THE WONDERS OF THE HUMAN EYE

Talmage's Sermon on the Imperial Organ—The Most Wonderful Thing We See Not So Wonderful as the Instrument Through Which We See It.

Washington report: In this discourse, Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discoursed upon in the pulpit and challenges us all to the study of omniscience; text, Psalm xciv., 9: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times is it mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human race, but the vast multitude go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas 20 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotic and the chiasma of the optic nerve and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what origin is and what we were. Oh, if someone should come forth from the dissecting table and from the class-room of the university and take the platform and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are! If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all other in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile eyes are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the walls for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eye when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters the lids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelids so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the first, "Stay out," and saying to the last, "Come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according to the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye, so marvellously constructed, it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvellously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye and another muscle to roll it to the right and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle pulling through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is also the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the darkness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful ministry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 miles away and the point of a pin, telescope and microscope in the same contrivance.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the eyelid by which the eye is washed through which rolls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor of Adrian, by accident, put out the eye of his servant. "What shall I pay you in money or in lands—anything you ask me? I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged again the matter he said, "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable wall is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down."

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicament to preserve his sight, he had for twelve years been coming toward blindness, and after awhile one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness: "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from heaven." Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. Gen. Havelock, the son of the more famous Gen. Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, Gen. Havelock called up his soldiers and addressed them, saying words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed. How many of you will go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hand." Then Havelock said: "It is almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, and I cannot see your raised hands, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of God and his country, could see across India and across the centuries.

A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horses into the care of the blind groom. Late at night the traveling surgeon went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horses, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the surgeon bethought himself that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine! You are 40 years of age. I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not die under the operation." Paying the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said, "Let me look on my friend the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my loved ones." Was not that glorious? Only those who have been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight.

To-day I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses, of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of the other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not the optical instruments strong enough to descry them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle midair, but the eagle midsky can see the mole midgrass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

But human inspection and angelic inspection and stellar inspection and lunar inspection and solar inspection are tame as compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me 20 years ago," said a colored man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou God seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina. The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathise with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

You often find in a book of manuscript a star calling attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night heavens are asterisks calling your attention to God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestiveness. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us and God beneath us and God before us, God behind us and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression.

He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realise that God sees me and sees my affairs!" Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does he not possess it himself? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

A legend of St. Frotobert is that his mother was blind and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration or were dependent on the hand of a friend or with an uncertain staff felt the way, and for the aged of dim sight, about whom it might be said that "they which look out of the windows be darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in!

What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

TUGELA MEANS FEAR.

The "Drifts" and the Habits of Natal's River.

A Frere correspondent writes (Dec. 7th) to the London Times: If we are to take Colenso, it will have almost certainly to be by crossing the river higher up and outflanking the Boer position. There are three fords by which we can cross to do this. They are called Maritzer's, Potgeiter's and Trichard's Drifts, about 10, 15 and 20 miles respectively from Colenso. We are not to be allowed to cross any of these drifts unopposed, for the Boers who trekked westward from Colenso have fortified no less than eight positions along the river. Many of these positions are supposed to have been made under the supervision of German engineers, for native scouts who have been among the Boers report that the orders were given by men whom the Boers addressed as "Sir," a most unusual thing for a Boer to do, and who were dressed in uniform. Besides occupying these positions along the river the Boers have assembled in considerable force at Mount Tabanyama, a mountain lying about 15 miles southeast of Ladysmith. The choice of this position shows excellent generalship, for it commands the approaches to Ladysmith from either Potgeiter's or Trichard's Drifts, and in case of defeat covers the retreat towards the western passes. This extension of front has naturally somewhat weakened their position at Colenso, as they have withdrawn from it a certain number of both men and guns. What their strength is at the present moment it is impossible to say.

The news from Sir George White that he could read the messages flashed to him from the searchlight of the Terrible that has been mounted here is of extreme importance, as it means that he is acquainted with our movements and will be able to cooperate with them. There is still, however, one element of absolute uncertainty against which nothing can be done. We are absolutely dependent upon the river remaining low in order to cross the drifts. The name Tugela means "fear," and it has received the name from the rapidity with which it will come down in flood. A thunderstorm among the mountains in which it rises will raise the river many feet in a few minutes, and a resident on its banks told me that he has seen it rise forty feet in a single night! The current is at all time exceedingly swift, and a comparatively slight rise is sufficient to make the drift impassable, while a heavy rise will sweep away any temporary bridge that may have been erected.

High Lights.

Contentment is the feeling that things might be worse.

When a woman doesn't talk she is dull; when a man doesn't talk he is deep.

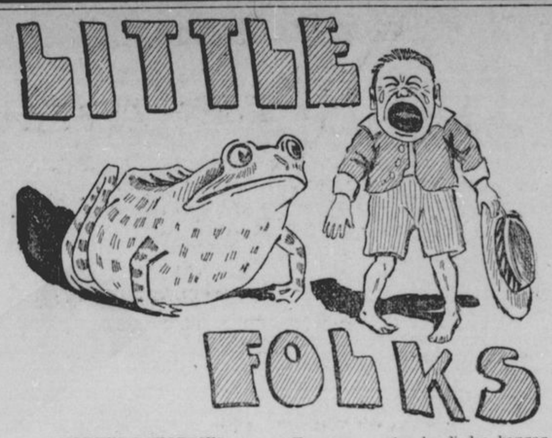
Woman's most effective weapon used to be a tear; now it is a smile and a becoming frock.

A man's most flinty-hearted creditor is his own small son from whom he has borrowed a nickel.

We detest people who meddle with our affairs; and then, again, we detest people who don't notice us at all. —Chicago Record.

Every day there hangs over London a vast smoke cloud that is estimated to weigh about 300 tons.

Over 1,000 houses in London are tenantless because they are popularly supposed to be haunted.



A MOTHER'S WORRIES.

"Wait a bit, my little miss;
What makes you walk so fast?
You've got the day before you—
The sky's not overcast."

"I'm going to the doctor, sir,"
She said. "My doll is ill;
She's in a raging fever, sir;
I think she's got a chill."

"Put bandages around her head,
And mustard to her feet,
And give her linseed tea to drink,
And not a thing to eat."

"I tried that hours ago," she said,
"The fever won't abate,
And I lay all the trouble, sir,
To the pudding which she ate."

"What if the doctor isn't in,
Or doesn't care to come,
Or charges, as he often does,
A most outrageous sum?"

"If he's not in, I'll wait," she said,
"What if his charge is high!
Do you think just because of that
I'd let my dollie die?"

JIMMY AND HIS SHARE.

A certain Lanarkshire lawyer recently engaged an office boy, a bright, intelligent lad, who is something of a football enthusiast. Every Saturday afternoon since the football season come in the youngster has asked permission to absent himself, and, not wishing to be too hard on the lad, his employer has consented.

The other Saturday, however, there were some documents to be copied, and on being asked for the usual permission, the lawyer (who has a habit of speaking in the first person plural) replied:

"I hardly think you can to-day, Jimmy, we have all these papers to copy."

The lad said nothing, but set to work with renewed vigor. Towards lunch time he again approached his employer with copies of exactly half the documents referred to.

"I think that is about my share," said the boy.

"Your share! What do you mean?" queried his employer.

"You said we had all these papers to copy, so I have finished my half."

Jimmy was allowed to go.

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.

A well-wishing employee, in his anxiety to carry out his employer's wishes, may, by his carelessness or stupidity, spoil all his chances of success. It was such a one that ruined Tom Longman's plot, and caused him to spend his last days as a beggar and an outcast.

Tom and James Longman were the two sons of Sir William Longman, of Fenhurst. The two brothers were a direct contrast in their nature. James was a light-hearted and joyous young fellow, while his brother was gloomy and surly. They were not friends, either, as Sir William intended to leave the bulk of his property to James; while Tom, though he would inherit the title and a handsome property, would not be half as wealthy as his more fortunate brother. So Tom set his wits to work to concoct some scheme by which he could disgrace his brother. At last he hit upon one that he thought would do. It was a simple plot, but one that would, if executed cleverly, effectually degrade his brother. He would hire an old woman to enter the library when his brother and father were there, as they generally were at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The old woman would say that James owed her husband a large sum of money, which he had lost to him at such-and-such a gambling den. If the woman would swear to the truth of her tale, his success was assured, for his father had often said that if a son of his were ever found gambling, he would disinherit him. The next thing was to find a woman. There was no difficulty in this, as £100 is a tidy little sum. So an old hag was found and duly instructed in her duty, and a day was appointed for the job. Unfortunately for Mister Tom, the old woman fell ill the day before the date fixed, and, not liking to lose the money, she sent her grand-daughter to the house of Sir William Longman in her stead. It seemed as if everything was going against Tom that day. Instead of calling his brother, Sir William called him into the library, and scarcely were they seated when the young woman was shown up. Ignoring Sir William altogether, she demanded, in a loud voice, when Mr. Longman was going to send her husband the money that he owed him.

"Surely you are mistaken," said Tom, "what is the name of the person who is in debt to your husband?"

Now the old woman, in the feverish excitement occasioned by her illness, and by the dread of losing her reward, had got the names of the brothers mixed.

"Thomas Longman," answered the woman. "Do you think I don't know you? As if I hadn't seen you down at Carey's often enough."

"Carey's was one of the worst gambling hells in London, and the mention of that word sealed Tom Longman's doom.

"How much does he owe you?" asked Sir William, in a stern voice.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," answered the woman.

Sir William took out his chequebook, and wrote a cheque for that amount. After handing it to the woman, he turned to his son, and said, in a voice of suppressed wrath, "You are no son of mine. Leave this house in three hours, and never return. You may inherit the title, but never a penny of my money shall you have."

Tom knew it would be useless to attempt to establish his innocence, and so said nothing. Within two hours he had left the house never to return. Two years later he died a beggar.

OBSOLETE WORDS IN USE.

"As I was passing a second-hand bookshop one day recently," said the man who buys books, "I saw three old volumes of Thomson's plays—you know the man who wrote "The Seasons"—lying with a pile of 10-cent books. They were published in 1760, and the plays were played by Mrs. Woffington, and Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. and Mrs. Cibber. Of course, they are such stilted, unnatural, bombastic, interminably talky plays that a modern audience wouldn't sit through the first act, but in their time several of them made tremendous hits. What interested me really more than the plays was a list of obsolete words used in a long poem in one volume—a list of words with their definitions, and I was struck by the fact that a great many of the words that were obsolete in 1760 and had to be defined to Thomson's readers are in common use today. Appal, deftly, fays, glee, carol, scar and unkempt are only a few that I recall. There was only one word, however, in the list that is still obsolete and ought to be revived. It is the word 'swink' and it means to labor. I think it's a beautiful word. Doesn't it convey the impression of earning one's living in the sweat of one's brow, though? It's a word the language needs, and I mean to do all I can to make the word popular again. It sounds like a word invented by Lewis Carroll, but it isn't. It's a well-descended, well-connected word, and it ought to be revived. 'Swink!' Could anything be more full of meaning?"—Washington Post.

A COLOR SCHEME.

"Do you mean to tell me she let the child sit there at the table with egg and cranberry sauce smeared on its face?" said one woman in horror-stricken tones.

"Yes," replied the other. "But it wasn't indifference. She said she hadn't the heart to wash the baby's face—it looked so artistic!"—Washington Star.

FAMOUS ANIMALS.

A returning traveller from Italy tells this story of an American fellow-wanderer in Rome; like some other travellers' tales, it is to be taken, no doubt, with certain grains of allowance

The second American, who had come from the plains of the west, visited the Vatican, and was courteously shown over the papal palace. He asked many questions and desired to see everything.

After all the customary sights had been shown, the priest who attended him asked:

"Is there anything else, Signor American, that you would like to see?"

"There's one thing," answered the American, "that I want to see more than anything else, and I hain't been on the edge of it yet."

"What is that, signor?"

"The cattle pens."

"The cattle pens! Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor."

"You hain't? Then where in the world do you keep them papal bulls that we're always hearin' about?"

THE FASHION-PLATE GIRL.

There's a dear little maid in the fashion-plate book,
(I'm glad it's not Bessie nor me!)
She always has such a dressed-up-ified look,
With her dainty hands bent in a tiresome crook,
How she stands it we never can see;
The quaint little fashion-plate girl!

I know she'd be frightened to slide down the hay,
Or to frolic and romp as we do,
Supposing we wait till some sunshiny day,
And then ask her out on the hillside to play,
I think she'd be willing, don't you?
The poor little fashion-plate girl!

—Ina M. Boles, in St. Nicholas.

OBEYED ORDERS.

Several members of the Scottish reserve, before leaving for the Cape, were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed stowing away a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. "What's that ye're daein', Sam?" shouted the chairman, good-humoredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye telt us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

A DOG'S REVENGE.

Mr. Charles Rogers, of Ravenwood, N. Y., owned two dogs—a Newfoundland and a cur. Next door there was a mastiff. The mastiff tore the Newfoundland terribly, so terribly that he was laid up for some weeks, says a writer in the New York World. During this time the cur acted as his friend on watch, giving many evidences of the activity of benevolence in his soul which do not belong there. When the Newfoundland was well again, Mr. Rogers one day saw him and the cur friend rush down the avenue. He followed. They attacked the mastiff, dragging him to the East river, where the Newfoundland pulled him under the water and kept him there as long as he (the Newfoundland) could without breath. When they came to the top, the cur jumped on the mastiff's back and kept him from getting out of the water till the Newfoundland was able to take him under again.

These alternate doings of the Newfoundland and the cur were kept up till the mastiff was dead.

HIS HUMBLE REQUEST.

"Ma, may I go out to play?"

"No; you must sit still where you are."

Pause.

"Ma, may I go down into the kitchen?"

"No; I want you to sit perfectly quiet."

Pause.

"Ma, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"

"I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say."

Pause.

"Ma, may I grow?"—Collier's Weekly.

IF DOLLS WERE REAL.

If dolls were real what fun 'twould be;
Then they could truly pour our tea.
And pass their plates at every meal,
If dolls were real.
If dolls were real what cunning things
They'd do. They'd dance and bow and kneel,
And kiss, and love, and speak and feel,
And put on shoes and hats and rings.
It would be nicer, a great deal,
If dolls were real.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith:

"Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too," replied the child.

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with." Ohio State Journal.

Sadie was 11 and Alice was 7. At lunch Sadie said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?" "Of course not," returned Sadie. "It's the jaw bone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

Willie—Did yer have a good Christmas?

Tommy—It was not as good as las' year. Gee! I wuz sick for three days a'ter that.

Mrs. Youngish—Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my muff.

Mr. Youngish—Well, that's all right. Give him the cat.

"Oh, ma, come up here, quick."

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Bobby's playin' circus, an' he's tryin' to make the baby dive off th' mantel."

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano)—I really can't play anything.

Tommy—But, I say, Sue, why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?

Sue—What piece?

Tommy—Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company, 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forget the name.

Then Tommy was sent to bed.

Bradstreet's on Trade.

Spring trade at Montreal is fairly well under way now. Orders are coming forward in fair numbers and for large parcels of goods. The demand from the Northwest has been large so far. Country remittances are better.

London wholesale business this week has been a little more active. Large sales are being made. There appears to be plenty of money among the working classes. Values in all staple lines are very firm.

Business at the Coast has been quiet since the turn of the year, but has begun to improve this week. Retail trade at both Victoria and Vancouver is picking up nicely. Large purchases are being made by British Columbia houses in the east for the coming season. Payments are fair. Prices continue very firm.

There has been a fair volume of trade passing at Hamilton, and merchants are encouraged to think that this month trade will be large. Stocks are being got in for the spring in many lines, and purchases are being made with the belief that sales the next three months will be large so that liberal quantities are considered necessary in most departments. Remittances are very satisfactory.

Some hesitancy in the upward movement of prices was noticed during December, notably in metals and miscellaneous products, but the general level of values was still further advanced, and the year closed with Bradstreet's approximate index number at 89.971, a fractional gain for the month, a gain of 17 per cent. for the year, of 22 per cent. as compared with Jan. 1st, 1898, or 31 per cent. over Jan. 1st, 1897, and the highest index number reported since July 1st, 1891, eight and one half years ago. During December 44 articles advanced in price and 39 remained unchanged, while 25, less than one-fourth, declined in price.—Bradstreets.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 4,248,926 bushels, against 2,599,682 bushels last week, 5,647,071 in the corresponding week of 1899, 5,299,517 bushels in 1898, 3,943,154 bushels in 1897, and 3,202,124 in 1896. Corn exports for the week aggregate 3,314,576 bushels, against 4,019,036 bushels last week, 3,297,072 bushels in this week a year ago, 4,641,750 bushels in 1898, 3,757,281 bushels in 1897 and 3,336,017 bushels in 1896.—Bradstreets.

NOTES OF TRADE.

Snow coming after a long spell with bare ground always has a tendency to improve business conditions, and the snowfall this week has created a more cheerful feeling among both wholesale and retail business men.

The conditions of trade are all sound and healthy. There have been but few failures in the past six weeks, and payments are being well met, the large holiday trade contributing in no small degree to that end.

What few lines of next season's woollen goods have been opened are at advances ranging from 25 to 35 per cent., and much interest attaches to the reception that will be given these increased quotations.

The stockholders of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to-day re-elected the old board of directors. John K. Cowen was re-elected President.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO