

THE TALMAGE SERMON

INSTRUCTIVE TALK FOR THE YOUNG MEN.

Answering a Communication from Fayette, Ohio. He Tells of the Pitfalls That Yaw for the Youth of Our Land.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1895.—In his audience at the Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men, from different parts of the union, and representing almost every calling and profession in life.

He addressed his discourse this afternoon, the subject being, "Words with Young Men."

"Fayette, O. Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons, 'Advice to Young Men.' Yours respectfully, H. S. Millott, F. O. Millott, J. L. Sherwood, Charles T. Rubert, M. E. Elder, S. J. Altman."

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battles of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand Maytime blossom week. The East wind never did understand the South wind. Autumnal golden-rod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot, he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium. I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice, and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at seventy-five years as young in feeling as anyone at twenty, arose and said: "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funeral tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted, than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio, and all young men, have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world, to give helpful suggestions as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

First: Get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all other rooms of your nature right; but, Oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be the usher to announce his arrival, and introduce the King of this world; the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have him once for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a guarantee against moral disaster, and surfeit of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say, when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine-cellar, or a rum jug, or a whiskey cask, or a beer barrel, or a smoked-polluted cigarette, until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion; yet, all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured. You six young men of Ohio, and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking out-door exercise, whether by ball, or skate, or by horseback, lawn-tennis, or exhilarating bicycling. If you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs, and cramped chests, and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all-fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todd's Manual, and Coomb's Physiology and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication, and digestion, and assimilation. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead. From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars, and punching bags, and pulleys and weights, I thought Satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one

hour of climbing and lifting and pulling, I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since at eighteen years I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve, and all possible eyesight, and all possible muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelties, ninety-nine out of a hundred being nothing to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abominations, dumped on the breakfast table, and on a table, and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper, with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called great primer type, and vice in nonpareil or agate! You have full seats at the photographic's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing the black negatives of 1835 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the Judgment Day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well-being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindus. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it. Not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them; one room for slumber, one for food. Its partition and the parking thereof. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and studded, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got there. He who wins, and keeps the affection of a good, practical woman has done gloriously. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God before she loved you. What do I mean by a practical woman? I mean one who can help you to earn a living, for a time comes in almost every man's life when he is hung of hard misfortune, and you do not want a weakling going round the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm poultice of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until standing in his pulpit in City Road Chapel he complained to the people, saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness," with his wife for a back part of the church; and said: "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he marries for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, O., had better look out.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at sixteen years of age; Grotius at seventeen; Romaine at twenty; Pitt at twenty-two; Whitefield at twenty-four; Bonaparte at twenty-seven; Ignatius Loyola at thirty; Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes you will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had; yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof, a kind Providence has crowned my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go at your work on the minute you are expected, and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they were required, and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless you are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day, you will remain on the low levels, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that is on this earth. Less than your finger nail compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world a hundred years old. But a very few people in any country reach eighty.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously

in the business, or occupation, or profession you are about to choose, or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper, and Abbot Lawrence, and James Lenox, and William E. Dodge, and George Peabody. See how most of the merchants at the start munched their noonday luncheon made up of dry bread and a hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom; as they started in a business which brought them to the top of influences which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars consecrated to hospitals, and schools, and churches, and private benefactions, where neither right hand nor left hand knew what the other hand did. Going to be a physician? Read up Harvey, and Grosse, and Sir Adam Clarke, and James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anesthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the centuries; and all the other mighty physicians who have mended broken bones, and enthroned again deposed intellects, and given their lives for healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a mechanic? Read up the inventors of sewing machines, and cotton gins, and life-saving apparatus, and the men who are architects, and builders, and manufacturers, and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century worth more than the full one hundred years of any other century. You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men—instead of wasting your time on dry exercises as to how to do great things, go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell, did the great things. Remember, the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it Saragossa, and Gettysburg, and Sedan were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago where now there is no water. Only six out of the eight hundred grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers, and consumption, and leprosy are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off, to stout constitutions which are able to throw them off. Worlds like Mars and the moon will be within hailing distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and their volcanoes, they will signal all styles of intelligence to them. Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of Gospelization the world is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb-screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities you are going to have, young men, all the world over, under thirty. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in. In five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it. During this nineteenth century the world has by Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century! Ah, that will be the time to see great sights, and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest, that grandest, and most glorious century that the world has ever seen! Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century, and the birth of the new. I do not know what sort of a December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting, or the soft winds will breathe upon the pillow of the expiring centenarian. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from its kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes, and the hundredth century of scientific and material defeats and victories; of nations born and nations dead; thy pulses growing feebler now, will soon stop on that thirty-first night of December. But right beside it will be the infant century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than seventeen hundred million inhabitants of the earth will hail its birth and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life I think will be under the sway of its scepter. Get ready for it. Have your heart right; your nerves right; your brain right; your digestion right. We will hand over to you our commerce, our mechanics, our arts and sciences, our professions, our pulpits, our inheritance. We believe in you. We trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the fight for God and righteousness, we may have disappeared from earthly scenes, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the Temple Service and the House of Many Mansions, we will come out on the battlements of Jasper, and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet, you may hear our voices dropping from afar, as we cry, "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have a crown."

JOHN TYLER'S SON.

PASSING HIS LAST DAYS IN POVERTY.

He Now Resides in a Dilapidated Brick Dwelling Within a Mile of the White House—A Daughter His Only Companion in Old Age

(Special Correspondence.)

SCARCE A MILE away from the executive mansion, which was once his home, lives an old man, bent with years, and surrounded with the humblest gentility that shows to what straits he has been reduced. Once he helped in events that shaped our nation's history; he was intimate with such statesmen as Webster and Clay; the affairs of the young republic were in the grasp of his father's hand, and all the honors that come to the son of the chief magistrate were his—and now he is lying almost in "the valley of the shadow," unknown and forgotten by the people of the country which he served so faithfully and well. His home in Georgetown is scarcely finished at all, and on the bare floors and walls one sees the marks of poverty which is now his portion. Yet the proud old Virginian bears up like a gentleman of the royal blood and takes a delight in his prime.

The Tyler home in Georgetown is a neat brick, but it is so very clean and quiet and old-fashioned that it reminds one of the old-time country mansions in Virginia; mansions with their big, dark parlors full of clumsy, horsehair furniture, the solemn portraits on the high walls and all the old ornaments that have passed down for generations. There is no one of his family with him except his daughter, who is a gentle little lady, with the refined manners that belong to another generation, and her whole life is nobly devoted to caring for her invalid father, who is all ways confined to his bed. He is a man with blue eyes, still bright, and snowy hair that falls softly about his high forehead. A clean white spread covered the bed and a towel was in his hands as if the nervous fingers longed to find amusement in toying with its fringe. "So you want some of my recollections," he said, in a feeble, but pleased voice, as the visitor entered the room. "What shall it be? Of the days when Washington was little more than a country town, when the streets were of cobble, most of the houses of wood and the beautiful parks only barren wastes? Ah, that is a long time ago, and the electric light, the trolley cars, the rush and whir of modern life have changed the city I knew when a young man."

"Oh, yes, I knew Webster, and he was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, with black hair, dark eyes and fine manners. He was a Whig, while my father was a democrat, but I have often heard father say that Webster gave him the least trouble of any man in his cabinet. At that time Clay in the senate was urging forward the bank bill. The man was a brilliant orator, but not a profound man like Webster, and he labored under the impression that congress, in passing the old law of 1793, which had been repealed by the First Congress, when all the revenues of the country amounted to only a few million dollars. Now, by the old law of 1793 the president was made personally responsible for the safe-keeping and disbursement of all government funds. During Van Buren's time the sub-treasury act was passed, and by its passage the old law of 1793 was thus repealed, which, according to Clay's reasoning, relieved the president from any further administration of the finances of the country. Under the 1793 law, the president was responsible for the dishonesty of any of his agents, and could be impeached for such acts, and as the revenues in father's time had grown so large, such a responsibility was a very dangerous and disagreeable one.

This delicate question was submitted to Webster, who gave it serious and careful consideration. His reply was that: 'The law of 1793 being repealed by the sub-treasury act, the bank bill having been passed and repealing of the sub-treasury act, if the president thinks proper to veto the bank bill the effect would be to revive the old law of 1793, which places all revenues directly under the control of the president.'

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"President Tyler vetoed the bank bill, the old law was revived and all the responsibility of the country's finances fell on his shoulders. As a result state banks throughout the union poured in their petitions to be appointed agents in the matter. I was then my father's secretary and every day some banker would come to me and offer me a big sum of money if I would secure from father their appointment as agents. I could have made a million in less than six months. One man, a director of a well-known bank in New York, came to me one day and after showing me his books said: 'I am willing to place fifty thousand to your credit as soon as you can secure this place for us.'

"Drawing back in disgust, I retorted (for this was only one of many such offers): 'I do really begin to think I am a scoundrel!' The man started back as if he had been shot and hastily apologized, saying that he had heard such things were managed that way at the capital. I replied by telling him to go back to New York and tell his friends that things were done that way here no longer.

"During the administration of Van Buren, in order to carry on the war against the Seminoles in Florida, every fort had been dismantled and dismantled from the Aroostock to the banks of the Rio Grande, in order to supply our troops with arms. As a consequence, during my father's term, it was necessary to re-arm the forts, and considerable contracts were made for the supply of new guns and making repairs. The contractors would often come to me and make a proposition similar to those made by the bankers, saying they would give me thousands, if I would secure the contracts for them. Then, besides, our ships had been left in ports to rot, and when father came in there was a whole navy to be rebuilt and equipped. Again, I had excellent opportunities for

making money out of dishonest men who came to bribe me, as if such were a common thing to be accepted by a gentleman. It was during my father's time that the ship *Allegheny*, which was built in Pittsburgh, was sent down the Mississippi to New Orleans, being the first man-of-war to sail upon the waters of that river.

"Stockton, the ship-builder, made the famous Princeton, on board of which occurred the awful accident in which many of my father's cabinet lost their lives. On February 26, 1844, Mr. Stockton brought the ship up the Potomac to Washington. A large party of us were on board when the trying of the guns began, there being most of the highest officials of the government present. A line of gentlemen were standing about the gun, and Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was near the machine, which was on the point of being fired. At Mr. Gilmore's request, I took his wife down to the cabin below. Just as she was about to take her seat on the divan I heard a loud explosion, and immediately said to the lady that something had exploded on deck.

"I ran up the steps to the deck and found that a piece of the base of the gun weighing about 15,000 pounds had burst off and flying down the line of gunners had struck them all in the groin and disemboweled them. They lay upon the deck, a Union flag having been thrown over them, in accordance with naval regulations. My body servant, a negro boy about 23 years old, had been leaning against another gun, which was hit by the flying metal, and the jar killed him on the spot. I had been standing in the group, and had I not gone to escort Mrs. Gilmore below I would not be alive now to tell this tale. Mrs. Gilmore was perfectly devoted to her husband, and after his death was never seen to smile.

"It was during my father's administration that the first telegraph line was built, and the inventor, Morse, was personally known to me and I watched the progress of the experiment with great interest. There has always been a fable about the first message sent over the wires that stated some young lady forwarded the words, 'What wonders God hath wrought,' but such is not the fact. The first words ever flashed over the wires were a greeting from my father, or to Chief Justice Taney, who was in Baltimore and happened to be in the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where the message was received. He immediately sent a reply to the greeting.

"When I was my father's secretary, there was not then, as there is now, any salary attached to the position. And the day I left the White House I sold my watch to a friend for \$39 in order to raise much-needed funds to get away. During the Mexican war I raised and equipped a regiment at my own expense and now all the pension that is allowed me is the sum of eight dollars a month."

RAZOR GRINDING.

Experienced Workmen Are Needed for the Delicate Job.

The grinding of a razor is a science in itself. It can't be done by one of the street grinders who run their tinkling emery wheels and grindstones through the streets, because they are likely to take all the temper out of the steel the moment they touch the razor to the emery. An inexperienced workman may injure a valuable blade far more than he improves it. That is the reason why the Swedish razor-grinder is so particular about his workshop—and a wonderful place it is. The ceiling is full of slapping bands and spinning shafts, small in size and home made, and all about are the grindstones and polishing wheels, before each of which a man sits sharpening some kind of instrument. The grindstones all come from Germany and France—there are no really good ones quarried in this country—and for the hollow grinding of razors the edges are curved on the arcs of circles varying in size from eight inches up to two feet. Over each of the grindstones hangs a can of water which is fitted with a faucet so small that only a minute stream falls upon the stone. The razor is held squarely and firmly on a coarse stone by a workman, who knows just how many minutes the grinding should proceed. Then it is removed to a finer stone, and so on until the edge is sharp enough. The water must not cease dripping for a moment, for if the razor heats it is ten chances to one that the temper will be injured.

The blade is now passed along to the polisher, who sits close to a narrow wooden wheel, coated outside with leather. This he sprinkles from time to time with very fine emery dust and no water is used. When the edge has been smoothed down the razor goes for a moment to the buffing wheel, which is made up of hundreds of layers of fine linen cloth, closely bound together. Now the razor is ready for the honing, then for strapping and it finally takes its place under the barber's mirror.

ROULADES OF THE PART.

Not Real Music, but a Perfect Training for the Voice.

In the present atmosphere of musical training it is quite certain that vocalists do not flourish; for one thing, the tendency of modern music is all against that kind of composition in which singers used most to delight and which provided them with their principal artistic diet, says the National Review. The roulades of a day that is dead were perfect training for the voice and were only really objectionable when they occupied the place of real music. Now that a different ideal is set up these excellent exercises have almost entirely gone out of fashion and young and tender voices are ruined or broken on intellectual compositions, that they cannot grasp or interpret. It is notoriously far easier to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear than to transform a singer into a musician, and in nine cases out of ten either the "sudent 75" belis against the training and warbles his beloved nonsense to the delight of his amateur friends, and the most indulgent section of the public, or develops into an admirable musician without a scrap of voice. The few artists who manage by the help of a peculiarly happy combination of circumstances to learn the art of intelligent expression without losing the beauty of voice that is the gift of nature need fear no undue competition. "There is always room at the top," is a saying that is no less true of the musical than of any other profession, and, after all, really fine singers have never yet been a drug in the market.

A Slight Offense.

An English tourist arrived in an Irish town, where a man was about to be hanged for shooting his landlord. Ignorant of the cause of the gathering he questioned one of the peasants.

Englishman—What is going on today, my man?

Peasant—They're goin' 't hang a man, sor.

Englishman—What is he to be hanged for?

Peasant—Just for a bit uv a joke, sor.

Englishman—Hang a man for a joke? Absurd. What did he do?

Peasant—He just made game uv his landlord, sor.—Life.

Whalebacks for Oil Distribution.

The Standard Oil company is building at Superior, Wis., two tank barges for distributing its oil products from that point on Lake Michigan. They will be an experiment and may lead to the employment of tank steamers such as the company uses for its trans-Atlantic trade. The tanks will be whalebacks, with a capacity of 5,000 barrels each.

Not a Cannibal.

A little girl, visiting her grandma in the country, who was raising chickens, thinking they were pets, upon seeing them killed and prepared for dinner, exclaimed in great distress: "Oh, grandma, I wouldn't eat my kitty for anything."

Straight Lines.

A fellow of the Royal society has issued a pamphlet on "How to Draw a Straight Line," something most people think they can do without learning. But those who can draw a straight line without ruling it can draw anything.

Satisfaction.

"There's some satisfaction in being a kodak fiend," mused the amateur photographer as he sent a bundle of pictures to a friend. "At least a man can express his own views."