THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

REV. DR. TALMAGE INDULGES IN SERIOUS NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

Text: "This Year Thou Shalt Die"-A Prophecy That May Come True to Any of Us-The Probabilities Which Govern

morning the Tabernacle, congregation, meeting for the first Sunday service of the new year, found the pastor disposed to serious reflections on the flight of time.

Dr. Talmage read several passages relating to Antediluvian longevity, making characteristic comments as he read, and then preached from the ominous words, Jeremiah 28: 16: "This year thou shalt die. Jeremiah, accustomed to saving bold things, addresses Hananiah in these words. They prove true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It

is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English Queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI, dawned. The old year was queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I pro-phesy for it an eventful future. Year of

congratulations have been given. The water in the other, and some one asked him Christmas-trees have been taken down, or what he meant to do with them. He anhave well-nigh cast their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the to put out the fires of hell." He was a rail-train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activi- maniac. He could do the one thing just ties, the text breaks upon us like a burst- as well as he could do the other. No time ingth underhead: "This year thou shalt

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note s more than due. It is only by sufferance that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three day's grace" of the banks. Our race started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study, and invent, and plan. If an artist or a philosopher has forty years of work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic Ocean, by a lurch of the earth tonight, should drown this hemisphere, and earth, should drown the other hemisphere, leaving about as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken, and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found one hundred years old, and three or four persons one hundred and forty years old. Now a man who has come to one hundred years of age is a curiosity, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race pass off before twenty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church the sexton rings the bell rapidly until almost through and then tolls it. For a while the bell of our life rings right merrily; but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the adaptedness of the text to you is more and more probable: "This year thou shait die." The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the pro-

fessions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to the topmost speed. Not one brain-worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that if John Brown, the essayist, of Edinburgh, had lived here he would have broken down at thirty-five instead of fifty-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at forty. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their own brush. Foundrymen take death in with the filings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yard stick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the fire-arms, the assassin, wait their chance to put upon us their quietus. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture. "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of admiristrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust funds" see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone," "This man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died, leaving a competency, whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided between the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers and the sheriffs. I charge you, before many days have gone, as far as possible

go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on swer, "Ay, ay! all ready." all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come,

Chairlian and Chairly the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and rendered a decision declaring unconstitutional the alien land law passed by the Illi-

Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days inte two parts; what can you do in one hun-dred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the Church, and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the Evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred million. How many will you take in?

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1892.—This norning the Tabernacle, congregation, neeting for the first Sunday service of the lew year, found the pastor disposed to erious reflections on the flight of time.

I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was, or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "Why must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what saw-mill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder, and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves; and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides, and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul, and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration. It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The sin terrible with the assault of their bloody muzzles. On the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all devouring sins of thy lifetime!

A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pail of water in the other, and some one asked him swered : "With this torch I mean to burn down Heaven, and with this water I mean

> to lose if you want to escape your sins, for 'this year thou shalt surely die." Let me announce that Christ the Lord stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the years before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on

> his brow, and tears in his eyes. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out; and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot db enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when He carried your case to Calvary. They crowded Him to the wall. They struck Him. They spat on Him. They kicked Him. They cuffed Him. They scoffed at Him. They scourged Him. They murdered Him. Blood! blood! As He the Ocean, by a sudden lurch of the bould drown the other hemisphere, drops upon you from His brow, from His side, from His hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn-sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the sweat, the struggle, the death!

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation, and decided that a corpse must be dissected, or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection, and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven. and saw a plague stricken race. Sin must 'He made His will, giving everything to His people. He comes down

into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays His hand to the work. Under our plague, He dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue! Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year,

whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here His plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die." This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer every man, woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman one lings, and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her, and told her to be off. The and seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant, to sell, but he is a king, and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes, and dropped them into the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of His pardon He freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vinevards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in the Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vine-dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention, first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words, "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. If the text means some of you, my hear-

ers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I woul clike to have you, either through money you have laid up, or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best, and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate, you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and the fatherless. I would have all your worldly matters made like to have your soul fitted out for eternistraight, for "this year thou shalt die." ty, so that if, any morning, or noon, or ty, so that if, any morning, or noon, or evening, or night of these three hundred I advise also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the evening, or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days, death should look in year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, you, it does not say at what time you may with an entburst of Christian triumph, an-

nois Legislature in 1887.

Lieut. Hayes and fifteen men met 65 Mexican bandits near Rio Grande City, Texas, Tuesday. Corp. Edstrom was kill-ed and Lieut. Hayes was slightly wounded.

Flavor-An Investigation Results in Her

The whistling girl does not commonly come to a bad end. Quite as often as any other girl she learns to whistle a cradle song, low and sweet and charming, to the young voter in the cradle. She is a girl of spirit, of independence, of character, of dash and flavor; and as to lips, why, you must have some sort of presentable lips to whistle; thin ones will not. The whistling girl does not come to a bad end at all (if marriage is still considered a good occupation), except a cloud may be thrown upon her exuberant young life by this rascally proverb. Even if she walks the lonely road of life, she has this advantage, that she can whistle to keep her courage up. But in a larger sense, one that this practical age can understand, it is not true that the whistling girl comes to a bad end. Whistling pays. It has brought her money; it has blown her name about the listening world. Scarcely has a non-whistling woman been more famous. She has set aside the adage. She has done so much toward the emancipation of her sex from the prejudice created by an ill-natured proverb which never had root in fact. But has the whistling woman come to stay? Is it well for women to whistle? Are the majority of women likely to be whistlers? These are serious questions, not to be taken up in a light manner at the end of a grave paper. Will woman ever learn to throw a stone? There it is. The future is inscrutable. We only know that whereas they did not whistle with approval, now they do; the prejudice of generations gradually melts away. And woman's destiny is not linked with that of the hen, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything.— Charles Dudley Warner, in Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for January.

CURIOUS BIRD LORE.

Rudyard Kipling's Father is Its Possessor and Distributor.

Mr. Kipling is deeply versed in bird lore. In his new book he tells us about the hoopoe, who was King Solomon's messenger, about the Indian crow, who is said to hold punchayes, or parliament committees, at which offenders are punished by their caste fellows; of the Sarus crane, a model of conjugal fidelity, and the saintly heron, the very image, as he stands on one leg by some silent pool, of a faqueer absorbed in holy meditation of fighting cocks and sporting falcons, and of the sandpiper, which is supposed to sleep on its back, under the impression that it supports the universe with its slender legs. He tells us,

too, about his own pet ravens.

They were miracles of naughtiness, delighting in sly destruction and odd turns of malice, ever ready to peck at a servant's hurrying heel, and especially given to tor-ment a little dog who hated them. When he had a bone they came daintily stepping together and concerted measures against him, exactly like the stage villains of melodrama, manouvring and skirmishing with keen enjoyment. On his part the dog learned to watch and rifle their hiding places. Their delight in bright objects was remarkable. In the hot weather they vastly enjoyed eating and playing with pieces of ice, which they hid for future use. But ice is a treasure, fleeting as fairy gold, and the birds showed by the fussy action, sidelong squints and interrogative turns of the head, which make them such diverting comedians, how deeply they were puzrig comedians, now deeply they were puzzled by its disappearance. "Surely, surely," one would seem to say as he turned up a corner of the matting, "I hid a cold chunk of shining stuff here; but where is it? Never mind, I will get another." So he would hop up to the table and take a fresh piece from the glass finger-bowl, itself a great delight to the glitter-loving birds. To the last the disappearance of the ice was a wonder. But, like that of some other comedians, their conduct was generally low. The way in which they allowed themselves to be sent to bed (an old gate in an outhouse), though free to fly at will, pacing meekly, as good as gold, after a day of variegated crime, was their only lapse into real

Indian Use of Adjectives.

Major Peter Ronan, agent of the Flat-head Indians of western Montana, recently purchased a fine-blooded and ugly-faced bull-dog, not to guard his pleasant quarters at the Flathead agency, but to give his Indian wards a new subject to study in the scotch writer says that a poor woman one cold winter's day looked through the window of a king's conservatory, and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass.

She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning-wheel she earned a few shil
Main streat. The chiefs held a long conanimal kingdom. The appearance of this would arouse by a sudden appearance on Main streat. The chiefs held a long consultation over the characteristics of the animal and finally decided to call him "a good, bad dog." The first adjective is doubtless caused by a certain Indian sense of diplomacy to be exercised in addressing the animal, while the latter is evidence of the red man's regard for the truth at all asiative ter, and total ter to on. The the red man's regard for the trith at all king's daughter was walking in the garden times. At all events the name is worth at the time, and she heard the excitement, studying.—Helena (Mont.) Independent. studying. - Helena (Mont.) Independent.

> An Interesting Burns Relic. An interesting relic has just been presented to the Burns Cottage at Ayr. It is an

> oak chair which thirty-five years ago was made of the printing press on which the original Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems was printed in 1786. There is a model of Burns' bust carved on the top of the back, and a carving of Tam O'Shanter crossing the Auld Bridge of Doon below, and on the arms there are the heads of Tam and the Souter. At the centenary dinner in Ayr in 1859 the chair was used by Sir James Fergusson, the Chairman.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Largest Animal Painting. Rosa Bonheur has finished the largest animal picture ever painted. It is called Le Depiquage, and represents ten horses large as life, trotting over the thrashing floor still used in parts of Southern Europe. She has been working on it for three years and has refused an offer of \$60,000

Red Rain,

Some years ago there fell a shower of red rain at Bristol which, on examination, was found to derive its color from the seeds of 1vy berries which fell with it. Pollen showers, vulgarly called yellow or sulphur rains, are comparatively common; some are pollen of the Scotch fir.—All the Year

"I was recently employed at a Kans drug store," says a young man. "Most drug stores in that state are virtually saloons. The counter is conveniently arranged for trade. The initiated, the man who is known, may walk behind a get a regulation drink, while the one who is not known must sign an application, assigning some cause of illness. It is the quality of the whisky, however, that counts. The proprietor of the store in which I was emproprietor of the store in which I was em-ployed bought some whisky at \$1.10 per gallon. Think of this, with 90 cents per gallon tax to the government. This he add-ed to by compounds and poisons, making a big gain on a barrel. And this is what year drink in a prohibition country."

lars a Week-Interesting Reminiscences -A Kind of Family Party.

The conditions of theatrical life on the road when I joined the Holman Juvenile Opera Company were essentially different from what they are to-day. A company of the present time which would compare with the Holman company in point of the ability of the individual members of it and the company taken as a whole, and which would command the same kind of audiences both with respect to character and financial proportions, would travel in a very different manner from the hap-hazard way in which the Holmans travelled in those early days. I need scarcely say that they had no representative in New York to make dates for them through the coun-try weeks and months in advance, and were not in the habit of treating with lithograph artists and artistic printers for pictures of all kinds and pictorial printing. n fact, New York knew nothing about them and they knew nothing about New They wandered, or rather drifted, from one town to another. The towns were generally towns of large size, however, but

their route for the season was only fixed a few weeks, or, at the most, a month in advance, and was arranged by correspondence, or, at the best, by an advance agent. If we found that business was bad through one section of the country we simply cut short our progress in that direction and turned our face to another part of the compass. Where we were going or what we were going to do from week to week was wholly unknown to us, and our existence was bohem ian and uncertain to the last degree. The modern idea of fixing dates for a year or so ahead, and then printing them for the guidance of the company and for the convenience of correspondence, was something never dreamt of.

Perhaps something similar may be true to-day of obscure and irresponsible companies playing pirated plays in one-night towns, but here was a company which gave effective performances, even though they were somewhat crude at times, where some of the individual members of the company had conspicuous talent. This was particularly true in the case of Sallie Holman. And we played standard operas and comedies and achieved generous recognition at the hands of influential newspapers. How hap-hazard, however, and how irresponsible our routing was may perhaps be brilliantly illustrated by an experience which I distinctly remember to have had with the company in Springfield, Ill. We had played there for a week and had

done exceedingly well. That is to say, we probably played to \$600 or \$700 on the week. During the time of our stay there Holman the elder became acquainted with one of the leading citizens of the town, who was an enthusistic sportsman. Holman himself was given very much to the diversion of going out with a shotgun and two dogs, and he not only became very well acquainted with the prominent citizen re-ferred to, but they became chummy. At the end of our week's engagement there Holman closed the season temporarily and with his new-found friend went off shooting. The company stayed quietly at the hotel. The prima donna and the tenor, the comedian and the soubrette, the leading invenile and the first heavy, "rested," to ing the time that the manager was off in the neighboring country shooting birds and

bagging other game.

Exactly how he managed to make so pleasant an arrangement all around I don't know. I presume that he wrote to the next town that he wasn't coming, and, as there were no lawyers versed in theatrical lore at the time to bring him to a realizing sense of the necessity of observing his contract, if indeed he had one, the shooting programme was not at all interfered with. Then, of course, Holman could shoot away without any uncomfortable consciousness of salaries running on. The biggest salary was nothing a week and our salary list was ditto. Holman's expenses for the week were summed up by the hotel bill, and, as board was exceedingly cheap at those western hotels at the time I speak of, the bill was not at all formidable.

As for the salaries, I have already stated that I joined the company for a year as an apprentice and received no salary whatever. All I received was my clothes and a little spending money. The consequence was that when Holman came back from the lawful pursuit of game he was not confronted with a clamoring chorus of actors and actresses demanding back pay. If the laying off of the company for an entire week meant more than \$50 expenditure I should be very much surprised to hear it. When he did come back he announced another week of comedy and opera by the company, and, if I remember rightly, we played almost to as much money as we did on the original

The fact of the matter is that the Holman Company was a kind of family party. Besides the father and mother there were Sallie and Julian Holman and Ben and Alfred. Then there was Johnny Chatterton-or Johnny Chatterton as he was known at first-who afterwards became Perugini. We were simply a lot of kids together, and Mr. and Mrs. Holman treated all in that way.

In the daytime the tenor, the basso, the comedian and the heavy man stuck printed clips on the dead walls and distributed handbills. After we returned from the theatre at night we gathered together in the room of Mr. and Mrs. Holman and had a little supper and a little talk before retiring for the night. I was eighteen of nineteen years of age at the time, but nobody ever thought of going out of the hotel after returning from the performances. We would be together perhaps for an hour, and would then kiss the old people and the girls good night and go to our rooms. And at this time it will be remembered I was playing pretty fair parts. I remember just before my first appearance in Utica, I was advertised to appear as Arnheim in "The Bohemian Girl," and the announcement was withdrawn because I was reported to be ill. Of course, the announcement was a humbug from the first, and I feigned illness so that the scheme might be carried through.

our repertory at this time consisted of operas like "The Child of the Regiment," "Fra Diavolo," "Sonnambula" and operact pieces like "The Little Actress," in which Sallie Holman played the leading part. Of course we did "Sonnambula" with Mrs. Holman seated at the piano in place of an orchestra, and in some of the towns in orchestra, and in some of the towns in which we visited the piano was very apt to be a cracked and broken-down affair, but still we had pretty fair performances. I remember at least that the papers in such towns as Utica, Rochester. Cincinnati and Nashville used to say it, and occasionally anthusiastic recogniwe secured very enthusiastic recogni-tion. Sallie Holman was a particularly bright little girl, with a sweet voice and a

clever and vivacious manner. She was an actress who united to some extent the charcteristies of both the Lotta and Maggie Mitchell school, and I have always thought,

teince I knew more of the theatrical profession than I did then, that, under proper

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THE WHISTLING GIRL.

THE HOLMAN COMPANY.

UNLIKE THE CROWING HEN SHE IS A

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MUCH MALIGNED CREATURE.

CANADIAN HALLS.

Billy Crane's Story—How He Travelled with the Holmans and Earned Ten Dolday to the varied experience that I gained. day to the varied experience that I gained

during this early time.

So far as our productions were concerned!

the costumes viewed from a modern point of view were undoubtedly crude. The wardrobe trunks which we carried around with us were by no means numerous and by no means well appointed. In fact, some of shifts to which we were put for costumes are, as I remember them now, exceedingly amusing, and we did not have the facilities for making up that modern Thespians en-joy. I recall particularly in one case, how one young man in our company not having the crepe hair wherewith to furnish himself with stage whiskers, was compelled to take his chewing tobacco and a pot of mucilage and make good the deficiency as best he could. He did pretty well, for I don't think anybody in the audience ever suspected it. It was suspected afterward, however, that he chewed his whiskers.

And so we went on from town to town, singing our operas and playing our pieces with an honest desire, at least, to do the best we could, and gaining the respect of our audiences and winning good words from the local newspapers. I have a number of scrap books containing the notices I received at that time, and as I read them now I can't help thinking that I must have worked pretty hard in order that my work on the stage should have secured them. We had to depend upon the newspapers almost altogether for advertisement. As I have already stated, our business department was not furnished with the material for advertising which is common enough nowadays. A few printed hand bills for the windows were about all we had and these simply stated the name of the company, and the pieces in which the company would appear. Perhaps the best advertisement that we had was the arrival of the company in town, and if we didn't arrive until late, and the people began to suspect that we were not coming, the audience at night was correspondingly affected in point of numbers. I travelled in this way with the Holmans for three years, playing the leading comedy parts in the organization after the first season. I left them once during this time and joined C. D. Hess down in Washing ton, but the attachment that I had formed for the Holman family was so strong that I took the very first opportunity of rejoining them. They paid me \$10 a week when I rejoined them, and when I began

playing as leading comedian I received \$15 a week, first in currency and afterward in gold. The Holman company at the end of three years established themselves in Toronto and played there as a stock company and at this place I remained with them. ed with them three years more. Of course the profits of the theatrical business at that time did not compare with what they are now, but I think the Holmans must have made a good deal of money. It was no unusual thing for them to play to \$1,000 on the week, and as I have already pointed out their expenses were trifling. We were, of course, on the road all the time, winter and summer alike, and I shouldn't be surprised to know that the Holmans managed to save at least \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year. - Wm. H. Crane, in Chicago Tribune.

a generation. The period of a generation has be lengthened; it used to be thirty years and later increased to thirty-four; now a scienuse the professional language of to-day. tist says, the average term of human life We amused ourselves as best we might dur- has increased to forty-two years, and the improvement has all been made during the last half century.



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