BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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The name of the new king is spelled, W-h-e-a-t.

It is now Mr. Langtry's turn to sue for a divorce, which he anticipates will come very easy.

If dog meat sells for $3 a pound in Alaska, what do you imagine nice, plump bologna sausages are worth?

If the Klondike price list may be relied on a man up there ought to own at least one mine before he can afford to buy a drink.

While the North is lecturing on the legal, moral and religious phases of lynching, the South contents itself with playing the horrible example role.

Owing to a bountiful growth of wheat in the agricultural regions and a fine large crop of shorts in Chicago, the farmer is now in a position to reap unusual returns for his product.

Carl Cronhelin, a poor Swede, who was recently employed as a dish washer in Boston, has fallen heir to an income of $46,000 a year, and has also married a Boston widow. Nice to be so lucky, isn't it?

"A boy can learn to speak correctly only at home," declared Bishop Vincent recently; "and parents ought to take up the study of English even in middle life, so that their children might acquire a correct habit of speech from them." A part of this suggestion capitalizes Captain Mahan's merry words at Yale about the possibilities of accomplishing something worth while, even as late in life as after forty.

It has been proposed to celebrate the consolidation of the cities at the mouth of the Hudson into the greater city of New York by the erection of a steel tower more than two thousand feet high—twice the height of the Eiffel tower. Such a monument would be "big," of course, but it would be strikingly ugly and singularly inappropriate. A city which could bring itself to erect such a structure in honor of the creation could never be remarkable for anything but mere size.

Pretty names and a bit of silver have been the cause of a recent investigation by the French government, and as often happen in the social world these attributes have proved to cover an insidious but deadly poison. A favorite brand of cigarettes called "Bouts Argentes" or "Silver Tips" has the end intended for the lips covered with a metallic leaf claimed to be silver. Analysis reveals it to be a base imitation attached to the paper by lead chromate. Perchance some youths fancy that a silver tongue is to be obtained by a prescription compounded of nicotine, white lead and mercurial salts.

Few people—none in Africa—have shown such a remarkable power of assimilating the benefits of civilization as the inhabitants of Uganda. It is but a few years, comparatively, since Stanley brought the Christian world the request of the king that they should send teachers to instruct his people. How well the faithful missionaries who went in response to this call have accomplished their task is shown by the following statement, which appears in the Church Missionary Intelligencer: "A reading book, in Lusoga has just been published, printed by Tomasi Lwabiddugo, the church missionary society's press, Busoga." The printer is a Muganda boy, who has been under instruction for eight months only. He has practically done everything to the book, set up the type, paged it, corrected it, and finally printed off two thousand copies."

That is a suggestive "strike story" which comes from a western state, whose leading industry has of late been seriously imperilled. One employer's hands refused to "go out" when others did. "No," they said, "we believe the boss has paid us all he could afford. Anyhow, he's always treated us as though we were men. His wife and daughter have been good friends to our womenfolks, too. They've done the fair thing by us, all around, and we won't go back on 'em." Here shines out spirit of true ministering in some, if permitted to have its way with men, will preserve the nation. "At the heart of the whole social problem," a wise writer has said, "is the quiet, homely personal service whereby one helps another. No legislation, no shortening of hours nor lengthening of pay rolls, no improvement of houses nor lessening of rents, no establishment of the 'co-operative commonwealth,' will make much better a situation which sorely needs bettering, without this individual effort. When every privileged family is ministering in some direct way to some other family less privileged, then the social millennium will begin to dawn."

Among a score of street arabs sent to Indiana some thirty years ago by a Children's Aid Society of New York, the "ugliest, raggedest and most friendless of them all" was taken home by a kindly judge and given, one by one, all the opportunities of which he chose to make use. As Gov. John Brady of Alaska, this boy has recently been appointed executive of a territory larger than Germany, France and Great Britain combined. No boy who reads this paragraph can have so unpropitious a beginning. How many will climb as high?

An English society lady has created a stir by declaring that dancing has degenerated, ballet dancing has almost reached the point where it soon will become necessary to regenerate the dancers unless they expect to impersonate Father Time's mother.

A woman in New York who sold her husband for $25 now wants to get him back. She may not be able to get the same one, but she surely can find one for that amount. Husbands are rather cheap in New York just at present.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

All About the Petticoat—It Must Be Fastened as Carefully as an Expensive Gown—The Latest in Skirts—What Makes Girls Popular.

Oh, Lift Thine Eyes Again to Mine.

Oh, LIFT thine eyes again to mine,
For 'neath their magic spell
The waters of my memory roll,
With sweet and gentle swell.
This holy influence calms my heart,
Dispels my doubts and fears,
And in thy presence, love, I weep
My faults away in tears;
And, oh, I often think had we
But met in days of yore,
My footsteps never would have strayed
To passion's sinful shore.

The sun that on the flowers shines,
Gives beauty, life and light,
But sees it wither, droop and die
At the approach of night.
So if thou leavest me, dear one,
In some unconscious hour,
Again my soul may succumb to
The tempter's mighty power.
But if thou will but closely cling
Unto my fate and me,
My bosom shall be kept clean by
The love I bear to thee.

Popular Girls.

"I would like to know why Katharine is so popular," said a bright, vivacious young woman, as she stood at the window looking out at one of her young friends who was passing. "Just note the difference between her and Emily, who is a regular harmony-destroyer, while the other makes peace and pleasantness wherever she goes."

"I think," said one of her grown-up friends, and grown-up and middle-aged friends are exceedingly desirable associates for young women. "I think the secret of Katharine's popularity lies in her absolute genuineness. She never makes pretenses, and being a Christian girl she always has the soft answer that turns away wrath. Half a dozen times last winter we had more or less disagreement in our church guild. There were several persons connected with it who seemed always ready to strike fire when they came together. She was all on the troubled waters and smoothed all irregularities in the most delightful fashion. And while such disposition's are greatly to be commended, they are, for the most part, possessed by persons who have sufficient spirit to defend themselves and their families against imposition and abuse. They are longsuffering, slow to anger and often bear that which others would not, and for which they are more or less severely criticised. But they win in the long run. 'Blessed are the peacemakers' are words the sweet significance of which did not end with the speaking. They have come to us down through the dim aisles of the past with their Divine flavor still clinging to them, and are as applicable to the sons and daughters of men as when they first fell from the lips of the meek and lowly Nazarene."

New Bits of Fancy Work.

New methods and suggestions for achieving pleasing results in the decorations of linen are never more welcome than when summer is here, and leisure time is spent on the piazza. For dining table accessories, pillow and table covers, scarfs, portieres, bed spreads, etc., only washable fabrics and working threads are worth expending one's time and efforts on. For grounds there is an unprecedented variety of linen and cotton stuff in soft and pleasing colors, that lend themselves readily to artistic results. Among the more effective are round-thread linen, plain satin damask, linen lawn and cambric, French handspun and Japanese linen, huckaback, momie cloth, colored art linen and duck and crash. In cottons, denim easily leads in both texture and coloring; then comes duck, drill, Villa cloth, pique, chambray and sateen. White embroidery is popular for table linen. Soft colors, especially for fine embroidery are altogether too pleasing to ever be supplanted. On the other hand when embroidering pillows, portieres or other large pieces, strong colors and color contrasts are often needed to relieve monotony and give character to a room. A design should be suited to the room for which it is intended as well as the purpose for which it is used. For instance, portieres and bedspreads should be embroidered in arabesques and scrolls and other bold, conventionalized designs that give a greater effect of richness and dignity than flowers and birds.

Latest in Skirts.

Snugness about the waist and hips is now a characteristic of the stylish dresser, and the fitting of skirts has become a matter in which home dressmakers can blunder sadly. As a means of gaining that midway trimness that is now so desirable the skirt the artist puts here was admirable. It was cut from pale beige vigogne, with a high corselet belt and fastened at the side, where it was ornamented with soutache edging and loops, a similar row of loops coming around the bottom. With it was worn a blouse of green and beige glace surah that was simply gathered at neck and waist. Over this was a jacket of the goods that had turned back fronts and a vest of beige silk, with frog and cord trimming.

Correct skirts fit closely at the hips, have a little fullness from the belt at the back, spread slightly toward the hem and hang in natural folds. They are graceful and unexaggerated, not so graceful as the old bell skirt, but we all learned that the bell skirt did not wear well, especially in summer goods or anything liable to the least shrinkage. Most of us have in our wardrobe one that is all shrunk up in front, with the back still a-trail, and no mending over possible. It is entirely right to wear a perfectly plain skirt, but trimming is usual, either a line or so of braiding, some appliqué design or an effect of paneling or frills. Many skirts are actually cut into many parts. If you have lots of dresses it is well to have one or two with skirts much elaborated—you can hardly elaborate them too much. But if you have only a few dresses, stick to entirely plain skirts, except where making over emergencies find you glad to take advantage of the cut-up styles. If you have a lovely old lace shawl, make it an overskirt to one of your party dresses, and if it is an old party dress made over with such an accessory it will be far more satisfactory than the most elaborate new affair. Women often make a mistake in feeling that they must have all new stuff for some cherished accessory. On the contrary, it is on the make-over, if it can be used to advantage, that you should use the exquisite windfall of lace or trimming.

All About the Petticoat.

The petticoat is quite as important a part of one's costume as the gown itself, for upon it depends "the hang" of the outside skirt. Even the flannel petticoat, which in the opinion of so many people needs be but two yards of material seamed together, must be carefully gored. The best flannel skirt is two and a half yards wide, gored and made with a muslin yoke fitted to the figure. Colored flannels are used much more than white. For traveling black is also used. These flannel petticoats are quite short, ending just below the knee with a flounce embroidered in scallops. Laces gathered behind the scallops, and a feather stitching heads the ruffles. Cambric skirts are once more very popular, probably because they are the best that can be worn under the light weight dresses which fashion advocates. Indeed, to so great an extreme is the idea carried, that mull petticoats are worn under the thinnest of summer gowns. They are made umbrella shaped, fitted with darts over the hips, and are fully as long as the gown itself. Lace is considered the prettiest trimming, but embroidery appears quite as often, more especially on the cambric skirts. Silk petticoats are numerous, a fact due undoubtedly to the number of remarkably cheap remnants of silk to be had. Any color is considered in good taste, although black for street wear is the greatest favorite. For evening all the delicate colors are worn, trimmed with lace and an endless amount of ribbons.

A silk petticoat should be two and a half yards wide—no more, no less—to make it hang properly. Of course additional width is secured by the use of a flounce, making the upper skirt stand out better.—The Latest.

Elegance in Card Cases.

Exceeding rich in design and color are the card cases this season, but they are made only for cards and should not be filled with countless other things, or crushed morocco. This material The most popular are made of levant treated in this way although still finish, which tones down those ultra shades so sought after. A very pretty one is of a rich reddish violet color. Its corners are enameled, the new, antique finish being used. Most of the colored leather cases are embellished with enamel. Lizard, elephant and snake skins hold their own well, and are mounted in silver, gilded and elaborately jeweled. They vary in price from $15 to $80, which is the price of one made from elephant skin. The corners are solid gold, set with genuine diamonds and emeralds. Women should learn that card cases are made to carry cards. They stuff them full of samples, keys, money, handkerchief and a few other things and wonder why they break out at the sides. It is economy to own both a purse and a card case, for then neither is taxed beyond its usefulness.

One of the latest things out is a very small chatelaine bag made of pure white Salfskin, with a rough finish. It is mounted in silver, gilded with a bright finish and is worn with a belt of the same material similarly mounted. The whole thing looks as if it might be made of white monkey skin and is exceedingly effective with white summer gowns. The woman who clings to her chain purse to-day is behind the times. Leather is the correct thing

A CLOAK OF SILVERY TUSSORE TRIMMED WITH LACE.

Dyed Yarns.

The changes in trade and commerce brought about by unexpected but entirely natural causes in the progress of time, are illustrated by the new and growing industry that is springing up in Holland, and which seems likely to interfere with, if not entirely absorb, an important branch of the Lancashire, England, cotton industry, namely, that of dyed yarns. Hitherto this yarn has been spun in Lancashire, reeled and sent off in the form of long bundles to Turkey-red dyers in Lancashire and in the Vale of Leven in Scotland, and afterward made up into short bundles and shipped to the east. Now the yarn is being bought by Dutch parties in the cop and there reeled from the cop into hanks and put straight into the dye tub. The reeling is done by contractors, who pay their reelers five shillings per week, against twelve to fifteen shillings for gray and twenty to twenty-four shillings for colored yarns in England; there is also the advantage of being able to make the yarn up into bales and cases at less cost than Lancashire, owing to cheaper timber and labor—a not unimportant saving per pound in the price of the yarn.

Molasses Wafers.

Mix well together one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two cups of molasses and two cups of flour. Drop a few spoonfuls into a pan in different places and put it in the oven; it will melt and run together. Let it bake until it begins to harden on the edges; then remove, cut it into squares, and while it is still hot and soft roll, each piece around a stick.

Wine Custard.

Heat to 100 degrees a pint and a half of milk. Add one and a half tablespoonfuls each of sugar and cooking sherry. Stir well and then add one and a half tablespoonfuls of liquid rennet, stirring only enough to mix it with the milk. Pour into a glass dish and it will be ready to serve in about two hours.

Egg Flip.

Break two eggs into a stewpan, add a spoonful of pounded or moist sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered ginger and a little grated nutmeg. Mix with a whisk and incorporate gradually a pint of old ale. Stir on the fire until the eggs are set, but be careful not to let the liquor boil.

TALMAGE'S SERMON

LABOR STRIKES THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Text, Matt. vii 12: "Whatsoever Ye Would That Men Should Do to You, Do You Even So to Them."

THE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war of the hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strike, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety valve of more imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may poohpooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Pourierism, or Socialism, or Communism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and anybody is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours a day," say others. "Then, under certain condition, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulate in better times, unless there be some radical change, shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four millions hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never.

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have ventured their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he, hisself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence, expenses: result misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and energy and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder.

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if today capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief and it points from my text rose-ate and jubilant and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the homespun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly-and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and if were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in the parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil and he will say to him: "Why it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Towards evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work; and you have always been so faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again!" The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister or religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working people where they have family prayers the widowed and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I take out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever."

But, you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world today is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in conventions for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard labor, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen of Galilee as his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day receiving alms for others, keeping not so much as a shekel of pay for his obsequies; by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can fall on their knees hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances that have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

An Italian Solomon.

The Duke of Osuone, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite, named Bertrand Solus, while lounging about in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder.

The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The Viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him.

When the case came on, and Solus had made his complaint, the Viceroy turned to the porter, and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

"What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an imposter, I assure you he is not dumb. Before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way!'"

"Then," said the Viceroy sternly, "if you heard him ask you make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man a compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

A Chimney of Nature's Make.

A peculiar natural wonder has been discovered about three miles north of the famous wind cave in Fall River county, South Dakota. Three men a short time ago, formed a company to develop and work mining claims, and selected sites for two shafts. Blasting was started, and when down about ten feet, rock was taken out that assayed $7 in gold. They went down but a short distance further, when they broke through into a natural chimney, which was about three feet across and extended to China, as far as their ability to sound it has determined. One man climbed down about forty feet, and found no evidence of any bottom. The walls are spiral-shaped, like an auger, and are blackened as though by internal fires. The most curious varieties of mineral-bearing rock have been found there, and specimens are now awaiting close examination and selection for assay. The most curious of all is a black stone that pulverizes readily in the fingers, leaving a blackish stain like plumbago. The natural chimney will afford the prospectors an excellent opportunity to find out what there is in the earth there, and is a lucky discovery.

Sign Posts in Corea.

The sign-posts in Corea are extremely quaint. Each is shaped like an old-fashioned English coffin, and it is topped by a very grotesquely painted, grinning human face. They all wear the chimney pot of Shang Sun, a great Corean soldier. Chang Sun lived about one thousand years ago. His life was devoted to the opening of his country to the feet of his countrymen. He impressed the hills of Corea with pathways and to-day from every sign-post he beams upon every Corean wayfarer. Beneath his beaming face a traveler may, if he is learned enough, read his name; he may read, too, whither the road or roads lead; how far the next settlement is, and one or two other items that are presumably of general interest to the Corean traveling public.

Adam.—It was not a punishment but a blessing that Adam was shut out of Eden, shut out from the tree of life, shut out from immortality of sin.—Rev. C. M. Coburn, Methodist, Denver, Col.