

CEYLON EDEN'S GARDEN.

WHY DR. TALMAGE GIVES CREDCNCE TO THIS THEORY.

Nature's Luxuriance Adds Weight to This Belief—A Brilliant Word Picture of the Isle of Palms—Ancient Civilization—Religions Contrasted.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 13.—In continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms," the text selected being, "The ships of Tarshish first" (Isaiah lx, 9). The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the round the world series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Tapprobane, John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "the Isle of Palms," "the Isle of Flowers," "the Pearl Drop on the brow of India," "the Isle of Jewels," "the Island of Spice," "the Show Place of the Universe," "the Land of Hyacinth and Ruby." In my eyes, for scenery it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries, but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swung into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a breaker built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island—a heathen temple, with its devotees in idolatrous worship and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects; and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar, and the painter his portfolio of gorge 8,000 feet down and days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire, and the botanist his camp full of orchids and arrowwoods and gentians and valerian and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumph—how many wounds have been healed, how many sorrows comforted, how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters and rummaged these hills and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored by such work, but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory, be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance and abundance and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the graves have in their libretto!

Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree, saying, "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fibre for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrub in brushes on your floors." Here also stands the palm tree, saying, "I am at your disposal. With these arms I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the centuries! Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying, "I am ready to spice your beverages and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. Great banyan trees that have been changing their mind for centuries, each century carrying out a new plan of growth, attracted our attention and saw us pass the year 1894 as they saw the generations of 1794 and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of 130,000 people you cannot see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers, and hang lamps around its branches, and 100,000 people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and until he hears of the only being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe, and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it. How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth we may see the "tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindu priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations and his unwashed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The

occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefore the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again—more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession—meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this land. The Episcopal church was here the national church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880 all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Drs. Poor, the Saunders and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

The American missionaries in Ceylon have given special attention to medical instruction and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil worshippers and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs, doctors and the medical classes of students under the care of those who follow the example of the late Samuel Fish/Green are providing them, so that all the alleviations, and kindly ministrations, and scientific acumen that can be found in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon. In that island are 32 American schools, 310 Church of England schools, 234 Wesleyan schools, 224 Roman Catholic schools. Ah, the schools decide most everything!

How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon! In a school under the care of the Episcopal church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddhist boy said in the school, "Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other part of the room." All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized were scotched at and derided one of them yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was very sorry that he had yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ, "You are a coward and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both the boys were baptized, and from that time the Anglican mission moved on more and more vigorously. I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this—Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

What though the spley breezes
Blow soft over Ceylon's Isle.

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college, about 100 men studying to become priests, gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we were apologetic and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections, whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves, on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as finely formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a look of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That is, in their opinion, the way to heaven: What Mohammed is to the Mohammedan and what Christ is to the Christian Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then, expressing our thanks, retired.

Near by is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindu temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshippers were making obeisance. The tomtoms were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full bang and blare, and there was an indescribable hubbub and the most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the glooms, and the flitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the tomtoms of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord or have any power to console or help the worshippers is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had this morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation, the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention and silence and reverence.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes—Afghans, Kafirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American—all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salamm. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pekings, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archeologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to the explorer's pickaxe. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhausted city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1,300 years. Stairways up

which fifty men might pass side by side, carved pillars, some of them fallen, some aslant, some erect; Phidias and Christopher Wrens never heard of here performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture; aisles through which royal processions marched; arches under which kings were carried; city with reservoir twenty miles in circumference, extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries; ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth; Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors; ruins retaining much of grandeur, though wars bombard them and time put his chisel on every block, and, more than all, vegetation put its anchors and pries and wrenches in all the crevices.

Dugouts, or places where relics of saints or deities are kept—dugouts 400 feet high, and their fallen material burying precious things for the sight of which modern curiosity has dugged and blasted in vain. Processions of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked in the mountain side. Stairs of moonstone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unraveled. Over sixteen square miles, the ruins of one city strewn. Thronerooms on which at different times sat 165 kings, reigning in authority they inherited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed before the orchestras celestial woke the shepherds with midnight overture.

When Lieutenant Skinner in 1832 discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated there undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and peicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandeur; rebuilt 1,500 residences, but ruin soon resumed its scepter. But all is down, the spires down, the pillars down, the tablets down, the glory of splendid arches down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B.C.? Was it unhealthful air? Was it a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying siege? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery sits amid the monoliths and brick dust, finger on lip in eternal silence, while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities, and immense populations inhabited them. An eminent writer estimates that a pile of bricks in one ruin of Ceylon would be enough to build a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London. Sixteen thousand pillars, with carved capitals, are standing sentinel for ten miles.

You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slack their thirst, judging the size of the city from the size of the cupout of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants, not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded. Their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts where once the guffaw of was-sail ascended. Anurajapura and Pollonnara will never be rebuilt. Let all the living cities, of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous, says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood so long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 165 successive kings reigned for a lifetime? Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities or nation have been sepulchered. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it and as true of cities and nations as of individuals, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

Criticism.
Professional art critics are by no means the only people whose opinions of pictures are worth hearing, as many an artist has found out. Michael Herlihy had his little shop insured in a popular company and the agent presented him with a highly colored lithograph representing the burning of a block of buildings.

Mr. Herlihy surveyed the picture for some moments, muttering to himself the while. At last he turned a dissatisfied face upon the agent.

"It's mighty purty," he said, "but it's meself doesn't call it complete, sorr, not by any means."

"Indeed," said the agent. "What is wanting, Mr. Herlihy?"

"There's the buidins, all roight," said Michael, "an' there's the foire engines, an' the ladders, an' the horses, an' the shmoke an' cinders. There's the payple runnin' an' the firemen climbin' oop and doon. But," said Mr. Herlihy, turning his back on the painted conflagration and confronting the insurance agent with an expression of strong discontent, "who iver in the wide wurld saw a blither av that koind goin' on, an' not a bit av dog anywhere to be sane on the sstrate, sorr? Who's the man 't painted that picture. Oi'd like t' be told!" concluded Mr. Herlihy yawning scornful. "He's got a few things to 'arn before iver he'll be an artish, Oi'm thinkin'!"—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Siamese Custom.
One of the most curious customs of Siam is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. A person born in the year of the elephant, for instance, cannot marry a person born in the year of the tiger; neither may the lion mate with the lamb. The law imposes dire penalties upon all who give false ages, or who represent that they are gay gazelles when, in fact, they are mischievous monkeys, and therefore it is a law which would not be welcome in western lands.

Know When Icebergs Are Near.
The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine-room. That sounds queer, but it is a fact, nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinity of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated without the steam power being increased word is passed up to the officer on the bridge that bergs may be expected and a close lookout for them is established.—Washington Star.

The Nova Scotia legislature is summoned for Jan. 31st.

WINDSOR IN WINTER.

SOMETHING OF THE FAVORITE HOME OF HER MAJESTY.

How the Queen's Residence is Heated and Lighted—Four Methods and Materials and How They Are Employed—Coal by the Train Load.

For lighting the castle four methods are available, all of which are more or less in operation, viz: Gas, oil, candles and the electric light, while for warming and cooking, wood, coal and gas are used. During the residence of the court some hundreds of persons are in the castle, besides the royal family and the visitors, consequently the adequate provision of all these processes is of a somewhat gigantic nature, keeping many servants constantly employed.

For the general lighting and heating gas and coal are adopted, but this is not so in the Queen's own rooms, nor in many other of the royal apartments. In the matter of fires for her own rooms the Queen strictly banishes coal. She has a confirmed preference for wood only. Special supplies of wood have to be obtained for this purpose from the thickly timbered hills a few miles up the river, above Windsor, where a number of workmen are regularly employed on this task. The timber, when felled and roughly trimmed on the spot, is brought down to a wharf on the river side, where it is dressed and cut up into blocks of fixed sizes. It is then stacked to get seasoned, and as required supplies are brought down to the castle for consumption in the Queen's rooms.

Gas and oil are excluded from her Majesty's apartments. Her light is provided by means of wax candles, all of one special pattern, their daily removal being the duty of a special official. In some of the other apartments gas is utilized, and in other parts oil lamps are burned, gas supplying the quarters of the staff generally. Moreover, although the Queen bars all but candles for her own private use, she has permitted the introduction of an electric light plant. This is placed underneath the north terrace, and is in charge of a special engineer, under the general supervision of a prominent electrician. This plant has never been largely used, but the light has been led into and applied to the main corridors, to one or two of the royal apartments and to the library. A year or so ago the original plant was replaced by newer and more powerful machinery, which would probably suffice to light the whole of the castle if the Queen so willed, but this has not yet occurred, nor is she likely to sanction it. Electric bells and telephones abound throughout the castle, but electric light is allowed very limited play.

The coal required for Windsor Castle chiefly comes from certain collieries in North Wales, brought in train loads of perhaps 500 tons at a time. From the station it is carried to the castle, in various parts of which are deep and spacious cellars, into which it is tipped. Thence it is conveyed as required to the different rooms and offices, numbering some hundreds.

Lifts are almost unknown in the castle, consequently the coal has to be hoisted from the cavernous cellars and carried hither and thither by coal porters. The replenishing of the fires is carried out upon a most careful and efficient plan, footmen and other higher servants receiving the coal from the porters and passing it on to the royal apartments at intervals throughout the day.

Each official connected with heating and lighting the castle has his allotted duties and recognized position, and thus the residence of the highest lady in the land is lighted and warmed in efficient manner by many and various processes.—London News.

New Light on Courtship and Marriage.
An English writer has recently been giving some what he calls "new light on love, courtship and marriage" that is worth considering. Anybody, he says, who has not yet fallen in love can readily raise the vision of the subsequent dear one by looking at himself in the glass. If he be stout, the girl will probably be thin; if he have a snub nose, his love will center about the Roman one; if he be dark, 10 to 1 a blonde ultimately captures him. Thus nature corrects defects and strives to realize her ideal. The same holds good in a measure of the mental qualities. A fool should make it his business to fall in love with a clever woman, and, conversely, a wise man should marry a fool if he has any respect for nature. Note, further, that girls with Roman noses are, as a rule, good house managers; but against this amiable quality must be set the fact that your Roman nose is essentially managing in every direction, and is not content with domestic duties alone.

Your Roman nose, in fact, requires a complete surrender and is rarely happy till she gets it. Noses, he thinks, are a leading index to character. Avoid a sharp nose. If, besides being sharp, it is tinted with varying shades of red or blue, or is blue pointed, there is an asperity of temper, which it would not be well for you to encounter. Let your converse with "blue points" be confined to the oyster bar, then. Avoid the blue-nosed maiden as you would the blue-nosed orange-outang—both are capable of infinite mischief. He also cautions us against red hair and bushy eyebrows. In selecting a husband "choose a sensible man, one of solid, mature judgment." Excellent advice, only a bit too general, as is his infallible recipe for winning his love. To do so a woman must possess womanly graces, the power of setting out her qualities so as to inspire the tender passion and gift of fascination. That is the whole secret.

Stub Ends of Thought.
A woman talks at her best when she doesn't know what she is talking about.

Domestic felicity is of as many types as religion is.

We unconsciously judge all men by ourselves.

While a man is thinking how a thing ought to be done, a woman will do it.

Cupid always goes about with his bow and arrows loaded.

A wise man discovers by patient study what a fool stumbles upon.

Women admire handsome men, and love homely ones.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who hadn't the courage to ask for her.

Compliance.
"Leave the house."
For an instant he confronted the girl in silence.

"Very well," he answered, with an effort.
He was true to his word.

Although a burglar and a social outcast, he left not only the house, but the stationery tubs in the kitchen and the grand piano.

STAGE DEATHS.

Medical Authority Declares They Outrageously Violate Nature.

A French dramatic critic, who some show of medical knowledge, represents that nearly all actors and actresses outrageously violate nature in their imitations of death. He cites in corroboration of his charge, the customary theatrical death of Camille, in the younger Dumas's favorite emotional play of that title. According to the author, his heroine is affected with pulmonary consumption, and an incidental attack of hemorrhage of the lungs extinguishes her life. There is absolutely nothing dramatic to be made out of this mode of dying; if fidelity to fact be obeyed. The gushing of a stream of blood from the mouth would be realistic, but the imitation of such a phenomenon is never made by actors, male or female, nor any discreet manager tolerate such a piece of stage business. Again, the overwhelming suffocation which produces the rapid death in Camille's case is never accompanied by convulsions, such as her dying representatives on the stage almost always assume. In natural death from this cause the sufferer simply collapses from failure of the vital powers.

Theatrical poisoning scenes are also usually untrue to nature. It is popularly believed that when a fatal dose of laudanum or morphia is swallowed the victim immediately sinks into a death-like sleep, as is commonly seen on the stage, whereas the first effect of this poison taken in like quantity is invariably to excite and enliven.

Nor is the mode of dying after the hacked cardiac stage—stab in conformity with the laws of nature. The actor simply falls at full length, or in a heap, whereas the every-day member of society gives a spring when the heart is struck before entering eternity by this unhappy gate. Even the modern Otello has not inherited enough of Shakespeare's wonderful fidelity to truth to die naturally after a stab through the heart.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sweating Waiters.
Waiters in the foreign restaurants of London have distinct grievances that should be remedied, if the statements of a German waiter in a contemporary are to be believed. He makes complaint of the annoyance and anxiety suffered by himself, in common with other members of his class, owing to a system of sweating of the most obnoxious kind which, he asserts, is practiced in restaurants that are kept and mainly frequented by foreigners. The proprietors of these establishments not only pay their waiters nothing, but exact from them a premium of, sometimes as much as half a sovereign for the privilege of attending to the wants of customers and performing other duties for twelve or sixteen hours a day. In those restaurants largely patronized by Englishmen and Americans it seems that these men are able to earn a more or less meager income, even though their masters impose a further tax upon them by charging for attendance in the bill, but where the customers hail from countries in which tipping does not obtain they find the struggle for existence both bitter and disappointing.

The Old Czar and the New.
Almost the last thought of the late Czar was for the theatre employes, who, in a way, would be among the chief losers by his death. Opening his eyes with an effort, he signed to the Czarowitz to approach. "Do not let the theatres suffer on account of the long mourning. I do not wish so many people should be reduced to misery on account of my death." The new Emperor did not forget his father's dying words, for one of his first acts was to give 500,000 roubles toward the support of the actors and actresses during the time that they were to be out of employment.

The new Czar has received his late father's Ministers with cordial warmth, and when M. De Giers, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, requested permission to retire from his post on account of ill health, Nicolas II. expressed a hope that they might work together for many years to come. But M. De Giers replied, "See, your Majesty, my feet can no longer carry me." "It is not your feet, but your head of which I have need," responded the Czar.

Music and the Honeybees.
The belief that bees can hear, and that they find music in sounds which to human beings are hideous, is at least as old as Virgil, and probably a good deal older. Has not Virgil described—and have we not all heard in our childhood—how anyone can persuade bees to warm by banging a gong in an intelligent and insinuating manner? Beekeepers, it is true, have of late years abandoned the practice, but the belief in its efficacy still prevails to a considerable extent. At last, however, Sir John Lubbock comes to knock the illusion on the head. He made some experiments with honey and a musical box, wishing to know whether the tinkling tunes would have the same effect upon bees as the sound of the dinner bell has upon a hungry terrier. He found that the bees, however hungry, never rose to associating the idea of the music with the idea of meals, and he draws the inference that they cannot hear. The argument certainly sounds conclusive, but Sir John could hardly have surprised us more if he had told us that bees could not sting.

An Exception.
"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced the advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband. "In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in time of danger?"

"Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly, with a deprecating smile.—Youth's Companion.

Like the Prince of Wales.
An English schoolmaster promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that the teacher could not answer. One and another tried, and at last one boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."

Too Friendly.
Some men will insist upon making very inappropos remarks. Jags was met Baggs the other day. They were warm friends, and Jags was lauding his wife to the skies.

"I fairly idolize her," said he.

"So do I," says Baggs, and now he is wondering why Jags hit him and he is asphyxiated as he frigid whenever they meet.—Philadelphia Call.

A Washington despatch says Robert A. Kellond, Montreal, has been debarred from practice before the United States patent office. He sent a check in payment of a government fee, which went to protest, and would not make it good. For stomach troubles use K D C.