LATE FOREIGN NEWS

The Russian army is cultivating the use of bicycles.

The Czar has given his consent to the arranging of an International Railway Congress in St. Petersburg during the coming year.

Vigorous efforts are making in Nice to break up the gambling houses. The cafes chantants are almost all attached to gambling houses, and raids are frequent and fruitful.

The Governor-General of Irkootsk has declared that the families of Jewish exiles to Siberia have no right of residence in the Siberian districts, and must be transported back to the pale of Jewish settlement.

A scheme for the reunion of Christians proposed in the "Review of the Churches" is for a winter trip of ministers and laymen of different religions to Norway. In the long, dark evenings they can present their views and endeavor to harmonize.

The German Reichstag will be asked to appropriate $125,000 to the imperial secret service this year instead of $12,000 as heretofore. This increase is due to the Government's intention to restore to its rightful owners the Guelph fund which has heretofore supported the secret service.

The hot water boxes are to be taken out of the French railway carriages and warmth is to come from boxes filled with acetate of soda. The boxes are filled with soda in a state, which is liquefied by being plunged into hot water. As it solidifies, which takes five or six hours, it steadily gives out heat.

The Rev. Mr. Whittiker of Machias, Me., while out after deer last week, got lost, and wandered in the woods for two days without food or shelter. Just before he was found he saw two herds, numbering fifty-four deer, which had been frightened to the river by the shouting and firing of the rescuing party. His ammunition was exhausted, and he had to be satisfied with gazing at this remarkable sight.

The Governments of Bosnia and Montenegro are advertising for good women physicians, whom they will engage for their hospitals at liberal salaries. The women of those countries have adopted the prejudices of their Musselman sisters, and will not allow male physicians to treat them in their illness. This news was received with great pleasure at St. Petersburg and quite a number of Russian women doctors departed for the Balkan provinces.

An advertisement in a Madagascar newspaper announces that Mr. Gafour of Tamatave had received from Paris a machine "of the greatest perfection" for making aerated waters, and that on and after the 25 Mr. Gafour will sell at his store lemonade, soda water, seltzer, and ginger beer. A card signed by two physicians is attached to the advertisement, certifying that they recommend these drinks as healthful and as particularly agreable during the hot season.

The authorities of the city Tamboy Russia have printed check books containing each ten to twenty checks. Everybakery in the city gives away every check a pound of bread, for which it charges the city two kopecks. The residents of the city were notified not to deal out any money to mendicants, for such money is in most cases spent on drink, but to buy checks at the City Hall and distribute them among the poor.

M. Oovarof, a Moscow scientist, has discovered that when lightning strikes in a forest the white poplar (populus albs) is the first to attract it. He came to the conclusion that this tree could be used as a natural lightning rod, and he submitted a memorial to the Minister of the Interior advocating that the planting of a white poplar before every house in a village be made obligatory upon the peasants to prevent fire by lightning.

Live geese are exported from Russia to Germany and Austria in very large numbers. An export house of Warsaw intends building special cars for the transportation of geese directly to their places of destination if the railroad managers will grant them permission to run the cars. The Ministry on Roads of Intercommunication was notified of the proposal of that firm, and its favorable decision is expected. The cars are to be constructed with appliances to change from the broad gauge of the Russian lines out loss of time.

According to the school statistics of Finland there are this yes. 4,293 pupils attending the male schools and 1,567 the female schools. The population of Finland is 2,200,000, of which 2,000,000 are Finns, with a small admixture of other nationalities. To judge by the languages which the school children speak, the proportion of education is very unequally divided between the native Finns and their Swedish neighbors.

A National Sleeping Car Company has been formed by St. Petersburg capitalists to introduce cars of the American style on the Russian railroads. A number of such cars have been ordered at the Putilovski factories. The wood frames and architectural plans were brought from the United States, and a staff of competent engineers was appointed to superintend the construction of the vehicles, so that the heating and ventilation shall be of the best approved kind.

The Russian Ministry of Finance is burdened with petitions from all parts of the empire requiring it to reconstruct the regulations for the sale of spirituous liquors, with a view to check drunkenness among the common people. Many of the petitioners are in favor of prohibiting the sale of liquors by individuals in small communities. Licenses to sell liquors in villages and small towns should be granted only to the representative bodies of such communities, who should at the same time be held responsible for the orderly behavior of those to whom they measure but drinks.

The contractors who had undertaken to provide food for the military divisions stationed in the governments of Kazan, Sambirsk, Saratov, Vistka, and other military posts have broken their contract on the plea that the prices of grain have trebled since the time the contracts were made. The Minister of War was therefore compelled to commission the authorities of each individual regiment of the whole region to purchase food for their soldiers.

During the months of August and September in the city and vicinity of Voronezh, Russia, more than 5,000 horses were killed for their hides, because their owners had no food for them. The slaughtering of good horses has continued at even a larger rate since that time.

Dr. Lenz says that when he went to Fez, one of the capitals of Morocco, he found a most unlooked-for custom among the women. Mohammedans are not supposed to drink spirituous liquors, but Dr. Lenze says the women in Morocco are universally addicted to the practice. The Jews make a brandy for which their customers are almost exclusively Moorish women. While the men are strict prohibitionists, the women drink brandy in large quantities. Women who came to Dr. Lenz's house to see his Moorish servants never failed to ask him for a glass of wine or cognac, and he was surprised to see the quantities they could drink.

The importers of and traders in articles of fashion at St. Petersburg, also the fashionable milliners and dress-makers, have an exceptionally hard time this winter. Their business is bad because, as was reported, at the expressed desire of the Czar no balls are to be given at the court this season, and following the example of the imperial court, the highest circles of aristocracy refrain from giving balls and holding fashionable receptions. Several large houses have failed and many more are expected to follow suit. Thousands of millinery hands and dressmakers were thrown out of employment.

Up to Nov. 1 the Russian imperial treasury had spent 52,000,000 roubles on relief to the starving peasants. An equalism was granted by the Czar for the same purpose this month. It is estimated that from the communal treasuries of various Government and from private contributions at least 50,000,000 roubles were realized for the relief of the starving peasants. "Thus," says Novoye Vremya, "over 100,000,000 roubles are already lost, and the winter just begins! How much more we will have to spend until the next harvest and of what benefit these enormous sacrifices will be to us Heaven alone known."

The efforts of inventive geniuses seemed to have been turned skyward, and schemes for juggling with the elements are becoming numerous. All of them go for Gen. Dyrnsforth and his firecracker methods unsuccessfully. Louis Gathmann of Chicago is the latest out. He has an invention which he says, will not only produce rain in the driest spot on the globe but will disperse sea fogs, land fogs, and even London's smoke pall. His scheme is to explode retorts of liquefied carbonic gas at a great elevation. The rapid evaporation of the gas creates a current of cold air. The specific gravity of cold air being greater than warm air sinks to the earth, sets in motion streams of atmospheric air, lowers the temperature at a great altitude, and produces clouds and rain "instanter," as Mr. Gathmann says. His plan for dispelling fog, is much the same the fog, mist, or smoke being forced to the earth and dissipated.

A curious football story comes from South America. The St. Andrew's Club of Buenos Ayres was playing a match against the Cordoba Club at Cordoba when suddenly fifty soldiers made their appearance on the grounds, surround led the team, and arrested all the players. No explanations were offered by the officials in charge, but the players were marched to the Comisaria and arraigned before the local Justice of the Peace. The magistrate read over a long charge which accused the sportsmen of committing a breach of the peace law under the revolution acts and forthwith fined each man $10. It seems for sometime the Government has been on the expectancy of a revolution and had announced by placard that all sports of what ever nature would be suppressed until further notice. The officials of the club pleaded ignorance of such on their part, but that was held as no excuse. The St. Andrew team are all Scotch players.

The Murder of a Wealthy Widow.

In August at Znaim, in Moravia, a wealthy widow was found murdered in her bed, and her brother, upon circumstantial evidence, was convicted of the crime and sentenced to death. As his counsel told him that a confession was his only chance of a commutation to life-long imprisonment, he declared that he had not committed the murder, but that the murderer was Toufar, a butcher, who had appeared as witness. The result was that the Imperial Council ordered a new trial, which began on Tuesday. From the indictment one learns that Carl Jukatsch, the convicted murderer, had speculated and was deeply embarrassed. His widowed sister, he knew, had money, but she refused to help him, saying she had paid his debts often enough. Jukatsch declares she was so brusque that he then and there resolved to take her life. He then remembered that Toufar had repeatedly asked him to enter his service. He soon met him, and sounded him carefully first by asking as to his willingness to kill, for instance, a poacher, should the occasion arise. He met Toufar again next day, when he made him swear an oath that he would keep his secret, and then told him that he must obtain money, and that to do so some one's death was necessary. Toufar understood. Jukatsch promised him five thousand florins for the job, and told him it was his sister he must murder. On the night of the 6th April Jukatsch let Toufar into the house, and at midnight led him to his sister's bedroom. Toufar knocked up against a piece of furniture, and the widow awakened, called out, "Who is there?" Jukatsch answered composedly that it was he who was in the room, and had knocked up against the piano. The sister laid down again, and for a quarter hours in the adjoining room listening for the woman's breathing. Toufar then stuck a match to get a glimpse at the room, and on tiptoe went up to the sleeping woman's bed. Jukatsch buried his head in his hand, and thinks he fainted, but he also believes he heard a stifled cry. At last Toufar came out and said the widow was dead. Jukatsch saw that Toufar had half concealed his face by tying a handkerchief over it. This is Jukatsch's story. Toufar denies everything, but he cannot prove an alibi, and he admits telling Jukatsch that he would be ready to kill a poacher. Jukatsch's counsel still holds out hopes, but his fate will, of course, be affected by the result of the new trial.

Men Who Had Tails.

A discovery which will probably prove of immense interest to ethnologists has been made at a little hamlet of Sinaloa, Mex., within the past few days while breaking ground for a large coffee plantation which is being established by an English syndicate. The find consists of thousands of skeletons either of large apes or of prehistoric human beings of a very low order. If the remains are of apes they were of gigantic size and of a variety no longer extant, while if they are of men the men were provided with long, tapering caudal appendages, very thick and short and curled up like a squirrel's. That they are the skeletons of apes can hardly be doubted, judging from the arms, which reach nearly half a foot below the knee, and the thumbs, which are also abnormally long and curved, with exceeding sharp and powerful nails.

The feet, too, show that they were intended for climbing rather than walking, and were prehensile, the great toes being prehensile toes of unusual length. It is probable that the large number of skeletons found in this place indicate a battle between two bands of the animals having taken place at this spot, which is further evidenced by the number of broken skulls and other bones among them, and the fact that several of the skeletons were found clinched in a deadly embrace. No weapons, however were discovered, but as these were probably of wood they have perished in the course of time.

The work of searching for other remains still goes on, every hour seeing hundreds of more detached fragments or occasionally whole skeletons unearthed. It is calculated that over four hundred entire ones have already been disinterred. A few of the most perfect have been sent to the British museum and others will be presented to the Smithsonian institution by the owners of the land.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. It remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uy, the son of Aram, and grandson of Shem. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun, and the street which is called Straight, in which it is said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the shekh, the cadi, and the water-wheel; the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their waves." Damascus is not by any means a standstill city, as it now has a population of 150,000, and was in 1889 provided with gas lighting and street tramways. Among other old cities which have existed for more than twenty-five centuries may be mentioned Herat, the "gate of India." This is probably the most unfortunate city; it has been fifty times taken, fifty times destroyed, and fifty times has it risen again from its ashes. Benares, Athens, Constantinople, Pekin, and Rome are all old cities, as is also Marseilles, which was founded by a colony of Greeks 580 B.C.

A Woman's Temple.

Unconsciously a woman builds
A temple in this world below,
And day by day a stone is laid
Of little things that come and go.
So it doth slowly rise above
The tide of years, until its dome
Has reached the glory cloud of heaven
A world within itself, a home—
She wisely builds upon the rock,
Far more eternal than the years.
The pavement is of solid truth,
Untoiled, unworn by falling tears.
The walls are innocence and grace,
Fair virtue makes them high and strong.
Within they shine with purity,
Resound with muse and sacred song;
The gates are pearls of truth and love,
Whence issue forth bright gleams of light,
Each stone a little sacrifice,
And kept in place by truth and right.
The pillars are of gentle acts,
That bear the weight of golden beams
Of life, and bound by cords of love,
And braced by faith's undying streams.
Each nail a heart-beat set in place,
Each blow her very centre shook;
The stairs are trials, stepping stones
Where patience climbs with upward look.
The throne, her grand eternal soul,
Her king, the one she loves, loves best,
Her altar, where sweet incense rise,
Does hold her greatest and her best.
So, day by day, a stone is laid;
Until the white-capped dome
Is hid among the shining clouds,
And she has reached her hea venly home

The Most Curiously-Placed Island.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There, at twelve at noon on Sunday, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. Barren Island, in the Indian Ocean, is one of the most novel volcanic islands in existence. It is six leagues in circumference, and its centre is a cone 1,800 ft. high, which emits showers of red-hot stones, some of them three or four tons in weight. The sea surrounding it is very deep. Merken, a small island in the Zuyder Zee, consists of a flat bank, and rises so little above the sea level that twice a year, in high tides, most of it is under water. It is inhabited by a fishing population of about 1,100. There are no horses and trees on it, and only one crop is grown, that of hay, which is cultivated entirely by the women. The houses are noted for extreme cleanliness, and drunkenness is unknown.

SUNDAY READING.

The Simplicity of Faith.

BY MRS. EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS.

"He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull." The history of Jesus Christ is the history of one who, knowing that He owns immense possessions, takes upon Himself the estate of the lowliest people, not to give to them as if they were objects of His charity, but to teach them how to have as much as He has. He is the history of one who takes upon Himself all kinds of sicknesses to teach sick people how to get well.

He is the history of one who takes the deepest grief upon Himself to teach how to rise out of it. He is the history of one who teaches how to get very wise and successful while being ignorant and unfortunate. In other words, He bore the cross of the world.

If he, being rich, had given large provisions to the poor he would have been a failure. If he, being powerful, had simply healed a few and lifted up a few and enlightened a few he would have been as great a failure as those other powerful people who condescended in the time of the cholera in Naples. A very rich man rode among the poor people in his carriage carrying broths and medicines, but they were so enraged at him that they mobbed him, broke his carriage in pieces, tore the harness off his horses and nearly held a riot in the city. King Humbert went among them, dressed just like one of them, helped them nurse their sick and bury their dead, and they never touched him, though they knew that he was richer than the other man.

This was because he did not flaunt the difference of his position in their faces. Now, if King Humbert had told them that they might as well have sixty and a hundred fold more possessions than they had, and explained it to them how they might be as powerful and well fed as himself, it would have been something like what Jesus Christ did.

He bore your very experiences and told you the exact way to be out of them. He was offered money and houses and castles and kingdoms if he would take the world's way of getting them. He was shown how able a financier he was by nature; too able a ruler he would make; how noble he would appear as a prince, and if he would deal the world's way he could overtop even the Cæsars.

He saw that he had magical healing powers; that he could perform all the mighty tricks of legerdemain Solomon has excelled at. It had been considered that Solomon was wonderful, because he could pierce a delicate pearl, string intricately perforated diamonds, and answer peculiar conundrums. All this was so simple and easy for the young Jesus.

But he said: "I will not get my greatness that way. I will get wise in the knowledge of spirit. I will get all my powers from God in straight communion with God, and not till I can explain how God as the Father is impartially good to the children of men will I take anything of the goods of earth.

"I believe in God as able and willing to do all things that mankind can ask or even think. I do not believe in there being any poor people or old people or unhappy people. I believe God is good to all or that He is not good at all. I do not believe in ignorance. I do not believe in disease. I do not believe in dishonesty. These things are not necessary. There is a noble, satisfactory way of living. That way I will demonstrate in such a fashion that not one creature can be too ignoble to imitate."

And he did. He entirely ignored human affairs that despite the goodness of God He bore and said, "Be not afraid; I have overcome." "The flesh profiteth nothing." "The devil is a lie from the beginning." "Keep my words." "My words are life." "My words tell the power of spirit. Seek first the knowledge of God and all these things shall be added unto you that you desire."

He said God was in Him. He said God was and is in all. He said that this God in each of us is able and willing to help us in wonderful ways. Nothing is too hard for Him. He explained that nothing is too common place for us to lay before this God and get aid in.

He said he himself was the bodily demonstration of God. But he laid great stress upon the fact that just talking and thinking as he did (most absolutely right) would put him and his powers forth from each of us.

A very poor woman not long ago felt that she heard the voice of Jesus Christ speaking within her mind saying, "I am Jesus Christ." She said, "I am a poor woman, I need help so much! Won't you please help me pay my rent?" The voice within her mind never said, yes. She listened to her own mind and so gently and lovingly the same words came, "I am Jesus Christ." If she had HEARD the voice spoke aloud through her lips her neighbors would have said she was blasphemous. But she did not. She said again, "Yes, dear Jesus Christ, I know you are the highest thought of my mind—able to do all things, won't you please help pay my rent?"

And again all she could get was the affirmation stronger and fuller from the deeps of her own mind. And immediately after that she had help on her rent. Yes, "Ye shall ask what ye will in my name."

According to Jesus Christ you do not have to ask any man or woman or corporation to help you, Jesus Christ will attend to it. Not the historic man of Galilee but the omipotent Jesus Christ quality of your own mind.

Jesus Christ is the demonstration of good. Just to listen to the one thought that whispers within you is your demonstration.

It is no more right for you to be poor. It is not right for you to be sick. It is not right for you to fail. It is not right for you to be unhappy. Why will you be when Jesus Christ says "I am within you able to do all things. Nothing is too hard for Me. Do not look afar onto Me, but let My name be spoken within you, and love Me and believe in Me."

You can do everything when Christ Jesus is your chief word. By and by the world will not seem heavy to you. You will not be Atlas with the world on his shoulders, but Jesus with the world under his feet. Your whole business in life is to "learn of me," or to learn how to let the Jesus Christ thought within you reign supreme. This thought that is named Jesus Christ is the noblest thought within your mind. Let it keep saying "I am Jesus Christ." Tennyson kept repeating his own name till he felt as if he were—as he has blamed. Some mystics kept repeating certain syllables, but Jesus Christ said, Repeat my name. Then you will not feel as if ye were the planet but as if the world were under your feet. You will not become senseless syllables, by speaking my name, but will come into your inheritance of health, wisdom, and success.

The place of a skull was where they crucified Him. Your intellect is supposed to be located within your skull. This intellect is a great enemy to Jesus Christ. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit." One has to walk right over the words and teachings of the intellect just as Jesus did. There is a higher faculty than the intellect within you. It is spirit. Intellect is more powerful than muscle. It is more successful than muscle. Intellect is as unreliable, however, as muscle. The powerful intellect will tell us that we must not give to the worthy poor because if we heed to every cry of pain we would soon be as poor as the poorest. Spirit says: feed every one with a portion of your bounty and you will have all the more. Intellect says: I must put my money into institutions that will praise my name, and cut down my employes afterward.

Spirit says I must put every creature into the way of earning its own living. If it can not do the ways of the world, so much the more cause for my protective care and wise instruction. I must not do my alms to be seen of men. Honor among this generation counts for nothing. The future will read my motive clear as a book.

The intellect is proud over muscle. Spirit is proud over nobody and nothing, but far transcends all the powers of all creatures. Intellect has its place in the skull. Jesus Christ has no place. Fills all place—unbounded, limitless, infinite. Algazali, a pious Arabian, living about 1058, said that he was completely astonished when he found how the senses deceived him, and his judgments had to be all corrected by his intellect. He noticed how the stars are reported to be small as money pieces by sensation, but corrected by intellect are called suns and worlds. He was sure of everything and everybody being different to the judgment from what the senses state. Then he began to doubt the reports of his intellect.

He said he was satisfied enough with his senses until intellect denied their testimony. Then he grew dissatisfied with intellect and wondered if there were not some higher face ulty still that would correct it. Jesus herexplains that he will teach us a higher than the greatest intellect.

Pilate, the representative of the word that acts according to its feelings, jestingly and wilfully calls the spiritual teaching the ruling intention of Judaism.

The coward does the way of the world. He says the spiritual world is chimerical; says it claims to do everything, but so far as he sees does nothing. Religious teachers try to explain that indeed they do not believe in spirit as their provider and healer and teacher. "We do the same ways you do; we try the tricks of all trades just like you; we believe in ways, and we employ doctors to examine our pulse and prescribe for our livers just like you; we study books as hard as ever we can to learn about God's laws with earthquakes and cyclones. Indeed, please, great worldly mind, don't think for a moment that we are so foolish as to believe in Spirit." "Write not, King of the Jews."

But the world always will insist that it is the very nature of religion to teach a better way than material performances to be successful and happy with.

There was no anguish you can go through with of mind or body any greater than this great Jesus Christ took upon Himself to show you the words to speak to set you free.

Here He shows that if you feel anguish of mind or body you may be sure something good is coming to you. You can hasten its coming by saying. "It is finished." If you have been very sick and you let that thought within you speak, saying, "I am Jesus Christ," and then you asked that thought to make you well, you will very likely have a very strange feeling of mind and body which no words will express better than anguish.

This feeling shows that a great good is to be born to you. Anguish gives birth. You are to say, "It is finished. Jesus Christ took this cup and said I need not drink it. He said I might refuse it. So I refuse to be in anguish, I declare that what was meant for me is here now, according to Jesus Christ. I am perfectly well now."

Keep on speaking these words. You do not have to be put through any pain or sorrow or humiliation at all. But if you have got into these straits there's a quick way out.

Jesus Christ in you the hope of glory is your freedom. There is nobody so free as the one who lets his name be spoken within his mind. He finds that if he does not choose to go into the slums of the city to work he can help people while sitting in his own room. He finds that if he does choose to go into the slums he has a right to do so. He is under nobody's orders and no body's criticisms weigh with him. He is not afraid of the terror by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day. Criticism, calumny, censure, praise, they are one to him. "It is finished," he says. Jesus Christ in you saying this to you that all evil is finished. It is ended. These things shall not be upon the earth. You can speak this name within your mind till the kingdom of heaven is open to your sight. In you the Gentiles will trust. As it is written, "Thy name shall the Gentiles trust." That is, if you keep letting the divine thought mingle with you; "I am Jesus Christ," even the people who do not believe in spiritual laws as transcending intellectual methods will trust you, will lean on you.

Jesus received the vinegar. But you need not receive the vinegar of having to take favors from those who think you are wronged you. He said that to declare it is finished and to hold His name steadfastly in mind would keep you free from all the pains and sorrows and shames of human experience. "I am victor over everything within your mind first and then in your body and world."

There is salvation in none other name, but in my name the vinegar and the gall and the wormwood of human experience are nothing. I promise you immunity from anything that would have pierced through you will speak my name. But if you have never been taught the power of my name and are now in great anguish, say that you refuse the cup of trouble, and declare that I am the one who takes the cup from you from poverty, debt, disgrace, desolation, sickness, say, "It is finished." At the eleventh hour call upon me and I will hear." "Keep my word and live." I can not be crucified. I cannot be entombed. Nothing is too hard for me. "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation."

Feminine Fancies.

A charming fin de siecle novelty is the photographing of the hands of women. Upon the score of beauty this very new custom has good reason. Poets have spent phrases upon the beauty of the perfect hands of their heroines. No novelist of the class given to sentiment would omit to mention admiringly the hand of the leading lady of his story in an enumeration of her charms. Long, translucent and tapering, or chubby, soft and dimpled.

Since the giving of a woman's hand has always been symbolic of the giving of herself—a symbol that has lied more than once or even twice in the history of mankind—since it has never been the privilege of the subject to kiss the hand of his queen, of a knight of old to kiss that of his lady, of a modern lover to press that of his beloved in his own; since, indeed, a fine hand is so truly beautiful, so often contains the clue to the fingers, and since temperament at least, if not each small particularity of character, is expressed in it, the hand is certainly a sufficiently important feature of one's make-up to be reproduced in cold-feet prepared paper.

The photographing of hands originated as a general custom in London about a year ago. Hands had been reproduced in outline by the camera before that time. When Herona it. Not the historic man of Galilee but the omipotent Jesus Christ quality of your own mind. Jesus Christ is the demonstration of good. Just to listen to the one thought that whispers within you is your demonstration.

It is no more right for you to be poor. It is not right for you to be sick. It is not right for you to fail. It is not right for you to be unhappy. Why will you be when Jesus Christ says "I am within you able to do all things. Nothing is too hard for Me. Do not look afar onto Me, but let My name be spoken within you, and love Me and believe in Me."

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The intellect is proud over muscle. Spirit is proud over nobody and nothing, but far transcends all the powers of all creatures. Intellect has its place in the skull. Jesus Christ has no place. Fills all place—unbounded, limitless, infinite. Algazali, a pious Arabian, living about 1058, said that he was completely astonished when he found how the senses deceived him, and his judgments had to be all corrected by his intellect. He noticed how the stars are reported to be small as money pieces by sensation, but corrected by intellect are called suns and worlds. He was sure of everything and everybody being different to the judgment from what the senses state. Then he began to doubt the reports of his intellect.

He said he was satisfied enough with his senses until intellect denied their testimony. Then he grew dissatisfied with intellect and wondered if there were not some higher face ulty still that would correct it. Jesus herexplains that he will teach us a higher than the greatest intellect.

Pilate, the representative of the word that acts according to its feelings, jestingly and wilfully calls the spiritual teaching the ruling intention of Judaism.

Colors in House Furnishing.

A sense of warmth and richness can be produced by the proper use of warm tinted hangings, which cannot be equalled by lavish and expensive if inartistic ones. Every reader will recall rooms beautifully yet cheaply furnished in this way. The writer has a vivid recollection of a transformation wrought in a large square room. Unfurnished it had not one redeeming feature. There were eight doors grained in a yellow imitation of oak after a hideous bygone fashion, very little wall space between the doors, and two long casement windows opening upon a piazza which shut out the sunlight.

The woman who expected to make a sitting-room of that place had very little money to spend. She put upon the walls a cheap paper of rich chocolate brown, a pattern of straggling roses in dull yellow, a narrow frieze with a dark red flower in it, and a band of dark red velvet paper underneath. The door-frames of the yellow doors was perceptibly softened. Then the floor was painted a dark brown and an ingrain drugget a graceful pattern in cream, black, and red was laid in the middle. On this was placed a cherry dining table with spindle legs (descended from a grandmother), both leaves raised, covered with a cloth in dull red and black, and supplied with a shining student lamp and a litter of books and magazines. The only available pictures were some unpretentious flower studies in oil, in narrow frames of polished oak.

The most expensive chair in the room was a $5 wicker rocker run with red ribbons. There was a bookcase of pine stained brown and in this were some handsome books, and on it some pretty vases. There was a clumsy homemade lounge stuffed with excelsior and cotton, and covered with cretonne also in brown and red. The deep windows were hung with long brown Canton flannel curtains, with cross bands of scarlet, hung on two mop handles, "ebonized" in a carriage-painter's shop in 15 minutes. The whole outfit, except the books, vases, and table, had not cost $50. Into that room went friends of all degrees of culture, from the art-school graduate to the village blacksmith, and they united with substantial unanimity in the opinion of a boy of 10, who having been sent there on an errand, went home exclaiming, "Oh, mother, they've got the boss room up at the——!"

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortunes.

UP THE BENUE RIVER.

Interesting Sights and Adventures Along a Great African Stream.

During the winter of 1889 Major Claude Mr Macdonald made a very interesting journey by steamboat far up the Benue branch of the Niger River, and then up its Kibbi tributary in a steam launch, approaching very near to the basin of the Shari River, which empties into Lake Tchad. The Benue is the only river in Africa which affords uninterrupted navigation from the sea to the central regions of the continent. Major Macdonald saw a good many novel and interesting things, made a great sensation along the river, and he recently told the Royal Geographical Society the story of his adventures. The little stern-wheel steamer Boussa, drawing five feet of water, carried the party. She was aground only once for 600 miles, which speaks well for the pilot and also for the possibilities of navigation on this great river. Her two large funnels, standing side by side, inspired great respect on the upper Benue. The natives were under the impression that those imposing chimneys could be lowered from their vertical position at the sweet will of the white man and fired off with destructive effect.

At Morum the men were armed chiefly with bows and arrows. Macdonald, wishing to test their skill, placed his handkerchief on a small tree about 180 feet off, and said he would give a piece of cloth to the archer who could hit the mark. A young man who seemed to be in popular favor as the William Tell of the village, stepped to the front and sent a poisoned arrow whizzing into the centre of the ward, and he became the possessor of a bale of cloth as a reward for his prowess. The country around here was at one time the great cotton market of this part of the Niger Basin. It is now an almost uninhabited waste, the Mohammedans having desolated it during their slave raids. They have tried to cross the river at this point and carry their raids into the Bassa country, but the people, supported by the Niger Company, and with the wide river before them, have effectually held the Mohammedans in check.

At Loko, Macdonald met one of the much-talked of Fulbe Emirs, or provincial Governors of the western Soudan. He appeared on the bank surrounded by a mounted retinue, and he himself was mounted on a small country bred horse. He was dressed in a voluminous "tobe," hansomely embroidered with green silk, very baggy trousers, and embroidered scarlet shoes. Much to the amusement of the people on the boat, he prepared to ride his horse along the plank stretching between the shore and the vessel. He and his steed would have fallen into the river if the white man had not sent him word that he would be pleased to see him without his horse.

After he came on board he requested a private interview with the Queen's envoy. He said he and his people were not tillers of the soil; they did not dig the ground, neither did they barter ivory or palm oil, like the merchants from Kano and the north, and like the white men. No, they were fighting people. They fought the pagans and made slaves of them. He had to send a tribute of 200 slaves to his master, the Sultan of Sokoto, and he had great difficulty in getting them. Now, as Macdonald was all powerful, could he not, by authority of his Queen make the white traders sell him rifles and cartridges so that he might raid the tribes on the other side of the river, and thus get what he wanted? Of course these would be used only against the pagans, and not against the white men.

He was very much dejected when Macdonald told him that the Queen and people of England hated slavery and slave raiding, and therefore no account could he sell ammunition be sold or given to him. Macdonald told them it would be much better if they occupied themselves in tilling the soil, but his words probably fell on very stony ground.

In the Mitshi country, a little further up the Benue, Macdonald found a savage and treacherous people, who occupy both banks of the river and have kept the Mohammedans in check. They are split up into numberless little clans, which make it difficult to deal with them, as a treaty made with one clan is simply laughed at by the others. For a long time they had a wholesome dread of the white man, thinking he had descended from the skies, and was invulnerable. In 1885, however, they discovered their error. They had a slight dispute with the agent of one of the trading companies, and in the heat of the argument one of the young Mitshi ripe to a bystander sent arrow from his bow to test the supposed invulnerability of the white man. It just grazed the neck of a white clerk named Hoyland, scarcely breaking the skin. The white retreated toward the river, but before they reached it the unfortunate clerk had succumbed to the poison in the wound. The Mitshis finding that the whites were no more invulnerable than themselves, burned the various factories and massacred as many white men as they could find. They still preserve the skull of Agent Griffiths, which they use as a fetich. They were severely punished for their treachery in 1886 by the Niger Company, and several of their villages were destroyed.

Ibi is one of the largest stations of the Niger Company on the Benue. The people belong to the Djukis tribe, and are intelligent, peaceful, and good tempered. They are surrounded on all sides by Mohamedans, fly special request, a number of the warriors and belles paraded in their best clothes, the former armed with bundles of poisoned spears and the women attired in bright-colored clothes. Capt. Ferryman tried to take some photographs, but they were all spoiled. The ladies on being told that the white men were anxious to photograph some of them, were greatly interested, and grouped themselves with great readiness. The removal of the cap from the lens, however, was invariably followed by the rapid disappearance of the ladies, who apparently thought that the removal of the cap would be followed by an explosion or the letting loose of the fetich which the box undoubtedly contained. Macdonald got into the habit of coming into action with the camera ready loaded, the cap in his pocket, and with invariably very good results. He would then gaze into the sky and casually down into the camera, and when he saw a nice picture reflected he would press the button, and all was over.

Near the Mbaudi River the party received a royal visitor. He explained the process employed by him, which consisted in first clubbing the victim on the head and then cutting the head off with a sword. He took great pride in his profession, and was a most cheerful executioner. In this territory the expedition saw many Fulbe women who dressed their hair over a pad, in shape resembling a policeman's helmet, though not quite so long. The hair was about a foot long. Considerable trade is done here in tin, which is collected by the natives in the streams that come down from the hills. They melt it down and bring it for barter in the shape of wire of about half the thickness of one's little finger. The country here is very thickly populated, and completely unexplored on both sides of the river. The people fled en masse from several of the villages and hid in the surrounding fields of millet. When they saw, however, that the intentions of the visitors were friendly, pleasant relations were soon established.

At Djen the people were very friendly though their costume was somewhat startling the ladies of the tribe being the principle offenders, the majority of them being absolutely without clothing. Barth, in his "Travels," says: "I have observed that many of these simple tribes deem some sort of covering, however scanty it might be more essential for the men than the women."

Finally, the little steamer reached Yola, the chief town of the upper Benue. The town is large, consisting of brown thatched huts, each enclosure being planted with trees. From the river the town looks like a collection of several thousand haystacks in different shades of brown, some large, some small, embowered in trees, which have a very pretty effect. The people are Mohammedans, and very polite; but the Emir of Yola was suffering from a fit of very bad temper. He had declared his intention of never receiving a white man again, and in answer to the friendly messages from the Queen of England he still refused to see her envoy unless he could produce a letter from the Sultan of Sokoto, his master. Macdonald tried in vain to see him on the voyage down the river, and had to depart without interviewing the most important ruler in all that region.

Decrease in Emigrants.

During the month of November 14,053 emigrants of British origin sailed for the United States, as compared with 16,202 in October of last year. The figures for Canada also show a slight falling off, from 1,802 to 1,720—in spite of the special efforts made by the Dominion Government to attract new settlers. Altogether, these figures may fairly be taken as evidence of at least a temporary improvement in the condition of the classes which supply the bulk of emigrants.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

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100 Doses One Dollar

Manitoba's Crops.

Our crops in Ontario were large, but those of Manitoba have simply paralysed the farmers, who have been working night and day to harvest them. The wheat yield was 23,191,590 bushels, the yield of oats 14,762,603 bushels, and that of barley 3,197,876 bushels. Prices are better than last year, but, of course, they vary according to quality. No. 1 wheat has brought seventy-three cents at Neepawa, and seventy cents elsewhere. But placing the average price at sixty cents the total value of the wheat crop is $13,914,954; the oat crop at twenty-two cents is worth $3,247,777; and the barley at twenty-eight cents, $959,359. The total value is $18,122,086. As there are 18,000 farmers in the province the average return from the season's work is $1,000 per head. This is not a great deal when the cost of production is taken into consideration; but the farmers grow other things besides cereals, and the tendency to go in for mixed farming is spreading. There is always a danger that in a new country the soil will become exhausted through the failure to return to it the elements that are extracted in the process of growth. This is said to be one of the causes of the agricultural depression in the Eastern States. The evil cannot be too earnestly guarded against.

Fourteen Columns of Song

In December, 1877, the whole of Swinburne's tragedy, "Lochrine," was cabled from London to the New York Times. An enterprising Amer can firm offered an early copy of proofs of "Lochrine" to the editor of the New York Times for $100, with the stipulation that the tragedy should not be published till the morning of Dec. 19. Unfortunately, the editor was away, and when he got back he found that the proofs had already been disposed of to the New York Sun. The