REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE HEALTH OF THE BODY.

Moral Depressions Are Mostly Due to the Hard-Worked Condition of the Ordinary Liver-He Says Take Care of It and Be Morally Well.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday from the text, Proverbs vii, 23, "Till a dart strike through his liver." adomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that be was nearly 300 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1619 years after for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Eccessastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which, in our day, Drs. Mayo and Car-penter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-

Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head, "or the silver cord be loosed." In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, it elongated branching tube, as divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in

that it never sleeps! Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation made upon, it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the order it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strikes through his liver." Galen and Hippo-

crates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile. I preach to you the gospel of health. In taking a diagnosis of disease of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 5000 were fed. He also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not conclude also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the doorkeeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V. of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away because of the result of Henry VIII.'s anathema, it was demonstrated that the dy and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart, the fortress of the graces; the liver, the fortress of the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all indusand yet "a dart strike through the tries, and the heart with all generosities,

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged and his hope of heaven blotted out and himself plunged chin-deep in the slough of despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart. gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. Kon need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you, he has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruflles your peace of

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min! When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. If you are in Christ, you are just as sure But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any Eschol grapes beforehand and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crabapple. You are just as much a Christian now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise at 5 o'clock in the morning to pray and sing "Halleluiah,"

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book, entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Muncio in 1859 between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of The London Times, one of whom haveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. One condition only—the French are victorious the Austrians have been defeated? So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been

aveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and, therefore, the two reports you have given of yourself are astwidely different as the reports in The London

OVERWORKEDILIVERS Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian and will be loved excellent Christian and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymns beginning: "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet was he so overcome by melancholy or black oile, that it was only through the mistake of the cabdriver who took him to a wrong place instead of the river bank that he did not commit suicide.

no fable, but a terrific reality.

young man has no idea that by early

dissipation he has so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Here is another young man who, if he put all his forces against

the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God, might drive them

back, but he is allowing them to be re-

enforced by the whole army of midifferentations, and what but immortal de-

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making,

in opening the battle against sin too late

for this world too late, and for the world

to come too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost fifteen minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched

off there, and detained here and detained

there, and the man who loses time and strength in the early part of the journey

wants now is some eloquent scientist to

go through the country, showing to our

young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the

libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Per-

haps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe

and the dart strikes through his liver.

My hearers, this is the first sermen you have heard on the gospel of health

and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you,

in the name of God and Christ and use-

in the name of God and Christ and usefulness and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers"; or it will be, "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man"; or it will be, "Ten cigars a day closed my coarthly existence"; or it will

closed my earthly existence"; or it will be, "Thought I could do at 70 what

be, "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here"; or it will be,

"Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet"; or it will be,

"This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats"; or instead of words the stonecutter will chisel for an epitaph

on the tombstone two figures-namely,

a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is

beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's fam-ily. I have seen wounds that were

that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two

eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jurgles,

who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother

after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with

a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service and in the serv

part of their life that they have no

fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist

for Emmanuel. When the high mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred

into many a cavalry charge with champ

ing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed

with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ringboned and springhalt, he rides

up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his sor-

vices. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a life-time, crashing their battle axe through

the helmeted iniquities they are spending

their days and nights in discussing the

their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes, for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the coun-

hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and

I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang

but those lines are the peroration of my

'Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion young.

The Largest Flume.

The largest flume in the world is claimed for San Diego, Cal. In the course of this remarkable work there are 315 trestles, the most notable of which is 1700 feet in length and 85 feet high, known as the Los Cochos trestle, in construction requiring 250,000 feet of

construction requiring 250,000 feet of lumber, says The New York Sun. Then there is the Sweetwater trestle, 1200 feet long and 85 feet high—the main

timbers used in these trestles being ten by ten and eight by eight, put together

on the ground and raised to their posi-tion by horse power. There are eight tunnels in the course of the flume, the longest of which is 2100 feet, the size of the tunnels being six by six feet,

with convex-shaped roofing. Each mile of the flume required, on an average, 250,000 feet of lumber for its construction, and the redwood used in the box is all two inches thick. The grade of

every mile was engineered with such care as to insure the utmost precision in that respect, a uniformity being secured of four and seven-tenths feet to the mile. It is expected that before

long the water from this great flume will be flowing into San Diego.

Portuguese Toothpicks.

the world come from Portugal, says The New York Sun. They are whittled by hand from orangewood splints by peas-ant girls, the only tool used being an ordinary jackknife. These picks are as

smooth as ivory and will not break into

than 10 cents a day. As the duty on the foreign-made picks is only 35 per cent. they can be sold here for less than

picks of similar quality could be manufactured in this country, despite the improved American machinery and skill-

ed labor. The profit on American picks is almost exclusively on the cheaper products. Some of the Portuguese picks are highly ornamented with hand carving. They are too expensive for ordinary commerce. Small quantities have been

imported into this country on rare oc-casions for use at notable banquets, or as unique specimens of handicraft.

At the Prison.

brought you here?

Mike (the slugger)—It was all becauze of dat unlucky number t'iricen, miss. that Visitor—Indeed? Do tell me how!

Mike (the slugger)—Well, you see, miss, dere waz de jury, twelve, an' de jedge made t'irteen.—Judge.

Fair Visitor-Poor fellow! And what

splinters. They are expensive. girls who make the picks receive

The best toothpicks made anywhere in

I have forgotten all but two lines,

rious. I have seen an empty sleeve

life will suffer for it all the way

feat can await him?

did not commit suicide. Spiritual condition so mightly affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an carthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven! Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside—one that can not only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or astheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues.

I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying and some

of the students of the medical coleges are here to-day, and I hail you and ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven-descended work of a Christian physician, and when you take your di-ploma from the medical college to look after the perishable body be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, everything human and angelic, animate everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, even from the snowflake to hurricane, to praise God than when he said, "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto Thee, O Lord;" or that Jeremiah was more pious when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations;" or Job, when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than when a covered ever with the pustules of when covered over with the pustules of elephantiasis as he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery; or that Atexander Cruden, the concordist, was a better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible than when under the power of physical dis-order he was hand-cuffed and strait-waistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane Asylum. "Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to Godd as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice. But I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice has a good his control of the man control of the fifties or sixtee or several live and the control of the man control of the most path to live so near to Godd as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice. But I warrant that you, the man control of the most path to live so near to Godd as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice. But I warrant that you, the man control of the most path to be always in the sunshine. who gives the advice, has a sound liverties wanting to be useful, but they so er. Thank God for a healthful hepatic served the world and Satan in the earlier condition, for as certainly as you lose it you will sometimes, like David and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Oruden, and like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you when their sword is all hacked up and their amounting all gone, they enlist

lay a staccato.

My object at this point is not only to emolliate the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them.

Do fot charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude because thte path to heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that, therefore, you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 30? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life and after years of dissipation, you may, perhaps, have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for bent and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage and a third mortgage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never. never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary, Solomon in my text knew what he was Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about, and he rises up on the throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out west and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation.

out west and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life 30 years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early disapation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity. But get the liver thoroughly damaged, and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says, "Till a dart strikes through the liver."

Hesiod scemed to have some finat of this when he represented Prometheus, for his crimes, fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was

an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Premethers. And a dissipated early life assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So also others wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver

an eagle feeding on his liver, which was

but there are those here with whom it is REAL ESTATE SALES. That young man smoking eigaretres and smoking eigars he no ite that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That

INVESTIGATIONS INTO SOME SYS-TEMS OF LAND TRANSFER.

How Germany and Austria Facilitate Sales and Loans-The System of Land Registration in These Two Countries

C. Fortescue-Brickdale, the Assistant Registrar of the Land Office, was, on the suggestion of the Land Registrar in May last, instructed by the Government to investigate the practical working of the system of land registration carried on the system of land registration carries on in Germany and Austria-Hungary, says. The London Standard. The British embassies of Berlin and Vienna procured the fullest official and general facilities for the inquiry, which included visits to Berlin and Vienna, and to several important of the system of the several important of the system. portant towns in various parts, as well as to some of the smaller provincial centhrough—the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some cloquent scientist to tres and country districts.

It appears from the report just published that systems of registration of title practically the same as the colonial "Torrens" system and the system par-tially established in England under Lord Westbury's and Lord Cairns' Acts of 1862 and 1875, are now in almost uni-versal operation over the whole of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires. These systems are everywhere exceedingly popular. Land-owners, business men (particularly bankers and others employing capital in loans on real security), and even lawyers appear unanimous as to its

> selves, the majority of which are quite as complicated as average dealings in Several examples are given of the registration of what we should call noblemen's and country gentlemen's estates—one, comprising 120,000 English acres of town, village, arable, pasture, wood and waste, filling two folio volumes of 500 pages apiece, together with 600 sheets of the cadastral map. These properties are subject to entails and settlements similar to those prevalent in England, and often to charitable and religious doles and charges of great antiquity, and likewise to heavy mortgages. the other hand small properties are far more common than with us and give rise to such numerous transactions that in Austria over 70 per cent. of the sales are far under £50. Very low scales of fees

advantages. The system is found to be cheap, easy, rapid, simple and safe. This

is not due to any special simplicity in the titles, rights or transactions them-

suffice to pay all official expenses.

In Prussia, for instance, the fees for registering sales begin at 5d for a value of £1, at £20 the fee is 2s 7d, at £100 it is 7s 3d, at £1000 it is £1 10s, at £5000 £4 5s, and so on. Where dispatch is not demanded, ten and fifteen days is the usual time occupied over sales and mortusual time occupied over sales and mortgages. In Prussia, the security of a registered purchaser is absolute immediately on registration, and in Austria practically so, though a nominal interval is given for possible objections. Ordinary people can, and frequently do, look up titles for themselves, reducing the lawyer's work to the more drewing the lawyer's work to the mere drawing up of the deed. In the country, in Prussia, even this is not usually wanted, the more verbal declarations of the buyer and seller, made before the local registrar, being sufficient to pass an estate. The privacy of the registrars is strictly guarded in most of the German States -only persons having an interest in the land being allowed to inspect the re-

Owing to the clearness and security of all titles the truble and responsibility incurred by the lawyer on sales and mortgages is very trifling and costs little. An eminent advocate in Vienna states that £1 is a very usual fee for a purchaser's lawyer; £10 is a high fee, even in large matters and with wealthy clients. One of the judges in Vienna spoke somewhat complainingly of a lawyer's bill of £6 12s 6d, which he had had to pay on a purchase of £4176 value. The system of registration of title has prevailed in some districts—especially in all fittles the tripble and responsi prevailed in some districts—especially in the older provinces of Austria—from the middle ages, but in others its introduc-tion is of later, or even of quite recent date. In some parts—the Rhine provinces, for instance—it is still in course of introduction. In the Tyrol it is about

to be introduced. It has been compulsorily applied to the new districts from time to time by Ministerial orders, under powers conferred for the purpose by general laws. The sys-tem is administered locally, in districts about the same size as our own County Court Registries. No place is more than ten or fifteen miles from its local land registry. In Baden and Wurtemberg every commune has its own registry. Where the estates run into several districts they can be registered in any one. Some large estates in Austria are registered in the capitals, instead of in their local registries. The report concludes with a detailed description of some fourteen Continental land registries —including those of Berlin, Vienna and Dresden (with plans), Buda-Pesth, Munnich, Prague and Gologne—personally inspected in the course of the inquiry.

Man-of-War Pets.

Books about pets seem to have been set going in great numbers by The London Spectator's collection of "dog stories." The classifications are rapidly extending. We have already had soldiers, and a company matter to the contraction of the cont iers' pets, and a correspondent writes to The London Daily News to ask why there should not be a volume on man-of-war pets. To this the answer was given:

of-war pets. To this the answer was given:

"The parrot has been Jack's prime favorite in all ages, and at least one story told of Jack's pet beats all the stories ever told of Tommy's pets. This particular parrot was an inmate of Cochrane's ship on the occasion of a cruise on the Norwegian coast. The hospitable Norwegians were invited to visit the British frigate. Ladies were hoisted on board by means of a chair fastened to a rope running over the yard. Whenever the chair reached the desk the order was given, 'Let go.' While one of the lady visitors was still in mid-six, the ship's parrot yelled out. Tet go!' and down she went into the sea, chair and all. The seamen thought it was the boatswain's order. And if it be suggested that the excuse was insincere, the fact is wouched for that the parrot's habitual imitation of the boatswain's pipe was so perfect that it sometimes brought up the ship's company at the run. In battle or in a storm the parrot's orders might easily play havoc. But the given so the bind's neck. And the only remedy left was to blow up the parrot in language as lurid and limited as its own. Perhaps there may be some subtle sympathy between the parrot, and human beings strongly smotional but linguistically weak."

An illustration of how long a fire will burn and smoulder without giving signs of its presence was furnished at the ruins of the Masonic Temple, which are being cleared up by laborers, at the corner of Pine and Dorrance streets. It is considerably over a year ago that the Masonic Temple was burned to the ground. Wednesday afternoon the workmen, while tearing down a portion of the wall which was left standing on the side where Astle's tin shop was located found quite a fire in progress. They first saw the smoke, and when they had pulled down the wall the smouldering cinters were fanned to life by the wind.

Providence Journal. Fire Smouldered Over a Year.

An Honest Confession.

Maud—Let's take our wedding tour on this tandem.

Claude—Where'll we go?

Maude—Along the bridle paths, to be the sure.

An Honest Confession.

The true," said an otherwise sensible woman, fand I can't really account for the sure of the sure excellent material for founding to be quenched longing for an article that to be quenched longing for an article that sure.

An Honest Confession.

SomeDody has discovered that ponger to be an excellent material for founding to be quenched longing for an article that sure.

SomeDody has discovered that ponger to be an excellent material for lounding to be an excellent material for lou An Honest Con

THIBET'S DREARY DESERT.

Deposits of Earth Cover Even the l orests. Recent publications of the Russian Geographical Society contain most in-

teresting accounts of explorations dertaken under its auspices by Robor-ovsky and Kozloff in one of the most inhospitable regions of the earth's surface, the elevated Thibetan Plateau. which along the "kassian Mountains lines up to the northeast face of the giant snowclad Kuen-lun. Over this region of dismal dreariness, elevated from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above sea level, man's foot is hardly ever known to pass, and even to the natives of Kashgaria it is virtually a sealed province. The surface is largely covered with deposits of losss and earth of extremely fine particles, identical with that which forms the dominant landscape feature of a large part of China, and very similar to that which makes up the "bluffs" of the upper and middle Mississippi Valley.

In this loess originate sandstorms of terrible severity, the dust being carried in such volumes into the air as to cause complete darkness, objects being rendered invisible at a distance of more than 10 yards. Entire forests of poplars are buried in these dust deposits, decaying and rotting in the dry mass of earth which surrounds them. In the desert which lies south of the Uzutagh, and occupies a position upward of 13,000 feet high, hardly a trace of animal life was to be found in the middle of June, almost the only forms of moving creatures being scattering, broken-down crongo antelopes, which approached to within a few feet of the travelers, seemwithin a few feet of the travelers, seeming too weary to pay attention to their presence. Snow alone falls over this most inhospitable tract, and rain is seemingly unknown. In the month of June snow fell every day, evaporating immediately. On June 15, at an elevation of 17,080 feet, the thermometer marked 11 degrees Fahrenheit.

Along the depression of the Cherchendaria a striking contrast is preschendaria a striking contrast is pres-ented in the characteristic of the coun-try, the banks of the rivers being overgrown with rushes, poplars and tamarisks, and harboring immense numbers of wild camels, antelopes, wildcats, boars and various smaller animals. But traces of recent desiccation are everywhere apparent, large tracts being marshs, strewn with the remains of fresh-water mollusks—the former inhabitants of a vast lake.—Washington

A Stay in Gibraltar. Gibraltar, apart from being the world's most famous and impregnable fortress, is a very interesting place to visit. There is a constant bustle and stir about the place, and plenty of color and change about the streets and market places. Side by side with the English "Tommy Atkins" in his red jacket will stalk the solemn Moor from Barbary, who is there for the peaceful object of disposing of his chickens and market produce. Then a merry party of ladies from the "of-ficers' quarters" will come riding through the town, escorted by the latest arrived subalterns, or by some jolly midshipmen from the man-o'-war in the bay, and be blocked in the street by a troop of gayly dressed Spanish girls noisily driv-ing before them a herd of mules with paniers laden with fruit and vegetables. gayety, a funeral is made more of an Then, if you sail about the bay, there occasion than a wedding. There was a are steamers arriving to coal at every wedding the other day, a most quiet and hour of the day, some with their hun- unemotional affair. It took place in the

The Turkey Buzzard. denotes, the buzzard is not unlike a turkey, but its dusty, unkempt appearance is a great contrast to our well-groomed, dignified kings of the barnyard whose namesakes they are. The turkey buzzard has, however, one point of beauty that deserves mention—his flight. He is the embodiment of winged gracefulness. He spreads his wings and floats, seemingly motionless, a black object against the azure of the southern sky, too far away for the watcher to note his ugliness. Without motion of the wings he rises or ascends at will, a pair of dusty pinions resting on the sultry air. You watch him breathlessty until he descends, when the spell is broken, for repulsive and ungainly he stands revealed—the scavenger of the tropics. Yet this poor, ugly, ungainly bird has his uses. Without him the south would be a sorry victim to fevers and diseases bred from offal festering under the fierce tropical sun. As a scavenger he is invaluable, and the law protects him as he plies the calling for which he was created.

A writer in L'Industrie describes a simple process devised by the Chemist Yelna, namely, that in using petroleum or mineral tar only for enriching culm and other inferior and formerly worth-less combustibles, and from this material producing briquettes, the heating power of which is represented to be 30 per cent. higher than that of good coal. In this process a mixture is first prepared consisting of petroleum or bituminous shale tar, oleine and soda, in suitable proportions, by this means the culm, slack, or coal dust being cemented together. Three kinds of briquettes are produced in this way, those known as industrial briquettes for general firing purposes, gas briquettes for the manufacture of illuminating gas, and metallurgical coke. illuminating gas, and metallurgical coke. It is well known that brown coal has heretofore been the principal resort for the making of briquettes; later, however, experiments with briquettes of solidified petroleum or residuum have been made as a presumable improvement—these failing to result satisfactorily, at least in the case of boilers, which were unable to withstand the intense heat developed

Petroleum Briquettes.

An important improvement in the process of bleaching has been brought forward by A. Endler, the manager of a print work at Mulhouse, by means of which there is produced a clear white in cotton without any deterioration of the fibre, says The New York Sun. The material to be bleached is treated in a starching machine with a lye to which bisulphate of soda and alkaline chloride have been added, and the goods are then subjected to a very heavy pressure, from Bleaching Improvement, subjected to a very heavy pressure, from this stiffening machine they are trans-ferred to a steaming apparatus, in which they remain some thirty to sixty min-utes, according to the nature of the goods, and this treatment in the steamgoods, and this treatment in the steaming apparatus may be continuous in the usual manner. The other operations of the bleaching process are of the ordinary kind. The addition of the alkaline chloride to the kee promotes solution of the gummy matter and capsules in the fibre, and the composition of the alkaline lye and chloride solution may be varied according to the kind of material in hand and the bleach desired.

by such fuel.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

At twenty-one, the Loy's the man; man's oppressed with sense The earth is small, the moon's a sham, The sun's an incandescent light—At twenty-one.

At twenty-one, the sage is wrong, The elder's old and out of date, The maid of forty's worth a song, There are no great affairs of state-

Sweet time o' life is twenty-one; We know it when we're twenty-five, It passes quickly, then is done. Romance and proud ambition thrive-At twenty-one.

Ah! if some god a gift would 'stow Whom would wealth, health and love content?
While not despised, yet, you know, Fast creeping age makes one consent
To twenty-one.

At sixty-five life's not so bad; One listens to the wise old sage.
Youth's cynicism makes one sad,
When one's grandson has reached the age. Of twenty-one.

A NORWEGIAN COAST.

The Houses of the Cottagers Are Frequently Built of Wreckage.

As a rule the Norwegian coast is a kindly one. Its environment of islands and fiords makes it a calm and pleasaut holiday ground, as English cruisers well know. But just at this corner there is an open, unprotected sea, and the coast is very dangerous. The cottagers on the moorand burn, I was told, nothing but peat and wreckage. Of wreckage, too, they build their houses. It is a grim idea.

During the autumn gales three ships came ashore one awful night, and only one managed to get off again. Six hours later its place was taken in this death trap by a fourth ship, which went to pieces almost immediately. In two of these cases the rocket was used with success, but in the third the men on the fated vessel, probably stung to mad-ness by the sight of the wrecks in front of them, completely lost their heads and, unable to use the life-saving apparatus, leaped one after the other into the sea. The first to jump, strangely enough, and as strengthening of the theory of madness, was the captain. He immediately drowned, and one other man shared the same fate. I saw them buried here three days later in the graveyard that is close by the farm on which I live. When the next "real" Sunday came the priest officially completed the simple service that had been held over the remains by the schoolmaster of the

ducts several services. He wears the odd dress of his order; the long black gown, the big outstanding, stiffly-plaited lawn ruffle and wristbands to match. His is, therefore, a picturesque present-ment, which he unfortunately very much mars by putting on, when out of doors, an ordinary modern commonplace "British merchant hat," a half high, half low felt "pot." Perhaps because the low felt "pot." Perhaps because the people here are by the nature of things more disposed toward solemnity than hour of the day, some with their hundreds of happy passengers, homeward bound from India, and anxious for a run ashore before the four-days' trip through the Bay of Biscay home to Phymouth, and others, little cargo boats bound to some Old World port in the Mediterranean to deliver a prosaic cargo of coal. There are pleasant little trips either by sea or land. A few hours' sail and you are in Morocco or Tangier; or you can visit the Spanish fortress of Centa on the African side of the straits. Altogether Gibraltar is a place to stay a week in, and people who just view the rock from the deck of their steamer and go on to Genoa or Naples, miss a great deal of interesting pleasure.

The Turkey Buzzard.

Wedding the other day, a most day, a long wind the bridal party walked quickly to the church, the bride and groom first. The church, the bride and groom first, the bride quickly to the church, the bride and groom first, the bride and groom first, the bride and groom first, the bride quickly to the church, the bride and groom first, the bride quickly to the church, the bride and groom first, the bride quickly to the church, the bride and groom first, the bride quickly to the church, the bride quickl

The Turkey Buzzard.

The turkey buzzard is most repulsee sions of carrioles, stolkjaerres and foot in appearance, its featherless neck having a plucked effect which no doubt gave rise to the legend here told. As its name zette.

Horses and cows eat grass, and so do sheep and many other animals, but it is not generally presumed that people do. However, William Gardner, a Mississippi colored man, has been living on grass and hogs' fat for several days, so he tells a Cleveland Plain Dealer report-

Friday afternoon Gardner was seen picking handfuls of grass and jamming it into his mouth, after which he calmly chewed it in a very contented and self-satisfied manner. Several persons saw him, and he ran down the street as fast as the dilapidated condition his shoes would permit. A crowd of 200 persons were soon following him, and he finally ran into the arms of Policeman Britton. He said that he had no place to go and was locked up on the charge of vagrancy. He told the officers he had lived on

grass for several days and was begin-ning to like the diet as it was cheap and agreed with him. The only objection he had to it was that no one would pick it for him or place it in his mouth. He said that he had been chased out of several cities and came to Cleveland, as he thought it a good place. In the police court he said he wanted

to go home, as he had "all kinds" of friends in the South. Judge Fiedler gave him 24 hours to leave the city, and if the speed with which William left the station is any criterion he is even now very near home. Boarding Trains While in Motion.

One of the inventions to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900 is a new system devised by a French civil engineer, by which passengers may be taken off or on trains without the necessity. sity of stopping. The feat is supposed to be accomplished by means of a moving station platform. The idea was got from the moving sidewalk at the World's Fair. The moving platform is a circular disk, the outer circumference of which is to travel at the same rate of speed as the passing train. When entering the platform from a staircase in the center there will be no danger, since the speed at this point is comparatively low, nor will it be felt much when going toward the edge of the turning platform, for the increase of speed is gradual and anticipated. The attendant of the station, placed in a tower at the center, overlooks the entire platform, and should there be a heavy crowd, and the time of passing not permit of the safe handling of the passengers, he throws the switches on the point where the train leaves the platform ordinarily, so that the train will run around the station, and allow ample time to discharge and take on all the passengers.

The point in training children is to get them off to a neighbor's house first in the evening, in order to keep that neighbor's children at home. —Atchison Globe.

She comes, the first, the fairest thing.
That heaven on the earth deth fling.
Bre winter's star is set.
She dwells behind her leafy screen.
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
so, love, the violet.

What modest thoughts the violet teaches.
What gracious boons the violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget,
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou with thy wiser heart,
"Long live the violet."

A Summer Specific. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoes, dysentery, cramps, colto, summer complaint, canker of the month and all bowel complaints of children or adults. It is a soothing, effectual and nover failing medicina, which gives immediate rellef and speedily effects a

CASTORIA

curer-6-3.

For Infants and Children.

Law Governing Newspapers

The following are points in the law governing newspapers that are frequently enquired about and that are worth remembering:-

1-Subscribers who do not give express orders to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2-If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued. 3-If subscribers peglect to take the

periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued. 4-If subscribers move to other places

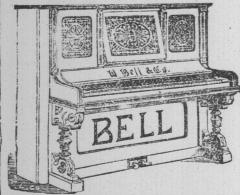
without informing the publisher and the papers are sent to the former address: they are held responsible. 5-The courts have decided that refus-

ing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is evidence of intention to defraud. 6-If subscribers pay in advance they are beand to give notice at the end of

their time if they do not wish to conlinue taking it, otherwise the publisher is obliged to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until a notice with payment of all arrearages is due to the

Every third Sunday only is a real one. The priest then comes down from a town some sixteen miles away and con-

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EVEN IF YOUR MEMORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROU-BLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE. SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

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