

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1896.—
Out of this strange scene of Bible times Dr. Talmage, in his sermon today, draws remarkable lessons of good cheer and triumph. His subject is: "Wrestling with the Supernatural," and the text: Genesis 32:25, 26: "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jab-bok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a severe struggle, that lasts until morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh-bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the Angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jab-bok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumb screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. With financial misfortune some of you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted, fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you, or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold, he found himself alone, by the brook of Jab-bok; and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit hath roused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in long line of light, to look from above, and all hell stretches itself in myriads of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for a struggle; and they have bitten their lip and clenched their fist, and cried with a blood-red earnestness, and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habit, I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit; but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness.

But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestle. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jab-bok, the giant fell; and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home; and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the Pass of Thermopylae, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jab-bok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had she forgotten to be gracious? No! Conquering soul. The midnight air is full of wings, coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the couch of the night

wind, in the ripple of the brook Jab-bok, the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call cross-prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these cross-prayers, I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject, that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy but a God-despatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so, many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment, and shipwreck, could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent, and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, with the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quail! It is the quail! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jab-bok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and to save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What ploughed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. Are we Stoics, that we can unmoved, see our cradle rified of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of hope put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jab-bok, we were trouble-touched. Again, we may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the

day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text. "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of earth are falling flat in the dust. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth, "fair as the morn, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, "the day breaketh."

As I look around about me, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. "The day breaketh."

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm, 'God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble.'"

Death to many, nay, to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave, I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its autumnal fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us un-blessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage or widowhood; or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but, if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling, by the brook will cease; the hours of death's night will pass along; one o'clock in the morning; two o'clock in the morning; four o'clock in the morning; five o'clock in the morning; "the day breaketh."

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here twenty years and preach this Gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is, that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on, and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming, Let me go—let me go! The day breaketh.

A FAMOUS WOMAN.

Interview With Miss Winifred Leale, Champion Lady Rifle Shot.
In a most interesting series of "Interviews With Women Who Have Excelled," Home Chat gives an insight into rifle shooting, explained by Miss Winifred L. Leale, the champion lady rifle shot. Miss Leale was interviewed while shooting at Bisley, where she discovered for the moment at leisure on the veranda of the Ladies' Club, a charming little bungalow. In reply to the question "What induced you to take up shooting?" Miss Leale replied: "It was pure accident—nothing else. It occurred in Guernsey, my native place. I happened to have accompanied my father to a local rifle meeting, when I was persuaded to take a shot at the target. The result of my initial effort was—well, an 'inner.' And as to the rifle you use, Miss Leale, surely you do not have the heavy government weapon?" was another question. "Certainly I do," was the vouchsafed reply of the young champion, "I use the ordinary service Martini, exactly the same weapon as the men." Miss Leale, however, prefers the Lee-Metford, which she considers the superior weapon. She declares good sight to be the first essential to successful marksmanship and a taste for shooting to be necessary. Certainly Miss Leale possesses this "natural bent." The many prizes she has won with her rifle, shooting wholly against men, testify to her marvelous skill.

A Living Serre-Fine.
Greek barber surgeons in the Levant use large ants to keep together the edges of cuts. The ant, held with a forceps, opens its mandibles wide, and as soon as it seizes the edges of the wound has its head severed from the body, but retains its grip. People have been seen with wounds healing held together by seven or eight ants' heads. The kind used is a species of big-headed camponotus.

Irrefragable Proof.
"Spockett is in love with Ethel Gadsby."
"Did he tell you so?"
"No, but he has replaced the picture of his bicycle he used to carry in his watch by her photograph."—Washington Times

BLOODHOUNDS GUARD TEXAS CONVICTS.

Austin, Tex., correspondence of the New York World: Perhaps in no other state in the union are bloodhounds used so generally and so successfully to capture escaped convicts as in Texas. The system of dealing with convicts adopted by this commonwealth makes the use of dogs almost imperative, and the convicts well know the almost inevitable result of an attempt to escape.

There are two penitentiaries in Texas—one at Huntsville and the other at Rusk. There are now more than 4,000 convicts either at these institutions or at some convict farm in the wilds of the state. It is at these convict farms that bloodhounds are used not only to prevent the convicts from running away, but also to capture them after they have fled.

Fully 1,500 convicts are hired out under Texas' convict contract system, a system that enables the two penitentiaries to be self-supporting and occasionally return a profit to the state. About 500 of the convicts are leased to railroad companies, and are used to keep the roadbeds in repair. Twice that number are worked on farms. In some instances the farmer hires a gang of men, paying the state a certain sum monthly for their work. More often the state and the farmer enter into a partnership. The farmer furnishes the land and the implements, while the state furnishes the labor. In any event, the state guards and feeds the men, and each convict camp is visited

on each of these farms. They sleep at night in a long, one-story frame building, with iron bars at the windows. In one end of the building is the kitchen. The rest of the structure is divided by a narrow hall, with lattice work walls. In this hall a guard with a loaded rifle is stationed. He can keep his eyes on all the convicts, whether sleeping or eating, and his presence keeps the men quiet and orderly. At night the men sleep on bunks arranged around the wall of one of the rooms. The other room is used as a dining-room, and is furnished with plain tables and benches.

These convict farms are scientifically cultivated and are regarded by Texas capitalists as good investments. The work is not interrupted by holidays, camp meetings or Sunday school picnics, and rain is the only thing that will stop the ploughs and hoes.

Opening the Olympic Games.

The crown prince, taking his stand in the arena, facing the king, then made a short speech, in which he touched upon the origin of the enterprise, and the obstacles surmounted in bringing it to fruition. Addressing the king, he asked him to proclaim the opening of the Olympic games, and the king, rising, declared them opened. It was a thrilling moment. Fifteen hundred and two years before the Emperor Theodosius had suppressed the Olympic games, thinking, no doubt,

FAT WOMEN.

How to Get Thin—Does an Impassioned Factor.
A great many women, convinced they flesh is inimical to beauty—is the "deathblow to grace," as an arbitrary critic puts it—injure health in the endeavor to reduce weight, says the New York Tribune. They put themselves to great trouble and inconvenience, swallow all sorts of preventives and remedies in order to get thin and then stand agape at the spectacle of their wrinkled, flabby faces and throats, the result of the falling away of flesh under the elastic skin. As a matter of fact, a number of the notable women of the world, famous not only for their beauty, but for the rarer charms of intellect and subtle fascination, women who have helped to make history and who have a power in their day, were of distinctly generous proportions. Cleopatra, she whose "infinite variety" of charm and temper could win stern-hearted warriors to forget their ambitions, was small and stout. Marie Antoinette was of the plump order, though tall and of fine bearing, and, to come down to the present day, view the widowed Victoria, sovereign of the "united quendom," the increasing proportions of Queen Margherita of Italy and the generous outlines of Queen Isabella of Spain. It is worthy of note that most of the great interpreters of song are stout, or bordering on that condition, and there have been lights



BLOODHOUNDS RUN A CRIMINAL TO EA RTH.

at frequent intervals by an inspector, who reports the condition to the state prison board.

These convict farms are usually located in unsettled regions, in order that the prisoners may be isolated from honest labor and incentives to run away. One guard is assigned to every eight men, and, rifle in hand, remains near them while they are at work. Should one of his charges run away no excuse is accepted from the guard. He is at once discharged and efforts are made to catch the runaway.

Bloodhounds for the Trail.

There is a pack of bloodhounds at each of these convict farms. These dogs, trained from puppyhood to look upon man as a natural enemy, are never allowed to become familiar with any man but their keeper, who is known as the dog sergeant. In the convicts are at work in the fields the dogs are always under leash near by in the care of their trainer. When a convict attempts to escape four or five dogs are released and put on the trail, while the trainer and guards follow them as closely as possible.

As a rule, convicts attempt to escape during the late summer, when the corn is high enough to offer a hiding place, or when working in a recently cleared field that is surrounded by brush and underwood that will offer security from the rifle of the guard. At such times when a convict can hide himself by a short run, the temptation to make a dash for liberty is too strong to resist, and the convict runs away. Within a few minutes the dogs are on his trail, and his capture is usually a matter only of a few hours. Negro convicts attempt to escape much more frequently than white men, but their attempts are rarely successful.

When the hounds are released and put on the trail they follow their quarry rapidly, and the keeper is compelled to keep well up with them. He knows well that when the convict is run to bay the dogs would make short work of him unless he is there to call them off. Negroes when attempting to escape usually act in concert, and several start at once. They walk in streams, swim rivers and resort to other tricks to throw the dogs off the scent; but these tactics rarely avail, for the dogs are put on the trail too soon after the escape to let the runaway get far.

A Texas Convict Farm. From 60 to 100 convicts are worked

that in abolishing this hated survival of paganism he was furthering the cause of progress; and here was a Christian monarch, amid the applause of an assemblage composed almost exclusively of Christians, announcing the formal annulment of the imperial decree; while a few feet away stood the archbishop of Athens, and Pere Didon, the celebrated Dominican preacher, who, in his Easter sermon in the Catholic cathedral the day before, had paid an eloquent tribute to pagan Greece. When the king had resumed his seat the Olympic ode, written for the occasion by the Greek composer Samara, was sung by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. Once before music had been associated with the revival of the Olympic games.—The Olympic Games of 1896, by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in the November Century.

Famine Bread.
In times of famine bread has been baked from wood bran and husks of corn. The wood-bread is made by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood—the beech, for example—and washing it with water to remove any soluble matter. It is then dried in an oven and reduced to fine powder. With the addition of a little flour, some yeast and water, it forms a dough which, when baked, constitutes a bread resembling in appearance and taste our ordinary brown bread.

Better Said Differently.

"My friends and fellow-patriots," the orator shouted, as he pounded the defenseless air, "our friends, the enemy, have boasted that we can elect a yellow dog this year. Let us get together, put our shoulders to the wheel and show them that we can elect just as yellow a dog as they can. That is to say—er—"

The rest was lost in the vociferous applause of the patriots.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lombardy's Iron Crown.

The iron crown of Lombardy takes its name from the fact that within the gold circlet is a strip of iron, supposed to be made of one of the nails of the cross. Napoleon was crowned with this symbol at his coronation as King of Italy.

in the literary world decidedly fat, whether tall of stature or the reverse. George Sand was fat and small, and likewise Mme. De Stael. Fashion's vicararies will doubtless continue to strive after the slenderness which seems so desirable. For those willing to sacrifice the promptings of appetite for the desired aim an authority recommends that they should regulate their days as follows: A tumblerful of hot water must be taken on waking in the morning. Rise early and have a tepid bath, with vigorous rubbing afterward with a sea-bush. Avoid drinking at meals and have only three meals a day. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some dry toast, bottled fish or a small omelet and a baked apple or a little fresh fruit. At dinner, which should be at midday, take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vegetables and fruit, either fresh or stewed. For supper, toast, salad, fruit and six ounces of wine or water. Hot water with lemon juice in it is good for supper.

And She Only Shivered.

Park policeman to the Knickerbocker.
Waking in the dew:
"Morning, madam! Is it—is it—
Cool enough for you?"
—Chicago Tribune.

GLASS AND GLASS MAKING.

Flexible glass was known in Persia in 1618.
Straw invented the glass that bears his name in 1760.
The revival of glass making in Venice occurred in 1532.
Theravart discovered the art of casting plate glass in 1666.
Window glass was manufactured at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1866.
Experiments in glass making were instituted in New York in 1872.
A first glass manufactory was established at Sandwich, Mass., in 1820.
In 1747 Connecticut granted to Thomas Darling the exclusive right to make glass in the colony.
Plate glass windows for houses were made at the Duke of Cornwall's works, London, in 1672.
Flexible glass was re-invented in France in 1620, but the art was lost with the death of the inventor.
Flat glass was re-invented in England in 1813. In the same year it was substituted by the method of making it in sheets of glass.