A Sermon of Interest to All, Showing That Geology Confirms the Truth of the Word of God.

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Washington, Dec. 19.—The throngs coming to Dr. Talmage's preaching services at the First Presbyterian church are all the time increasing and far beyond the capacity of his church to hold. this sermon he discusses a subject interesting to all-viz, "The Geology of the Bible; or, God Among the Rocks." The text is II. Samuel vi. 6, 7: "And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error, and there he died

by the ark of God.

A band of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck. harps thrummed and cymbals clapped, all led on by David, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the ark. The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon imperiled it. Some critics say that the oxen kicked, being struck with the driver's goad, but my knowledge of oxen leads me to say that if on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall, they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright. But he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no one save the priest under any circumstances should touch that box. Nervous and excited and irreverent Uzzah disobeyed when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence. In all ages, and never more so than in our day, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the sacred ark of our time, will be upset, and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially geology, would over-

While we are not forbidden to touch the holy book and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled and there shall be no more need of a Bible because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds. A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geologieal account are different—one story written on parchment and the other on the rocks and yet in perfect and eternal aceord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into paroxysms of criticism many exegetes. means sometimes what we call a day, and sometimes it means ages. It may mean 24 hours or 100,000,000 years. The order of creation as written in the book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' crowbar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong oxen of scientific discovery would upset the Bible that I went somewhat apprehensively into the matter, when I found that the Bible and geology agree in saying that first were built the rocks, then the plants greened created from mianow to whale, then the wings and throats of aerial choirs were colored and tuned, and the quadrupeds began to bleat and bellow and neigh. What is all this fuse that has been filling the church and the world concerning a aght between Moses and Agassiz? There is no fight at all. But is not the geological impression that the world was mil-Mons of years building antagonistic to the sheory of one week's creation in Genesis? No. A great house is to be built. A man takes years to draw to the spot the foundation stone and the heavy timbers. The house is about done, but it is not finished for comfortable residence. Suddenly the owner calls in upholsterers, plumbers, gas fitters, paper hangers, and in one week it is ready for occupancy.

Now, it requires no stretch of imaginason to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing of the rocks and the timbers of this world together, yet only one week more to make it inhabitable and to furnish it for human residence. Remember also that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used—common parlance—and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round when it is not round. It is spheroidalflattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Professor Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Professor Varin, with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round. But we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round. Let us deal as fairly with Moses or Job as we do with each other.

But for years good people feared geology, and without any imploration on their part apprehended that the rocks and mountains would fall on them, until Hugh Miller, the elder of St. John's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh and parishioner of Dr. Guthrie, came forth and told the world that there was no contradiction between the mountains and the church, and O. M. Mitchell, a brilliant lecturer before he became brigadiergeneral, dying at Beaufort, S. C., during our civil war, took the platform and spread his map of the strata of rock in the presence of great audiences, and Professor Alexander Winchell of Michigan university and Professor Taylor Lewis of Union college showed that the "without form and void" of the first chapter of Genesis was the very chaos out of which the world was formulated, the hands of God packing together the land and tossing up the mountains into great heights and flinging down the seas into their great depths. Before God gets through with this world there will hardly be a book of the Bible that will not find confirmation either in archaeology or geology. Exhumed Babylon, Ninevah, Jerusalem, Tyre and Egyptian hieroglyphics are crying out in the ears of the world: "The Bible is right! All right! Everlastingly right!" Geology is saying the sme thing, not only confirming the truth about the original creation, but confirming so many passages of the Scriptures that I can only slightly refer to them.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says geology, "for how do you account for those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise about the mountains, how did those seashells and geology puts up in its museums remains

get there? Did you put them there?" But, now, you do not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone overwhelming Sodom and Gomorrah, and enwrapping Lot's wife in such saline incrustations that she halted, a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes to that region, and after trying in vain to take a

seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals

swim in the lake, so thick with salt he cannot swim it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried, one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you cannot get rid of the nauseating drop—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, while all round there are jets and crags and peaks of salt, and if one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife, they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy But, now, you do not really believe

that New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucifled, do you? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and aslant, showing the work of an especial earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding reigon. Go and look for yourself, and see there a dip and cleavage of rocks as nowhere else on the planet, geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassin-

ation of the Son of God. But you do not really believe that story of the burning of our world at the last day? Geology digs down and finds that the world is already on fire and that the center of this globe is incandescent, molten, volcanic, a burning coal, burn ing out toward the surface, and the internal fires have so far reached the outside rim that I do not see how the world is to keep from complete conflagration until the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled. The lava poured forth from the mouths of Vesuvius, Mount Etna and Cotopaxi and Kilauea is only the regurgitation from an awful inflammation thousands of miles deep. There are mines in Pennsylvania and in several parts of the world that have been on fire for many years. These coal mines burning down and the internal fires of the earth burning up, after awhile these two fires, the scending and the ascending, will meet, and then will occur the universal conflagration of which the Bible speaks when it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned

Instead of disbelieving the Bible story about the final conflagration, since I have looked a little into geology, finding that its explorations are all in the line of conits explorations are all in the line of confirmation of that prophery, I wonder how this old craft of a world can keep sailing on much lenger. It is like a ship on fire at sea, the fact that the hatcher are kept down the only reason that it does not become one complete blaze—mass on fire, rathins on fire, everything from cutwater to taffrail on fire. After geology has told us how near the internal fires have already burned their way toward the surface, it ought not to be a surprise to us at any time to hear the ringing of the at any time to hear the ringing of the fire bells of a universal conflagration. Oh, I am so glad that geology has been born! Astronomy is grand because it tells us about other worlds. But I must say that I am more interested in our world than in any other world, and goology tell as all about what it was, its gradle and what will be its grave. And this glorious what will be its grave. And this glorious geology is proving itself more and more the friend of theology. Thank God for the testimony of the rocks, the Ten Commissionments announced among the split rocks of Sinai, the greatest sermon of Christ preached on the basaltic rocks of the mount of beatitudes, the Saviour dying on the rocks of Golgotha and buried ami the limestone rocks of Joseph's sepulche the last day to be ushered in with a rend ing of rocks and our blessed Lord sug-gestively entitled the "Rock of Ages." I this day proclaim the banns of a mar-riage between geology and theology, the rugged bridegroom and the fairest of brides. Let them join their hands, and "whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

If anything in the history or con-dition of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in geology, you must remember that geo all the time correcting itself and more and more coming to harmonization with the great book. In the last century the French Scientific association printed a list of 30 theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced 50 theories of geology that had been believed in and afterward thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all, and if geology has cast out between 100 and 200 theories which it once con-sidered established we can afford to wait until the last theory of geology antagon-izing divine revelation shall have been

Now, in this discourse upon the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I charge all agitated and affrighted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see! For several hundred years the oxen have been jerking the ark this way and that and pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heats of retribution from a God "who will by no means clear the guilty." have you not noticed that the book has never been upset? The only changes made in it were by its learned friends in the revision of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis has been thundered against by the mightiest batteries, yet you cannot to-day find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the 50 chapters of the first copy of the book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words "In the eginning God" and closing with Joseph's offin. Fierce attack on the book of Exodus has been made because they said it was cruel to drown Pharaoh and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have thrown Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is to-day a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And, as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all German law, all English law, all Ameri-

can law, worth anything are squarely founded on them. So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the book of Joshua. It was said that the story of the detained sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy, but that book of Joshua may be found to-day in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The book of Joshua has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages, but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while

of sea monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant phophet. There stand the 1,089 chapters of the Bible notwithstandinug all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shrivel up in the final fires. which geoloigsts say are already kindled and glow hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as it puts out from New York Narrows for Hamburg or South-

I should not wonder if from the crypt of ancient cities the inspired manuscripts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in their own chirography, would be taken, and the epistles which Paul dictated to his amanuensis as well as the one in the apostle's own handwriting. At the same ratio of archaoelogical and geological confirmation of the Scriptures the time will come when the truth of the Bible will no more be doubted than the common almanac, which tells you the days and the months of the year, and the unbelievers will be accounted harmless lunatics. Forward the telescope and the spectroscope and the chemical batteries and critically examine the ostracoids of the ocean depths and the bones of the great mammals on the gravelly hilltops! And the mightier, and the grander, and the deeper, and the higher the explorations the better for our cause. As sure as the thunderbolts of the Almighty are stronger than the steel pens of the agnostics, the ark of God will ride on unhurt and Uzzah need not fear any disasters upsetting. The apocalyptic angel flying through the mist of heaven, proclaiming to all nations and kindred and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ are mightier than the shying o'ff of a yoke of oxen.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby pamby, nerveless, dilettantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the rocks. Religion a balm? Oh, yes. Religion a soothing power? Oh, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? Oh, yes. But we must have a God of the rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is he, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? Oh, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered, we must have a God of the rocks. The "Lion of Judah's tribe," as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the rock as defense, as armament, as refuge, as overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and they reminded him of the Almighty, and he ejaculates, "The Lord liveth; blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out, "The Lord is my rock."

"He shall set me up upon a rock."
Would the Bible present a sublime picture of motherly desperation in defense of her children, it shows us Rispah on the rock for three months with disheveled hair and wild screems fighting back vultures and jackals from the corpses of her sons. Would the Bible set forth the hardness of the heart and the power of gospel to overcome it, it tells us of the "hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." "Upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Would he close his sermon on the mount with a peroration that would resound through centuries, standing on a rock so high that it overlooks Lake Gallies to the right and on a clear day overlooks the Mediterranean to the left. I hear him stamp his foot on the rock beneath him as he cries to the surging multitudes at the base of that rock, Whosever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them I will liken him anto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, or it was founded upon a rock." Ah, my riends, we want a swarthy, a stalwart, a brawny religion. We have a great many people who can sit and gently rock the oradie of their infantile hopes, and can faintly smile when good is accomplished, and walk softly through a sickroom, and live inoffensive fives, and manage to tread on no one's prejudices, and their religion is at the best when the wind is from the northwest and the thermometer at 70 degrees F., and they have their spheres, and may God prosper them. But we want in this great battle for God against the allied forces of perdition -men of nerve and faith and prowess, thers, and the Dutch at Leyden keeping back the enemy until the tides of the sea came in. Lord, God of the rocks, help us in this awful struggle, in which heaven or hell is bound to best!

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with honey out of the rock. How the rock of Horeb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stout strokes with which he struck it! And there stands the rock with name-I guess the longest word in the Bible-sela-hammahlekoth, and it was worthy of a resounding, sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozez and Seneh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent flying in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Adullam and

But while I go on with my study of the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I get a more intelligent and helpful idea of divine deliberation. These rocks, the growth of thousands of years, and, geology says, of millions of years, ought to show the prolongation of God's lans and cure our impatience because things are not done in short order. Men without seeing it become critical of the Almighty and think, Why does he not do this and do that and do it right away? We feel sometimes as if we could not wait. Well, I guess we will have to wait. God is never in a hurry except about two things. His plans, sweeping through eternity, are beyond our comprehension.

They have such wide circle, such vastness of revolution, such infinitude that we cannot compass them. Indeed he would not be much of a God whom we could thoroughly understand. That would not be much of a father who had no thoughts or plans larger than his babe of one year could compass. If God takes millions of years to make one rock, do not let us become critical if he takes 20 years or a century or several centuries to do that which we would like to have done imme diately. Do not repeat the folly of those who conclude there is no God or that he is not in sympathy with the right and the good because he does not do certain things in the time we set apart for their performance. Do not let us hold up our little watch, with its tiny hour hand and minute hand, and by it try to correct the clock of the universe, its pendulum tak-

ing 500 years to swing this way and 500 years to swing that way. Do not let us set up our little spinning wheel beside the loom in which God weaves sunrises and sunsets and auroras. We have the best of authority for saying that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." not expect that Uzzah's oxen, even if they do not shy off, but go straight ahead, can keep up with the fire shod

But that was not a slip of the tongue when I said that God is never in a hurry except in two things. Those two things are when he goes to save a repentant sinner and comfort a praying mourner. The one divine hurry was set forth in the parable of the prod gal son when it says, 'the father ran.' He was old, and I suppose had as much as he could do to walk, but the sight of his bad boy coming home limbered the stiff knees and lengthened the shortened pace of the old man in an athletic stride. "The father ran!" Put it into jour oratorios. Sound it with full orchestra. Repeat it through all heavens, "The father ran!" O soul farthest off, come back, and God, your Father, will come cut to meet you at full

run! The other time when God is in a hurry is when a toubled soul calls for comfort. Then the Bible represents the divine gait and swing and velocity by the reindeer, saying, "Be thou like a roe or a young hart in the mountains of Bether." That parenthesis I put in thinking that there may be some repentant sinner who wants b find pardon or some mourning soul who needs comfort, and therefore I mention the two things about which God is in a great hurry.

But concerning all the vast things of God's government of the universe be patient with the carring out of plans beyond our measurement. Naturalists tell us that there are insects that are born and die with in an lour and that there are several generations of them in one day, and if one of those July insects of an hour should say: "How slow everything goes! I was told in the chrysalis state by wondrous instinct that I would find in this world seasons of the year-spring, summer, autumn and winter. But where are the autumnal firests upholstered in fire, and where are the glorious springtimes, with orchards waving their censers of perfume before the altars of the morning? I do not beleve there are any autumns or springtimes." If, then, a golden eagle, many years dd, in a cage nearby, heard the hum of that complaining insect, it might well answer, "O summer insect of an hour, bough your life is so short you cannot so the magnificent turn of the seasons, I can testify as to their reality, for I have sen them roll. When I was young, and pefore I was imprisoned in this cage, i brushed their gorgeous leafage and tiefr fragrant blossoms geous leafage and tieir fragrant blossoms with my own wing. You live an hour. I have lived 30 years. But in one of my flights high up, the gate of heaven open for a soul to go in r a straph to come out, I heard the chors chanting, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God!' And it was an antiphinal in whichall heaven responded, 'Fron everlasting to everlasting thou art God' O man! O woman! So far as your earthy existence is concerned, only the inset of an hour, be not impatient with the workings of the impatient with the workings of the

Omnipotent and the Eternal! And now, for your solace and your safety, I ask you to ome under the shelter, and into the cop clefts, and the almighty defense of a rock that is higher than you, higher han any Gibraltar, higher than the Himlayas—the Rock of Ages—that will shelter you from the storm; that will shelter you from your enemies; that will stand when the earthmakes of the last day est their pry under the mountains and hurl them into seas boiling with fires which are already burning their way out from redhot cen tees toward the surfaces which are already here and there sputing with fire under the look and touch of him of whom it is said in the sublimes sentence ever written: "He looketh upon the moun-

Hie you one and all to the Book of ages. And now as before his sermon on the rocks I gave out the significant and appropriate hymn "How firm a founda-tion ye saints of the Lord," I will give out after this sermon on the rocks the significant and appropriate hymn:-

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee! An Irish Witams.

An Irish witness was teng examined as to his knowledge of a mooting affair.
"Did you see the shot fired" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "The evidence is not entisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!" The witness stepped down to leave the box, and directly his back was turnel be laughed derisively. The magistrate indignant at the contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dard to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your Hon-or!" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactor," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye, and this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

One of the sweetest conceptions of heaven to my mind is that of rest. There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." Labor, anxiety and care are the fruits of sin; but when the effects of sin shall have been entirely removed, then will come the sweet and endless rest of heaven.—Rev. John Scott,

Telller-Poor Puffington has brain Askins-Is that so? What brought it

Teller-Why, he took lessons from professional until he became quite an expert mind-reader, and then when he discovered what people really thought of him the shock was more than he could

The Fatal Spot.

"And where was the man stabbed?" sked the excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medial line and about an inch above the umbilious," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, I understand now. But I thought it was near the town hall."-London Fun.

The Bank of England employs about 11,000 men and has a salary list, insluding pensions, of about \$1,500,000 Russian koumiss is made of mare's

milk and kept in smoked out leather

A CRUEL OPERATION.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH TORTOISE SHELL IS PROCURED.

Fires Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House In Which He Lives - A Business That Struck an Observer as Heartless

There are many articles of daily and hourly use constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell. from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce crusades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down

in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. This is the cay on which a couple of years back the historic old ship Kearsarge was wrecked and battered to pieces. El Roncador is nothing more or less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow, and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish dedales, or thimble fish, which is perhaps the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

the hawk bill. There are other varie- disappeared. I know this medicine is an ties which come to El Roncador to (excellent blood parifier." Mrs. WM. KIRBY AT Akron, Ede Co., New York -26 8. spawn, but they are not molested. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female do this they dig holes in the sand about 250,-24 5. two feet deep and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious out of the water on the beach they rush paid at an early date. forth and turn them over on their backs with iron hooks, leaving them secure in

this position until morning. The tortoise shell of commerce is not, Price 25c. Any druggist -24 5 as is generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are 13 in number, 8 of them being flat and the other 5 somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as 13 inches long and 7 inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and tark brown clouds, which give the effacts so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laming, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the ground by means of pegs. Then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread evenly over the back of the turtle and set afire. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very similar in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminæ, which are gently pried from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a

sufficient amount of warmth. The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of 13 segments it is restored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is about all a man of northern breeding wants of it, and if the helpless reptiles had the rever of voicing their sufferhad the power of voicing their sufferings under it their cries would tell of as heartless a business as man has yet engaged in.-New York Post.

Impossible In His Case. Hungry Higgins-I see the paper says we oughtn't to never begin a journey before breakfast.

Weary Watkins-Does it have any advice for us blokes that has to make a journey to find the breakfast?-Indianapolis Journal. The most scientific forester in Europe

says that the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the state, and is paid a pension for support and is placed in a private family, where board and The next transit of Venus occurs in in a private family, where board and iclothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday.

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Attention!

We are sending out accounts to those who when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much are in arrears, who have not yet received a large in arrears, who have not yet received a as possible the increase of this valuable notice, can ascertain the amount of their sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal indebtedness by looking at the label on their themselves along the shore as well as paper, and remit without waiting to be notified.

One word is sufficient. All arrears must be

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