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What It Commemorates No One Seems to Know.

At Sarnath, a few miles from Bengal, India, are many interesting ruins, and this fact has led many to believe that Benares was originally built there. As early as 399 A. D.

TOWER OF INDIA.

the place was visited by Chinese Buddhist pilgrims, and it then presented an architectural picture of great magnificence. It was here that Sakya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, entered upon his mission. Rising out of the ruins is a remarkable tower 93 feet in diameter, 110 feet above the surrounding ruins, and 128 feet above the surrounding plain. What it commemorates no one seems to know, but it is probable that it is in some way related to Buddhism.

Learn to Listen.

Would you be popular? Learn to listen while others talk. Our friends do not care much about us and our affairs. They are absorbed in their own concerns. He must have the art of story telling, and then must tell only the best stories, who is destined to "hold forth" in a tete-a-tete or a larger assemblage. To the man or woman who wants popularity the motto should be always: "Listen! listen! listen!" It shouldn't be "Talk."

A Victim of Circumstances.

"I am jist a unfortunate victim of circumstances," explained the bullet-headed gentleman to the city missionary who wanted to know how it happened that he was in prison.

"Victim of circumstances?"

"Dat's what. De night I went fur to do dis job dat I got pinched fur de policeman had a toothache an' couldn't sleep."—Indianapolis Journal.

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SPECIFICS.

BALTIMORE & EASTERN SHORE RAILROAD.

Summer Time-Table in effect Monday, June 25th, 1894.

EAST BOUND. (Read Down.)										WEST BOUND. (Read Up.)					
‡11 Exp.	‡7 Lim.	‡5 Exp.	†15 Mix¶	†1 Acc.	‡9 Exp.	‡3 Exp.	Distance from Baltimore	STATIONS.	Distance from Baltimore	†6 Exp.	‡10 Exp.	¶2 Acc.	†16 Mix¶	‡4 Exp.	§8 Lim.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.				P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
2 00	2 00	5 40	.....	.....	4 00	7 00	.....	Leave ..... BALTIMORE ..... Arrive. (Pier 9 Light Street.)	131.06	2 30 A. M.	10 50	.....	.....	1 05 A. M.	10 15
5 00	5 00	8 40	.....	.....	7 00	10 00	.....	Arrive ..... Claiborne ..... Leave.	.....	11 30	7 50	.....	.....	10 05	7 05
5 15	5 05	8 45	11 30	6 35	7 05	10 05	44.00	Leave ..... Arrive.	87.06	11 20	7 45	8 25	5 50	10 00	7 00
x 5 19	.....	m8 49	11 40	f 6 39	x 7 09	m10 09	45.34	McDaniel	85.42	r11 16	r 7 41	f 8 20	5 45	r 9 53	r 6 56
* 5 23	.....	* 8 52	11 50	f 6 43	* 7 13	*10 12	46.64	Harper	84.34	r11 12	r 7 37	f 8 16	f 5 35	r 9 52	r 6 51
5 29	z 5 12	8 58	12 00	6 49	7 19	10 18	48.72	St. Michaels	82.60	11 08	r 7 33	8 12	5 29	9 48	r 6 49
* 5 32	.....	* 9 01	f12 05	f 6 52	* 7 22	*10 21	50.46	Riverside	80.48	r11 01	r 7 27	f 8 05	f 5 00	r 9 41	r 6 44
x 5 38	z 5 18	* 9 06	12 12	f 6 57	x 7 29	*10 26	52.58	Royal Oak	78.72	r10 58	r 7 22	f 8 01	4 55	r 9 38	r 6 41
* 5 42	.....	* 9 10	f12 17	f 7 01	* 7 33	*10 30	54.43	Kirkham	76.63	r10 54	r 7 18	f 7 56	f 4 47	r 9 34	r 6 36
* 5 47	.....	* 9 15	f12 24	f 7 06	* 7 38	*10 35	56.51	Bloomfield	74.55	r10 50	r 7 14	f 7 52	f 4 41	r 9 30	r 6 35
.....	.....	9 20	.....	.....	.....	10 40	59.05	Arrive ..... Easton ..... Leave.	72.01	10 45	r 7 09	7 47	4 34	9 25	r 6 27
5 57	5 30	9 25	12 54	7 15	7 47	10 45		Leave ..... Arrive.		.....	.....			.....	
.....	.....	.....	f 1 00	f 7 21	.....	.....	62.69	Turner's	68.37	.....	.....	f 7 37	f 4 18	.....	.....
k 6 12	.....	* 9 39	1 19	f 7 29	k 8 02	*10 59	66.21	Bethlehem	64.85	x10 29	r 6 54	f 7 29	4 00	x 9 09	r 6 13
k 6 19	z 5 46	* 9 44	1 34	7 36	k 8 09	*11 04	69.31	Preston	61.75	k10 23	r 6 49	7 23	3 51	k 9 03	r 6 08
k 6 23	.....	* 9 48	1 44	f 7 41	k 8 13	*11 08	71.37	Ellwood	59.69	x10 18	r 6 45	f 7 18	3 43	x 8 58	r 6 04
6 32	z 5 54	k 9 54	2 00	7 49	8 22	k11 14	75.22	Hurlock	55.84	k10 11	r 6 39	7 11	3 35	k 8 51	r 5 59
.....	.....	.....	f 2 05	f 7 53	.....	.....	77.77	Ennalls	53.29	.....	.....	f 7 05	f 3 25	.....	.....
x 6 39	z 6 00	*10 00	2 15	f 7 57	x 8 29	*11 20	79.44	Rhodesdale	51.62	x10 02	r 6 32	f 7 02	3 20	x 8 42	r 5 53
* 6 41	.....	.....	f 2 18	f 7 59	* 8 31	.....	80.82	Brookview	50.24	r 9 57	.....	f 6 57	f 3 06	r 8 38	.....
* 6 44	.....	.....	f 2 23	f 8 02	* 8 34	.....	82.50	Reids Grove	48.56	r 9 55	.....	f 6 55	f 3 02	r 8 36	.....
k 6 50	z 6 09	*10 10	2 55	8 10	k 8 40	*11 30	86.00	Vienna	45.06	k 9 50	r 6 22	6 50	2 55	k 8 31	r 5 44
k 6 58	z 6 15	*10 17	3 20	8 22	k 8 48	*11 37	89.00	Barren Creek Springs	41.16	k 9 41	r 6 14	6 39	2 40	k 8 22	r 5 37
k 7 06	z 6 21	*10 25	3 40	f 8 31	k 8 56	*11 45	94.66	Hebron	36.40	r 9 32	r 6 06	f 6 30	2 25	r 8 12	r 5 30
* 7 09	z 6 24	*10 28	f 3 50	f 8 35	* 8 59	*11 48	96.63	Rock-a-Walkin	34.43	r 9 28	r 6 02	f 6 24	f 2 15	r 8 08	r 5 26
.....			4 02	.....	.....	.....	100.98	Arrive ..... Salisbury ..... Leave.	30.08	9 21	r 5 55	6 15	2 00	r 8 01	r 5 19
7 20	6 34	10 38	5 00	8 47	9 10	12 00		Leave ..... Arrive.					9 55		
* 7 28	.....	*10 46	f 5 08	f 8 55	* 9 18	*12 08	105.95	Walston's	25.11	r 9 07	r 5 42	f 5 59	f 9 46	r 7 47	r 5 09
k 7 33	z 6 44	*10 50	5 23	9 04	k 9 23	*12 12	108.02	Parsonsburg	23.04	r 9 04	r 5 39	f 5 55	9 40	r 7 44	r 5 06
k 7 39	z 6 48	p10 55	6 00	9 11	k 9 29	p12 17	111.09	Pittsville	19.97	x 8 59	r 5 34	5 49	9 11	x 7 39	r 5 02
* 7 47	.....	*11 02	6 15	f 9 19	* 9 37	*12 24	115.00	New Hope	15.49	r 8 50	r 5 27	f 5 39	8 40	r 7 30	r 4 56
k 7 51	z 6 56	*11 05	6 25	f 9 23	k 9 40	*12 26	117.09	Whaleyville	13.97	x 8 46	r 5 24	f 5 34	7 50	x 7 26	r 4 51
* 7 56	.....	*11 10	f 6 33	f 9 30	* 9 45	*12 31	120.56	St. Martin's	10.50	r 8 39	r 5 18	f 5 27	f 7 35	x 7 19	r 4 48
8 27	z 7 08	11 18	7 13	9 38	9 53	12 38	123.82	Berlin	7.24	8 34	r 5 14	5 21	7 25	7 14	r 4 44
8 40	7 20	11 30	7 35	9 50	10 05	12 50	131.06	Arrive ..... Ocean City ..... Leave.	.....	8 20	5 00	5 05	6 20	7 00	4 30
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.				A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

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A DETROIT BUILDER.

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Came to Detroit About Forty Years Ago.

LEVI ELSEY'S EXPERIENCE WORTHY SERIOUS ATTENTION.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Gratiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business centre, there are many attractive homes. The intersecting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and home-like comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 71 Moran street, just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campaw blocks, in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends.

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of thirty degrees, in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around, still I was on the sick list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured and suffered any amount of anguish.

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the *Evening News* about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out Woodward Ave., and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me and I was myself again.

"When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apt to expose himself again to another attack of illness. Some three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me formerly. I am again nearly as strong as ever, although I am a man about fifty-six years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine, and if they do as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE German Emperor intends to devote the profits from the sale of his song toward a fund now being raised to build a church in memory of Emperor William I. The piece called the "Song to Aeger," is his own composition both words and music. It has not yet been published.

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RYE—No. 2	44	45
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Good to Prime	15 00	15 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds		12 50
Wheat Blocks	7 00	7 50
Oat Blocks	9 50	10 00
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TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$	@ $ 95
No. 2	70	75
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Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		85
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City Cows	3½	4
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BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 19	@ $ 20
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CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	$ 10½	@ $ 10¾
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EGGS—State	$ 11	@ $ 11½
North Carolina	10	11
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TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@ $ 2 50
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BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 35	@ $ 4 50
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MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $ 11
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Red Fox	—	1 00
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Opossum	23	23
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Otter	—	6 00
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FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@ $ 4 20
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RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	55½	55⅝
OATS—No. 3	42	43
BUTTER—State	12	18
EGGS—State	13	14
CHEESE—State	7½	9½
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	54½	55½
CORN—No. 3	54	54½
OATS—N. 2	49½	51½
BUTTER—State	22½	23
EGGS—Penns. ft	13	14

I Can't Sleep

I have a tired, worn-out feeling. This means that the nervous system is out of order. When this complaint is made, Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify and vitalize the blood, and thus apply nervous strength. Take it now. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Tragedy of Dress."

TEXT: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and the wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."—I Peter iii., 3, 4.

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that, if nature does ever join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long when it might go in so quickly?

One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass, with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her."

There will be a fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white. I say these things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish or cast iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this world, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The Old and New Testament of her Bible are the fashion plates. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds and souls of 10,000 victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshipers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and clubrooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke $100,000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with $750,000, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him $300 or $400. He ate up his whole fortune and had only a guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster bridge and threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surrogate's office, shall "share and share alike." As God may help me, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

The first baneful influence I notice is in fraud, illimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order [illegible] money to support his wife's wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stock, and the life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew the United States secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent? But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wits' end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use, and things will be no better until we can learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs and diamonds and shawls and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high class funeral, with silver handles at the side of the coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that: I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons. Our countries are dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than $5000 for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are 10,000 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array $4000 a year.

What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal? That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of the man is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language he goes into extortion and issuing false stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible that some of the men have to forge and to perjure and to swindle to pay for their wives' dresses. I will say it whether you forgive me or not!

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all Christian almsgiving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the cent he puts into the poorbox. A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a $25 handkerchief and then giving a two cent piece to the collection, thrusting it under bills so people will not know but it was a $10 goldpiece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion; two cents for God. God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents by command of His Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to His tithing system laid down in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than from God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this divine rule. God says, "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with Me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their table, and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment. In my first settlement at Belleville, N. J., the cause of missions was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea for the charity of the people was being made, when an old Christian man in the audience lost his balance and said right out in the midst of the sermon, "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to those grand and glorious causes when our families dress as they do?" I did not answer that question. It was the only time in my life when I had nothing to say.

Again, inordinate fashion is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races—to see who will come out first. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordinary display of fashion comes in! "What a love of a bonnet!" says one. "What a perfect fright!" says 500. For the most merciless critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat or what store that woman patronizes.

In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting houses with lightning? What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awful question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of navy blue velvet and long fan train skirt, long enough to drag up the church aisle, the husband's store, office, shop, factory, fortune and the admiration of half the people in the building! Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymnbook, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace.
Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place.

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer and say, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

Insatiate fashion also belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fashion? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible? They all land in idiocy.

I have seen men at the summer watering places, through fashion, the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratoga, within our hearing, rushed across a room to say to a sensible woman, "You are as sweet as peaches!" The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared, "Thou shalt have no other God before Me," and you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bodies. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than in dry goods religion. Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion, should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions." Give up this idolatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntington, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor, or with that Christian woman of Boston who fed 1500 children of the street at Faneuil Hall on New Year's day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them, or those Dorcases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take?

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion! The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn it. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time. I have seen men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind and soul had been exhausted in the worship of fashion, and they could not appreciate the gospel. When I knelt by their bedside, they were mumbling out their regrets and saying: "O God! O God!" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope and went into eternity unprepared.

The most ghastly deathbeds on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentences we have exercised with our souls.

On that day I see coming in Beau Brummel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak, and without his cane, like which all England got a cane, without his snuffbox, like which all England got a snuffbox—he, the fop of the ages, particular about everything but his morals, and Aaron Burr without the letters that down to old age he showed in pride to prove his early wicked gallantries, and Absalom without his hair, and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles, and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when that was the center of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall go away into eternal expatriation, while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians, and Handah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple, and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue, and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world, and many of you, the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of the present Christian church, who, through great tribulation, are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when He said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is My brother, My sister, My mother."

Indan Cradles.

The papoose-board, or cradle, is made in various ways, the most common being a straight board about two and a-half feet long, fifteen inches wide at the top and nine inches at the bottom, made from cedar or some other wood that will split straight and easy. It is worked down with stone scrapers and ornamented with paint to suit the more or less artistic taste of the mother. Over the top is a whoop, under which the infant's head is placed. The little one is wrapped in furs and skins like a mummy, its tiny arms bound close to its body with the wrappings. Then this baby bundle is laid upon its back on the board and fastened by lashings passed through holes near the edges of the board and firmly laced. The hoop over the top is to protect the head of the child from bruises, in case the cradle should fall.

The cradle with its baby load is carried by the mother upon her back, a strap made of woven bark or tanned skin passing across her forehead and having the ends fastened to the board. When the mother is at work at home, she will stand the cradle up against the side of the wigwam; but when working in the field it is hung on a convenient bough of a tree, out of reach of the wolves. This is an easy matter for her, for all Indians can climb like squirrels, and the infant being upon her back, held only by the strap about her own head, does not interfere in the least with her climbing. From one to half-a-dozen or more specimens of this kind of fruit have been seen hanging upon a single tree, while the mothers were picking berries.

He Knew.

The teacher in geography was putting the class through a few simple tests.

"On which side of the earth is the north pole?" she inquired.

"On the north side," came the unanimous answer.

"On which side is the south pole?"

"On the south side."

"Now, on which side are the most people?"

This was a poser and nobody answered. Finally a very young scholar held up his hand.

"I know," he said, hesitatingly, as if the excess of his knowledge was too much for him.

"Good for you," said the teacher, encouragingly, "tell the class on which side the most people are."

"On the outside," piped the youngster, and whatever answer the teacher had in her mind was lost in the shuffle.—Detroit Free Press.

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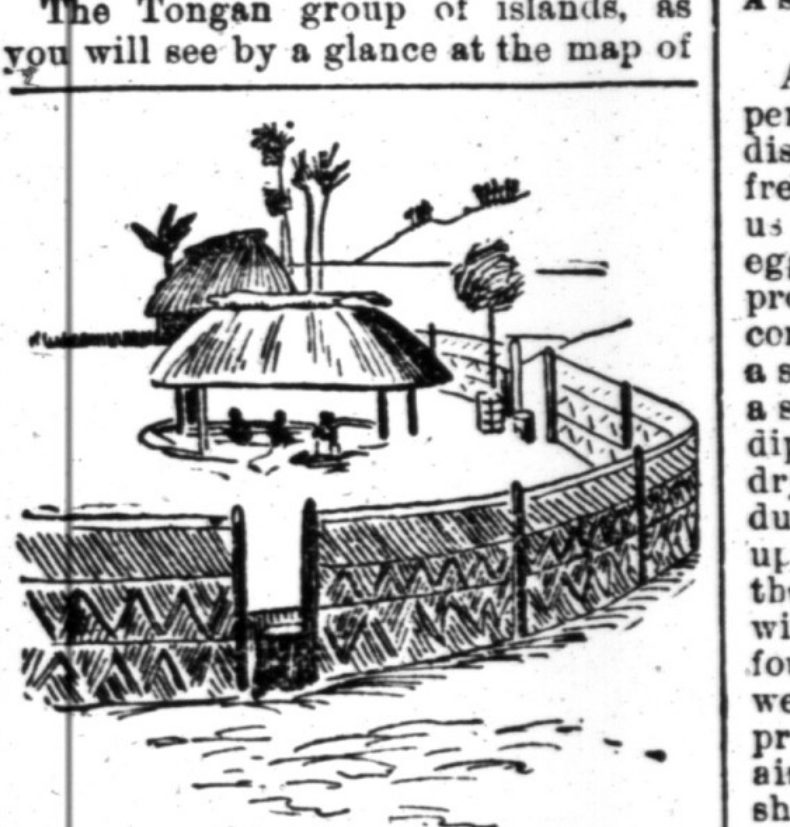
The Tongans.

The Tongan group of islands, as you will see by a glance at the map of



A TONGAN VILLAGE.

Polynesia, are south of the equator, and between Samoa, or the Navigator's Islands, and the Fiji group. The Tongans bear a strong resemblance to the people of Samoa, and many of their legends are the same, yet they are not nearly so handsome a people.

The Tongans have the art of making beautiful mats, which they value as highly as the Persian princes do their richest prayer mats, and with these they adorn the floors and walls of their circular houses. In the few settlements where white men are to be found, the native men and women wear clothes of European style, though even these are confined to a shirt and trousers for the men, and a sort of cotton Mother Hubbard dress for women. But away from the settlements they still adhere to the costume of their forefathers, and most becoming it is.

The Tongans are very fond of ornaments, in which men, women and children delight. One of the cheapest and most effective is made from a scarlet flowering creeper, which they fasten with a most graceful effect about the head, neck, arms and bust; but the ornaments most valued are earrings made from the ivory-like substance of the whale's teeth. These teeth are from one to four inches in length, and worn on strings like a necklace.

Although there has not been a war in Tonga for many years, yet the men make and carry arms, and all the villages are fortified by means of palisades.

Formerly, whenever an old man got so sick in Tonga that he could not move, it was the custom for his relatives and friends to carry him off and bury him alive. The missionaries and the English Government put an end to this cruel practice; but, strange to say, the people who most lamented the abolition of the custom were the old men themselves.

Fruit and fish are so abundant in Tonga that hunger may be said to be unknown, and as there is now no war, and it does not require much work to sustain life, the people give their spare time, of which they have an abundance, to games, sports and semi-religious festivals.

White Holland Turkeys.

White Holland turkeys rank next in weight to the bronze. They are highly esteemed, as they make a nice appearance when dressed. They have a lighter colored skin, with a pinkish tinge, which is very attractive. The flesh is white and juicy.

White Hollands have clear white plumage, though during summer, like other white fowls, they become more or less yellow. The bills and feet are yellowish color. They are good layers and excellent mothers, generally mating quite early. They are not considered so hardy as the bronze and some other varieties, and not so commonly seen.

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY COCK.

The white Holland is much larger than the common white turkey, with which it should not be confounded. It traces its origin to the Netherlands and Belgium, and is sometimes termed the Flemish. Its feathers are very valuable, as they possess the softness of the down of geese.—New York World.

The apple parer was given to the public in 1803. At the present day one Eastern firm makes over 27,000 a year.

Europe pays $50,000,000 taxes a year on salt.

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TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.

A Simple Means of Preserving Them Indefinitely.

A French naturalist has been experimenting on eggs with a view to discovering a means for keeping them fresh for a long period; and he assures us that he has hatched chickens from eggs kept for over two years by his process. His method is simple, and consists in dissolving some gum-lak in a sufficient quantity of alcohol to make a slight glaze. Into this each egg is dipped; and when they are completely dry, they are packed in bran or sawdust, taking care to place the large end upward. When the eggs are wanted, the glaze must be carefully removed with some alcohol, and they will be found in the same state as when they were enveloped. The rationale of this process consists in intercepting the air and preventing it penetrating the shell.

As is generally known, the egg shell is perforated by a myriad of small pores, which can only be perceived by the aid of a microscope. Through these pores, day by day, the albumen inside the egg evaporates, and its place is taken by air. When the egg is full a fluid passes constantly toward the pores, and is the principle agent of corruption, the corruption being manifested more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. An egg absolutely fresh is entirely full, but the stale eggs have an empty space in proportion to their age, caused by the loss of albumen by evaporation.

By the above system of glazing this evaporation is prevented, and the germ of the egg being protected from the corrupting influences of the air retains its vitality for a long time.

Peasant Emperor.

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, tells a story of the Czar, who lately discussed with his courtiers the title by which he might afterward be known in history. His father had been called Alexander the Liberator and Alexander the Martyr. What should the son be called?

"Alexander the Just," suggested one.

"Oh, no," replied the Czar. "I am and shall remain the 'Peasant Emperor.' So some of my nobility have styled me in derision, scoffing at my affection for the moujik. But I accept the title as an honor.

"I have tried to procure for the humble the means of livelihood, and this, I think, is the best and only means of keeping the world going.

"Henry IV. dreamed of giving every peasant a fowl in the pot, and my greatest ambition is to save the Russian peasant from dying of hunger. For when people begin to understand that they run no danger of starvation, they begin to bless God, and end by loving the sovereign who represents Him on earth.

"My greatest ambition is to deserve to bear to the last the title of the 'Peasant Emperor.'"

This may not be a verbatim report, for it is said the Emperor is not in the habit of making long speeches; but it possibly indicates the attitude of his mind toward the people.

TRIVIAL HAPPENINGS

Which Have Altered the Destinies of Famous Men.

Nothing is more curious in human history than the consideration of how the destinies of men are governed by trivial incidents. Murat, who served as waiter in a Paris cafe, was forced by the ridicule of two Englishmen to give up his position. Through this accident he became Marshal of France and King of Naples. Napoleon lost Waterloo through the mere accident of bringing on an attack of sick headache through eating onion and lamb against the advice of his physician.

In 1866 a quarrel between Conkling and Blaine decided the Presidency of the United States many years afterward, when Blaine ran against Cleveland.

Abraham Lincoln, after being a member of Congress, desired to secure a clerkship in Washington, but he was defeated by Justin Butterfield. He was disappointed, but had he not been defeated he would have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming President of the United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was that he became one of the greatest men England ever knew.

Ulysses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," had been discovered by the lucky accident of a prospector throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule.

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No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

Money Value of St. Louis.

When Louis IX., the saint, surrendered with his whole forces to the Saracens at Mansura, on the 5th of April, 1250, 1,000,000 golden bezants—equal to half that number of the livres of the day—were demanded for his freedom. But the Moslems came down to 800,000 bezants, and, in the end, by surrendering Damietta, Louis got off for 100,000 marks—equal, roughly, to over £1,000,000 sterling of to-day.

These golden bezants contained about 30s. worth of our gold, but to go to market with would buy as much, probably, as 7½ sovereigns now would. Were the scorner allowed to break forth here, he would probably tell how this high-priced and saintly carcass was treated by his people when Louis died, at the siege of Tunis, twenty years later. Being hard up for embalmers, they had (according to the Journal of Aubery) to quarter and boil him down in separate caldrons, and so sent but his whited skeleton to France.—The Saturday Review.

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