse tremble. In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten cent piece. A lion! Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasures in heaven. What shall the stone cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries, and building churches in their native villages? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about, and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "he that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living, and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions, and good fashions, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty. One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's death, gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides, it ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible Society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof positive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am especially interested in the incurables, and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The Church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgment of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?" In our city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has our fellow-citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say so when he is dead! Say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem.

A poor Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age, and went to Pittsburg. He looked around for work, and became an engineer in a cellar, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to a place in a telegraph office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose till he became an iron and steel manufacturer, then rose until he opened free libraries in his native land, and last month a free library in Allegheny City, and now offers two million dollars for a free library in Pittsburg. This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized. How majestic such men in comparison with some I wot of, who amass wealth and clutch it with both hands until death begins to feel for their heartstrings, and then they dictate to an attorney a last will and testament, in which they spite some daughter because she married against her father's wish; and fling a few crusts to God and suffering humanity, as much as to say: "I have kept this surplus property through all these severe winters, and through all these long years, from a needy and suffering world, and would keep it longer if I could, but I must give it up, take it, and much good may it do you!" Now we begin to understand the text, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the jungle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they got through with life. They lay down in their magnificent lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last hard word. They have committed their last mean act. When a tawny inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shrieks and howls, and lash themselves into lamentation, and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying: "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in walking around that dead lion. We cannot resuscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cumming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small opportunities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and the doings of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten, and cripple for future work. If a sea-captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and the passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River and say, "I never will go on the water again unless I can run one of the White Star line?" Shall the engineer of a lightning express, who at a station misread the telegram of a train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say, "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best of what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat-terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer, and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinners departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepulchre on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a sceptre in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times—the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscriptions on his sarcophagus, and the writing on his mummy bandages, prove beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times. All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered sceptre. He is a dead lion. And is not any man now living, in the fact that he has opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively leonine, and yet wicked.

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself, and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes, and make sure work for heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past, and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know, either. He says "your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday-school, the superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectably clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared, and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with him." But the superintendent fitted him up again and started him again. After a while the gospel took hold of him and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary, and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the Church on earth and in heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember however depraved, however ragged, and however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the grog-shops and in the haunts of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger, preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come, expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me." My hearer, give no one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in oratorios—Free Grace! That will yet Edenize the earth and people heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

> Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
> 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
> A sovereign balm for every wound,
> A cordial for our fears.
>
> Buried in sorrow and in sin
> At death's dark door we lay,
> But we arise by grace divine,
> To see a heavenly day.

A Lady Architect.

"Minerva Parker, architect and designer," is a striking sign on South Broad street, Philadelphia. Miss Parker is the only architect of her sex in the Quaker City and one of very few in the country. She is a pretty young woman with dark hair and eyes and handsome teeth. She says: "I know of only two other ladies engaged in the profession. They are located at Rochester, N. Y., and have a large clientage, which nets them handsome incomes. I don't like notoriety and have persistently avoided it, preferring that my work should be my advertisement. I am now engaged upon the plans for a railroad bridge, a number of small dwellings and a stable. I am in love with my profession and can say that it has proved one of profit and pleasure."

Their Besetting Sin.

"That acrobat we saw last year at the circus has just died from the effects of drink."

"To get full seems to be a weakness of tumblers."

Poetry of Motion.

Mary—How graceful Mr. De Snob skates, does he not, Ella?

Ella—Yes; the very poetry of motion.