REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF LIFE.

The Hornet on Its Missien-Varieties Insect Annoyances-Necessity for Little Troubles-They Are All Blessings in

Washington, Dec. 15.-Dr. Talmage to-day chose for his discourse a theme that will appeal to most people "The Petty Annoyances of Life." His text was "The Lord thy God will send the hornet," Deuteronomy vii., 20.

It seems as if the insectile work were determined to exterpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vine yards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potatoe bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark, as the door was open-

In my next text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shricking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hor-

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them and if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life-these foes too small to shoot-these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the hornets! In other words, it is the small, stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose, God has sent the hornet. I remark, in the first place, that

these small, stinging annoyances may come in the shape of nervous organi-People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities

nerves are the first to give out. A Lord sent the hornet." great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by on us to culture our patience. In the his physician that if he did not stop gymnasium you find upright parallel working while he was in such poor physical health, he would die, responded. "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak time, or two inches, and, getting his have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context-they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends | tience is a child of the storm. If you and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and | time to culture it is when you are lied comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they I would be patient, too!" You might sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too-outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land, but, after awhile she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her The only question is whether we shall friends do when she came to the city? They all went out and instead of givher common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked, if I had not the consumption, and passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh, "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never in any conversation would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people kept the resolution, These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me: "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday?" I said, "Yes," He said: "No use—no use. Man's a failure."

information. "The Lord sent the hor-

The small insect annoyances of life physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to leel the best. Rectant it is a said

A WORLD OF TROUBLE | neadache which has been the prague of your life, and you appoint some oc-casion of mirth or sociality or useful-ness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appear-ance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at

time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic insitetion. lestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot keep her equilibrum. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home treubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mar, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying. stung to death by these pestiferous

domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet." These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill-manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judg-

ment, just to please somebody else. It is not the panics which kill the merchanics. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the

I have noticed in the history of some that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tell us they are very important in the world's economy, They kill spiders and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent to us, I anybody that is nervous? The doctors | think, to wake us up from our lethsay, and the family say, and every- argy. There is nothing that makes a body says, "Oh, she's only a little nerv- man so lively as a nest of "yellow ous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a novances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world mony between the shawl and the glove for us to stop in. If we had a bed of on the same person, a curt answer, a everything that was attractive and passing slight, the wind from the east, soft and easy, what would we want any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the of heaven? We think that the hollow door for the hornet. The fact is that | tree sends the hornet, or we may think the vast majority of the people in this | that the devil sends the hornet. I country are overworked and their want to correct your opinion. "The

> Then I think these annoyances come bars-upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a strength cultured, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Pahad everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man, as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out towards the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrec tion and to have fellowship with His

sufferings. Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexatiens. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and heaven. take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him. while the vast majority of people take the thing peacemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in peace-meal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly blisters than an amputation; better 20 squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference in opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet.

If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with cheques less than \$100 come in with cheques less than \$100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his \$10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for suc-cor and a deliverance from impatience cor and a deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee." In the village of Mamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and

all the vermin followed am-ronowed nim to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the How many did Mr. Church give to his pie Heart of th 50,000 touch . h

maxi" or his are about saywith that cil . you put it o. in says Mr. Church, a painting. It will to 3 50,000 of the. touches." And I want you my frie "ds, to understand that it is these h. .. annoyances, which, under God, are making up the picture of your hie to be hung at last in the galleries heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke— click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I don't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for Him. You know that a large fortune may

be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block storehouses. Catharine de Medici her death from smelling a poisonrose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of these annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our government does not think belittling to put a tax on small articles. high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of anettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man. "If you are not faithful in a skismish you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a

If I had my war with you I would have you possess all possibly worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen.I would have you a house, a splendid mansion and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, Each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah, I bethink myself He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe towards which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him, Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going

did to Polycarp, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand. You shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

#### STRANGLED BY A TREE.

Horrible Snake-Like Coils of a Strange Tree in Madagascar.

Far in the interior of Madagascar dwells the remnant of the tribes of Mkodes, a diminutive race of primcopie. These aborginals never feet 8 inches in height, altly naked, and have no n the worship of the "pent ere the Mkodes ent tree, hidden n win water e impenetrable screet s: its \ .as. When these supersitious 's feik wish to banish some ev. or court some favor they dancing and singing

around their verdant object of worship. The trunk of this tree resembles a pineapple in shape, is about eight feet high, black and as hard as iron. From the top of the cone eight leaves hang to the ground. These are about twelve feet long, three feet wide, very thick and end in sharp points. Stout thorns cover the inner side. The top of the cone is white, round and from afar tooks like a small dinner plate turned down on a larger one.

This larger "plate" contains a clear, viscous liquid, known to possess exceedingly intoxicating and soporific properties. Just below it extend six green and hairy shoots, about eight feet long and sharp-pointed. Above these, from between the two "plates," six white, plume-like tendrils rise vertically about six feet. They are in constant motion, shooting and twisting around with bewildering rapidity. The faint hissing noise thereby profuced strengthens the illusion that these tendrils are snakes performing a hideous dance.

Wilder and wilder grows the dance of the natives around the tree; wilder and wilder sounds the chant. Finally the savages, with a rush, surround one of the females, and at the point of their wicked javelins force her to mount to the top of the tree. There she sits, terror-stricken. The mob yells "Drink! Drink!" In desperation the unfortunate victim at last scoops up some of the fatal liquid with the hollow of her hand, drinks it, and jumps to her feet, shouting and gesticulating wildly among the vicious, snaky tendrils.

One of the tendrils coils around her neck-others wind around her arms and legs. The woman gives vent to horrible shricks and more demoniacal laughter. While her struggles already grow fainter and fainter, the horizontal shoots suddenly rise one by one, like great green snakes, and twine themselves with relentless force around her. It is a vivid interpretation of Laocoon's fate, without the beauty of that hero's death.

The woman struggles no longer. all, has two sepals. Now, almost incredible, the eight monster leaves rise their tips from the sents a family, consisting of husband ground; they rise higher and higher, and wife and four daughters, two of The individual taxes do not amount to until they inclose the victim as in a the latter being stepchildren of the much, but in the aggregate to millions case of iron; they press closer and and millions of dollars. And I would closes, until on, horror! the serpenthave you, O Christian man, put a tree's store of lethe, mingled with the small, gray petals are the daughters blood of the human sacrifice, oozes through the interstices.

With a yell of mad delight the savwould be a great revenue of spiritual drop of the horrid fluid. The god is appeased. After hideous orgies the participants sink down one by one in convulsions and delirium to long insensibility, while the grim black tree conthat which would otherwise irritate tinues to hold its victim in tight em-

### Paderewski's Name.

There was a heated discussion over the pronunciation of Paderewski, a few nights ago in a funny little Spanish restaurant on West Twenty-eighth street, just off Broadway. A good-natured German insisted that it should be pronounced "Poodoroozke," with an accent on the "rooz." An Italian believed that "Poderewska," with the accent on the "ka," was the correct pronunciation. An American, who had traveled in Russia, stuck out for "Podroofski," accent on the "roof."

Then there were a Scotsman, a Cuban, several Spaniards and a few men with Slavonic dialects. Each had a different way of pronouncing the name, and all insisted upon speaking at once. An old Irishman was sitting in one corner. He maintained silence for several minutes; then he bristled up, and, in a voice which could be heard above all the others, he exclaimed: "I'll bet you all that it is pronounced Paddy Rewski."-New York World.

Another warning against the repeated use of modeling clay in schools is sounded by Dr. J. H. Taylor, chief medical inspector of the Philadelphia Board of Health. The doctor's objection is that skin disease can be communicated by the clay. It would not be so bad, he says, if fresh clay were frequently substituted, but the same material used during the whole sesdoctor's warning will probably avail nothing. An investigation on the subject was made in Philadelphia a year or more ago, with the result that no proof was found in Philadelphia or in other cities that continued use of the clay was provocative of disease. On the contrary, it was decided that the clay used is an antiseptic, and that there is no necessity for discarding or renewing it. With proper exposure and drying, it purifies itself.—New York Post.



"Jonathan, you have been outra-eously disobendient. What is the most severe punishment I can inflict "Just heap coals of fire upon my head, pape, by giving me a bicycle."

#### A WAY TO GET EVEN.

The Plan Did Not Wholly Appeal to the

"I'd do anything to get even with that hotel," said the man who had been loafing around the reading-room. "What's the matter?" asked the guest who had just registered. "That smart diamond-studded clerk

has ordered me to keep away from the house. He says I have been hanging around here for the last three weeks using the stationery and occupying the most comfortable chairs." "Well have you?"

"Sure. What's his old house for if it isn't for the use of people who haven't anywhere else to go? But you can bet I'll get even with him."

"I don't know just yet, but I'll find "Would you like a suggestion?"

"I hat's what I would. Do you know "Why, yes, if you've the nerve to "Oh, I have nerve to throw to the

birds. Let's have your scheme." "Well, you know how a good hotel hates to get mixed up in a police case in the newspapers?" "This house is particularly proud of

its record in avoiding everything of that sort, too." "I know it." "Then all you have to do is to get

some sensational case located here and you are revenged." "Of course. But how?" "Engage a room, go up to it and

commit suicide. It's a very simple matter you see. I'll loan you the money if you are broke." But the man with the grievance departed without even expressing his thanks for the kind offer.—Chicago

Stranger-Hard farming out here, take it?

Woolly West-You bet. Stranger-What are you going to do Woolly West-I'm 'bout to trade for two more dogs an' soon's I make the dicker we're goin' to start back to

wife's folks.-Chicago Record. Japanese Steamship Line. A company has been formed in Japan with the object of establishing a regular line of cotton-carrying steamers to run between Kobe and Yokohama and Mexico, in connection with the Tehauntepec Railroad. The Japanese Government has promised to subsidize the line.

#### The Pansy Fable.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gray. The two plain petals have a sepal each and the third, which is the largest of

The fable is that the pansy reprewife. The plain petals are the step children, with only one chair; the two with a chair each, and the large gay

petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip ages rush to the tree and lap up every | away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wran shout his neck his shoulders upraised, with his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

### A City of Champagne.

Epernay, France, is a vast subterranean "city of champagne." For miles and miles there are streets hewn out of solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. There is no light in this labyrinth of streets, crossings and turnings, except what the spluttering candle affords. All is dark, dank and damp, with the temperature away down about zero. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay have underground cellars which cover 45 acres and contain 5,000.000 bottles of wine. There is a whole street in Epernay lined with fine chateaux, the proprietors of which possess similar establishments. The whole town is honeycombed with these underground galleries for the manufacture and storage of champagne.

### The Difference.

Oh, yes, there is a marked difference between the big man mentally considered, and the little man. When the big man gets an idea he lays it away in his brain box for use when an emergency arises for it; but inject an idea into the little man's noddle, and it will leap out of his mouth the very first time he opens that organ.-Boston Transcript.

Reform's Location Strmp Speaker-I say, we've got to have reform in our politics! It's in the

struck the earth, isn't it?-Roxbury

## REMARKABLE CASE.

Rheumatism of 20 years' standing radically cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Sarah Browning, an estimable resident of the Ambitious City, was for twenty years a sufferer from acute rheumatism, and her restoration to health is so remarkable that we present the case for the benefit of our readers, many of whom are doubtless sufferers from this painful complaint which arises from blood poison. Mrs. Browning says: "I used only one bottle of Scott's Sarsaparilla and serviced such benefit that I continued only one bottle of Scott's Sarsaparilla and received such benefit that I continued taking only at intervals for two months. That is seven months ago, and the pain has not returned. I had spent a fortune in various "treatments" and was told by one medical man that a cure was impossible as I had suffered so long."

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Sealette Collars \$1.25 and \$2.00.

Large Black Storm Collars \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Ladies' Russian Circulars, fur lined, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

Ladies 3/4 Circular, Black Worsted, Fur Lined, Hamptler, \$20.00 and \$25.00, SABLE TRIMMED.

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