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OUR TWO PENINSULAS.

NEWS GATHERED FROM THE ENTIRE STATE.

Bank Commissioner Sherwood's Annual Report Speaks Well of our Laws, and Financial Institutions.

Bank Commissioner Sherwood has issued his fifth annual report of the banking business of Michigan. The report deals in detail with many matters which can only be summarized here in substance he says that, during the unusual distress and disaster to banking corporations throughout the United States, the banks of Michigan stand pre-eminent for the intelligence of our citizens, the honesty and intelligence of bank officers, the financial ability of directors and the excellency of our state and national banking laws. The panicked 1893 was confined almost exclusively to banks. In other panics commercial circles suffered as severely as banking corporations, and where banks were affected the quality of the currency was a prime factor. In the panic through which we have just passed only has it established the quality of our money, though they may have doubted its sufficiency. The real anxiety of the public has ceased to have been centered on the solvency of the banks where the money was deposited.

The splendid results in this state was due to the adequacy of the state banking law. This is showing that the state bank failures out of a total of 163, was worthy of note. The failed banks were the Bank of Michigan, of Lansing, and the Bank of Crystal Falls. One state bank and one national bank were closed for a short time at Ionia, the Ingham County Savings bank of Lansing and the First National bank of Sturgis—not to speak respectfully of increased capital. Of the nine private banks closed during the year the state had no discretion whatever. It is recommended that they should be under the care of either the state or national banking department. The failure of the Central Michigan Savings bank at Lansing is going into in detail, and the examination that led up to the arrest of Cashier Bradley on a charge of making false reports explained. The Crystal Falls bank was carried down by the failure of the Plankington bank of Milwaukee. Depositors expect to be paid in full.

Mr. Sherwood gives much praise to the newspapers of the state for their noble assistance in allaying the financial excitement and making the confidence of the people stronger. Not only for the publishing in the press of what sensational financial news from other cities they suppressed, even at the cost of the increased sales.

Despite the unfavorable conditions 18 new state banks were incorporated during the year, with a capital of $956,000.

Mr. Sherwood says that while in the past he has found the policy of the banking directors who did not give proper attention to the affairs of their banks, there has been no cause for complaint since May 1. The highest compliments are paid the bankers of Detroit and Lansing, especially the latter, as a result of closest observation, that the allowing of banks to incorporate with both commercial and saving departments was an element of strength. Michigan's banking law has all the good features of the national banking act, with several amendments adapted to the varied business interests of the state, and the people can congratulate themselves that it had been in operation long enough to command the respect of the public before we were compelled to contest with the unprecedented monetary stringency of 1893.

The result of the enforcement of the 90-day rule in Detroit is gratefully pointed to with pride by the commissioner, as it was at his instigation the rule was made operative. It was greatly aided in allaying the excitement at that time.

It is strongly urged that national investment and building and loan association be under the supervision of the state. In such supervision of loan associations he does not consider as necessary.

The banks paid during the year for examination and supervision $7,922.53, while the expenses of the department were $9,762.26.

Wayne County's Clerkship.

After being out over 30 hours, the Oakland county jury at Pontiac in the Reynolds-May, case returned a verdict favorable to Henry M. Reynolds who, according to the pulling of lots, goes to the office of the county clerk of Wayne county, Mr. Reynolds, it is held, is entitled to the office by a majority of 1,920; or only a few votes less than was claimed by his counsel.

The jury were discharged after every one of the 40 questions submitted by the supreme court. The verdict in the main is of three parts. These are: The defense was sustained as to the legality of the vote in Ecorse and Wyandotte; the defense was defeated as to the claim of illegality of voting in the republican precincts. The prosecution was sustained in the claim of wholesale illegality of voting in Al. Delmel's precinct and the most of the other Detroit precincts.

May will again take the case to the supreme court for final action.

Murder Near Paw Paw.

Hugh Higgins and Eugene Finch quarreled in Almena. Finch is dead, while Higgins is in jail, awaiting trial for murder. Higgins had been drinking amazoo, and he brought a jug of whisky back with him. Finch joined him at his home, the two drank from it, then Finch went away. But he returned again. Higgins refused to let him in, whereupon Finch broke down the door. In the fracas that ensued Finch was stabbed. He ran outdoors and fell dead in the road. The murderer was promptly arrested.

Higgins is an old man and was a soldier in the late war. The murdered man was only 27. Neither of the two has a family.

Lansing'll Have a State Fair Anyhow.

Now that the State Agricultural society has decided to hold the state fair in Detroit, and that other fairs and Michigan Agricultural society will doubtless regain possession of the valuable grounds in Lansing, which they had given the state society several years ago there was a provision that the property should revert to the Central society in case it was not used any one year for state fair purposes. Last year the Central stockholders waived this provision, but they are not likely to do so this year.

The annual election of the Women's State Press Club was held at Grand Rapids and the following officers elected: President, Miss Pamelia O. Starkey, Detroit; vice-president, Mrs. M. L. Rayne, Detroit; secretary, Miss F. S. Applegate, Adrian; treasurer, Miss Jennie F. Parkes, Grand Rapids; executive board, Alice M. Miller, Muskegon; Miss Ella M. Wilson, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Cora B. Martin, Paw Paw.

R. W. Fisher, aged 30, employed in the Detroit Stove works at Allanson, was struck by a flying piece of wood and injured internally. His injury is dangerous.

HAWAIIAN MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SENDS ANOTHER TO CONGRESS.

Makes no Comments Himself but Merely Transmits the Correspondence—Duke Refuses to Step Down.

President Cleveland has sent to congress a message together with additional correspondence relating to Hawaiian affairs. The message is as follows:

To the Congress: I transmit herewith, in response to a resolution of the senate of the 1st instant, full information in regard to Hawaii relating in any way to political affairs in Hawaii since March 4, 1893, not heretofore transmitted to congress. Also a send copies of instructions given January 11, 1893, being the only instructions to him that have gone out in writing.

In my former message to congress I withheld dispatch No. 8, under date of October 18, 1893, and dispatch No. 9, under date of October 20, 1893, for the reason that they disclosed what are all referred to in a despatch of mine as "the secret history," and there seemed to be no longer reason for withholding them. Dispatch No. 8 is herewith submitted. Dispatch No. 9 is still withheld for reasons that seem to be justified and necessary.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The correspondence is quite extensive and a summary only will be given herewhich follows. The instructions of January 12, 1894, spoken of in the message, are to Minister Willis. Minister Willis per steamer Mariposa, which sailed from San Francisco on January 14. The instructions to Commissioner Mr. Willis upon his earnest efforts to comply with previous instructions; reports to the provisional government refuses to accede to the proposition to restore the queen to the throne; that the provisional government never posed as an arbitrator in the technical sense; assert that the subversion of the Hawaiian government by United States officials was in violation of international law and made it necessary for the United States to order the action and restore lawful authority. These instructions then speak of the reference of the whole matter to the President to Congress, and are signed by Secretary Gresham.

Mr. Willis' last dispatch which called forth the instructions contained a copy of President Dole's reply to the demand that Queen Lilliokalani be restored. Mr. Dole's reply is a very able document.

The remaining communications sent to congress are principally regarding Minister Willis' interviews with the ex-queen. Under date of November 16, he says he has had a full interview with Cleveland's demand that if she was restored she should grant amnesty to all who assisted in the revolution and supported the provisional government.

To this the ex-queen decidedly replied that she would hang them all and confiscate their property. Mr. Willis then asked further instructions. Later ex-Marshal C. B. Wilson called upon Mr. Willis with a plan of procedure for the restoration. A list of advisers accompanied. Mr. Willis replied that he was not composed of men who could be relied upon in the interests of good government. Later Mr. Willis reported that the Americans, who for over half a century, held a commanding place in the councils of state are ignored, while other nationalities, English especially, are placed in charge.

The ex-queen advisers evidently succeeded in getting her to alter her intention regarding the beheading of her enemies, for under date of December 18 Mr. Willis sends a letter from the ex-queen granting full amnesty to all.

A TRIPLE LYNCHING.

Kansas Mob Quietly Break Open a Jail and Thus Hang Three Men.

A mob of about 20 men entered the jail at Russell, Kan., took out J. G. Hinton, William Jones and Henry Gay, and hung the trio to a small railroad bridge a short distance east of the depot in that city.

No officers were aroused or even was aware of what was going on until early Saturday morning, so quiet were the actions of the mob. Orders were given by signals and obeyed without a word being spoken.

The jail is a small, wooden building surrounded by an 8-foot board fence. In the jail were two steel cells in which the prisoners were confined.

The masked mob broke the locks off the jail with sledge hammers. The entire party, in the midst of which the Nooses were placed about their necks, and they were given time to speak and pray, then the leader dropped his hands and the three were pushed off the bridge. Several shots were fired into each body and then the mob dispersed.

The crime for which the men were lynched was the killing of Deputy Dining in July last. Inquiries regarding a draft payable to Dinning and his mysterious disappearance led to the investigation and the arrest of Burton, who implicated the other two men. Each made a confession, which led to the finding of Dinning's body buried in a field near the scene of the murder.

Judge Dog's Pension Upheld.

Washington special: Judge Bradley decided the long pension case in favor of Judge Dungan in his decision he gave it as his opinion that Commissioner Lochren's order suspending payment of the pension was illegal and void by law; that it was the duty of the commissioner to revoke the order, and to see that the pension was paid as it has continued to the relator. Inasmuch as Mr. Lochren now answers that he has removed the suspension and has directed the United States pension agent at Detroit to resume at once the payment of pension to the relator, it will not be necessary to direct the writ to issue, but upon filing such papers, which the clerk is directed to do, judgment for the costs in the proceeding shall be entered against the respondent."

A Funeral Instead of a Wedding.

George Burgess, aged 26 years, of Caro, went to Detroit Arnold to have four teeth drawn. He was chloroformed, called in kind-chloroform administered. After the operation Burgess went home on a street car. He was feeling ill, however. He went to bed and the next morning partook of some nourishment. His father desired to go to Detroit, and the son demurred and soon went to sleep. He never recovered and despite the efforts of two physicians he died the following morning. All arrangements had been made for his marriage, to take place last week to Miss Minnie Wickware. The young lady was with him during his sickness constantly. The cause is considered a mystery by one, although no blame can be attached to the dentist or physician who administered the drug.

Drank From a Boiling Teakettle.

A sad fatality occurred at the home of Benjamin Van Fleet, which is only a few miles from Caro. A little 2-year-old girl was playing upon the floor and reaching up to a boiling teakettle which sat upon an elevated oven stove, put its little mouth to the spout and took a drink of the boiling water. A physician was hastily summoned, and although the child had taken but one swallow, its little lungs were so severely scalded that it soon died.

Fatality Shot While Hunting.

Clarence La Rue, second son of John Karr, a prominent farmer, who lives 2½ miles east of Gagetown, went out hunting at a distance from his home. He found a skunk in a hollow stump, and in trying to get the animal out, accidentally discharged his gun, the charge penetrating the neck and lodging at the base of the brain. He died an hour later.

Cleveland citizens have begun a crusade against the immoral houses of that city.

WHERE IS MOTHER?

TABERNACLE PULPIT RINGS WITH A GREAT SERMON.

Brooklyn Pastor Preaches to Over Ten Thousand Persons—Subject: Sermons to Be Remembered.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 14.—This novel and unique subject was presented by Dr. Talmage this afternoon to the tabernacle throngs crowding the largest Protestant church in America. The congregation, led by organ and cornet, sang a gospel hymn to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Text: Judges 5:28-29: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host. Mr. Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the flashes and rumbles which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. Gen. Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but was defeated, and his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough and so he leaped from the ground and with his sandals on went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him Butter-milk, which in the east is considered a delightful refreshing drink. Overcome and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, grabbed a tent spike long enough and sharp in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and putting the sharp end of the tent-pin to the forehead of the sleeping man, driving it she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he lay still in his gore, and the third time she struck him, and the commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother was anxiously contemplating wealth and pomp and scenes palatial, waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and if the mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot, followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. Now see sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the furthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the hoofs of the horses. She hears the bit of the horses' bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round and she tells them of what great success her son commands. She guesses the gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the bible only hints at, but never tells. She says: "I know all about here by this time," says his mother, "that battle is surely over. I hope that freaket of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw the night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! no! he is so brave in battle I know he will come back all right, soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother; she will not see the glittering head-gear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries: "Your armies are defeated and your son is dead," there is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Can you see the full meaning of my short text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life. It is a battle for you and for me. We have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had nine hundred iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of the Kishon and the hail, the lightning and the unmanageable war-horses and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history gives an account in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain in the face of the Canaanites, and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, but would the colonels of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords; while this storm did not so much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also had the benefit of the storm in the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them; so these were slain, and fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looked out at the window. And one watching, waiting, looking for news of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat. Not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according as to whether God is for or against us.

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at night, fall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the cry, "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some good gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces, and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery and from the evening stand where boys and girls are learning their school lesson, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or cap needs to be lost, until at night all, out of breath the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret, and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is not all of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her, is the absence of that question, except she knows it is a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, as he spoke truthfully, His mother's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen into God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the "Book of Judges" so much about embroideries and needle work and ladies in waiting, that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the room at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns and pearls by the enough, to make a gate out of one of them, new songs, and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the battle, and golden candlesticks, that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified, beyond the power of expression or description in the present, and in the window of that palace the mother sits, watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial mansion and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family in the old-time way, with but little or no help, to have kept perhaps the only washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called the "killing-day." There was then no reading of clothes-lines on the best mode of rearing children, and then having at all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The long hours of folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the patching, the millinery, the darning, the mantua-making, the cutting and making, and in hurried time the line helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for the household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and run-round fingers and earaches, and the infantile diseases from which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Infancy, childhood, the rocking cradle, day, which wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer; it was weary foot on the rocker more than half the day and half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica, and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary shop for four miles ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and slippery-elm bark, which they expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief dishes they heard was that of spinning wheel and rocking-chair. Fagged out, headachey, and with ankles swollen. Those old-fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into the holy comfortable, they were they were the folks, and they got there and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the emerald hills of the eternal palace. From the window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if any one keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer that is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character, and not of your looks. That is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and evenings. There are no men in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for theory or practice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. Tell the first boy or girl you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and he will be fearful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give your girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy mame," or fashion plate for forty years. Ezekiel 16:41, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Within one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally the echoes of father and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who cannot get out his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth; or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for tearing at herself too much in the looking glass, when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English poet's long character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the school room overheard this conversation: "Byron, your book is held wrong." "I know it." "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother, when she in the year of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than live to see one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Live that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity. A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville & Nashville railroad the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, twelve cars falling a hundred feet, and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of them perfect, and all the others that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. Oh man! Oh woman! if you have preserved your integrity and family Christian, have you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing in the inauguration of James A. Garfield, as President of the United States, was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round, and in the presence of the highest officers and the senate of the United States, kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what impression for good or for evil, for time or your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet, Charlie, that you may be a credit to the regiment, to Charlie, one of their comrades, "What has made the change in you? you used to like sin as well as the best of them." Charlie would answer his mother's letter in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded: "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a true Christian," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence."

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that while sitting at the window of my text while waiting for news from the battlefield she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The latter is suggested by the words I have answered, her, yes, she returned answer to herself: "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides." She makes no anxious utterance about the battle going on; she is not at all disturbed about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on; a battle so important that the destinies of the world hang on it, part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the garments captured, and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now, I am not saying whether nor any one else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at the one end to sew at the other, whether of bone or ivory as in earliest time, or of bronze, as in Pliny's time, or of steel, as in modern time; whether with hieroglyphics on it, as in the case of one hand, or as now, when a hundred workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle. It is an instrument divinely ordered for the use for the life, the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more social splash than any other eye. The needle's work, from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the tabernacle, down to the last curtain hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, wrought with needlework, down to the womanly hands which this winter in this hemisphere are consenting for benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and sensual pride in the needlework she said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera's mother sat by the side, when his mother at the window of my text, in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vain-glorious triumph of millinery goods and a host of fashionable pageantry, will after a while hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life, as Sisera's mother heard in the valley of Jezreel.

But if you still press the question "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and the impression in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, proud look on your face you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or not. If you had seen her subjected to neglect, by not letting her sit down at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give your girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy mame," or fashion plate for forty years. Ezekiel 16:41, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Within one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally the echoes of father and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who cannot get out his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth; or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for tearing at herself too much in the looking glass, when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English poet's long character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the school room overheard this conversation: "Byron, your book is held wrong." "I know it." "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother, when she in the year of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than live to see one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Live that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity. A few days ago right before our express train

Then Christ on goes to travel to the window of earth, or to the windows of heaven on which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother sitting at the window of heaven? I went away?" Says some one else: "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self-sacrifices, my struggles, my struggle to do right?" No! heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes. Messengers ascending and descending—spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from heaven to earth to minister and help. Within an hour from us many times every day. Do they bring good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylæ, this Austerlitz, in which every one of us is fighting either on the right side or the wrong side? Oh God! whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new baptism of their responsibility and upon all children whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Exodus of mid-life or old age, the fact that their victory depends on their clear out, clear up to the window of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing will burst in baptismal power upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried: "Where's mother?" and she said: "Here I am," and we went to her and were happy? And so after a while, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of God, enter this heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in many homes just now at this very moment—the question: "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will be sitting or standing at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her knee and she will say: "Well! how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth-hours, the burials, the sicknesses, the losses, the joys, the victories, the defeats, and she will say, "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown which does not fade away at the gate of you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank him that we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

FLICKERS OF FUN.

Actress—You are a divorce lawyer, I understand? Lawyer—Yes, madame; I secure divorces without publicity. Actress—Um—I'm in the wrong office. Good-day, sir.

Mrs. Baxter—Di's furnace drowns out igas. Mr. Baxter—Und you gumpiain about dot, mit gas wort four tollers a thoysand und we gettin' dot furnace gas for nottings.

"You have a very fine voice; has she ever sung for you?" "No." "Have you pressed her?" "Have I pressed her? I think, my friend, you are a little ignorant of the art."

"Why did Wilbank have the burglar alarms taken out of his house; were they a failure?" "No, but they kept up such a continual racket he hasn't been able to get to sleep in the week."

"Don't you know, Milly that it is very rude to turn around to look at a gentleman?" "Mother, I only turned around and looked at him to find out if I looked at him." "Well, if that's all, that's a'l right."

Little Dot—I guess I'm improvin' in drawing, Mother—I hope so. Little Dot—I drew a picture of a fish on my slate, and Dick guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was something to eat, anyhow, didn't he?

Mr. Gudgeon—Good sir, that you have no financial standing, no credit anywhere. Young Gethere—You do me injustice, sir. I have easily borrowed several hundred dollars since the announce'n I was engaged to your daughter.

American—Well, John, still in the laundry business? John—No, me gone better now. American—Me professional. "You are in a profession, are you? Well, what is your profession?" "Sittee fo photograph fo Chinee laundry what want to legber."

"What did you get all dat money dat you's spohtin' roun' wid?" "Dat money I done got by my fo'thought." "G'way man; you is de biggest fool I ever heard tell of. Yo' fo'thought hab no fo'thought." "'Deed I did. Dis wuz ma fohl-lebben-foghty-fo' thought."

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HISTORICAL LIES NAILED.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith.

The African king, Prester John, never had an existence.

There never was such a person as Pope Joan, the so-called female pontiff.

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree, and when he told his father "I can't tell a lie, pa, you know I can't," he did not wear a mask of iron. It was black vie vet, secured by steel springs.

William Tell did not found the Swiss confederation, and the story of Gessler's hat is historic bosh.

Cæsar did not say, "Et tu, Brute." Eye-witnesses to the assassination deposed that "he died fighting, but silent like a wolf."

Wellington at Waterloo did not say: "Up guards, and at 'em!" The words were put into his mouth by an imaginative writer.

"Richard III. was not a hunchback," but a spoiler of the form, some pretensions to good looks, and great personal strength and courage.

Cæsar did not cross the Rubicon. It is now supposed the side of the Italian peninsula from the point where he left his own possessions and entered Italy.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round-table is still to be seen in a South of England town.

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is no good reason to believe that he could either play the harp or speak Danish.

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