### THE OLD HOME OF WAGNER.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN IN BAYREUTH.

A Spot For Idyllic Retirement-The Musical Mecca of the City-Wagner's Origin -Who Made Him Immortal-His Influence on Music.

desired to seek as deep a seclusion as possible, and to retire almost absolutely from the oldest of Bavarian towns. Indeed, if one consider the irregularity of the streets and the general straggling, zig-zag haphazard arrangement, or rather want of armust have originally grown up along some eccentric cow-path besides. Somebody has deadest town in Europe. person had not seen Bayreuth. I am told that, at any time between the Wagnerian revivals, when a party of strangers arrives at Bayreuth, it is such an event that the church bells are fiakres to an inn by the populace. However this may be, there is a listlessness and a silence here that are ever painful. Twice The Rathhaus is a rat-house indeed; the churches are sullen and ruinous; the ho-"offices" in a chair in a moldy court, or on an oaken table no larger than your hat; the residences-but a few of which were built during the present century-are gray old tombs, about which even wild things in green have apparently ceased growing; the people themselves seem as wraiths, pfennigs and marks that those remarkable again immediately descends for another dreary cycle.

But a long time ago before Wagner was born, it seemed that others chose the place and stately houses which are now either | Stumpf: the four Squires (female voices "Memoirs." Also at this period Frederick II built the fine old theater here, decorated in the rococo style, which seats a time, operas and fieras were produced at | ing fifty, bringing the grand total, with great cost. Upon one, it is said, 30,000 florins were expended. So it will be up to 287 persons. With those engaged seen that Wagner merely revived and sur- in various other essential capacities, the passed what once existed here. Besides the ancient glories of the Margravines, interest attaches to Bayreuth as the home of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, whose writings are known to all lovers of literature. He lived here from 1804 until the date of little grave-yard just beyond the Erlangen gate. King Ludwig I erected his monument, the work of Swanthaler, in one of

But above all else, the pilgrim here is untidy and even repulsive in exterior appearance, and no style of architecture could be named in describing it unless, indeed, it might be called Wagnerian-that is a composite of stone and brick and concrete, with here and there the cross-beams the interstices. As you approach the level platz or space, set aside from the theater | their just estimate. and grounds, there are to the right a gigantic detached wine cafe and dance hall, and to the left an isolated beer hall and promenade grounds. To describe the appearance of the theater from a distance, that a German wealthy farmer had built a after a little he had a shed for his cattle and horses erected at either side. Finally, after several years of affuence and determined to outdo any farmer in the prinfirst one constructed.

accessories have been given the most at- necessary as life itself to the complete detention, and, this portion of the theater | velopment of his purpose to create for the (representing the last barn built by the world an absolutely new standard in lyric | churches have been the special victims, farmer) is twice as large as the auditorium | music. To think was to act and compel | itself. The width of the stage is ninety feet; the depth (stage proper) is seventyeight feet; to which is an extension forty feet deep and thirty-nine feet wide; giving a divorce, Wagner married her. Her stealing postage stamps in order to make on occasions like the presentation of "Par- | children by Von Bulow and those by Wag- | up the million that will go to clothe and sifal" a total stage depth of 118 feet. The ner were ever, and now are, a happy hight of the stage from the floor to the at- | brood together. These are the plain facts. tachment of flies is ninety feet. The open | Those may discuss them who wish. space below the stage, the stage cellar, has Whatever else it was, it was a union of tin, Germany. He desired to get vast a depth of thirty-four feet, and the open | genius and force without which Wagner | space above the flies is twenty- would have broken and failed beneath the hit upon a plan to set the whole civilized ning God created the heavens and the Again, it is the use of trouble to capacifor use in stage mechanism to the floor of the stage cellar of 150 feet. The auditorium to American eyes at first seems | was the short and poddy Wagner. Quaint | for every 1,000,000 stamps sent to him. as painfully ugly and plain as is possible for the monkish, morbid genius of man to figure, the startling effect is hightened the startling of a mythical mission in lation is a prospectus now of the country When we are in prosperity we like to have create. But one gradually discovers sys- by the longest and scrawniest neck ever | China, the holy sisters of which agreed, tem and arrangement of wondrous real connecting woman's head and frame. She for every 1,000,000 stamps sent to worth. There is not a proscenium box or parquet or dress-circle box in the theater There is no parquet or dress-circle. The seats circle to the right and left from the Her nose is long and hawked. Her mouth cate and christianize it. The stamps cavernous space in front of the stage, where the orchestra is shut out from view, to the rear, at an angle of elevation of about 30°. Following these, at either side, ing the sides of the face almost to the been made by this German is that for with lessening projection, are lateral walls chin, which is then gathered in a huge 1,000,000 stamps a home for an old lady or reaching to the ceiling, the ends of which knot at the top of the head. There never an old gentleman will be provided in one are treated with detached Corinthian col- lived so homely and yet so fascinating a of three homes-one in London, another umns with long, square bases. These diman as was Listz, whose grotesque face in New York and the third in Cincinnati. minishing columns terminate at the rear at I have studied in parlors and at pianos by For 500,000 stamps a bed will be endowed either end of the prince's gallery, set im- the hour; Cosima Wagner is his prototype mediately behind the last and most ele- in woman. I believe her to be what Wagvated circle of seats. This gallery comprises | ner ever insisted she was, the most intelsimply six stalls or boxes, the whole lectual woman in Germany. Not this alone. forward stamps to Stettin. It is estimated capable of comfortably seating one hun- Her intellectuality was even surpassed by dred persons, from which extend to the her matchless devotion. It did not make rear large fovers or promenades. Above her his enemy. It made her make him. this gallery is another small gallery, ac- No flattery ever tempted her into the to three times that amount. commodating 250 people, so that, as the | weakness of vanity regarding her own main floor contains 1,345 chairs, there is | majestic part in what the world got from seating capacity for only 1,650 persons. Wagner. Hence, and because of this loval These chairs are of cherry, square-framed, abnegation only, she must ever be known with square backs and cane seats, and are as luminously as he who would roomy and comfortable. The ceiling not have gained immortality withwhich, in gray vandyke and white, repre- out just that power from her sents a canopy gathered at the top of the and just that 'abnegation which proscenium and fastened down above the devoutly holds to this hour. "No upper gallery snugly, has not a line of gilt | the world is wrong," she said. "It was all or bright color. The somber columns at I his mighty genius. I could help but lit- advertisements for Plum's soap."

prince's gallery, may be called decorative. | would have been infinitely greater!" By an ingenious arrangement ingress and egress are provided, each two rows of

seats having a separate entrance. BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Oct. 21 .- [Copy- | auditorium are lowered as much as possirighted.]-If Richard Wagner really | ble, and to such an extent that reference | never uttered word, made motion or struck and no gaudy decoration to distract the all that had flavor of the modern about it, and no gaddy decoration to distribute the stage at the stage of t his judgment was not amiss when he or sound, is wondrously hightened and in- ideas fully; a fortune no composer before selected Bayreuth. The place is one of | tensified. Indeed, looking from the center | him ever possessed. As to his influence rangement, about everything, the place The very mind and sight and all faculties mate was reached in his methods, and sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw old Roman cow-path, and that one a most | focused upon the one spot which is given given Darmstadt the reputation of being of \$225,000, and considering the difference terminer of what is best in art. And I beof \$500,000 in our country was expended. This fund was raised by direct taxation by Wagner upon 1,000 patronats, or members of Wagner societies, who were virtually commanded to each contribute \$225. Only rung and the visitors are drawn in their | \$125,000 came this way. Then Wagner attempted to secure the remainder by giving performances of his higher works, but only about \$20,000 was thus secured. Finally the late King Louis gave the remainder, a week the old market-place brightens | \$80,000. I had the good fortune to witness up a bit. If there is any other business | the first performance of Wagner's last and done here there are no evidences of it, greatest work, "Parsifal," in 1882, as well as to become personally acquainted with the composer, his wife and Abbe Listz at that time. This gave me an opportunity tels are wearisome old places with their to know how large a number of persons were necessary in the production of the wonderful music-drama. It clearly shows how impossible of popular rendition are Wagner's strange creations. There were: General managers, Feustel Muneker, Gross and Heckel; conductors, Levy and Fischer; choral directors and who dream between fests, and who are | conductor's assistants, Humperdink, only revived for a little time to gather the Porges, Kniese, Frank, Stich, Thoms, Merz, Eichel and Hausberg; scenic artists events bring here; and as soon as the and costumers, Carl Brandt (who died in strangers are gone the sleep of the years | December, 1881), his son Pritz Brandt, Bruckner, Fricke, Joukowsky, Messrs. Plettungs, Schwab and Moritz, these only including the heads of corps; solo artists, Parsijal, Winklemann, Gudehus and for a spot for idyllic retirement. The hus- Jaker: Kundry, Materna, Brandt and Malband of the illustrious Margravine de ten; Gurnemanz, Scaria and Siehr; Am-Baireuth, sister of Frederick II of Prussia, | fortas, Reichmann; Klingsor, Hill and here built many of the deserted palaces | Fuchs; Titurel, Kindermann; the Knight, used as barracks or are entirely deserted. | Keil, Galfy, Mikory and Von Hubbenet; The Ermitage is one and is located about | flower girl soloists; Audre, Beleo, Pringle three miles from Bayreuth. In this, it is Meta. Galfy, and Porson; flower girl related, the lady named wrote her famous | chorus, twenty-four voices; the massed chorus, met zo-sopranos, twelve; tenors, twelve bassos, twenty; baritones, eighteen; besides a separate chorus of boys' voices thousand pelle, and in which, during his | for cathedral and distant effects number-

fully 400. Everybody knows the history of Wagner's obscure origin; his trifling studies; his surpassing impudence while yet unbearded in proclaiming a new, and, to him, his death, in 1825, and lies buried in the | the only correct, school of composition in lyric opera; his revolutionary career; his exile to Switzerland; his ill-success in England; his rebuffs at Paris, despite Myerthe principal squares of Bayreuth. At the | beer's noble aid, repaid by the subsequent little hostelry called the Rothwenzel, near | cruelest satires by Wagner; his literary the Ermitage, a room is shown where | diatribes against all who loved the melo-Richter loved to come and rest and write. dies of even so great predecessors as Mozart and Beethoven; and his genattracted to the Richard Wagner theater, | eral stunendous egotism self-consciousthe musical mecca of Bayreuth. It is ness, assertiveness, impudence, aggressivebuilt fully a mile from the center of the | ness; or whatever it may be called; and town, half-way up the side of a little his finally winning the heart and treasury mountain, whose top is crowned by the of the erratic King Louis of Bavariathrough soldier's memorial of 1872-73, and the presentation of "Der Fliegende Holwith the exception of a few modern lander," and his later triumphant kingly residences at either side of the broad, | sway here at Bayreuth while giving the tree-bordered avenue leading to it, is quite | world, or rather his thousands of pilgrim isolated and alone in its glory. It is most | disciples, representations of his colossal music dramas, from the "Ring of the Nibelung" in 1876, to "Parsifal" in 1882, as were never elsewhere accorded any art creation on earth. But everybody does is architecturally frightful. The material not know the chief source of his success; nor much of his personality; and few, it seems to me from my own opportunities of oak, so common in inferior German | for observation and analysis, have had the buildings, with ruble stone and plaster in calmness and patience to give both the

composer and his extraordinary product

Just two people really made Richard

the orchestra, which had 104 performers,

number of persons actually employed was

Wagner immortal. One of these was the woman whose hand I grasped at "Wahnfried," the same one I had met in 1882 at the same place, whose lofty calm, marvelwithout knowing for what purpose it had ously winsome imperiousness and impassbeen built, one would be attempted to say | iveness, and her supreme loyalty to her husband then, converted all enemies to large barn, or storehouse, upon a hill. Not | friends, and now whose shining faith in | quite satisfied with the room he had got, the dead "Master's" deification and her own final reunion with him, would transform the whole world to Wagnerian disciples could it be brought within her influence. That woman was once Von cipality, he had put another barn, twice as | Bulow's wife. Wagner and Von Bulow high and as large, behind and against the were sworn friends. Wagner with his mighty genius for concentering all human But when alive, wise, old Wagner could aids upon his own resistless creagive American theater builders points tive and projective forces, saw, or felt, or upon interior construction. The stage and | believed, that this one woman was as away with this Cosima Von Bulow, Listz's other country, that has not had several daughter; and as soon as Von Bulow got | members begging, borrowing, and even

morselessness compelled. "Madame Cosima" is a head taller than and odd in dress, spare and gaunt in This worked well; and the next dodge was | wipe his spectacles. That book of Reve- set apart to the office of sympathy. Deep but phenomenally bright and pierc- the crocodiles of the Yellow river at planted, and mansions built. ing eyes gleam out under heavy brows. least one Chinese baby, and then eduis large, with lips firmly set, with an expression of unconquerable will power; and | but to Munich or Stettin. The last claim this is all intensified by iron-gray hair hood-

either side simply represent hewn stone | tle." Then with great spirit this remarkin gray and white. There is absolutely able assertion: "It is the eternal principle no decoration in the Richard Wagner | that the male shall create; that the female theater unless the grouping of gas jets, shall nurture. Few women ever created. gracefully hung from the caps of the col- They were 'derelicts,' wandering forces, umns and like sprays along the mid-hight | when so striving. Had these known the of the columns, the former series of which | master-power of mated genius in man, are continued around the cornice of the their contribution to the world's good

Cosima Wagner not only gave her own magnificent powers to Wagner, but she gave Listz-Listz, the petted of kings and During a performance the lights in the princes, the adored of all women, the greatest pianist the world ever knew, who to score or libretto is next to impossible. | note, without presenting a living idea—his Thus, there being no orchestra visible, endless and all-powerful slave. These two tremendous forces, with access to a king's of the auditorium upon a stage setting at upon music, I believe it to have been bad; Wagner's theater is like looking from the | not because of his real accomplish gloaming of some restful cavern out upon | ment, but because there remain only the great glory of the rising sun. One two classes to contemplate his work. cannot but think of Rembrant effects. One believes with Wagner that the ultiabsolutely rejects everything Wagnerian. a positive radiance by contrast. The cost | Neither disciples nor enemies are true of the theater was in the neighborhood critics. Time is the only inexorable dein labor and value of material in Germany | lieve time will give Richard Wagner his and America, what would equal an outlay | place: A transcendent poet and musician who twin genius created a new form of expressing simultaneously majestic ideas in blended sound and thought. Wagner made a new type of a certain expression. He did not reveal melody. Its divinest forms were before him. He disturbed these for a little. They will again appear. He created immortally for the supremest appreciation of the intellect. The world will ever cherish that music which appeals to the supremest appreciation of the heart. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### THE UGLIEST PEOPLE KNOWN.

The Bataks of Sumatra-The Doem of Their Old People.

[London Field.] The population of Serapit turned out to see us. The women were a strange contrast to the men in appearance. While the latter were as lean as whipping-posts and uglier than most monkeys, the former -at least those under twenty or so-were plump, solidly built, full-bosomed creatures, and there were at least half a dozen in the crowd before us who might fairly be termed good looking.

But the older members of the community, the women especially, almost surpass my powers of description to give an idea of their weird ugliness. K. tersely summed them up as "baked monkey;" but a monkey would at least have have had a covering of hair, whereas these dreadful persons had nothing but their e leathery integument that tightly shrunken over their skeleton bodies, and looked so hard and dry that you expected to hear them crackle when they moved. Their faces seemed to consist solely of skin drawn over a skull without a particle of flesh, and looked precisely as if some one had tried to make a mask out of old leather, and, failing, had thrown it down in disgust and stamped on it. Yet they seemed neither decrepit nor idiotic. The men carried their complement of arms; one old fellow had girded on the largest and crookedest sword there. He looked like Death with his scythe. A woman who resembled one of the dried mummies of blacks found in North Queensland, reanimated, was pounding paddy in a wooden mortar, so I concluded that appearances were deceptive, and that they were not nearly so old as they looked. Indeed, the Malayan races are not long-lived, and really old people are very scarce, such an instance as the late sultan of Brunei, who lived to nearly a hundred, being almost unheard of.

And here is the appropriate place to speak of the strange and unnatural pracice, universally ascribed to the Bataks, and confirmed by Dutch travelers, though I do not understand that any European has actually witnessed the ceremony. When the elder members of a family have reached the stage of decrepitude and useessness (and what their appearance must be one shudders to contemplate), a general meeting of relations is held, and the senile one is invited to ascend a small tree, which the affectionate relatives then shake with all their might, chanting a song expressive of hunger the while. If he can succeed in holding on until the shakers are tired out, he is reprieved; but if, as is most likely, he tumbles off, he is promptly dispatched. A Dutch author, Junghuhns, I think, grimly remarks that this ceremony usually takes place at the time of the year when limes are ripe, this fruit being very plentiful, and forming a large ingredient in the cuisine of both Malays and Bataks. But f the natives of the interior resemble those whom I am describing, the meal must be a mere form, I had forgotten to state that the Bataks file or grind all their incisor teeth down to the level of the gums, and only the jaws of a hyena could have disposed of one of the elders of Serapit. As to their cannibalism there can be no doubt.

# THE POSTAGE STAMP MYTH.

#### Origin of an Idea That Has Bothered Many Hundreds of Good People. [Good Housekeeping.]

Now and then some one announces himself as the victim of the one-million postage stamp hoax. It is firmly believed that if 1,000,000 stamps are collected and forwarded to some one, a bed will be provided for an invalid boy in some hospital, or a home for an orphan. Christian and there is hardly one in England, the according act, with Wagner. So he ran | United States, Australia, India, or in any feed some orphan.

> This swindle originated in the fertile brain of a postage-stamp collector at Stet-He preyed on the sympathies of people by cared for in "the Syrian orphan home" were to be sent, not to Jerusalem or China. on the sympathy of the world that has in a hospital, and for 100,000 a home will ] be found for an orphan for one year. There are agencies in various cities to that this swindler has collected over 100,-000,000 stamps in the United States alone, and that these were worth from \$500,000

# At the Authors' Club.

(Life.) Brown-"Who is that seedy looking individual with the long hair?" Jones-"That is Starvling, the renowned poet. His great masterpiece was published in the last number of Scribbier's Magazine." Brown-"And who is that well-dressed gen-tleman who just snubbed him so unmercifully?"

Jones-"He is also a poet. He writes the

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LATEST SERMON From the Text, "God Shall Wipe Their

Tears Away"-Kinder Than an Earthy Parent, But Not Always Called Upon-Love and Mercy.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. preached to an overflowing congregation at the Academy of music, Brooklyn, last Sunday. The text was, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev., vii,

shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the of mental and spiritual perception are imitates them sadly and badly. The other it shine; and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a eight hundred miles out at sea on a founshower of trouble somewhere all the time.

> What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches! What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes then have them all live? the family record very scanty clothing to conceal any part of no deaths. Why not have the harvests telling a story of marriages and births, but chase each other without fatiguing toil Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but come now and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients-the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is-it is agony in solution. Hear me, then, while I discourse to you

Tears! Tears!

of the uses of trouble. First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned, and uppolstered, and pillared, and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We should say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts, and Rubenses, and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at

No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He can not afford to deface His horizon, or to bear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the waterily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt;" and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of

made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs I would like to breathe it: If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. | young man treated his mother. When If there is a home circle somewhere where | you get into a financial perplexity you call I can find my lost friends, I would like to on the banker, you call on the brokers, go there." He used to read the first part | you call on your creditors, you call on of the bible chiefly, now be reads the last | your lawyer for legal counsel; you call part of the bible chiefly. Why has he upon everybody, and when you cannot changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he | get any help, then you go to God. You used to be anxious chiefly to know how say: "O Lord, I come to Thee. Help me this world was made and all about its geo- | now out of my perplexity." And the logical construction. Now he is chiefly Lord comes, though it is the eleventh anxious to know how the next world was hour. He says: "Why did you not send made, and how it looks, and who lives for me before? As one whom his mother there, and how they dress. He reads Rev- | comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is elation ten times now where he read Gen- to throw us back upon an all-comforting collections to sort out and sell again, and esis once. The old story, "In the begin- God that we have this ministry of tears. giving a total distance remorseless storms of opposition his own world to go to work for him free of charge. earth," does not thrill him half as much as tate us for the office of sympathy. The Then a contract was entered into between the the other story, "I saw a new heaven and | priests, under the old dispensation, were Probably now sixty years of age, announcing that an orphan would be a new earth." The old man's hand trem- set apart by having water sprinkled on bles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, their hands, feet and head, and by the and he has to take out his handkerchief to sprinkling of tears people are now into which he is to soon immigrate; the a great many young people around us, and country in which he has lots already laid | we laugh when they laugh, and we romp is as sailow as was her venerable father. them, to save from the jaws of out, and avenues opened, and trees when they romp, and we sing when they

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the | morning she goes over to comfort a young responsibility and launch you all into mother who has just lost her babe. glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in my- | trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At self. And yet there are people here to 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to whom this world is brighter than heaven. | comfort a widowed soul. She knows all Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It about that. She has been walking in that is natural. But after awhile you will be dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in ready to go. It was not until Job had the afternoon some one knocks at the been worn out with bereavements, and door, wanting bread. She knows all about carbuncles, and a pest of a wife that he that. Two or three times in her life she wanted to see God. It was not until the came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that prodigal got tired of living among the | night she goes over to sit up with some hogs that he wanted to go to his father's one severely sick. She knows all about it. house. It is the ministry of trouble to She knows all about fevers, and pleurisies, make this world worth less and heaven | and broken bones. She has been doctor-

worth more. what God will do when some men die. Dear me! Do we not remember her about "H. Men think they can do anything until God the room when we were sick in our boy- jury."

WHERE TO FIND COMFORT. shows them they can do nothing at all. hood? Was there any one who could we lay our great plans and we like to exercise touch a sore without hurting it? ecute them. It looks big. God comes and had threatened his death, and he got well

drive. I said, "Certainly." had to admire the glee with which she | people who have had trouble to comfort drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said: "I think you had better take Riding across a western prairie, wild charge of the horse." So we are all childflowers up to the hub of the carriage | ren; and on this road of life we like to wheel, and while a long distance from any | drive. It gives one such an appearance of | riculum, and has taken a course of dunsuperiority and power. It looks big. But geons, and imprisonments, and shipafter awhile we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon, and stars and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful table-lands to forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two of three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell-rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about dering steamer, after the last life-boat had been split finer than kindling-wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of me friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard!" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us our dependence upon God. We de not know our own weakness of God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law for help! Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried every-

body and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid 10 cents on a dollar who could have paid 100 cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is, He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel-keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who is a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old school-mate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved

to the hospital. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is 9:50 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles his own world. How, then, are we to be an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to ready to go. If there is a house some- everybody but me. You knew I could where whose roof doesn't leak I would and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother seventy years of age and she is almostomnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the

Grandmother knows all about that ing all her life, spreading plasters, and | dead?" Again, it is the use of trouble to make | pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up us feel our complete dependence upon | hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt God. King Alphonso said that if he had a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy, and been present at the creation he could have Rush, and Hosack, and Harvey were great made a better world than this. What a doctors, but the greatest doctor the world pity he was not present! I do not know | ever saw is an old, Christian woman:

And when she lifted her spectacles takes us down. As Prometheus was as- against her wrinkled forehead, so she saulted by his enemy-when the lance | could look closer at the wound, it was struck him it opened a great swelling that | three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may -so it is the arrow of trouble that lets out | have been men and women thirty, forty great swellings of pride. We never feel | fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid dependence upon God until we get and sobbed as though you were only five trouble. I was riding with my little child or ten years of age. O man, praise God if along the road and she asked if she might | you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self-sacrific-I handed over the reins to her, and I ing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink to write his comforting epistle' Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelations? They got it out of their own tears.

When a man has gone through the cur-

wrecks, he is qualified for the work of

sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled, God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing the perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then 1 put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Gol-otha; then I stir them up. Then I kin e under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morn-

You know on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the king's cup-bearers come in. Good morning, heaven? "Oh," says, some critic in the audience, "the bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there ought to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven how is possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child cryand while she was laughing you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you appreciate women-was a misogynist, in stopped her in the midst of her resumed I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

ing, and God will wipe all tears from their

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the bible tells the story-"Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of His right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt and their mother is away from home they always come to me for comfort and sympathy, but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home they go right past me our influence. The gospel teaches us and to her; I am of no account.

out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus? Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the tresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

"Why should I wish to linger in the wild, When then art waiting, father, to receive thy child?"

So, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit. for our every-day work. Prof. Leonard, formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

# A THREE YEARS' OPERATION.

Successful Eradication of An Old Lady's Disfiguring Beard.

An electric physician in New York City has been engaged on a single operation for over three years, says the Detroit Free Press. In the early part of 1886 a lady called upon him and told the doctor that she wished to have the superfluous hairs on her lip and chin removed. There is only one way to accomplish this successfully, and that is by inserting an electric needle into the capillary tube of each hair and killing the root by electric shock. At a rough estimate, the physician placed the number hairs on the woman's chin and lip at 9,000 He is an exceedingly busy man, and he sat down and figured out how long it would take to accomplish the total eradication of the beard. the electrician has drawn a comfortable income from the patient ever since. He has completely annihilated the beard, and the lady's face is free of the old adornment. She is some thousands of dollars poorer, but her soul is possessed with peace. And so all ends happily, as in the tales of fairy-land.

An Old Story Resurrected.

An old story of the Tippecanoe campaign has been resurrected by a veteran of 1840. Two Irishmen in New York City had departed far enough from their natural affiliations to become ardent supporters of old Tippecanoe. Despite argument, entreaty and threats they worked for him loyally, and celebrated his election by going on a tremendous spree, which lasted intermittently all winter. The Harrison inaugural came around and found them far enough recovered to file applications for office, after which they resumed their interrupted celebration. The long continued soak resulted in delirium tremens, and by the time they emerged from the hospital President Harrison was dead and the Tyler administration had thrown the whig party into consternation and antagonism. The two friends met in a sa-

"Whist Pat, fwhat do yees think of the sitoowashun noo? "It's turrible." "Fwhat wuld Ginerl Harrison sas if he war aloive to-das? "I'm thinkin' he'd saa: 'I'm dam'd glad I'm

A Lane With No Turning. Mrs. Laker (of Chicago)—"Has your husband found work yet, Mrs. Webster?" Mrs. Webster-"Yes; he has a life-time job

"What at?" "He was the first man taken for the Cronin WOMAN'S SPHERE.

A Woman Who Inclines To Think That It Is Growing Too Wide.

[The Guardian.] It is clear from the recent discussions about female suffrage that there is a good deal of uncertainty and difference of opinion at the present day as to woman's sphere in this world. The movement which led to the improvement in women's education is still so young that its results can hardly vet be tested. We have no sufficient material to enable us to decide whether, and if so in what direction, the female intellect differs from the male. We have no adequate means of judging whether those special womanly qualities which are universally valued and admired are inherent in a woman's nature, or are due, in part at least, to the circumstances of her past life, sheltered as it has been from much of the struggle and competition of life. It must still be considered uncertain whether the particular direction taken by the higher education of women is the ideally right

one. The advance has been so rapid that we have hardly had time to breathe, still less to ponder and judge. But the cry is for further advance, or rather for more change, for new openings, for fresh de-It might perhaps be wiser, seeing that

we have done so much, to be content for the present to move a little slower, and take time to test the work that has been already done. There seems something selfish in our haste. We wish that the changes should, at any rate, come in our day, that we may have the merit and the benefit of them. A little more caution is surely needed before we take steps which it would be impossible to retrace. Is it too much to ask that those who wish for more changes should at least take time to formulate what is their conception of woman's share in the work of society? 1 have been told that the only way to decide this is to open everything to woman for which nature has not obviously unfitted her. This suggestion, for Christians at least, has one decided objection. There is nothing in the nature of women to unfit. them for holy orders, but we cannot imagine that any Christian, however advanced an advocate of woman's rights she may be, would wish to see women as priests. Nature does not, therefore, seem to be an altogether safe guide in this tangled question. I should like to ask my fellow Christians whether revelation has

not something to say to us on this subject. The old story of the creation of woman tells us that she was made as a helpmeet for man. I doubt whether modern claims have advanced her to a nobler place. St. Paul's views about women are well-known. but they are, as a rule, dismissed with ing one moment and laughing the next, some remarks about the nature of the times or a statement that St. Paul did not fact. Yet even he had valued women glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So | friends-Priscilla, Phoebe, Lois, Eunice. St. Peter was a married man, and lived with women round him, and he had found out that the ornament of women was "a meek and quiet spirit." The political platform of the nineteenth century does not somehow seem akin to the meek and

> quiet spirit. I fancy that I have seen in America among the best women a better idea of woman's sphere than is often to be found in our own country. I seem to have noticed there some glimmerings of an idea that women should regard it as their duty to bring sweetness and light, intellectual as well as moral, into the lives of their male relations and friends, and with that object each woman should aim at making herself as complete a character as she could. If we women would only take the trouble to be something, to have a character, to have interests, to have ideals, to have true religion, who could say where our power would stop? But no, we want our rights, we want to make a noise, we want to be of consequence, we are afraid that our opinions are not sufficiently valned, we clamor for an appreciable test of

a different lesson. So, when the soul comes up into heaven be well if we could content our selves for a time with bringing the fruits of our improved education, of our enlarged opportunities, to bear upon the duties imposed upon us within our old sphere, and those others which are intimately connected with it. Meanwhile we might well study, with a little more care than we have hitherto done, what are the peculiar characteristics of the female intellect. Too much time has been wasted in the desire to prove that it is the same or equal to that of man. If we believe that the fact that the world is peopled with beings of different sexes is not due to chance but to the will of the Creator, we are to believe that He has appointed work of different kinds for each sex. We cannot believe that in the revelation He has given us He has left us without guidance in the perplexing task of how this work is to be apportioned. LOUISE CREIGHTON.

# Inherculosis in Meat.

[Evansville Courier.] No other people that ever lived in the world, so far as we know, have been so scrupulously careful in the observance of sanitary laws as the Jews, and when we are told that they owe their freedom from consumption largely to their rigid inspection of cattle, and see how rigid the inspection is as described above, we may well stand aghast at the prospects before the people of Evansville from the introduction of the Chicago beef trust's meat here. In the wholesale slaughtering of thousands of cattle daily, it would be marvelous indeed if a large per centage of the Chicago beef was not dis-

The last legislature passed a law requiring all cattle to be used for food to be inspected on foot, but the courts have decided the law to be unconstitutional on the ground that it interferes with commerce between the states. This may be good law, but there is nothing to interfere with the government of the United States compelling such inspection, and if the consequences are as serious as Dr. Behrand seems to prove, such government inspection will be necessary to save the American people from the most destructive malady to which the human family is subject.

Interesting For Both of Them. [Atlanta Constitution.]

An old negro woman was accosted by a lady in this city, who stopped her carriage to ask; "Aunty, do you know of a good cook who 'Yes, mistis," replied the fat, jolly ebony "I wants ter hire mighty bad; who's de

lady 20 "A friend of mine-a Mrs. --- " The old woman gave a flouting gesture. "Lor', missis, I wouldn't hire ter dat 'voman fur nuthin'. She's de meanes' white voman in

de country." "How do you know, aunty?"
"Lor', I done hear as how she is fum all de colored folks. Dey can't nothin' please her. She fuss an' quar'l at her servant galls all de time. She so tickler nottin doan suit her.' "But, nunty, I know Mrs. ---, and she really isn't such an awful woman as you think." "No, missis, you can't suade me dat woman

is good. I knows."
"Well, aunty, I'm Mrs. —." A flash of flying skirts, a glimpse of long black heels, as they turned down the alley, and the old darkey was no more.

> A Chip From the Blarney Stone. [Lawrence American.]

Mrs. Plainface (to grocer)-"That kercsene I ought of you yesterday was very unsatisfacto ry. It gives hardly any light at all." Grocer (who must have kissed the blarney stone)-"Shure, lady, when such bright eyes as yer own are about, how con yez expect anny poor kerosine leight to shine at all in comparison with them. Mrs. Plainface-"I will take a gallon of the

> Proof Positive. [Terre Haute Express.]

same sort.

Johnsing-"Does you t'ink dat de young lady rekiprosates youah affection, Julius Julius-"I don't sot myself up to be much of a jedge ot sich mattahs, Mistah Johnsing, but it do look wen a lady squeezes a ge'mman so so hahd dat she breaks de razzer in his west pocket dat she am leanin' his way a little, ch?"