

# ABOUT THE FUTURE.

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Says You Will Be More Than Conqueror.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Nehemiah viii, 15, "Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches of thick trees to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unimpaired. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem and on the house tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in those booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festival time. It is the feast of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers who lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and thick trees to make booths.

Now, if we are to-day going to succeed in building this gospel arbor we must go into the gospel of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent a God as an angry chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sin there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

Oh, it does not make much difference what the world thinks of you, but come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the whole universe! That is the joy that makes a hallicuh seem stupid. Why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, why, if you have gone on in a thousand years of warfare with God, we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now, it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowder Christians all around us, and one match or provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But, my brother, do you not think you had better have your horns saged off? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? "Oh," you say, "until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him. Nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step." You are a pretty Christian. When would that world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong. Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, you enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It will not hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God, peace with man. If you cannot take these two doctrines, you are no Christian.

But my text goes further. It says "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy, it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive. He lived high, for he had every day with the King. He kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstance, such holy equipage. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now! I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough of it to bother them, just enough of it to make them sick, but if

### WITH DISCRETION AND DESPATCH.

Hercules Bulpett, of Bulpett's Private Detective Agency, opened the door of his private house in Belsize Square with his latchkey, and hung his hat up on the wall on its accustomed peg. He had had a profitable day, and felt at peace with all the world.

A widower of four-and-fifty, Hercules Bulpett, stout, ruddy face, and comfortable in appearance, looked entirely unlike the popularly-imagined detective, with hatched face, and long slim hands. He looked upon his business as a trade, and he himself looked far more like a respectable tradesman than like the man of mysteries he was.

Things had gone very well with Bulpett, and he was blessed with no inconsiderable portion of this world's goods. He was blessed, too, with a charming daughter—Kitty—and as that daughter came dancing down the hall, and put her sweet face up for her father's kiss, and when she saw the two might have been disposed to cry Mr. Bulpett his daughter, far more even than his money.

"Dinner ready, Kitten?" he asked for Hercules was a man of regular hours, and liked to sit down to his meals at stated times.

"Yes, father, dinner's quite ready, and oh, here's a letter, which has dropped out of your overcoat."

"Something I forgot to post?" No, it's addressed to me. H'm! I don't know the handwriting. "What ever can it be?"

"Suppose you open it, father?" laughed Kitten, and the kitten herself, and the soup is getting cold."

And, with one hand on his pretty daughter's shoulder, and the letter in the other, Hercules Bulpett went in to dine.

Kitty Bulpett was a charming blonde of twenty. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, merry as the kitten herself, she had replaced, and had thoroughly succeeded in replacing, that gentle, blue-eyed mother whom she scarce remembered, and Hercules Bulpett, in his home-life, as in his business, had much reason to be grateful.

"What I should do without you at home, Kitten, and John Mervin in the office, I really do not know," was a favorite phrase of Bulpett's after dinner, as he sat in his capacious armchair by the fire-side, sipping his coffee, and playing with his daughter's golden hair.

"Oh, John Mervin! Kitten would retort, with a nutritious toss of her pretty head. "I'm tired of hearing of the virtues of John Mervin."

"John will be Bulpett's Agency some day, my dear," was the invariable answer; and there the matter usually dropped.

John Mervin, at the time of our story, a man of thirty-three, had been nine years with Bulpett, and had made himself quite indispensable. In fact, he was the real director of the agency, for—of late years—the fact of his success in many intricate pieces of business had been entirely due to his unaided acumen and industry.

"Read this!" he gasped, handing it to his daughter across the table. And this was written with a typewriter, on blue commercial paper—what Kitty Bulpett read aloud:

"Sir," said the letter. "I love your daughter, and intend to marry her. Do not worry about the matter, and do not try to find me out. In good time I shall tell you my name and position; but then it will be too late to interfere." There was no signature of any kind.

Kitty broke into peals of silvery laughter, and blushed a little.

"Why, it's a joke, father!" she cried.

"A joke? It will prove a poor joke for the writer, I can tell you! One of those boys you met at Mrs. Howlett's. I suppose, who sent you flowers afterwards. I'll trace him out, and—and ruin him!" shouted Bulpett, growing very angry.

"But here are the stout branches of thick trees. And so it is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pigeons, and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after awhile they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out. I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth."

**HIS OPINION OF COUNSEL.**

Prisoners at the assizes have occasionally but little faith in the ability of counsel assigned for their defence. Not long ago a prisoner was informed by the judge that his defence would be undertaken by Mr. X. and, added his lordship, that will cost you nothing.

The prisoner, however, held a different view, and was heard to remark that his lordship hadn't done the straight thing by him at all.

"What do you mean?" asked the judge.

Well, said the prisoner, you said as the Court would provide counsel, and it was a-goin' to cost me nothing. If that's my counsel, he continued, indicating the rather diminutive gentleman who had been set apart for the defence, I can see it's a-goin' to cost me ten years, and no less.

"There's something for you two. God bless you!" he said.

John Mervin and Kitty read the enclosed letter together.

"As I thought that if you two did not marry I might lose you both, I myself wrote those mysterious letters which were always floating up. I was not going to be foiled in my most cherished scheme. Now I shall not lose either of you. Cheque enclosed to be spent during honeymoon."

Hercules Bulpett.

"Nor will he?" they said.

### PEEP AT ROYAL YACHTS.

**King Edward's Yachts Are Neither Speedy Nor Luxurious.**

Although King Edward VII. has a passion for the sea, it takes rather the form of skimming swiftly over it in a racing yacht, rather than sitting placidly on a deck-chair on the deck of even the fastest and most luxurious of steam yachts.

The building of the Victoria and Albert takes us back to very ancient history in ship construction; although she was considered a wonderful vessel of her day, when she was launched at Pembroke Dock, forty-six years ago, or five years before such obsolete and antiquated men-of-war as the Black Prince and the Defiance were christened.

The Victoria and Albert is a wooden paddle steam yacht of 2,470 tons; she is slightly over 336 feet long and 40 feet wide, and cost the rather remarkable sum of £632,000. Since she was launched a further sum of about \$225,000 has been spent on repairs, so that her total cost is something like \$907,000.

Although she has long been out of date it is doubtful whether any successor, however modern and sumptuous, will supplant the Victoria and Albert in the favor of the King and his brother and sisters, for many of their happiest earlier memories are connected with it. When the King took his first trip on her he was a boy of thirteen, his sister, the Empress Frederick, was only fifteen, and the Duke of Connaught had not long passed his fifth birthday.

Compared with many of the magnificent private yachts of to-day, the Victoria and Albert is a spacious and simple, although there is no more homely and comfortable vessel afloat.

Queen Victoria's bedroom is a very simple apartment, furnished with a plain iron bedstead, a few ordinary chairs, a common-place washstand and a few pictures, and the Prince Consort's room, which is still exactly as he left it at the close of the last voyage, is even plainer in its appointments. But, although these rooms, and, in fact, all the rooms in the yacht, are of a striking simplicity, their decoration of white and gold and the rose and green hangings of the Queen's bed are exceedingly pretty.

Other rooms bear the names of the Royal Princesses and Princes, including the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, and all are equally simple, if comfortable and tasteful.

The drawing-room which is more elaborately furnished, but by no means luxuriously, is a spacious room, 26 feet long and 18 1/2 feet wide, with the dining and other rooms are all both comfortable and commodious, but with a marked avoidance of the luxurious and ostentatious. Although she rarely leaves her anchorage she has nearly 200 officers and men attached to her, under the command of a rear-admiral.

Compared with the Victoria and Albert, the Osborne, although thirty-one years old, is quite a modern boat. Although she is smaller she carries powerful engines of 3,000 horse power; while for building and repairs a sum of nearly \$700,000 has already been spent on her.

The lately built Royal yacht, called also Victoria and Albert, is an imposing ship of 4,700 tons, carrying a complement of 11,000 horse-power, and capable of steaming, under normal conditions, twenty knots an hour. When the alterations are complete the King will have a yacht worthy alike of himself and the country he rules.

### PERSONAL POINTERS.

**Notes of Interest About Some Great People.**

The late Empress Frederick was always an admirable artist. At Windsor one room is entirely hung with exquisite water-colors done by her, and at a charity bazaar two paintings done by her sold for \$5,000 apiece.

M. Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian aeronaut, whose flying-machine is creating such a sensation in Paris, was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1873. He is the youngest of a family of ten sons, and his father is a coffee-planter in San Paulo. He is now probably the largest coffee farmer in the world. He owns four million coffee plants, employs 6,000 laborers, and has forty miles of light railway on his own estate. He is known as the Coffee King.

Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, paid a charming compliment to his wife the other day. He was asked whom he would like to be if he were not himself, and he ran through the names of the great ones of the earth, his eye fell upon his wife and he hesitated no longer. "Mrs. Choate's second husband," he said. Equally happy was his remark as he looked up at a gallery full of ladies. "Now I understand," he said, "what the Bible means when it says, 'Thou shalt marry a little lower than the angels.'"

The King of the Belgians is said to be the most scholarly monarch in Europe. His tastes are of the simplest. He prefers a favorite briar pipe to the best cigar manufactured, and every morning a quaint tobacco-jar in the shape of an elephant, which stands on the mantelshelf of his smoking-room at Laeken is filled with a certain brand of English bird's-eye tobacco. A curious fact is that the country possesses no crown, consequently there is never a coronation, the King merely taking an oath to protect the constitution.

Baron Takasaki, chief of the poets' bureau in the Imperial Palace of Japan, says that the Emperor of Japan's love of poetry increases with years. Scarcely an evening passes that His Majesty does not compose from twenty-seven to thirty-one syllabled couplets called "waka." These are handed to Baron Takasaki for examination. Baron Takasaki has held his present position since 1892, and he declares that the number of couplets composed by His Majesty up to the end of last March was 37,000.

Life on \$90 a year was the experience of Mr. A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London County Council, when at the age of sixteen, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made the \$90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor. Every week-day morning for the last twenty-seven years he has caught the same bus from Highbury and he always reaches his office by nine o'clock.

The Cattle King of Australia is Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who went to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He did not succeed well at first, but started again with a small flock, and fringed again to year has added to his holdings, and now he has more sheep than any other man in the world. He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are in the best parts of Australia. One of his farms on the Darling Downs is thirty-six miles long and forty miles wide. Altogether he owns more than a million acres and leases about a million or so more.

The Dutch antiquarian, Peter van Maroy, gives some information about the De Wet family. It appears that the most eminent predecessor of the famous military leader in the South African "Orange-Vrystaat" was a painter of considerable note in his day. Jacobus Willems De Wet lived in Haarlem at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. The name of the artist stands first in the family registers of the old Kaapland families.

A Jacobus De Wet, his descendant and namesake, settled on the River Liesbeck, in South Africa, where he married a Josina Pretorius, and died there in 1711, leaving five children.

Lord Kelvin, who is seventy-seven years of age, has the distinction of having occupied a University chair for a longer period than any other University professor now living. In his Varsity days, though the fact is forgotten, Lord Kelvin was an athlete of much more than ordinary prowess, and at Cambridge, in spite of the work which won for him the proud position of Second Wrangler, he found time to win the silver medal, a native of Belfast, Sir William Thomson, as the eminent inventor and electrician was known until 1892, when he was created a baron, held the chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University from 1846 till 1899 and with exception of Sir G. G. Stokes he is the oldest Fellow of the Royal Society.

### STARTLING REVELATIONS.

**TOLD BY SUPERINTENDENT OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM.**

Hundreds of People Spend Their Lives in Mad Houses Who Are Quite Sane.

It will probably be a shock to you and many others, said the superintendent of a well-known lunatic asylum, to learn that there are scores and even hundreds of people who spend their lives within the walls of mad-houses who are every bit as sane as you or I, and the remarkable thing is that many of them could be free to-morrow if they would.

In a certain asylum I know there is to-day a gentleman who for more than twenty years has voluntarily immured himself as a lunatic, and all for the sake of love. When she was a young and beautiful girl, one of the most charming girls I ever saw in my life, she was engaged to be married to a young doctor, who, unhappily, developed homicidal mania, and had to be confined in the asylum.

As his mania was incurable and there was no prospect of marrying him the devoted girl, who was an orphan and an heiress, determined to share his imprisonment, and sought admission to the asylum, where she leads precisely the same life as the lunatics, so that she might see and meet him occasionally and brighten his captivity a little.

In the same asylum there is another lady who might be at liberty any day, for she is perfectly sane. Her reason for entering the asylum was that she felt an unaccountable impulse to poison her husband, and was so horrified by the possibility that she insisted on placing herself under control. Her husband died many years ago; but she has got so used to her life in an asylum, and shrinks so much from returning to the world and a possible repetition of her fancied homicidal impulse, that she elects to spend the rest of her days

**IN A MADHOUSE.**

Another inmate of the same asylum is a clergyman who, a few years ago, was widely known for his eloquence and zeal. Although he was, and is, a very devout man, he declared that whenever he was preaching he always heard the devil prompting him to blaspheme. No doubt it was a case of unstrung nerves; but the fear of disgracing himself before his congregation, so preyed on his mind, that he determined to give up his ministry, and retire from the world and temptation within the walls of an asylum.

All this happened many years ago; but, although the morbid fancy has long left him, he prefers to remain where he is rather than return to a world where, as he says, he is forgotten, and where he might have to face the old trouble again.

Another asylum patient (if I may call him so) is a lawyer who was once of some eminence in his profession. He had an only son whom he almost idolized, and when the boy developed symptoms of insanity it was necessary to confine him, the father elected to accompany him and for years he has watched over him with a tenderness that is very touching.

Of course in all these cases the patients are people of means, who can afford to pay for being asylum inmates.

In another case a female patient, when she had recovered her sanity, refused to leave the asylum. She had, it appeared, fallen violently in love with a handsome male patient, who is as "mad as a hatter," and, I fear, always will be; and as he could not accompany her into freedom she preferred to stay under the same roof with him.

There are also many sane patients who, in spite of the stringent laws that regulate admission, are sent there by relatives who wish to get them out of the way. As you know, a patient can be admitted to an asylum he must be

**CERTIFIED INSANE**

by two medical men unconnected with asylums.

The medical profession, unfortunately, has its share of black sheep, and it thus happens that it is quite possible to procure two doctors who will certify that a man is insane even when he is perhaps more sane than they are. I have known cases where a dozen doctors have been tried, and before the necessary certificate had been procured, and where the potential patient has been trapped in moments of excitement deliberately brought on by those who seek to confine him.

Of course, this is not done on anything like the same scale as formerly; but that it can still be done, and often is, I give you my word.

Then again some of the men who successfully plead insanity when charged with murder are really as sane as the counsel who defend them, although the crime may doubtless have been committed when in a state of excitement amounting to temporary insanity.

If there is any plausible ground for concluding that a man was insane when he committed the act both judge and jury are not slow to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt there may be, and he is committed to an asylum instead of to the gallows. Many of these men spend the rest of their lives under quite comfortable conditions in broadmoor, without showing any recurrence of the insanity that sent them there.

**REASSURED.**

They claim that women are trying to dominate the entire species, remarked Mr. Meekton.

Well, women are becoming very aggressive.

It seems so. But when I am at home and Henrietta is out lecturing I get my book of choice selections and read, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. And then I feel perfectly content.

### WORLD'S WHEAT CONSUMPTION.

Twenty-three hundred million bushels of wheat are required annually by the 517,000,000 bread-eaters of the world. We each consume a barrel of flour (4 1/2 bushels) a year. Great Britain eats in thirteen weeks all the 78,000,000 bushels of wheat which it grows, and to have bread during the rest of the year must give \$100,000,000 to the United States and smaller sums to India.

100 English houses hold 532 people on an average.