A WONDERFUL HORSE.

The Berlin Scientists Are Now Greatly Interested.

A despatch from Berlin says: The remarkable horse named Hans is attracting increased attention in scientific circles. As has been previously reported, he is able to perform simple sums in arithmetic, giving the answers by stamping one of his feet on the ground. He can count up to a hundred, has an eye for colors, an ear for music, and can spell words of one syllable.

Prof. Moebins, director of the Zoological Museum here, who is one of Germany's highest zoological authorities, devotes a column to the horse on Wednesday in The National Zeitung. He says that he asked the horse how many sevenths added to five-sevenths would make a whole number. The horse stamped his foot twice. Prof. Moebins judges that Hans possesses the capacity to distinguish clearly impressions received by the eyes and ears and to keep them permanently in his memory and to express them exactly. It is stated that Hans will be produced before Emperor William, who is taking the greatest interest in the animal. This will be after Hans is examined by the Minister of Education and prominent experts.

Prof. Moebins lay special stress upon the fact that the achievements of the horse are undeniably real mental work, and not the result of mere training.

TO MOUNT BIG TELESCOPES.

New Dominion Observatory Is Nearing Completion.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Such good progress is being made with the Dominion Observatory building at the Central Experimental Farm that in all probability the big 15-inch telescope may be mounted by October. The steel frame work of the revolving dome is set up. It will be sheeted with wood and covered with copper. The interior fittings are now being put in, and the floors being tiled, and when this work has been completed the electric and other astronomical apparatus will be installed without delay. When finished it will be one of the most complete observatories on the continent. As for the building itself, it presents a massive yet artistic appearance. A prominent feature of the external decoration will be the Royal arms surmounting the main entrance. It is cut in full relief in red sandstone, the entire device occupying a facade eleven feet square. Both in its proportions and its execution the work is probably unsurpassed by any of the kind in Canada.

IMMENSE FOREST FIRE.

Has Ravaged Area of 190 Square Miles in Germany.

A despatch from Berlin says: A spark from a locomotive falling on dry leaves set a forest on fire in Western Silesia, and the flames spread to the parched country, destroying a timber district of nearly 190 square miles, belonging chiefly to Duke Ernst Gunther, of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the Empress and to Count von Dohna-Kotzenau. The Village of Neuverwerk, on the Duke's estate, was burned in ten minutes. The forest was well stocked with deer, which mostly perished. Large detachments of troops called out from the neighboring garrisons succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading any further.

Disastrous conflagrations are occurring in Hungary in consequence of the prolonged drought. Hundreds of houses in the aggregate have been destroyed by fire in various villages during the last week, in which from 15 to 20 persons have been burned to death.

CRUSHED BY TONS OF ICE.

Winnipeg Driver Meets Ghastly Death.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: William Farquharson, aged 26, was killed on Wednesday by the breaking of the front axle of the ice wagon he was driving. Three tons of ice and the box of the wagon practically crushed his life out of him, as he died within half an hour of the accident. A funeral cortege was coming along behind the wagon on the Assiniboine Main Street bridge where the smash occurred, and the clergyman and undertaker were called away from the procession to assist the sufferer. He came from Aberdeen, Scotland, last spring.

MUSTN'T SLAP THEIR WIVES.

Chicago Justices Frame an Expensive List.

A despatch from Chicago says: Chicago gentlemen who enjoy the luxury of slapping their wives, or think they may sometime adopt that pastime, should first consult the slapping price list as established in Harris street court. Following is the price list of slaps as determined upon by Justice Caverly and Prindiville:—Slap with left hand, $1; right-hand slap, $2; slap while sitting down, $4; slap while standing up, $5; slap while standing flat-footed, $8.

FIGHTING MAC'S MONUMENT.

Splendid Site Selected on Green Hill, Rosshire.

A despatch from London says: The Hector Macdonald Memorial Committee at a meeting held at Glasgow selected a site on the brow of Green Hill, Dingwell, Rosshire, for the proposed memorial. The situation is a very prominent one, overlooking the Highland Railway and commanding a splendid view of Cromarty Firth and Black Isle, the birthplace of the late Gen. Sir Hector Macdonald.

A MYSTERIOUS MONSTER

Africa Was Never More Dark Than is the Dark Ocean.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached the following text:—Revelations xxi., 1, "And there was no more sea."

Who was the writer? Where were his feet planted when he saw the spectacles which he describes in his divinely inspired apocalypse? These two conditions must be clearly understood before one can in any true way grasp the meaning of the words of my text. Indeed, to properly appreciate the words or the actions of any man we must first put ourselves in that man's place.

To-day, in order to rightly interpret the words of my text, we must first put ourselves in St. John's place. In the first instance, we notice he is an old man. His life's work was nearly done. A man at eighty looks at conditions in heaven and on earth differently from the way a young man at twenty looks at them. The struggles of life were to St. John very real and intense. For years he had been a resident of Ephesus, in Asia Minor. He had been a mighty factor in the spreading of the gospel through all those regions. He had suffered for Christ; he had almost been martyred. The second fact we must notice, is that St. John is an exile. Under the Domitian persecution, he was sent to this lonely, rockbound island of the Mediterranean. Therefore the sea meant more to him than it might mean to some of us. It meant, as I shall try to show, first, the "Sea of Mystery;" secondly, the "Sea of Hate;" thirdly, the "Sea of Separation;" and fourthly, the "Sea of Spiritual Struggle." By putting ourselves in St. John's place as exiles upon the island of Patmos, I believe we can symbolize all these facts.

GOD IS A MYSTERY.

What the mysterious sea was to the lonely exile looking off upon the Mediterranean God always has been and always will be to us on earth. He is a mystery. We know that he created the world, but how? We cannot tell. We know that in the beginning Christ was, and yet he was born a helpless babe. How? We cannot tell. We know that John, as the beloved disciple, walked and lived with Christ. Yet concerning many facts about the personality of Jesus, John was as much in the dark as was Nicodemus when he said, "How can these things be?" Paul compares our knowledge of God to a little child's knowledge of a human parent. We know that our babies cannot fully understand us. Therefore Paul says, "Now we look through a glass darkly. Now I know only in part." Do you wonder that when John began to use the mysterious ocean as the symbol of a mysterious God he cried out in the words of my text in reference to heaven, "And there was no more sea?" All the mysteries of earth shall receive heavenly solution when the seas shall vanish away.

The sea of mystery is to be scattered. Yes, but the great "sea of hate" is also to disappear on the millennial dawn. That sea of blood shall forever disappear, the drinking of which turns a human heart into that of a wild beast's when he is willing to trample upon and destroy his weaker fellows. That sea of blood shall be licked up which makes man fawn at the feet of man only because, like a tiger's cub, his claws are not yet sharp enough and his jaw not yet strong enough to tear limb from limb the being he now salutes as master and king.

But perhaps we had better describe how the words of my text may mean the "sea of hate" before we make our application to this truth. God made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth. He never intended Jews to be antagonistic to gentiles or human governments to be arrayed against human governments. He never intended the dividing walls of color to separate the white races from the black, or the yellow skins of the Asiatics to be at war with the combined forces of the civilized world. But the oceans, perhaps, more than any other means, have been the cause which has produced these much to be deprecated results. Great seas have flowed in between the continents. For thousands of years the inhabitants were unable to cross them. The ocean beds are so broad and long that though the Australian continent, with an area of 2,944,628 square miles, was discovered by the Dutch explorers in 1606, it was practically lost for nearly two centuries as a pebble might be lost in the bottom of a lake. It had to be rediscovered by Captain Cook in 1771. Thus widely separated peoples grew up with separate interests. They spoke different languages. Their countenances were bleached by the snows of the frigid zone or darkly tanned by the tropical heats. Because they had no previous intercourse they associated themselves in clans or banded themselves together in nations. When they confronted each other, they came not as friends, but as armed foes.

THE SEA OF HATE.

Do you suppose Rome would have ever placed her iron heel of tyranny upon the neck of the prostrate Hebrew had Jerusalem not been separated from the capital of the Caesars by the same waves which separated Rome from Carthage? Of course certain nations have been and are separated from other nations by the barriers of mighty mountain ranges. The Pyrenees separate France from Spain and the mighty Alps form the northern boundary of Italy and the western boundary of Austria and the southern boundary of Germany, and shut up Switzerland as with a Chinese wall. But, after all, the greatest separators of nations always have been the mighty seas. Thus, when St. John looked off upon the waters of the Mediterranean and said, "And there was no more sea," he meant practically this: In heaven there shall be no hate, no bitterness, no fault findings, no bloodshed, no Jew hating Roman, no Roman hating Greek, no Japan fighting Russia and no Spain sucking the lifeblood of a prostrate Cuba. Then love and kindness and sympathy and mutual self sacrifice will blind the human family together, because the "sea of hate" shall forever disappear.

But as the "sea of separation" is sometimes the "sea of hate," so it may be also the impassable barrier which separates friend from friend. Napoleon, fretting life away in St. Helena, or Captain Dreyfus, suffering on Devil's island, or Victor Hugo, in on the island of Guernsey, were no more separated from their friends than was St. John, on Patmos, separated from his friends. Legend tells us that he was sent to work in the Patmos mines as the Russian exiles are put to work in the Siberian mines. But when the day's work was done St. John was allowed to freely roam over the Patmos rocks. No prison walls were more secure than this prison of the apostolic exile. And now, methinks, I can see him, his white hair being tossed by the winds. He strains his eyes as he looks over the Mediterranean waters to Asia Minor, where he knows his Christian colaborers are working among the churches of Asia. "Ah," says the old patriarch, "in heaven I shall never be separated from those I love. I shall never be compelled to have the silver cords of affection snapped at the grave. These waves of separation shall forever and ever be licked up. There shall be no more sea."

Is not this reunion vision of the isle of Patmos to you a transcendent thought? Is it not an uplifting hope that those who were once snatched away from us by death shall be given back in all the beauty and love of the redemption? Not long ago the great battleship of the United States navy named after the state of Missouri was threatened with annihilation. By a certain mishap the powder charges on the decks were ignited and exploded. In an instant a spark might fly into the magazine room, and then the whole ship would be destroyed and six hundred men might be hurled into eternity. At once a gunner's mate who stood near jumped through the open door of the magazine room and slammed shut the iron door. The magazine room was flooded and the ship was saved; not, however, before the brave gunner's mate was nearly drowned in that magazine room as a rat might be drowned in his hole. As with that gunner's mate, sometimes it is our duty to face dangers. Sometimes we must, as it were, turn our backs upon our friends and slam shut an iron door, called the door of the tomb, which separates us from our dear ones. Sometimes we must be separated from those we love, even as St. John on the island of Patmos was separated from his friends in Asia Minor. But in heaven God will give us back our loved ones. Yes, there will be no separations, no partings there. For in heaven, according to the inspired Apocalypse, "there is no more sea."

INWARD SPIRITUAL STRIFE.

But the Mediterranean waves beating against the Patmos rocks were not only symbolic of external troubles, but also of an inward spiritual strife. When St. John gave his heart to Christ, in one sense he was emancipated from sin. But Satan never for an instant, this side of the grave, leaves off his struggle to capture a gospel stronghold. The Bible declares a Christian shall not be tempted by a sin greater than he can bear. But Christians always have to be going to Christ for more spiritual strength in order to repel the Satanic onslaughts which are daily being made against the strongholds of their hearts.

Can we not find the symbol of a spiritual struggle in the never ending restlessness of the sea? "Oh," said a lady some time ago to me, "I am so tired of hearing those waves beat up against the rocks." Yes, those waves have been beating up against those rocks for thousands of years. When sailing upon the ocean, some days its surface seems as calm as Loon lake asleep, as a smiling child in the broad lap of the Adironback mountains. But that is only a slumber. Within a few hours she may awake with a scowling face, with the fire of the lightnings in her eye and with the shriekings of the tornadoes in her voice. In our lives the spiritual struggles keep on to the end. We have the "good angel" whispering in one ear to be good; we have the "bad angel" whispering in the other ear to be bad. St. John, even up to the end of his life, had to fight by the power of the Holy Spirit against the restless sea of temptations. So have we.

Thus my text means more than a mere figure of speech. It has more than a mere literal interpretation that heaven is to be a place without atmospheric moisture. It means that the "mountains of Calvary" shall be large enough to hold all peoples who give their hearts to Jesus Christ. It means that this "mountain of Calvary" shall not only be a wide mountain, but a high mountain. It shall lift us up and up until it lifts us to the very gates of heaven itself. Oh, my brother and sister, will you stand upon this mountain, this blood red Calvary mountain? Will you not to-day let the island of Patmos be to you a stepping stone to a heavenly throne? There you will never again hear the surging waves of temptation beating against the rocks of sin and threatening to sweep you out into the unfathomable depths. May the sunrise of a gospel hope shed to-day its yellow beams over life's troubled waters and have for you a golden boulevard which shall lead up to the streets of a new Jerusalem, where there shall be "no more sea."

JAPAN'S SILENT SOLDIERS.

Observations of a Woman Whose House They Were Billeted.

My friend, Baroness S——, dined with me to-night. In commenting on the day's doings, she said that fifteen soldiers and three officers were quartered at her house on Tuesday, and eighteen soldiers and four officers on Thursday, says a letter from Tokio.

Without regard to rank or circumstances the Government decrees that on a given date certain houses shall receive troops coming from the country in excess of the number the barracks can accommodate. This week it was the Baroness' turn thus to supply lodgings.

A furious storm swept over Tokio on Thursday, and knowing that the soldiers had a long march from Chiba, across the bay, the Baroness gave them up when they did not arrive at sunset. It was long after midnight when the weary detachment reached her house. They came silently. Only the crunching of gravel under foot of man or beast was audible.

The four officers dismounted noiselessly and prostrated themselves before the hostess, thanking her in true Japanese fashion for so graciously receiving the humble party.

The library and smoking room had been turned over to them, futons were spread on the floor of the cool veranda, while the men were quartered equally well on the servants' side of the house, and the horses champed at their bits when led to the private stables—a luxury unknown for many a day to the poor beasts.

The cooks and servants had supper ready for all, it being the custom to feed these visiting soldiers from the private larder rather than on the Government ration. They expressed immense satisfaction over the generous supply of beer and cigarettes and were very much awed by their surroundings.

Bath tickets were then furnished, and after gaining permission from their officers to leave the premises, they sought the nearest bathhouse in true Japanese fashion and after their bath quietly crept back for a few hours' sleep.

All the next day they went about as silently as the deaf and dumb, and in stocking feet, lest their coarse shoes should mar the floors—never trespassing in the smallest way, but gazing wonderingly on city sights—they were country boys—and especially on the lovely flowers in Baroness S——'s famous garden.

No matter how interested they were, they religiously avoided looking in the direction where the family might be assembled, and but for the evidence of sight, the Baroness would not have known of their presence.

They had never seen a foreign house, and when she took them through it they whispered solemnly together, paused long before the pictures and ornaments in the drawing room, walked almost apologetically on the soft rugs, and when their eyes beheld a fine picture of their Emperor, with one accord they prostrated themselves before him.

Night fell again. In the gray morning light my friend saw these soldiers go forth as silently as they came.

CRUSADE AGAINST HATS.

Some Citizens of Leeds, England, Are Not Wearing Any.

If these physical culturists of Leeds have their way the hat will soon disappear altogether. The man who thinks more of personal comforts than of the dictates of fashion has long since discarded the tall hat. Now the members of the Leeds Physical Culture Society have entered upon a campaign against all kinds of head coverings other than those provided by nature, from the top-hat to the Panama, and from the bowler to the cap.

At a meeting of the committee held the other night Mr. Harry Kremnitz, an engineer by profession, levelled a strong indictment against hats of all kinds, charging them with being the cause of all baldness, grey hairs and other evils. Nothing could be imagined, he said, which was more unsightly or more uncomfortable than the top hat. He challenged anyone to bring forward a single advantage it possessed. Children's hair, he added, would grow curly and strong if their heads were left uncovered, and there was no doubt that if fresh air were admitted to the head it would prevent grey hairs and baldness.

It was decided to bring the matter before the general body of members. Meanwhile efforts are being made to enroll recruits for the new movement.

Mr. Kremnitz has not worn a hat for nearly a week and several other gentlemen have pledged themselves to go bareheaded when not in the city. On a recent Sunday half a dozen of the bolder spirits went for a walk into the country hatless.

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—"Only just think! Charles has gone to address a public gathering." Friend—"I didn't know he was a speechmaker." Mrs. Littlewit—"Nor I, but he's been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors."

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen, Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

SOMETHING ABOUT TEA.

Considering the enormous consumption of tea it seems a little curious that people know so little about it. The average tea-drinker's information is limited to a knowledge that there are green teas and black teas; possibly that teas grown in China, Japan and Ceylon differ in flavor each from the other. Hardly any one knows that there are a large number of varieties of each of these teas, depending on grades of strength and flavor.

Tea is the cheapest beverage in the world, cheaper than any bottled water, that is known. There are between 200 and 300 cups of tea in a pound. There are only about forty cups of coffee to the pound. If a dollar a pound is paid for tea, each cup costs the consumer only about half a cent even if it is made very strong. A good tea can be bought for fifty cents a pound, but not a choice kind. The teas sold under fifty cents are shamefully adulterated. Tea at a dollar a pound goes so much further that it is just as cheap to use it as to pay half as much a pound and use twice as much while the buyer of the cheaper quality fails to get the flavor—the bouquet, it is called—of the superior article.

Tea is green or black, according to the manner of curing. Black tea is made by withering the leaves in the sun; they are then mashed and rolled, which breaks the fiber and leaf cells. The leaves are then fermented, which makes the tannic acid less soluable, and dried again. Green tea is withered on hot pans—but in Japan is usually steamed—than rolled, sunned, put in the pans for another sweating, then slowly dried. It is often asserted that green tea gets its color from the use of arsenic, copper, etc. This is not true; the difference in color is wholly due to the different methods of drying. Leaves dried in the sun turn black; if steamed or withered by heat they hold their green color.

Tea, possesses two leading chemical principles, theine and tannin. The former is the beneficial or meritorious principle, the latter the deleterious. Theine is a gentle tonic and harmless stimulant. Tannin develops an acid that is injurious to the nerves and to digestion.

The whole secret of obtaining the one without the other lies in the method of preparing the tea. Tea should never be allowed to boil, but should be infused; that is, steeped without boiling. Nor should the process of infusion be long continued. Seven minutes is the limit. After that time tannin begins to develop and in ten minutes is strong enough to affect the nerves. Before seven minutes the theine and the delicate flavor of the tea are extracted in their full strength. Further "drawing" or steeping does not in the least degree increase them. But it does develop the injurious principle.

Tea that has stood too long develops a strong, astringent taste. It is unpleasant to the palate and injurious to the stomach. Many people mistake this for the strength of the tea; it is certainly the strength of the most harmful part of it. The Chinese and Japanese, who are great consumers of tea, would not touch what passes as such with us. Their taste is cultivated to an appreciation of flavor. They put a pinch of tea in a pot, pour on a sufficient quantity of boiling water, permit it to stand two or three minutes, pour it off and drink without sugar or milk. They drink unlimited quantities without experiencing any evil effects.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Tar stains should be rubbed with paraffin, and paint stains with paraffin or turpentine.

Oilcloth tacked across the bottom of a screen door will strengthen the netting and prevent rain beating in.

A candle protected by a glass chimney made for the purpose is much safer to carry about the house than a lighted lamp.

Keep a good-sized piece of charcoal in the refrigerator until frost comes, removing the charcoal every ten days or two weeks.

To clean a fishy frying pan fill with cold water and place on the fire to boil. When boiling put a red-hot cinder in, then wash in the usual way.

It is claimed peroxide of hydrogen is one of the best things that can be used to clean a straw hat and restore it to its original freshness. Dilute the peroxide with an equal quantity of water and then rub it gently over the surface of the hat with a small sponge. Do not allow the peroxide dilution to soak into the straw but wipe it off quickly with a soft cloth and set the hat out to dry in the air. The peroxide loosens the dirt, which comes off on the cloth when the hat is wiped, and also gives the straw a good bleach.

A good solution with which to wash clothes requires two quarts of hot water, three ounces of borax and two bars of white soap. Slice the soap and dissolve it and the borax in the hot water. Use enough of it to makes a good lather. Excellent for use where soap must not be rubbed on articles.

It is well to remember that a pound of sugar is one pint, an ounce of liquid is two tablespoonfuls and a pint of liquid weighs 16 ounces.

A writer says that though canned corn is justly much esteemed, dried corn is really better. To prepare it this method is adopted. Pick the corn while still quite young. Cut from the cob. Spread quite thinly on plates. Dry in the oven and take care it does not scorch. Make bags of coarse cotton, put the corn into them and hang in a dry, warm place. Examine, after two or three weeks, to see if there are signs of mustiness, and if so dry it over again. Then slip the bags into larger paper bags and it will keep well. Cook like fresh corn, without soaking.

They say putting fruit cake in a stone jar and then surrounding and thickly covering it with brown sugar is a good way to keep it moist and good.

GOOD RECIPES.

Pea Salad—Put one can peas over the fire in a saucepan and let boil till quite tender, adding a little water if needed. When done thicken the juice with flour and butter rubbed together. Season well with pepper, salt and powdered sage or mace, and when cold add the heart of a bunch of celery and a small minced onion. Boil 3 eggs quite hard; remove the shells, mince the whites and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Now add to the peas; stir in half cup good cider vinegar and last of all 2 tablespoons melted butter. Garnish the top with egg yolks either sliced or grated.

Berry Muffins—Mix 2 cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder. Cream ½ cup butter with ½ cup sugar, add beaten yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup milk, the flour mixture and white of 1 egg beaten stiff. Stir in carefully 1 cup blueberries which have been rinsed, dried and rolled in flour. Bake in muffin pans 20 minutes.

Banana Sherbet—Boil together for five minutes ½ pt. sugar and 1 pt. water. Let it get cold, then add the juice of a small lemon and of an orange, and ½ doz bananas mashed fine. Freeze until it begins to thicken, then pour in 1 cup cream and Serve in punch cups.

Ginger Beer—The ingredients required for making home-made ginger-beer are as follows: 2 lb. of loaf-sugar, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, 1½ oz. of bruised ginger, and two lemons rubbed on the sugar. Put all the ingredients into a pan, add three quarts of boiling water, and stir the whole well. When the mixture is nearly cold add 1 oz. of German yeast or two tablespoonsful of barm, and stand the result near the kitchen fire all night. Next day skim off the yeast, bottle the ginger-beer, and tie it down. It will be ready for use in a few days.

Cream Baskets—Take three eggs, and their weight in sugar, butter, and flour. Melt butter to a liquid state, but not so that it looks like oil. Stir the sugar into this, gradually dredging in the flour, and keep the mixture well stirred. Whisk the eggs, add them to the mixture, and beat all the ingredients well together till they are blended. Place the result in castle pudding-tins, and bake them in a moderate oven for about half an hour. When they are baked and cool, cut the middles of the cakes out and fill them with the following mixture: Whisk a fair amount of cream with half a teaspoonful of castor sugar and one or two drops of essence of vanilla. When the cream is arranged in the hollow of the puddings, decorate the top with crystallised cherries, and, having made and inserted handles of angelica or citron strips, your cream-baskets are ready for the table.

WELL SUITED FOR IT.

To a recent advertisement offering $80 a year for a thoroughly competent clerk, of good appearance, and possessing at least twenty years' experience, a gentleman, who signed himself: "John Humbleminde," made the following reply:

"I am forty-five years of age, have had twenty-seven years' experience in all branches of insurance, and am universally admired for my personal appearance. I can speak German, French, Irish, American, Hindu, and Latin, and have a general knowledge of other languages too numerous to mention. I am an expert at shorthand, roundhand, backhand, and I can, if required, write with both hands at once. In addition, I have a wife and six children, who, in view of the handsome salary offered, will be pleased to place their services at the disposal of the Board. Should testimonials be required, I shall be pleased to forward them per freight train."

DELIVERING BREAD.

In some of the old towns of Chili, where the roads are in rather a rough state, horses are much more commonly seen than vehicles and are used by tradesmen when delivering their goods. At Punta Arenas the baker rides on horseback. Across the animal—slung pannier fashion—are two large baskets, or boxes, which are filled with loaves of bread. The baker then gets up and seats himself almost on the neck of his horse and between the two loads of bread; though the seat does not look to be very comfortable, he apparently is quite content.

A GOOD FALL.

"He's just a bad egg."

"Yes? Wouldn't it be awful if he should fail and be broke?"

"He did fall once and it kept him from being broke. He fell heir to half a million."

"De reason some of us don't git along," said a negro philosopher, "is dat we sits down dreamin' of automobiles when we orter be pushin' a wheelbarrer."

"How much better off a man would be if he would take his wife's advice." "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "I have told Charley time and again not to bet on horses that don't win, but he will do it."

"I say, ma," queried little Jimmy, looking up from his picture-book, "am I descended from monkeys?" "Not on my side of the house, Jimmy!" replied Mrs. Growler, with much emphasis.

Facetious Customer—"I suppose you want me to look pleasant?" Photographer—"Yes; and pay in advance." Facetious Customer—"What's that for?" Photographer—"That I may look pleasant too!"

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUG. 21.

Text of the Lesson, I. Kings xix., 1-8. Golden Text, Ps. cxxi., 1.

The adversary is always on the alert and wonderfully well informed. How much the great adversary, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, knows of the affairs of God and His people one cannot say, but his knowledge is not to be made light of, and we must not only have on the whole armor provided for us, but we must diligently watch and pray that we may resist him and not be overcome by him. He is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, but our Great Deliverer is both; therefore we may always be victorious. So weak are we in ourselves, however, that the moment we take our eyes off our Lord we will be sure to fail, as Simon Peter did when he saw the winds and waves and at once began to sink instead of walking triumphantly on the water, as he might have continued to do had he continued to see Jesus only (Matt. xiv, 28-31).

Elijah had done nobly, wonderfully, and a mighty victory had been granted him, but he is seen fleeing for his life from a wicked woman. He could trust God to care for him by the lonely brook and in the poor widow's home and securely to hide him from the wrath of Ahab; he could stand fearlessly on Carmel against all the prophets of Baal, but now, fearing that Jezebel was determined to take his life, he seems to forget the power and care of God, the living God, before whom he stood, and, leaving his servant at Beersheba, he flees to the wilderness. In ourselves we are utterly nothing. It is only in the Lord that we can be strong and overcome. Uzziah was marvelously helped till he was strong; then in his own strength he failed (II. Chron. xxvi, 15, 16).

Poor Elijah, overcome by the strain that had been upon him, weary in body and in mind, needing rest and perhaps not knowing what ailed him, sat down under a juniper tree and said to God: "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers" (verse 4). Many a one has wished that he was dead, but it was a foolish wish, for the Lord knows what is best for us and has assured us that we shall never be tried beyond what we are able to endure (I Cor. x, 13) and that trials are among the best things that can come to us and will make us sure of the crown of life if patiently borne (Jas. i, 12; Rev. ii, 10). It is easy for us to see the folly of Elijah, but this is written for us that we may not be guilty of similar folly.

Oh, the blessed ministry of angels, who excell in strength, doing His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word—His ministers who do His pleasure (Ps. ciii, 20, 21). They sang at His birth in Bethlehem, ministered to Him in His temptation, strengthened Him in Gethsemane, waited upon Him at His resurrection and ascension. They visited Abraham in company with the Lord Himself, were seen in vision by Jacob and are wonderfully prominent in God's dealings with men. They bring heaven very near to earth, for our Lord said concerning His little ones, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father who is in heaven." They are ministering spirits, always ministering to the heirs of salvation (Matt. xviii., 10; Heb. i, 14). The elements have no power over them, and they go and come like lightning. In our resurrection bodies we shall be equal to them, but in position far beyond them.

Find the proof texts in Dan. ix., Ezek. i., Acts xxvii., Luke xx., Rev. iii., and rejoice in the presence of such companions who serve unseen and unthanked—not our departed friends, but angels who were created such and always have been and will be just, ministering spirits. Only two are mentioned by name, and both names are found in Daniel and one name in Luke i. Again the angel waked him and fed him, and in the strength of that meat he went forty days and forty nights to Horeb, the mount of God (verses 7, 8). Whether you shall ever hear the voice of an angel or not, or see one before you leave or not, or see one before you leave the mortal body, do believe in and thank God for their loving ministry.

How great the strength imparted to Elijah by that meal! God could have strengthened him without the food, but He is pleased oft times to use ordinary means in accomplishing His purposes. He has angels enough to proclaim in all the world the glorious gospel in one day or less, but He sees fit to use such earthen vessels as we are. Who would not desire to be a vessel meet for the Master's use and ready for every good work? (II. Tim. ii., 21.) But we must never be cast down nor discouraged, for He whom we serve shall not fail nor be discouraged (Isa. xlii., 4). The work is His, not ours, and we simply dwell with the King for His work (I. Chron. iv., 23).

We must learn to do as Moses was told to do at that same "Horeb, the mount of God"—put off our shoes from our feet, for the place is holy. When we tread upon anything it becomes ours (Josh. i., 3), so putting off our shoes means that it is not our affair, but His. We must not attempt to manage or interfere, but only trust and obey and see neither people nor circumstances, but God alone (Mark ix., 8; Ps. lxii, 5; Isa. ii., 22). As to wishing to die, Elijah never died, and we may not (I. Cor. xv., 51). One moment at a time do as occasion serves us and leave all to God.

"So Jagsby has absconded. Another good man gone wrong!" "Nonsense! It's merely a bad man who has been found out!"

BAD TEMPERED HUSBANDS

DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR TREATMENT BY WIVES.

A Woman Can Always Make Things More Agreeable for Herself.

The bad-tempered husband is always with us. He is to be found presiding in the baronial hall, and in the most sordid slum dwelling; and this much may be said of him, that only his wife knows him at his true value, but rarely does she quite understand him.

One of the worst points about the bad tempered husband is that what will vastly please him to-day, will raise his wrath to white heat to-morrow; consequently his wife has by no means leisured time of it.

Her life is a perpetual round of study, study, study; in everything she does, in every act she performs, she must always keep her ill-tempered husband in view else domestic disturbance is almost certain to ensue.

In what particular ways can she best please him? Perhaps as good a plan as any is never to do anything with which he can find fault. But that is not so easy, and even if a wife does her very best in this direction he will, if in the mood for it, easily find something to grumble at.

One thing, however, is certain—namely, if he seems disposed to quarrel, or even grumble, the less she says the better; silence is indeed golden in such a case, for, as a matter of fact, he wants her to speak, yes, and speak sharply, too, so that he may let himself go. If she obliges him in this respect she is very foolish; rather let her never answer a word, but knit or sew away in an

UNCONCERNED MANNER.

This gives the impression that she does not care a single button for his ill-nature, and he soon gets tired of hearing his own voice, and calls a halt. Naturally, then one sees the value of patience; the wife of a bad-tempered man must have an unlimited stock of this latter; let her be short and sharp, and their life is bound to be a cat and dog one.

How far do love and affection go in the case of a bad-tempered man? Not very far, it is to be feared; they may, in a measure, soothe a man of this kind temporarily.

The wife may lavish love and affection on such a one, but no sooner are the demonstrations over than he will perhaps quite lose his temper over the veriest trifle, thus proving that love and affection are wasted on him.

A wife should certainly, if they have a family, and the father happens to be in a bad mood, keep the children out of his way for a time; their noise is very apt to

MAKE HIM A DEAL WORSE.

In truth it is a very wise thing to keep the children out of his way for a period every evening, and wives who possess ill-tempered husbands ought to make a note of that.

Strange to say, many a girl weds a man thinking him to be the best-tempered creature alive, only to find out, after marriage, that she has tied herself to a perfect bear. In these circumstances she is apt to adopt quite a wrong style of behaviour. She is disappointed; she feels that she has been deceived, and perhaps does not hesitate to tell him so. This is very unwise, if natural enough; what cannot be cured must be endured, and she should adopt a style which will make the endurance as tolerable as possible.

Undoubtedly she should not upbraid him, and by so doing but add fuel to the flame; she should try to soothe and not act in a manner that is bound to make matters worse.

Tact and commonsense are all-important in dealing with an ill-tempered husband; a look at his face when he reaches home from business should give a wife her cue for the evening, if he is sulky and surly looking she should beware of asking if there is anything the matter with him, or if business has been trying. Such questions from her would simply inflame the man. No; she must give not the slightest sign that she notices anything the matter with him; she must talk as brightly as possible, and endeavor to keep him amused, and so coax him out of his ugly mood.

If, of course, she will not take the trouble to do this, she can only look forward to a wretched evening; a kind of evening, by-the-way, which is far too common amongst married folks, and which could easily be avoided if wives would only bring a little commonsense to bear on the matter.

She should try to please him so far as food goes; the house should be kept tidy against his home-coming; his shoes should be warm and cosy, ready to put on when he reaches home of an evening, and there are many other little attentions that she can pay him.

"No woman should be a slave to her husband," so someone remarks; certainly not, but if a woman is tied to a bad-tempered man most certainly she should do her best to make as pleasant as possible in the household, and small things, like the above, count for a deal where such a man is concerned.

UNRELIABLE.

Edyth—"So your engagement with Tom has been declared off, eh?"

Mayme—"Yes. He promised to return the lock of my hair that adorns his locket, but he has failed to do so."

Edyth—"Well, I never did have much faith in those alleged hair restorers."

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"She's going to break up housekeeping," said the doctor's wife, "and I'm going to take her parlor carpet for one-third what it cost—"

"Well," said the doctor, "see that it's well shaken before taking."

A busy man doesn't object to a woman with a history provided she doesn't come into his office and try to sell it to him.