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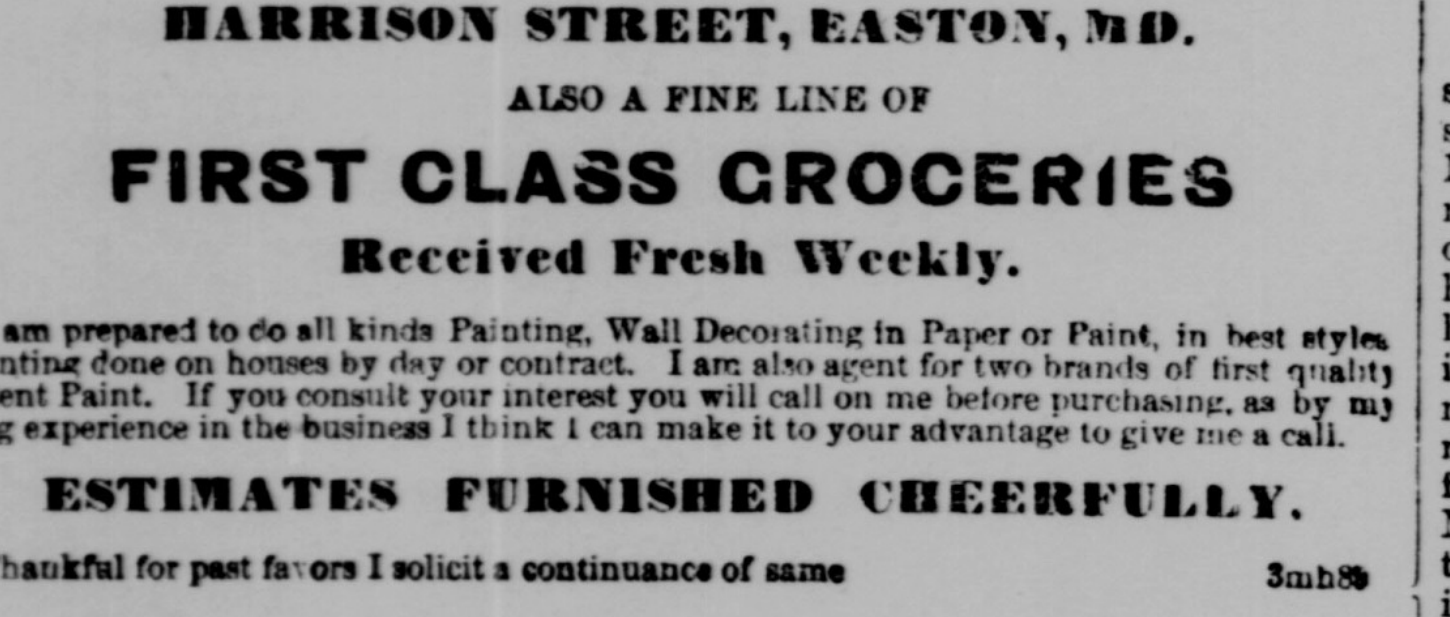

ARTIFICIAL FISHES.

Curious Realistic Work for the World's Fair.

A very wonderful collection of animals that live in the water is at present being manufactured by the United States Fish Commission for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago. Somewhat less than 500 specimens will illustrate the food and other economic fishes and reptiles of this country, each one representing a species. Two experts, said to be the most skillful men living in this line of work, are engaged in turning out counterfeit representations of things scaly and finny in the utmost imaginable variety. The extraordinary thing about these products is that they not only look but feel like the real creature which they imitate, the very substance being to the touch so like flesh itself that it is difficult for any one who handles the objects and examines them closely to realize that he is not dealing with the animals themselves. So amazingly well are they painted that their hues are the very tints of nature. For example, you can take a frog in your hand, pinch him and admire the beauty of his coloring, without being able to distinguish him from an actual batrachian just killed.

The secret of this art, which is quite a new one, lies mainly in the composition employed as a material. Its basis is glue. The operator first takes the fish to be imitated and makes a plaster mould from it in the ordinary fashion. Then he places a wooden core inside the mould—a flat piece of plank of the same general shape serves usually for the purpose, the object being to give stiffness to the finished result—and pours into the mold the melted composition. Eight or ten hours later the mould is opened, and a perfect counterpart of the fish, as to shape, is taken out. So admirably are all the details reproduced that each scale is distinct. After the counterfeit has been hung up dry for a few days it is painted with oil colors in a manner as near to nature as possible, a fresh specimen not long out of water being used for a copy. This done, the thing is finished. In the process of moulding, stiffening is given to the fins and tail with ordinary wire mosquito netting.

The fishes required for moulding and copying with colors are being sent to Washington as fast as required from the various stations of the Fish Commission all over the country. Most of them at present are being obtained from Wood's Holl. It may be that the experts will be obliged to go themselves to Galveston, San Francisco and elsewhere in order to secure fresh specimens from the Gulf, Pacific and lake waters. Those forwarded hither are wrapped in cloths as quickly as possible after being captured and packed in ice for shipment. Some superb bullfrogs have just arrived from southwest Missouri. They are two feet in length. Turtles of every edible variety will also be shown in the collection, including the various terrapins, the snapper, the green turtle and others. In making models of them the shells and beaks of the animals themselves are utilized. About a dozen kinds of snakes which are destructive to fishes will be represented incidentally.

Lobsters, crabs, and other crustacea will likewise be shown. Some giant crayfishes nearly a foot long have come in with the big frogs from the Ozark region. There is no reason why they should not be introduced very profitably in the fresh waters all over the United States, and it is not unlikely that the Fish Commission will take steps to accomplish this end. The crayfish closely resembles the lobster in appearance, its meat being much more delicate in flavor, and it would be very nice indeed if the streams and ponds in every State of the Union could be stocked with this huge species, which is very prolific, and can be made at home anywhere. An interesting burrowing variety of a small sort is very plentiful on the Potomac meadows near Washington. It lives in holes, with bottle-shaped enlargements at the bottom where the animal can usually be found by digging. In the spring each one builds over its burrow a sort of chimney six or eight inches high, composed of lumps of mud, which it fetches and piles ingeniously on top of one another in the shape of a dome, closed at the top.—[Washington Star.

Are we safe nowhere from bacteria, someone inquires, not even when we are sealed up in a vacuum in a glass case? Not content with showing us that horrid monsters claw and fight in every drop of water we drink, scientific gentlemen have now been microscopically overhauling a hailstone and finding that an infinitesimal speck of the ice contains no less than 400 to 700 bacteria. They may be the germs of small-pox, scarlet fever, leprosy, naughtiness and crime. Not even ice will kill them, for they thaw out and wriggle ferociously. The invention of the microscope revealed wonders to man, but it has made life a burden to nervous people. Nothing is free from microbes any more; nothing is pure, except the benevolent motive of one, says the same inquirer, who lends a friend $5 dollars when he never expects to get it back again.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Kindness."

TEXT: *"The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."*—Acts xxviii., 2.

My text puts us on the island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial centre, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck.

The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel drifted probably a mile and a half an hour ere she struck at what is now called St. Paul's bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruit and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated with salt water and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates.

Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat nor shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them.

And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time—his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they staid on the island and watching for a ship and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But they endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it, and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyages stood around the fire on the island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness: It is sunshine of the soul, it is affection perennial, it is a crowning grace, it is the combination of all graces, it is compassion, it is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hand stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

There is a kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever.

Kindness wishes everybody well, every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing, and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's association, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration.

Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them: "What are you looking for?" And they answer: "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition its perfume will welm everything.

But if you are waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed or discomfited, or in any way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me I have felt "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate! The traitor! The liar! The villain!"

But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting that I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not an abstraction. As I have tried a little of the retaliation, so I have tried a little of the forgiving.

I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded but there are a few malignants whom I am yet pursuing, and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us all pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotton up for occasions, but perennial.

That is the reason I like petunias better than morning glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning glory; but the morning glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as widespread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And the grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature, all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence.

Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under the divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured, and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God, implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The king of Prussia had presented to him by the empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr Fintelmann, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucking this flower and put it in his buttonhole, and the gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds."

And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said, "No, my memory is very tenacious and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal dower, and blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature, but wear it on our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet anyone do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First, it is chained to the back of the mouth by strong muscles. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips with the power of compression and arrest, and yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results and laceration, sacrification and damnation.

There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost everyone's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words: "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves, without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy-six ragamuffins."

Not so, said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christlike thing! Say the kind think! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say, "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a waterproof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say, "What weather to-day?" "Good weather, this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of waterproof overcoat show it is an honest utterance.

On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill, and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him."

The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off the track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances if there are any.

And then commit to memory so that you can quote for yourself and quote for others that exquisite thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians about charity that suffers long and is kind, and hopeth all things and endureth all things. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, says all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue, and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of teeth on the upper jaw locked and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up.

What a place Brooklyn would be to live in, and all the other cities and neighborhoods to live in, if charity dominated! What if all the young and old gossipers were dead! The Lord hasten their funerals! What if tittle-tattle and whispering were out of fashion! What if in ciphering out the value of other people's character, in our moral arithmetic, we stuck to addition instead of substraction! Kindness! Let us morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one speak it. If you can conscientiously give letter of commendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead.

All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that the Rev. Dr. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick Theological Seminary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. The letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than thirty years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I received a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his death. By way of the eternal world? Oh, no, by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why, if fifty men all aglow with it should walk through the lost world, methinks they would almost abolish perdition.

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before, when having with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after awhile cried to his horses, "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped.

That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Honorable Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven), when at Washington. A senator's wife who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him, "Mr. Stephen, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying." That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appomattox he said to General Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or a mule take it along with him." That is the spirit which, last night, ten thousand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call.

Suppose all this assemblage, all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an over-arching, undergirding and all pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution—why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say:

"What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he has had so much sickness in his family he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy. Down at the bank I heard yesterday a note was due, and the young merchant could not meet it, and the old merchant went in and got for him three months' extension, which for the young merchant is the difference between bankruptcy and success in business. And in our street is an artist who had a fine picture of the 'Rapids of Niagara,' and he could not sell it, and his family were suffering, and they themselves were in the rapids; and a lady heard of it and said, 'I do not need the picture, but for the encouragement of art and helping you out of your distress I will take it,' and on the drawing room wall are the 'Rapids of Niagara.'

"Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner. And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. An after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy; hand it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.'

"And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo and rheumatism and poor spells and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them.

"And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other, and when one is a little short of a certain kind of goods his neighbor says, 'I will help you until you can replenish your shelves.' It seems to me that those words of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says, 'The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smooths with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own investments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into excellence or reformation or godliness.

The east wind and the west wind were one day talking with each other, and the east wind said to the west wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I start they hail me by storm signals all along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland to Key West with parted ship timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic Ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my power?" said the east wind.

The west wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an anthem for the earth, and the warmth and the sparkle, and the gladness, and the foliage, and the flowers and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the west wind made to the insolence of the east wind's interrogation.

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind, and the cataleptic and the leprous, and the dropsical, and the demoniacal characterized Him all the way, and on the cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of Him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies.

All the stories of the John Howards and the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises pale before this transcendant example of Him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms.

And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness."

But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storm that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydous, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubliant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," what David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!

He Took Don's Place.

A woman lived alone with her dog. To the dog there was little in the world besides the woman—she fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, and he was grateful.

To the woman there was nothing in the world besides the dog. He stood guard over her poor possessions while she was away at her work, and when she came home at night he was glad to see her and barked with delight. He was a friend, loving, and kind, and true; what more could she ask?

She had something more—or was it less? There had been a man, who was her husband, and she had fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, but he had not been grateful. He had not even guarded her possessions while she was away at her work. He had sold them and pawned them, until they were pitifully few—then he had gone away and left her.

And she had lost all faith in men and had come to be cynical and hard, for nature had somehow reversed things sadly in the man and the dog that she had known best—the dog was noble and the man was a cur.

There are bad dogs and good dogs just as there are bad men and good men, and this woman happened to have known a better class of dogs than of men, that is all.

One day the dog sickened. His legs stiffened and his body grew rigid, the pupils of his great honest eyes dilated until there was neither sight nor recognition in them, and his breath came in quick, shuddering gasps. Then there was a gradual relaxation of the tense muscles, and he lay limp and panting, trying by a feeble wag of his tail to show his dear mistress that he knew her.

Soon the paroxysms came again, and now and then a low, pitiful moan, almost human in its agony, told how the poor beast suffered.

Each convulsion left him weaker, until at last with a great effort he raised his head a little and licked his mistress' hands with a tongue already cold and stiffening, then his head fell back heavily and there was a rattling in his chest, and he was dead.

With a quivering sigh the woman drew the dog's head into her lap as she sat beside him on the floor. She did not weep. Her eyes were hot and dry. She took his soft ears between her fingers and stroked them as though he had been alive. He was the only thing she had to love.

A shadow fell across the threshold and a man called her name. An angry look came into her eyes as she saw her truant husband before her.

His voice was gentle and his words were full of repentance. "I have come back to take care of you, Anne, if I may. We will go away to some new country and put the old life behind us."

The woman spoke no word, and the man stooped down and patted the dog's neck. "Don, old fellow, you were more of a man than your master," he said.

"Don was loyal and true, Anne, and I was not; but if he would plead for me now, for I feel that I am not humbling myself enough when I ask to take his—the dog's—place, Anne, in your heart. Poor, neglected little wife, will you let me try?"

The stern lips trembled and the hard lines in the woman's face were softened by tears as she bowed her head; and there, over the faithful heart of the dead dog, their hands clasped in the new compact.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

The husk of Indian corn is being used for the manufacture of paper.

A Chinese newspaper published in San Francisco has been sued for libel by an Indian.

The Columbian River is so clear at low water that salmon fishing can only be successfully conducted at night.

A new mineral has been discovered in Texas which is said to be seven times stronger than any other when made into wire.

The largest watermelon reported this season weighed sixty-two pounds, and was grown near London, Rusk County, Texas.

In the Philippine Islands canary seed is ground and made into a most palatable bread which is in common use among the people there.

People in Japan are called by the family name first, the individual, or what we should call Christian, name next, and then the honorific—thus, "Smith Peter Mr."

Probably the rarest stamp in existence has been sold in London for 250 pounds sterling. It is an American five-cent stamp, issued at Brattleboro, Vt., in 1840.

Lizzie Arnold, of Fenton, Mich., weighs only eighteen pounds, and is twenty-seven years of age. She has received overtures from circus managers, but her parents prefer to keep her at home.

Wheat is brought from Chicago to Buffalo, 890 miles, by water, or 500 miles in an air line, for one per cent. per bushel, and the lighter grains at proportionally lower rates.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bsom. He let it fall into the water and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun, and the yelk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

The mummified corpse of some old viking who departed this life perhaps a thousand years ago was dug up recently in a peat bog at Holstebro, Denmark. It was sewed in a deerskin, with sinews, very neatly. What there was of the old pagan was well preserved. He seemed, however, to have lost part of his anatomy, particularly his nose and part of his skull, in a fight, as vikings were apt to do, seeing that their life was one long battle. Such as he is, he will have the place of honor in the royal museum, that boasts of few such relics.

Changes in the Sun.

But we cannot rest with the assumption that, since the the sun is evidently no Mira and no Sirius, therefore it is practically an unchanging radiator which for an indefinite period will continue to cause the earth to bloom in the beneficent effulgence of its life-inspiring rays. A sun may affect the welfare of its planets either through the gradual mutations which it undergoes in the course of its evolution, or through the more rapid and violent changes that characterize the stars that are ranked as variable. We have seen that most of these latter belong to the third and fourth classes, but there is reason to suspect that the majority of all the stars are variable to a slight degree, and evidence of variability in the case of the sun is furnished by the phenomena of sun-spots. A spectator, viewing the sun from a distant point in space, would perceive that its brilliancy was slightly increased once in about every eleven years. These accessions of light should correspond, not with the periods of fewest spots, but with those of most spots, because the energy of the sun's radiation is greatest during the spot maxima. At present a sun-spot maximum is approaching, and since last winter the face of the sun has frequently exhibited startling indications of the tremendous disturbances now affecting the solar globe. Our imaginary observer in space would probably behold at the present time a very slight increase in the sun's brilliancy, and this increase may go on for three or four years to come. While we, dwelling upon a globe that is bathed in the sun's rays, may be unable to perceive these variations directly, yet their effects have long been recognized by the changes that they produce in terrestrial magnetism. It is also highly probable that a perceptible influence upon the weather is exercised by variations in solar radiation corresponding with the presence or absence of sun-spots.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Fireless Nations.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it, they were wild with delight. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just recently learned it. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood; most of them taking it to be some kind of animal which the sailors had brought with them, and which must be fed on wood.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Comparative Stranger.

While the crew of the steamer Laura were drawing its fish trap near Provincetown, Mass., a huge fish broke water close alongside. One man exclaimed: "There's a finback!" The fish disappeared, only to return again in a moment, when it showed almost its entire length above the water. It was then seen it was not a finback, but an immense bone shark. The Provincetown *Beacon* says: "These fish are seldom seen in these waters, though many years ago one was stranded on the flats, and its liver filled three hogsheads. Old fishermen say the liver of one of these fish makes oftentimes twenty-five to thirty gallons of oil."

Kept His Word.

Eminent Advocate—Now, sir, what led to the assault?

Plaintiff—Yes, sir.

Advocate (louder)—What caused the defendent to assault you?

Plaintiff (still deaf)—Har.

Advocate (roaring)—What made him hit you?

Plaintiff—Wal, you see, 'squire, it was this way: I called him a dog-danged liar. Sez he, "If you don't take that back I'll knock a bale of hay out of you."

Advocate—What ensued?

Plaintiff—Har.

Advocate (stentoriously)—What followed?

Plaintiff (cheerfully)—Also, he done it.—*Life.*

A Life Saved
Mr. Geo. Raymond, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., is a pump setter in the employ of Ramsay & Co., the well known pump makers of that place. He is a member of Ramsay Engine Co. He says:
"My wife without doubt owes her life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. A few years ago she was at death's door, due to blood poisoning, or as physicians say pyaemia. After everything else failed Hood's Sarsaparilla brought her out of the crisis all right. Since then she has suffered at times with numbness and headache, but continues taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla
and is gradually getting over these troubles. She clings to Hood's, takes nothing else, and we believe it will effect a complete cure."

A Movable Boulder.

There has been discovered about half a mile west of the Bargytown Ledges, a twirling stone of about five tons weight. It has always been regarded as a boulder, and from the way it is poised on the rock beneath it no one could see why it should not rock. Hundreds have tried to rock it in vain, and the surprise of the man who first felt it move under strong pressure may be imagined. It moves hard of course, but it moves, the finder informs us, round as if it was placed upon a pivot. It has been carefully examined, and, while it looks like a boulder, several allege that it must be a ceremonial stone set there by some prehistoric race. This rock creates great interest among the boulder hunters of eastern Connecticut.

High Places.

The highest place in the world regularly inhabited is stated to be the Buddhist monastery Halne in Thibet, which is about sixteen thousand feet above the sea level. The next highest is Galera, a railway station in Peru, which is located at a height of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty-five feet. Near it, at the same level, a railway tunnel three thousand eight hundred and forty-seven feet in length is being driven through the mountains. The elevation of the city of Potosi, in Bolivia, is thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty feet; Cuzco, Peru, eleven thousand three hundred and eighty feet; La Paz, Bolivia, ten thousand eight hundred and eighty-three feet.

Will Fight to a Finish.
As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their eight, ten and twelve cent gilts.

Gold is shipped abroad in kegs.

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The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Men are what their mothers make them.

MALARIA cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

A miner dressed in armor went into a burning mine at Republic, Mich., to fight the fire.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Only six horses have ever trotted twenty miles within one hour.

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It is an interesting fact that there are no bald-headed tramps.

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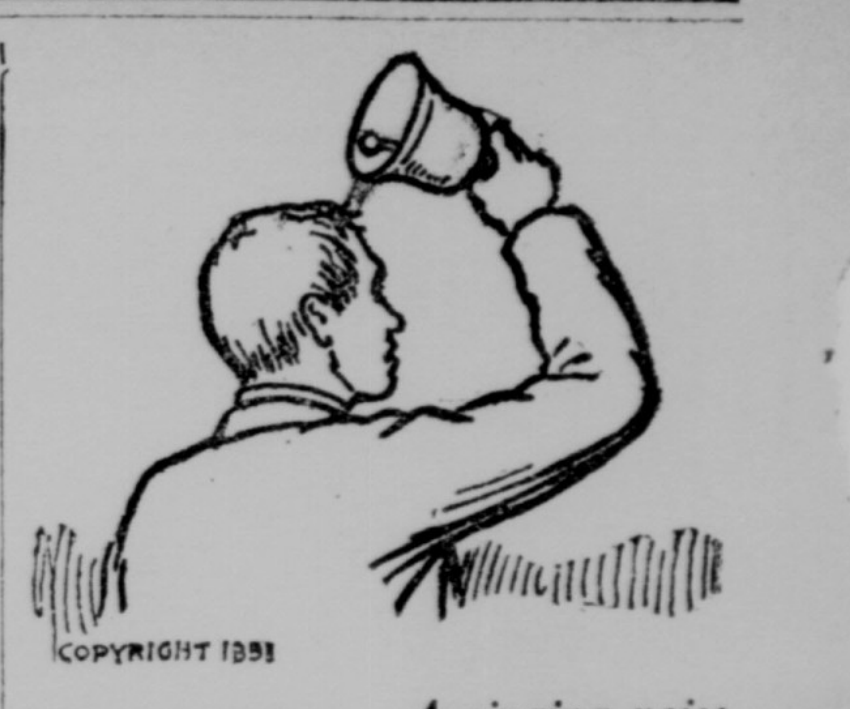
A Connecticut merchant advertises "iron bedsteads and bedding."



A ringing noise in the ears, headache, deafness, eyes weak; constant dropping of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, bloody and putrid; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Not all of these symptoms at once. Probably only a few of them.
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How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.
How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, hopeless, despondent, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.
How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.
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