SWEET MYSTERIES.

Slowly the seeds in the garden are growing. Glad homilies! Tides, set in motion by winds briskly blow-Pause ere they rise;

The nestling shall rise and aspire to Heaven't And the butterfly, though in a shroul!

must wait

In dim surprise;

For all things shall rise.

Gently kind spring has awakened the flowers. Sweet mysteries!

Exiftly the grub on the wing, with new pow-To happiness flies; Ever with refluent wave and strong motion Landward now march the forces of ocean:

Grand auguries! For all things do rise. In the world visible lurks the invisible, Making men wise.

Telling of blessed truths plainly perceptible To love-lit eyes, Telling of Heaven and the happy To-morrow, Telling of joy with no vestige of sorrow And of bright eyes,

> Where love never dies. -C. P. Wilson, in New York Sun.

THE THIEF ON THE SHIP.



the way, to think that we pursers with a man's innocence. have no more onorous duties to perwork pretty well cut out for him dur- had left their doors locked.

"Is there anything wrong?" I asked, with some surprise, when she had delivered her message. "There is, sir," she replied hastily.

"All I know-She was about to make some eager statement, but pulled herself up sud-

without another word. her. When I got to Mrs. Melhurst's stretched out my hand to take the at each other, and wonder why it is stateroom I saw at once that something had occurred to cause her seriand even the floor were littered with vanished! the contents of cabin trunks and handstood the lady herself, looking decidedly perplexed and annoyed.

"This is very singular, Mr. Morse." case which lay open on the upper berth. "My diamond ornaments are missing." "You don't say so!" I exclaimed in

sheer astonisment. "I do say so!" she replied sharply. ', You can see for yourself that they are gone.'

"How did it happen?" "I cannot positively tell you. brooch on the Continent. She expressed a wish to see it. When the theory to a practical test. tables were cleared I came in here, took out the brooch and left the jewel case lying on the berth. I was

"How long were you absent?" "Not more than half an hour." "You are sure you had the key in your possession all the time?"

careful to lock the cabin door, but

when I got back the case was empty."

"Positive. I never let it out of my hand while I was in the saloon." I was totally staggered. I examined solutely nothing to show that it had ask whether your stateroom been tampered with. I could hit upon no better suggestion than that Mrs. Melhurst might possibly have mislaid the jewels somewhere. This had the sole effect of exasperating the lady to

such a degree-for it seems that she had already searched overy nook and corner in the cabin-that I was glad to beat a retreat in order to lay the matter before the captain. I had just got to the head of the sa-

loon stairs when I heard some one bounding up after me, three or four steps at a time. I tu ned and saw Mr. Carter-who, by the way, had made several voyages with us on previous occasions. "I say, Morse," he said, taking me

confidentially by the arm, "you've this trip.

couple of rings and a pair of gold-" in all my life I never had such diffi-"The deuce!" "Well, it looks uncommonly like as dim light I saw a long, thin hairy arm if the individual you refer to had a thrust in through the opening. The hand in the business, for I don't see next moment a small black hand had how any ordinary mortal could get fastened upon a leather case lying

into one's cabin, with the door bolted close to the window and withdrew it velopment of the telephone will enaon the inside, unless he managed to as quick as thought almost. squeeze through the porthole." "Tell me exactly what has happened."

"My dear fellow, how can I? It's deck. There, just about the spot Experts are working on this problem enough to puzzle a Philadelphia law- where I judged the stateroom to be now. yer! You see, I went to my stateroom situated, I came face to face with the "The Bell Company spends \$100,000 can swear to thatand I remember flinging the cigarette heat he was wearing his long cloak ton laboratory thirty experts are concase, rings and a pair of gold sleeve with the deep cape, and had his eter- stantly engaged in working on telelinks on the upper berth. Then I put | nal cigarette between his teeth. He | phone problems. An invention that on my dressing gown, stretched my- looked at me with an air of frank sur- is even now approaching perfection is self upon the couch, and had a down- prise; and I looked at him with an air the theatrophone. This contrivance right good snooze. When I got up, of protound suspicion. about five minutes ago, I found my Suddenly a happy thought flashed step into a public office and listen to trinkets had vanished."

'Pon my word, things were begin- and sprang down the saloon stairs, and funny dialogues of a variety show, ning to look serious and no mistake! running full tilt against the chief choosing among such attractions as I lost no time in hunting up the cap- steward, who was standing at the bot- please their fancy. Of course, such a tain and made him acquainted with tom. the state of affairs. He was just as much puzzled as I was myself. The I cried.

a private interview it his cabin on moved away a little towards the sternleck. He also signified his wish that I went close up, stood right in front I should be present. We both quest of him, and then began deliber tely tioned the lady closely, but her re- to crack the nuts. upon the singular occurrence.

a "black sheep" on board-probably upon me. an old hand at the business. For the It was enough. My suspicions were next few days we had no further complaints. The thief was evidently nuts into the sea, and walking straight 'lying low," waiting until tranquility up to De Castro, said: was restore | before making a fresh attempt. Meanwhile I kept my eyes open. I observed the little peculiarities of the different passengers, and took particular note of the manner in which they occupied the r time.

On board ship when you find a man who shows a marked preference for his own society above that of the loungers on deek or habitues of the smoke room, one is inclined to jump at the conclusion that he has some solid reasons for his exclusiveness. If, in addition to this he happens to be of an uncommunicative disposition, with black hair and swarthy complexion, given to wearing a slouched hat and long cloak - rightly or wrongly, you put him down as a decidedly suspicious character.

Now, we happened to have a passencerned in the robberies—for inquiries I had just shut proved he had remained on deck the myself into my lit- whole evening-he certainly would have been treated to a private interhaving run through view in the captain's cabin. As it

Nothing further occurred to excite cal information at our finger-ends for three other staterocms had been rifled for whooping cough. the benefit of every curious voyager. in the same mysterious manner. Nowadays the purser of a crack Amer. Watches, jewelry and even money had ican liner-making, perhaps, a record disappeared, though in all three cases go away cured. The manner of being passage of six days or so-has his the passengers stoutly declared they

When the alarm reached me I hap-On the present occasion I bed recarcely got my accounts fairly in lead in my hand twenty sovereigns, lead other ingredients, which is being conhand when I was interrupted by a which I had just taken in exchange for stantly turned over by a line of men slight tap at the door. I arose at American money to accommodate one with shovels. The gas passes through once and opened it, and there stood Mrs. Melhurst's Canadian maid, with lock up the gold; I simply placed it sulphur which it had taken up early Mrs. Melhurst's Canadian maid, with lock up the gold, I simply placed it supplies the President, who commuted the penflushed face and nervous, agitated on my desk, switched off the light and in its process of manufacture. As the hurried away. Uhad no fears for the safety of the sovereigns, my door have gent fumes of sulphur escape. key before leaving.

sovereigns from my desk. My hand that their mothers object when they closed upon nothing more solid than | throw mud at each other in the street.

which stood wide open, the weather Journal.

being oppressively hot. I regarded the innocent looking porthole with the air of a veritable Sherlock Holmes. I went outside and thrust my arm in through the open- doubt this ask William D. Sargent, ing, but my hand did not reach within | General Manager of the New York and dinner this evening I happened to fully two yards of the desk. Still, it Jersey City Telephone Company. mention to Mrs. Latimer that I had struck me as being the only way by Mr. Sargent has a blue jay that does

> I hurried down into the saloon, great many trinkets in his stateroom, into the dish for a bath. and was rather careless, too, in the

way he left them lying about. "Don't show any surprise," I whispered, glancing around at the other the lock carefully, but there was ab. occupants of the saloon. "but might I locked?"

> "It is." "And is the porthole open?" "I should say so! I don't want to

find the place as stuffy as the engineroom when I go to turn in." "Well, just pass me your key; I want to try a little experiment. Wait till I'm gone, and then stroll up on deck. Let yourself be seen-on the

lower deck particularly—but don't pay too close attention to any one you may notice loitering there." He fell in readily with my scheme. I went and shut myself in his stateroom, crouching down so that I could mained in that cramped position un-

half inclined to give it up as a bad mater. "Why, some one's gone and walked But suddenly, as I glance! up at off with my silver cigarette case, a the porthole, my blood ran cold, and culty to keep down a yell. In the

> into the passage. I dashed up the this means the cost of long distance saloon stairs and made for the lower telephoning will be much reduced. Brazilian, De Castro. In spite of the a year for experiments

plies did not tend to throw any light | He regarded me with a pitying sori of look, but I paid little attention to Nevertheless, we determined to keep him. Presently I saw a corner of the close watch upon the state room in cape drawn aside and beheld a pair of future. It was pretty evident we had small, gleaming eyes fixed greedily

confirmed. I flung the rest of the "I must ask you to accompany me

to the captain's cabin." "Vot you mean?" he asked, drawing back.

I was determined to stand no nonsense, and straightway took him by the shoulders. The moment I laid my hands upon him I heard a vicious and nail. I saw the gleam of a knife,

measured his length upon the deck. The quartermaster came running up, and the rascal was dragged off to the captain's cabin. When searched there Mrs. Melhurst's diamonds, Mr. Carter's eigarette case and rings and a miscellaneous collection of other valuger on board—a Brazilian named De ables were found upon him. In his Castro-who tallied in every way with stateroom we discovered a perforated this description. But for the fact that box, apparently intended for the use please come down I had conclusive evidence to show he of the monkey, who was evidently to her stateroom | could not have been directly con- quite as accomplished as his master.— Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"Bust Care" for Colds.

The big refining room attached to the Gas Works, at Jackson and Washthe ship's account was, I was forced to conclude that ington streets, makes a queer hospibefore turning in black hair, swarthy complexion, slouch tal, but it is an effectual one, as not that night. It is quite a mistake, by hat and cloak were quite compatible a few parents can testify. At this season of the year, when whooping cough and diphtheria are raging, the form when at sea than to wrtch over suspicion until the last day or two of room is much frequented. Indeed, the passengers' comfort, read prayers the voyage. Then, one evening after many of the best physicians of the city on Sunday and keep a store of nauti- dinner, word was brought to me that recommend the gashouse treatment The children make two or three

visits with their parents, and finally

treated is quite after the little folks' hearts. The floor of the big building is covered with a black mass of finelymen turn over the black mass, pun- alty to a term of imprisonment when ing a particularly intricate lock, in this gas which acts so beneficially on which I took good care to turn the the whooping cough. The children who are taken to the gashouse by their I remained below for an hour or so mothers are allowed to play and romp investigating these fresh complaints, in the banks of earth to their hearts' but, as in the other cases, I was utter- content. They soon begin to suceze dealy, and tripped along the deck ly unable to make head or tail of them. and cough, which shows that the Vexed and bewildered, I went back to fumes have begun to cut loose the I switched off the electric light, my office, unlocked the door, turned mucous in the throat. The children locked the door and hurried away after on the light, and mechanically shout and scream and throw the dust

ous anxiety. The berths, the couch thin air-my little pile of gold had During the last week each day averaged about five children. Those who For a minute or two I stood there have the refining-house in charge are bags. In the midst of the confusion gazing blankly before me, so utterly very courteous, and welcome parents confused and dismayed that I could with their children. They have never scarcely bring my with to bear upon known the "dust cure," as it is called, the mysterious affair. Then I managed to fail when the case was taken in its she said, pointing to an empty jewel to pull myself together and took a early or middle stages. It is very look around my little cabin. In the beneficial in cases of catarrh. No one course of my observations my eyes about the house has the least suspihappened to rest upon the porthole, cion of catarrh.—Louisville Courier-

A Sociable Blue Jay.

Blue jays are good house pets and more company than canaries. If you

picked up a certain crescent shaped which the thief could have got at the not need a cage-a bird that can even money, and I determined to put my be trusted out of doors. It knows enough to come in when it rains, and also knows when meals are due. It is where most of the passsengers were a connoisseur of soup, and at dinner congregated. As yet few of them were time will hop around the table gleeaware of the robberies, for we had fully tasting here and there, but fakept the matter as secret as possible. voring its master's plate. It is only I went straight up to a young Ameri- watchfulness on Mr. Sargent's part can gentleman, who I knew had a that keeps his pretty pet from getting

When the soup is done with he perches on his master's shoulder and pecks daintily at his lips for morsels that may tarry there, or else he flits about, pushing his beak against the silverwear, attracted by its brightness, or tries to make away with any jewels. such as earrings, watch charms or scarfpins, that those about the table may be decorated with. Trinkets taken from one are ant to be hidden in turn in other person's hair or inside their collars. Then it whistles quietly, as all blue jays do when they

Mr. Sargent is passionately food of birds, and they all know it and come to his call. His blue jays have the wide, wide world to fly in, and are rarely out all night. They know his whistle as far is they can hear it, and gather about him merrily whenever just keep an eye on the porthole over he calls for them. They leave the city the top of the lower berth. I re- for the South in cold weather, however, but when spring comes they are got some queer customers on board til my limbs fairly ached, and I was on hand again, sometimes with their

If a blue jay is taken when young it may be taught fully as much as any other bird, and will amply repay the trouble taken in the teaching. -New York Press.

Fulure Development of the Telephone. Emile Berliner, in a recent interview, said: "The next step in the deble a number of persons to talk over I sprang to my feet and bolted out the same wire simultaneously, and by

will make it possible for people to through my mind. I turned round grand opera, comic opera or the songs device may be turned to account as a household convenience, so that the well-to-do citizen will be able to listen first thing next morning he sent a When he brought them I hurried to a play or opera without leaving his message to Mrs. Melhurst, requesting back on deck. The Brazilian had dwelling."

MEDICINE MEN.

IMMENSE ADVANTAGES OVER WHITE DOCTOR'S.

Their Lives Forfeited, However, it Their Predictions Fail-Religious Ceremonies at the Death of a Chief.

have an immense advantage over their brethren, the white doctors, for there can rarely be any error about their decision as to the recovery or death of their patients. When a Mojave Indian feels ill the medicine man is called in. He says nothing, but administers medisnarl under his cape; it was pulled eines, and keeps quiet for a few days. suddenly aside and out flew a monkey. If his patient improves and shows a The little brute went at me, tooth likelihood of recovering the wily practitioner sententionsly announces that too, in the Brazilian's hand, but I let | the sick man will get well. On the him have my fist straight between the other hand, if the patient does not eves before he could use it, and he his fate is at once scaled. The doctor makes the statement that he find himspirit that has attacked his patient, and that he will die-and he does die, for all attempts to cure him are at once abandoned: this might alone effect a cure, but the poor creature is literally starved to death, as he is deprived of all water and food, and as soon as he stripped loses conscionsness he is cremated. It can then readily be seen that the medical men of the Yuma and Mojave tribes are nearly infallible, and, as they have no annoying post-mortems or inquests, their lot as a rule is a happy one. But when they do make an error, or at least one that is found out, they are immediately declared to be impostors, and killed without ioss of time or ceremony by the nearest re-

latives of the aggrieved patient. A short time ago a Yuma Indian was convicted in the Federal courts of Los Angeles of the murder of a medicine man. The prisoner made no attempt to deny his crime, but pleaded the immemorial custom of the tribe as his excuse. The medicine man had been called in to attend his child, and had said that the youngster would recover, but, on the contrary, it died. The father had killed the doctor, who had, in fact, expected such a fate. It was the law of the tribe. The Indian, however, was convicted of murder, and all the facts were laid before him

Some time ago there was considerable excitement among the tribe at Needles, for it looked as if they would once more have the privilege of killing their medicine man, who had announced that Honaka would die. The sick man's medicine, food and drink were stopped, but the patient was obstinate about the afair, and hungupon life desperately, even showing occasional signs of recovery. The sick man's family and friends became much excited and a continual round of incantations and chanting of prayers to various deities was kept up by his pallet in the wicking, the idea being that these would ease his sufferings if he died and might bring about a recov-

The medicine man naturally became nervous, and evinced a desire to resign his office and to leave the country, but pending Honaka's fate, the doctor was kept under guard. But the chants. the incantations and the deprivation of food and water soon brought about the end that Honaka's strength had managed to postpone. He gave up the fight and died, and the medicine man's appetite and prestige came back to-

Old Honaka was a remarkably good Indian, and was an important member of the councils of the tribe. No one knew his age, but he could tell of many years ago, before the white man had been seen in California. He had been a fascinating young buck, and was related by his children's marriages with nearly every family on the river. So it was determined to give him a funeral in keeping with his possessions, which were large, and his rank, tract the attention of scientists. which was high. The pyre was built about 300 yards from the old man's wide, eight feet long and four feet

pression the body was laid. Meanwhile, the squaws had prebody was rolled in a bianket, the ends other much more reasonable ways in of which were tied together, a strong which to account for such a state of pole was inserted through the loops so things. piled on top for several feet. By the sort will become necessary. -The Ledside of the body were laid all the per- ger. sonal effects of the dead man, blankets,

bridles, guns, ornaments and trinkets. Then the squaws and the older pyre, and the religious ceremony

lowed. One of the sub-chiefs had Graphic.

their death, as it is the custom of the Indians to kill a man's animals at his death. This assistant priest had a sacred bead bridle which he would put on a horse and lead the creature ont, when a sickening sight ensued, for the Indians, armed with clubs and poles, would beat the poor animal to death. As soon as one would fall in its death agony, even before it was dead, the squaws would rush at it with EDICINE men of the Colortheir knives and cut from the carcass ado River Indian tribes the more desirable portions of the flesh for the banquet that was to follow the cremation. When the last horse was killed there was a brief time

been preparing Honaka's horses for

ceremony. Here occurred a pathetic incident, which puts in evidence a fact sometimes denied, that Indians are capable of sentiment. One of the mourners was a son of Honaka. He was only about twenty years old, and was entirely overcome with grief. He had taken a position close to the pile of wood which held his father's body; give reassuring signs of convalescence and when the torch was applied the youth, in a frenzy of grief, endeavored to climb to the side of his father. self powerless to overcome the bad He was pulled back, though not until after receiving serious burns.

After this incident the relatives and friends of the dead man were called upon for gifts for his use in the spirit land, and then came a strange scene. The savages, shricking and dancing, from their persons their clothes and ornaments and threw them into the flames. The spirit drivers then completed their part of the ritual. They ran at full speed twice around the pile, and breaking their bows and arrows and wands, threw the pieces into the blaze, and ran into the brush in the river bottom to hide there until the darkness came. By sundown the fire had burned

itself out, when the feast on horsesteaks begau. All sorrow was forgotten and a prolonged gorging-time was had, from which probably the medicine man got several new patients. -New York Tribune.

Spider Silk, It was reported some time ago that at a ball in South America the mistress of the house wore a dress made of spider silk. It is nearly two centuries since a French scientist made the first attempt to utilize this silk; eles and make a report. There was no disputing the fact that the articles were genuine, but Reaumur showed |

worth the candle. It took ninety spiler threads to equal in strength one silk thread, and 180 to make a thread strong enough for sewing purposes. Moreover, it took twice as many spiders as silk worms to produce a given quantity of silk. And, to produce one pound of silk, 28,000 cocoons would have been required. Reaumur recommended that spi-

conclusively that "the game was not

ders in warmer climes should be experimented on. This suggesten was carried out by the Abbe de Termeyer, in Brazil. He pursued his object for thirty-four years, but with very poor results. A few years ago an English manu-

facturer obtained some large tropical spiders, and kept them in a room heated to a temperature of sixty degrees; into this room he caused to slowly evaporate a liquid composed of chloroform, ether and alcohol. The result was far more favorable than hitherto obtained, but as the cost of the silk was nearly \$150 per pound it cannot be said that a spider silk dress is within the reach of all.

Underground Fires.

After very long-continual periods of dry weather, destructive fires often break out in forests, doing immense damage not only to timber, but to residences, fences and other improvements. But underground fires are not so common and are sufficiently obscure in their origin and action to at-

Of late, fires of this description have been raging in New Jersey. They wickiup, and was of simple make. A have crept through the ground, dehole was first dug about three feet stroying everything in their way, burning off the roots of trees and deep; the pit was filled with light, heating the soil to such a degree that dry, greased wood, and over it was all the vitality is burned out of it built a criss-cross pile of cottonwood and the territory under which it has logs, so laid that the edges were slight. passed is little more than a barren ly higher than the sides. In this de- waste. Efforts have been made to extinguish the fires, but without any avail, as when shut off in one direcpared the corpse for cremation, and tion they break out in another. The the rehabilitated medicine man exor- theory of spontaneous combustion is cised the evil spirits in the hut. The somewhat absurd, for there are many

formed, and two big bucks shouldered In all probability, some smoker or t and marched away to the pyre. fol- other careless person threw a match lowed by a procession of wailing rela- or eigerette into some locality where tives and the entire tribe. All that dry twigs connected with a dry root was mortal of poor Honaka was placed that led down into the peat beds which in the concave portion of the pile of underlie this region. No effort has logs, then a quantity of twigs and yet been made to pump chemical comsmall wood were placed about it, and pounds into the fire, but if the demore of the cottonwood logs were struction goes on, something of this

His Skin an Armor. In Berlin a Singalese baffles all in-

bucks squatted in a circle about the vestigations by physicians by the impenetrability of his skin. The bronzed called the "spirit drive," began. Six | Easterner, a hercules in shape, claims young braves, wearing grotesque to have found an clixir which will renhead dresses, appeared. They carried | der the human skin impervious to any long wands of willow, to which feath- metal point or sharpened edge of a ers were attached by red strings. Two knife or dagger, and calls himself the older men, carrying bows and arrows, "Man With the Iron Skin." It is true headed the procession as masters of that it has been impossible to even ceremony. One old squaw with a scratch his skin with sharply pointed voice like a calliope brought up the | nails, with finely ground knives and rear, and at short intervals would daggers. He is now exhibiting himemit a screech like the hoot of an ewl. | self, and his greatest feat is to pass | will consist of five sections, each sec- | sympathizers! Our world is only a silver An old white haired man stood up and with his entire body through a hoop, tion being a steel tube 100 meters delivered a long address, which was the inside of which is hardly big (325 feet) long. If this tower is com said to be a culogy of the dead leader. enough to admit ais body and is closed betted it will be 650 feet higher than He spoke first to the mourners, then ly set with sharp knife points, daggers, the Effel tower, and 500 feet higher to the assembly generally, one then to nails and other equally pleasant trilles. than the Watkins tower, to be erected the "spirit drivers." When he had Through this hoop he squeezes his in London. The work upon the finished the old squaw with the steam | body with absolute impunity. The | Budapeeth giant tube will last nine whistle gave her shrick three times, physicians do not agree as to his imthe parading braves followed with a munity, and some of them think that whoop, and formed into two columns, Rhannin, which is his name, is a fakir the archers leading, and the "spirit | who has by long practice succeeded in drivers' with the willow wands follow- hardening himself against the impresing, and all ran at full speed to a point | sions upon his skin. The professors about two hundred feet from the pile. of the Berlin clinic, however, con-This they kept repeating for about an | sidered it worth while to lecture about the man's skin, pronouncing it an in-A repulsive feature of the affair fol- explicable matter. - London Daily ficial embonpoint - by wearing a bus-

BABY LIONS

NTERESTING PICTURE IN THE CENTRAL PARK "Z00."

How the Leonine Infants Look and Act - Very Hard to Keep Awake-Their Tremendous Ears.

NTEREST in the five lion cubs at the Central Park Menageric continues unabated, says the New York World. At any time of day while the doors of the carniverof rest before the final portion of the ous house are open crowds of curicus visitors may be seen gathered in front of the case containing Mrs. Nelly and her infants. If Mrs. Nelly were not used to this sort of thing the incessant staring of the rude multitude would make her very nervous. But Nelly does not mind it, for she, too, like the scrawny little child lions that sleep and toddle by her side, was born in captivity.

When you look at Mrs. Nelly's fine. slender body and observe her immense, though cat-like paws, and her bright eager eyes, you cannot help as. sociating her in your mind with the forest and the jungle and the wide outdoors. It is very difficult to believe that she has never known anything but hard boards, iron bars and gazing, curious crowds. Mrs. Nelly's babies have not arrived

at that stage when they care whether they are in a jungle or a prison. It is quite evident that they have but a iceble consciousness of their surroundings. All of their efforts, in fact, are levoted to two objects: the first, to keep awake; the second, to the standard set by their ears. And in both of hese endeavors, it must be confessed. hey appear to have met, thus far at east, with very little success.

Try as they may to keep their eyes pen and to gambol, they are soon exunsted and topple over in a sound sleep, using each other for pillows. There is one bright chap among them who appears to have more determination than the others. He will sit upon his baunches and store at you fixedly for a minute at a time with his big steely gray eyes, having evidently made up his mind to stay awake at all hazards. But, like the sleepy-headed people in the story, the very interest of the thing makes him sleepier than ever, and he too succumbs.

The personal attendant of this family is Robert McKay, of Barnum & Bailey's Circus. Mr. McKay is familiar with the habits of vound lions bern in captivity, and he thinks that these will live. He regards their excessive sleeping as a good sign. 'The trouble with hon cub;" remarked Mr. McKay, "is that they become weak in the back and loins. If they get proper rest and exercise they will live all right enough,' It has been generally reported that

these cubs were born under a circus tent, but such is not the case. Six months ago, while the "show" was at Hamilton, Ont., Mr. McKay left Mrs. Nelly one night securely and comfortably quartered on the cars, preparatory to a trip to the next "stand." On visiting the cage next morning he discovered that Mrs. Nelly had done her share toward perpetuating the hon family. The five little cubs were huddled into a seraggy looking ball at her feet, and Mrs. Nelly, as is usual and pardonable with mothers on such occasions, was very proud. She was then screened from the public gaze, and Mr. McKay waited anxiously to see whether she would eat her children, which is a common practice with lions at this time. When two months had passed and Mrs Nelly still refrained from indulging her appetite, it was considered safe to place her on exhibition.

She was then removed to the Central Park Menagerie. The father came along, too, but he was placed in another cage on the opposite side of the aisle, where he remains wandering up and down gloomily, hour after hour. Scientific men who have visited the menagerie to see the cubs declare that the father is unaware of the recent increase of his family. These scientific men declare that dogs and lions and other animals never appreciate the circumstance of their father-

The most remarkable feature about these cubs is the size of their ears. These important appendages seem to have been almost fully developed at birth, and are now fully as large as those of the mother. This, of course, gives the young lions a top-heavy appearance, and in order to offset this nature has kindly provided them with extra large feet, which look very much like small boxing gloves.

They are useful to rest the chin on while taking a nap. and also in counteracting a general tendency to capsize

while under wav. The general aspect of the five baby lions is one of extreme discouragement. They do not behave as babies should, and they take an entirely too serious view of life at their tender age. Directly across the way is a cage containing three little tiger cabs, who, when not romping about and playing with one another, are busily engaged in making tours of investigation. The lion cubs might well follow their example. It is evident that they need some diversion. Usually that may be afforded by a croquet ball. -New York World.

To Top All Towers, Only recently it was announced that Hungary will have a millennium exposition in 1896, and already some great schemes are ventilated for that occasion. Albert Hass, the engineer of Budapesth, has started a company which will build an immense tower 500 meters (1625 feet) high, which months and cost \$1,000,000.

When Mea Wore Bastles, Discoursing on the vanity of man,

the Pester Journal recalls that in the sixteenth century it was fashionable among the men of Austria to Induce a more imposing appearance by an artitle in front, so to speak.

REV. DR. TALMAGE,

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sundry Sermon.

Subject! "The Christmastide,"

Text: "Now when Jesus was born Bethlehem."—Matthew ii., 1. At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary ob-server there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife-travelers, Joseph and Mary by name-had lodged in an out-house of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pullid forehead and cheek of Mary. God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been un-fixed or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharach, or at an advent in the house of Casar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded

by other worlds.

It is my joy to tell you what was born that night in the village bare, and as I want to make my discourse cumulative and climac-teric I begin in the first place by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they His parents. No satin fined cradle, no delicate at tentions, but straw and the cattle and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the mediaval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to He rose until to-lay He is honored in all Christendom an I sits on the imperial throne

in heaver.
What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapet and church and cathedral at this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born or more disadvantageously than this Carist. Let them look up to His example while they have time Do you know that the vast imajority of the

world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in a humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the dis-coverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home in Westmorsland, Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apariments in the holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want. I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I

want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and out-side of your occupations or professions ascent, on your side and enlisted in your be-half are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of one who one Christmas night about 1895 years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh. what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started! Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to

men, whether you ca'll it kinduess or forcebearance or forgiveness or genialty or affection or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacriflee for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Para lise not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and ravenge and malice and envy and jeal ousy and the whole brood of cockatrices. But against that scene I set the Bethlenem manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation that carries shot and shell into a grainship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horse to the plow, use your deadly gun-powder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration. stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sareasm. let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop

all the harsh words out of your vocabulary -'Good will to men.'"
"Oh," you say. "I ean't exercise it: I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your heavenly Father to forgive you? For give them if they ask your forgiveness and forgive them any how. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men." O my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all

our hearts this Christmas time. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else-more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our appiness in making others happy. Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like the ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only

two antagonists in a'l the carch, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleigh ride intimated by the prophet when he said. "Holiness shall be on the beils of the norses. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. From that supernatural grouping of the cloud banks over Bethlehem, and from the special trains that ran down to the scene I find that our world beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meleors are with the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky. Oh, yes, I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have times imagined, and when a child is born, angels bring it, and when it dies, angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years, angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks, angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in the church ready to fly heaven ward with the news of repentant souls Angels above the word. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world. Rub the dust of human imperfections ou of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of belp, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out "The chariots of God are 20,000. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over

lay among the cattle—the angel of the new covenant. As the clean white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that child emperor, not a cherub, not a scrapb, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world viction that, in process of time, he in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

Again, I remark that that night born in mind to it. Men rise slowly in Scotch

that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say 1 ought to have Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this though: at the beginning of the sermon. Oh, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the car nelians and the jaspers and the crystals before I show you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very poor setting! The cab of bear is born amiding grand old millars of the forest, the whelo the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion takes its lirst step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with sta-lactite and pillared with stalagmits. Christ

Over the door of heaven are written thes words: "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror." you say, "that shuts us all out!" No. Christ came to the world in one door, an i He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulcher, and His one business was so to wash away our sin that after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what J understand by full remission. All crased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone That undergirdling and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race,

that was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder

that we take organ and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of their genius to sketch the Madonna, Mary, and her boy?
Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroid-ered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethiehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging an t emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly Nations saved, and the soprane by kingdoms of glory wer. Ob, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out today, through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jorday, through the wide open door of solid pearl to that re-

ly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned and sorrows comferted and battles Some of your children have aiready gone, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the doorbell may have said, "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solucit my service, he said, "Come around and comfort us, for we loved her so much." What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your rothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and dis-

union. I expect to see you there as certain

one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out towar! you, say-"Steer this way, father, steer straight for Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee." Oh, those Bethlehem ange's, when they went back after the cancer; that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door! All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late

ress, and pallid from long watching, and

one of them I can imagine to-day, with

to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open luians marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I was dying -not physically, for I pever was more well -but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration. that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft midocean, and let the ship sail by carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the commander of that ship is the ame great and glorious and sympathetic one who hished the tempest around the boat on engers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hall the ship, and it bears

down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the Captain two questions, "Who are Thou?" and "whence?" And He says, "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight! Chime all the bells. Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts! We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-

day the frankincense of our joy, the prostration of our worship. Down at His feet all churches, all'ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four and twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good

will to men! Bound to Succeed.

The following is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as an errand boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be dune," said Mr. Blank, jestingly, affeeting a broad Scotch accent. "Your first qualification wud be a pair o' The boy, with a grave nod, disappear-

ed. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and neld out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir," he said, quict-"Oh." Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstance. "You want a

place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace the house." The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was roused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, blooduess face showed that he had stinted Limself of food for months in order to buy those clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found to his regret that he could neither read

"It is necessary that you should do both before we can employ you in earrying home packages," he said. "We

have no place for you." The lad's face grew paler; but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country and found work in stables near to a night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself be-

fore Mr. Blank. "I can read and write," he said,

briefly. "I gave him the place," the employer said, years afterward, "with the co business houses, but he is our chief foreman."

An Iron Soldier. A Spanish inventor has constructed

an iron soldier. His inner organs are machinery. He is fed on cartridges, and he carries a rifle, which can be turned in any direction and delivers 50,000 shots in fifteen minutes. The machinery is set in motion by electricity, but the figure itself will only Was born in a bare barn.

Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. stand and shoot.