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STREETS OF A CITY. DR. TALMAGE CONTRASTS THEIR

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ciation.1

She uttereth her voice in the streets."

admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell the Gospel of Christ-Temptations peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in For the Unwary-Shams and Pretheir ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skele-[Copyright, 1899, by American Press Assoton. In his very best wine there is a WASHINGTON, March 19 .- In this dis strange that when a man has devoured course Dr. Talmage, who has lived the widows' houses he is disturbed with indimost of his life in cities, draws practical gestion? All the forces of nature are lessons from his own observation; text, against him. The floods are ready to Proverbs i. 20: "Wisdom crieth without. drown him and the earthquake to swallow lightnings to smite him. But the children We are all ready to listen to the voices of God are on every street, and in the day of nature-the voices of the mountain, when the crowns of heaven are distributed the voices of the sea, the voices of the some of the brightest of them will be given storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an faithful to the souls of others amid the organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to heroes of the street. Mighty were their the other, so in the great cathedral of temptations, mighty was their deliverance. nature day responds to day, and night to and mighty shall be their triumph.

night, and flower to flower, and star to Shams and Pretensions. Again, the street impresses me with th star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist fact that life is full of pretension and in blossoms preaching of God's love, and dealing, what two facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the peoto know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show winimpressed with the fact that society is who swagger and strut and how few peo fops simper and fools chuckle and simplegreat deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this

particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you sion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprin-

in the last great day, rise up and curse

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect espises ignorance. Refinement will have othing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high orehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis. and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the name city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the

poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes he fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man,

Temptations Abound. Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man | pearls."

tation to covetousness and to be discon tented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count

HIS RULING PASSION. Old Harpagon Carried It to the Brink of the Grave.

The following story is commonly related as true in France: Old Harpagon was fast approaching his end. His sufferings were very great, but he comforted himself with the thought that as he could not eat there was so much saved at any rate. "Well, doctor," he said in a feeblo oice, "how long have I yet to live?" "Only half an hour. Would you like me to send for somebody-a clergyman,

for instance?" Harpagon was silent for a few moments. He passed his hand over his chin, bristling with a grizzly beard of several days growth, when a sudden thought struck him and, turning to the doctor, he gasped excitedly: "Quick-send for-a barber!"

The barber soon afterward arrived with his shaving tackle. Harpagon, whose voice was getting

weaker, asked him, "You-charge-two-

"That's the price," was the answer. "And-how much-is it-for shaving -a corpse?" The barber paused a moment and ther said, "Five shillings." "Then-shave-me-quickly," mered old Harpagon, casting a feverish glance at the watch which the doctor still eld in his hand.

ence—for shaving?

but the doctor understood the mute appeal and said: "Fifteen minutes more!" A smile of satisfaction stole over the features of the patient. The barber set to work and in a very short time finished his task, notwithstanding the nervous twitchings that distorted the face of the dying man. When the operation was over, old Harpagon uttered a sigh of relief and was

He was too feeble to utter another word,

heard to whisper: "That's a good thing-four shillingsand tenpence-saved!" and he breathed

The Story of a Locket. Lady Hester Stanhope had a warm friendship for my uncle, Sir John Moore. She sent me a sword and a drum when I was 4 years old, with a note saying, "When you are a man, come to me, and I will give you a real sword for your dear uncle's sake." The physician who traveled with her in the east recorded that she said to him she had never known but three really great men. They were her uncle, William Pitt; her brother, Charles Stanhope, and Sir John Moore. The last two were both killed . the battle of Coruna. She got a lock of the hair of each and set them in a gold locket with the coat of arms and name of each respectively.

In 1814 Lady Hester determined to live permanently in Syria and sent for her ossessions, this locket being among them The ship containing her valuables sailed one of those Mediterranean squalls came on, and nothing was every heard of the ship, crew or cargo. Thirty years elapsed, letter came to the admiralty from the consul at Jaffa saying that an Arab had pick-Frank characters. This was the long lost locket, and, Lord Stanhope kindly giving up his claim to it, it became the property "My boy, do you know how to read and of my brother, Sir Graham Morris, and is now in my possession .- "Recollections of

an Octogenarian." The Mark of Irony. According to M. Alcanter de Brahm a young writer of the school called decadent, there are not enough punctuation marks in the French and other languages Besides the ordinary commas, semicolons and colons there are the interrogation reaping hook and the exclamation mark. but to these M. de Brahm wants to add a 'point d'ironie." This would serve to differentiate between things "writ sarkastik," as Artemus Ward says, and those meant to be serious. Readers would be confronted at the end of some sentence with a special crotchet or quaver of punctuation equivalent to the expression

"This is irony, or this is meant to be sar eastic. It has been urged against M. de Brahm suggestion that in French literary compo sitions of the present day his irony points would stand out in too much prominence like chevaux de frise, as it were, because most contemporary authors seem to live by sarcasm or irony alone. Their works are, in fact, nothing but irony, and they laugh not only at their readers, but a themselves and at the whole world. M. de Brahm, however, is possibly no serious in his suggestion and may simply want to call public attention to the exces of the figure of speech known as irony among modern writers, who are the despair of ordinary readers, for it is impossi ble to tell when they are serious and when they are poking fun, to use a familiar phrase, at those who peruse them and at the world in general.—Paris Cor. London

Telegraph. The Khalifa's Regret. Signor Cuzzi, one of the prisoners re ased from captivity at Khartum, says hat not long before the sirdar's victorious march on Omdurman the khalifa, who had been for weeks in a bad temper, sent

Cuzzi had seen the great chancellor, and gave a sketch of his career and person. He set forth the services he had done to his sovereign and his country, in return for which he was venerated in life and mourned in death by young and old 'And you," he cried, "who will weep for you?" He had hardly let slip the words before he wished to recall them, for the guards began to move uneasily. The kha lifa, however, sat still in meditation, then heaved a sigh and remarked: "What a pity he was an unbeliever!"-

London Chronicle. 46,000 Miles In a Little Boat. mile voyage in his little vessel, the Spray got his idea for the journey from an ad which held the boat together. His wife and baby were with him, and Mrs. Slocum. imself.-New York Journal.

Punctual Senator Ross. Senator Ross of Vermont is a man o a great delight in his farm, to the cultivation of which he gives much personal at-Implacable.

"There's one thing," said the misan time that we all acknowledge not only the soever will let him come and take the wa- thropist's wife, "that I must say about Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of ter of life freely." Join this great throng that man you dislike so much—he always gets up early in the morning and cleans invitation are open. "And I saw twelve the snow off in a public spirited way." "Yes," was the answer. "He couldn' miss the satisfaction of annoying people by the noise the shovel makes."-Washington Star.

Wants the News.

"We want the news," says the Gibson (Ga.) Banner. "If your wife whips you, let us know it and we will put you right before the world. If you have company, tell us-if you are not ashamed of your visitor. If you have a party or gathering of any kind, bring around the cake, seven or eight pies and a side of ham-not necessarily to eat, but just to show your friendship and appreciation. You needn't mind inviting us, as it may be too cool for our wardrobe. We want the news. That's all."

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

Their Greetings When They Met After Years. An anecdote is related of the late Jaco Tome, a Maryland philanthropist. Mr Tome, it appears, was in his early life a hostler. By industry and thrift he soon acquired a mederate fortune and for some time before his death was one of the rich est men in his part of the state.

Among Mr. Tome's acquaintances while working around the stable was a carpen ter named Samuel Walker, who had a better faculty for spending money than for saving it. Later in life he thought it expedient to remind Mr. Tome in the pres ence of a crowd that he was at one time only a stableman.

ment at the Port Deposit Opera House, and the citizens of the town were crowding around the ticket office window when Mr. Tome approached. A murmur pass ed through the crowd, and many stepped aside, giving way to the noted philanthropist so that he might secure his ticket at once, instead of having to wait his

crowd could testify. ent: "I'm not goin to give up to Jake Tome! He ain't no better than I am. I

used to know him when he was nothin but a stable boy." Mr. Tome did not reply until after he had secured his ticket and made way for those who had so courteously withdrawn for him. He then said in a quiet tone, " used to know a man by the name of Sam Walker, who was a carpenter, and I understand that the same Sam Walker is a carpenter still."

and Sam Walker slunk away. - Wilming ton (Del.) Every Evening.

Blessings In Disguise. that I spoke about it.

"It's all due to a little 'run around' I had on the middle finger of my right

He Was Not Responsible. apon famous diplomats and their wives once, stating the lines you propose handling relates a neat little anecdote of how Prince Clemens Metternich, when Aus- worth your careful investigation. trian chancellor of state, once slipped out of a difficulty that threatened to be quite formidable one.

"What would you have, my dear count?

I met the princess; I loved her; I have married her, but it was not I who brought her up! There was no further trouble, but if the prince's answer was both quick witted and diplomatic, it was certainly somewhat

having died on the road down to Scotland

One would have thought that Scott would have been delighted with such a capital story. But no; Scott's reverence for rank and power stood in the way of a due appreciation even of the "white beard and white nightcap."-Exchange.

Not England's Daughter. In The Pall Mall Magazine William Archer discusses the real rather than the sentimental relationship existing between America and England. In part he writes: A misleading metaphor may do a great deal to beget and perpetuate confusion of thought, and such a metaphor, I suggest, is that which describes England as the "mother country" of America. Tennyson has given it literary sanction in the line "Gigantic Daughter of the West," and Mr. William Watson, in his sonnet beginning "O towering daughter, Titan of the west," repeats the phrase without misgiving. Both poets ignore the flight of time and mistake a historical for an actual relation. The American of today is not the

Nearly Played Out. One Sunday not long ago the minister of a small country parish in Scotland had the misfortune to forget his sermon and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. The congregation being already assembled, he was in a sorry plight. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out Psalm exix (containing 176 verses), while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to the church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door, waving his arms and shouting at him. On reaching the door he ex-

"Are they singing yet, John?" "Aye, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're chirping like sparrers."-London Judy. Snakes In Australia

snake, the brown snake, the connerhead and the death adder. The last mentioned is very rare in Vic toria and very venomous. It is about two feet long, very thick in proportion to its length, of a dull brown color, and with a flat, wide head. The strangest thing about it is that many people believe its sting is contained in the tail,-Chambers' Jour-

Indebted. Nora-Ah, Pat, Oi can't foind worruds to tell yez how much Oi am indebted to yez for this lovely watch! Pat-Sure, Nora, and it's mesilf that is in debt for it dape enough for both av usl -Jewelers' Weekly.

nal.

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4 30 A. M.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. and W. R.
R. and the South and ex. Sunday P. V. R. R.,
Chambersburg, Martinsburg and Winchester.

17.22 A. M.—York, B. & H. Div., Main Line east of Emory Grove, Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.

18.23 A. M.—Main Line, Shippensburg, Frederick, Emmitsburg and N. and W. R. R. to Shenandoah. \$9.30 A. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Han over. †10.17 A. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York.

13.32 p. M.—Express for York and B. & H. Div. \$4.00 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove. 14.08 p. M.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Frederick, Emmitsburg, Shippensburg and N. & W. R. R. 15.16 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove. 16.10 p. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge. \$10.55 p. M.—Accom. for Rmory Grove. 111.25 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove. Daily, †Daily ex. Sunday. \$Sundays only Ticket and Baggage Office, 111 Rast Baltimore 8t.

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Persons desiring copies of THE TIMES

he winter is a prophet-white beardeddenouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again-and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth

her voice in the streets.' Toil and Struggle. In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be.

ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that passing up and down hese streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured-what losses, what unger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went bither and you, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and turned aside and dashed ahead and driven back-beautiful in its confu-

to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study All Classes Meet. Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to ook about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement-and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a housand fingers pointed at you in heaven saying, "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hun gry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the

kling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of

whirlwind and tempest, is the best place

woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "! was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked. and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to me.

to keep his heart right and to get to heav en. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temp-

where they perished! They never had any smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it him and the fires to consume him and the to those men who were faithful to God and marts of business, proving themselves the

What subterfuge, what double ple who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends dow? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are ple who are natural and walk! While tons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a

he stands in front of the king stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Field For Charity. Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian and was heard of at Cyprus. Soon after charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls | Lady Hester had long been dead, when a and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalld ed up on the beach a gold ornament with and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said, The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice, "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither, led sir don't want me to read and write Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born

in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tving an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. Oh, Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too lazy to go and If you are too stingy to help, then get out the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city,

your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up! One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her, "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting-I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh, she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear. Though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie. She said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your

Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. Looking Forward. Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks,

and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crys-No plumed hearse rattles over that pavenent, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens Thousands of thousands millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. born of the same parent, regenerated by Oh, start for it today! Through the blood the same Spirit, cleansed in the same of the great sacrifice of the Son of God blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get take up your march to heaven. "The up in the same resurrection. It is high | Spirit and the bride say, Come, and who-

> The Austrian government has enlarged the boundaries of Vienna to such an extent that the metropolitan area is now half as large as London, twice as large as Paris and three times larger than Berlin.

CASTORIA

marching heavenward. All the doors of

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Signature of Charlet Hitchese

for Cuzzi, and the latter came before him trembling. He was bidden to crouch on the mat before the potentate's feet, a guard with a lance standing on either The khalifa then said: "I have heard teday of the death of a German statesman named Bismarck. What do you know about him?'

Captain Slocum, the hero of the 46,000 venturous trip of 7,000 miles he was compelled to take on a previous occasion. He was wrecked off Paraguay in the Aquidneck, a bark of which he was skipper. Out of the cedar procured from neighboring forests he built a 35 foot boat, using Paraguay pennies, with holes punched in their centers, as "burs" for the bolts

made sails, while he prepared the masts out of trees which he had to cut down punctual habits. When the appointment o succeed Senator Morrill was offered to him, he said he would allow himself half an hour to think it over. He shut himself up in his library for 30 minutes, at the close of which time he made his decision In 36 hours he was on his way to Washington. He lives in a handsome house. about a mile and a half from St. Johnsbury. His residence overlooks the beauti ful Passumpsic valley. The senator takes

gates, and the twelve gates were twelve

It was on the occasion of an entertain-

They were glad to show their respect for

the man who had gained the top round in fortune's ladder and who knew how to assist his fellow men, as many in the One man, however, kept his place. This was Mr. Tome's old friend, Sam Walker. Instead of giving way he remarked in a tone loud enough to be heard by all pres-

The people applauded this mild rebuke,

They used to tell me when I was a little girl and had broken my dearest doll, for example, or had been stung by a bee on the day before my best friend's birthday party that every affliction is a blessing in disguise. I was never clever at penetrating disguises, but there are times when I agree to the truth of the saying, especially when the afflictions are other people's. Just a few evenings ago I heard a young girl, who has just come home after six months out of town, playing the piano. I was so much struck with the improvement in her technic since I heard her before

hand," she said. "I wasn't doing much practicing, but I was embroidering a centerpiece for a friend who is to be married next month, and I couldn't lose any time. I put my thimble on my ring finger, and after a few days I could use it just as easily that way as on the middle finger. When I began to play the piano again, I was amazed to find how my third finger had gained in strength. It had always been my weak point before. I always use it for thimble finger now, and you see the result. I've advised everybody to try it. It's an ill wind'-you know the rest."-Washington Post. A recent article in a French magazine

His wife, the erratic Princess Melanie. had grievously offended the French embassador, the Count de Flahault, by the abruptness and discourtesy with which, in one of her moods of whimsical ill temper, she had chosen to treat him. Her tongue was notably sharp, and some of her remarks stung so deeply that the aggrieved official went formally to her husband to complain of her, asserting that he could not, in his quality of embassador, submit to such insulting treatment. Prince Metternich was not at all dis concerted. With a genially apologetic S. shrug, but in a tone of voice expressive of the most gallant devotion to his consort. he exclaimed:

hard upon his mother-in-law! A Superstition About Lord Minto. About Lord Minto, who was governor general of India from 1807 to 1813, and who died soon after his return, Sir Walter Scott tells the following curious legend: "It is very odd that the common people about Minto and the neighborhood will not believe at this hour-1825-that the first earl is dead. They think he had done something in India which he could not answer for-that the house was rebuilt on a scale unusually large to give him a suit of secret apartments and that he often walks about the woods and crags of Minto at night, with a white nightcap and long white heard. The circumstance of his

is the sole foundation of this absurd leg-

daughter of the England of today.

There are five kinds of venomous snakes in Victoria—the tiger snake, the black

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