Chinese Industry.

Unquestionably industry is one of the good qualities which may be attributed to all the natives of China alike. No doubt the fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen perpetually live "on the ragged edge of existence" is mainly accountable for this virtue, but it is unquestionably the leading characteristic which strikes a foreigner on landing in China. No matter whether his experience lies in the crowded streets of such cities as Canton or among the village communities on the northern plains, the same ceaseless diligence is observable. A belated traveler passing through the streets of a town cannot fail to be struck with the sounds of labor which proceed from behind the closed shutters of the workshops; and an early riser in the country will be robbed of all self-congratulation by finding that the field laborers have completed a recognizable portion of their day's work before he was astir.

The Emperor's day begins during a great portion of the year before daylight, and in every yamun throughout the land his example is followed. Such indefatigable industry would under favorable circumstances produce a prosperous, well-to-do people, but in China the population is so dense that it is only by his means and by the exercise of the strictest economy that the natives are able to keep body and soul together. Nothing is wasted by them, and substances which it would be better to throw on the dust heap are not unfrequently converted into food.—The Athenæum.

People Who Lack Salt.

Salt does not enter into the food of the poor Venetians, says a letter from Venice to the Omaha Bee. They never taste it and the hospital for scrofulous children at Lido is filled by those who had not the necessary article in their food. Every evening I have noticed a poorly dressed woman accompanied by two small children, a boy and a girl, go to a point on the river and lean over the wall and fill a bottle with the salt water. Becoming curious as to the use made of it I approached her with an appology for the question, and asked what she did with the sea water. Turning upon me a sweet, sad face, in which traces of beauty were still visible, she replied that this was the only way she had of giving her children the taste of salt which they required. The tax levied upon this article by the Government places it entirely beyond the reach of the poor.

THE St. Petersburg Novosti says that Herr Krupp, the German gun manufacturer, has arranged with the Russian government to establish works for the manufacture of guns at Skaterinoslay.

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PITH AND POINT.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife, "Pretty and entirely ignorant of the fact."—Tid Bits.

"Bloggs has wonderful ability for keeping out of trouble." "Good natured?" "No; sprinter."—Washington Star.

The saddest, weariest, sorriest time
That ever springs beneath the sun
And puts all tempers out of crime,
Comes when a holiday is done.
—Washington Star.

Edna—"There's Flora Hardup wearing her last summer's hat with new trimming on it." Myrtle—"Yes, I recognize it, it's the chip off the old block."—King's Jester.

Husband—"You say you've had that bonnet six months. Why, I've never seen it before." Wife—"I know it. I only wear it to church."—New York Herald.

He—"Have you heard?" She—"What?" He—"Miss Spinster is going to be married." She—"Oh, yes, I've heard that ever since I can remember."—Pick-Me-Up.

Penelope—"Why do you say Charles Nixen is like a spy glass?" Perdita—"Because I can draw him out, see right through him, and when I am tired of him shut him up."—Brooklyn Life.

Uncle Andre (to his nephew)—"You should always be modest, my child." Nephew—"I have thought that matter over, uncle. There is just one objection to modesty—people are apt to take you at your own valuation."—Figero.

Summer was late this year, but it came at last. A dealer in house fuel, not having been able to clear out his stock, posted on his door the following notice: "Good fire-wood for the summer season, giving out very little heat."—Intransigeant Illustre.

Visitor—"That is a very intelligent looking man; isn't his insanity doubtful?" Asylum Attendant—"Oh, no; his case is hopeless. His hobby is a patent thermometer that will agree with the Government weather forecasts."—Kate Field's Washington.

"No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers, "I don't think I will." "Can't afford it, eh?" "It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Shortly before his elevation to the bench, a certain judge entered a Continental hotel, and asked who was staying there. Among others the "Duke of Blank" was mentioned. He slipped a sovereign into the hand of the head waiter, and whispered: "Put me at the table next to the Duke of Blank." In the evening he found that he was placed at the other end of the room from the Duke, and called the head waiter to explain. "Well, sir," replied the official, "the fact is that the Duke gave me two sovereigns to put you as far from him as possible."—Tit-Bits.

An Antidote For Mosquito Bite.

The best antidote for the bite of a mosquito undoubtedly is ammonia, weakened with a little water, or salt and water. Some people go so far as to press the poison out the bite with some small metal instrument like the point of a watch key before applying the antidote. This prevents the painful swelling that sometimes occurs. As in other cases, "one man's meat is another man's poison," and the same remedy will not apply to all individuals. Some find camphor most efficacious, and salt and water will not avail. Ammonia, however, seems to be generally successful as a neutralizer of the mosquito poison. Where there are large quantities of mosquitoes and no reason for their appearance is apparent, it is well to look about the premises for something which attracts them. An uncovered barrel of rainwater will bring them in hordes, and damp places and stagnant pools are spots where they delight to congregate.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

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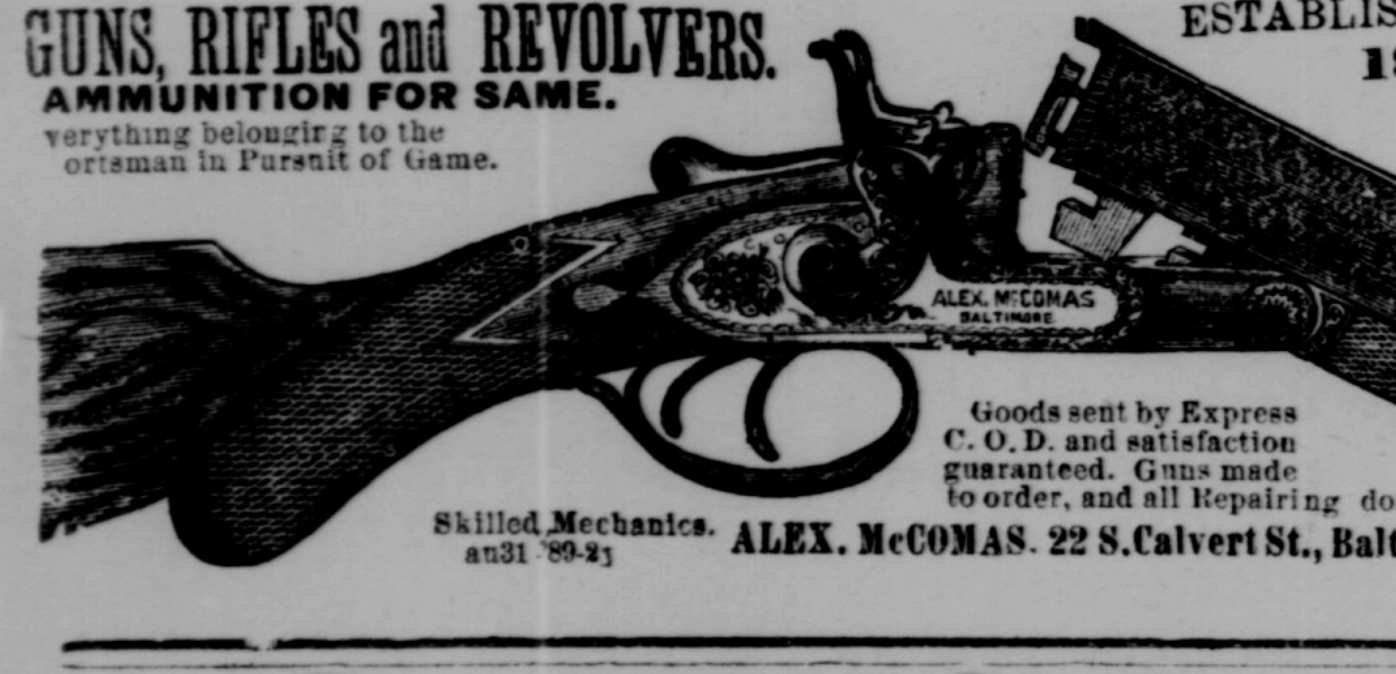

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

A steel rail lasts, with average wear, about eighteen years.

A cremated body leaves a residuum of only eight ounces on an average.

German scientists are now making an explosive equal to dynamite out of common jute.

A London firm finds a windmill the most economical means of securing the motive power necessary to run a dynamo.

Fatigue caused by brainwork, says an Italian scientist, acts as a poison, which affects all the organs, especially the muscular system.

Recent experiments in France on the velocity of propagation of electric waves give a mean velocity which is almost exactly that of light.

Hard water contains too much limestone, and that causes bread baked with it to soon dry out. If you use soft water to mix the dough you get a much better article of bread, and one that will retain its freshness.

Dr. Lauder Brunton declares that cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. His own experience is that sipping half a wineglass of cold water will raise his pulse from seventy-six to over 100.

In distance the moon is 240,000 miles away from our earth, around which she gravitates like a satellite. Her diameter is about 2153 miles; she has a solid surface of 14,600,000 miles, and a solid content of about 10,000 of cubic miles.

A German engineer concludes that if the speed instead of the load of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car mile at the higher speed would be one-fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more for fuel.

It is reported from England that a form of ball-bearing has been applied to the spindles of textile machinery, and by its use the high relative speeds have become possible. From 8000 revolutions per minute is the speed usually obtained, and it is claimed that speed as high as 16,000 can be reached.

On the subject of the swaying of lofty chimneys it is declared to be absurd to hold that a chimney, say 400 feet high, would sway sixteen inches. The slightest vibration is felt when on a tall chimney, and one inch and a half is thought to be about the extreme amount of swaying that takes place.

The deep-sea explorations that have been conducted by the Austrian Government in the eastern part of the Mediterranean show greater depths than any before recorded, and as a result the great depression of this sea must be shifted considerably east from its former central position on the maps.

In sawmills using pneumatic pipes for taking away the sawdust it is found that the back of the saw usually throws up a good deal of fine dust in spite of the air suction. This difficulty has now been overcome in many instances by an invention for admitting air in the saw hopper in such a way as to cause it to impinge on the sides and teeth of the saw and thus give it an air-blast washing.

If a man weighing 168 pounds were to be transferred to the moon, the weight of his body, measured, at least, by the attraction which the moon would exercise upon it, would be reduced to about twenty-eight pounds. If his muscles and his frame remained the same it would seem as if he would be able to jump over a wall twelve feet high on the small globe without any greater exertion than would be required to clear a wall two feet high on the earth.

Wonders of a Watch.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye can not distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth $1585. The hair spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9½ inches long and 1-100 inch wide and 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form, and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine before hand by the size of the grip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1-20,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair springs when in watches, is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in gold. Hair spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one fourth times which makes 197,100,000 every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works let us make a few comparisons. Take for illustration a locomotive with six foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention then winding once every twenty-four hours.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Pre-eminent." (Preached in London.)

TEXT: *"He that cometh from above is above all."*—John iii., 31.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, National. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology.

Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasurers that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sabbath-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship?

What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes. Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal; but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse. While George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice, and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher.

Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession, what glorious themes? Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wanest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz; "my sins, my sins." The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we who have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed."

Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the Emperor and conqueror. Of all the States he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurb demonstration or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out to sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fever, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, the gun carriage may roll over us and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure; the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky they go at a bound.

There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will with solemn tread carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulchre through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground until at Christ's behest they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were guilty and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds today whose hearts are already in the holy land of heaven. Where your treasures are there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

The Forest Trees of Ceylon.

The trees in the forests of Ceylon are tormented by enormous climbing plants. Some of them exceed in diameter three feet, and such gigantic appendages are to be seen surmounting the tallest monarchs of the woods, grasping their stems in firm convolutions, and then flinging their monstrous tendrils over the larger limbs until they reach the top, whence they descend toward the ground in huge festoons. After including another and another tree in their toils successfully, they wind the whole into a maze of living network. When, by and by, the trees on which this singular fabric has become suspended give way under its weight or sink by their own decay the fallen trunks speedily disappear, while the convolutions of climbers continue to grow on, forming vast mounds of hopeless confusion. One of these creeping plants has pods five feet long, which are filled with beautiful brown beans so large that the natives hollow them out and carry them for tinder boxes. Another climber bears pods containing seeds which are so coated with silex that they strike fire like flint. There are remarkable ground creepers also, some species of the rattan kind having stems that reach a length of 250 feet without a single irregularity and with no appearance of foliage other than the bunch of feathery leaves at the extremity. So strong are these plants that the natives employ them for bridges over water courses and ravines. In the forests are found certain extraordinary kinds of thorny trees, which bear such formidable spines, sometimes in branching clusters with each point a spike as sharp as a lancet, that portions of the woods where they abound are impassable even to elephants. In native wars of a few centuries ago armies intrenched themselves behind ditches filled with such thorns.—Washington Star.

Love for Flowers.

An eager craving for flowers, no matter how simple, is universal among poor city children. It is gratifying to learn that many ladies who live in the suburbs of Boston, says a paper of that city, and men, too, regularly bring flowers to distribute among the street children.

Many poor boys and girls make long journeys to the outskirts to get daisies and buttercups.

Only yesterday I saw a group of poor children ranging one of the vacant lots on Back Bay, gathering merely the little branches of the scattering plants and shrubs that spring up there, and, apparently, taking sa much delight in them as if they were brilliant bouquets. If, in a city house, one throws a withered nosegay out of a window, it is almost sure to be picked up by some child and its faded blossoms cherished tenderly.

Three little girls from a tenement house, whom I once led to a garden where they might pluck as many flowers as they chose, prattled on for at least an hour, when they had got over being speechless with delight, about nothing at all but the flowers they had rescued from the withered bouquets that a certain lady threw out of her window.

"Just think of it, mister," one of the girls said, "she chucks them right out into the ash heap when they're a little wilted! I don't see how she can do it, but I'm glad she does, and I watch hours every day to see if she's goin' to chuck any out."

We talk of the sun and air as free gifts of God to all mankind. Are they so, when into the lap of one person fall the flowers, those creatures of sun and air, still wet with dew, while another, gifted no less freely with the love of beauty, waits with eager eyes for the chance to take the flowers after they are faded?

The elephant can smell, in a wild state, an enemy at a distance of 1000 yards.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A Chinamen rides a wheel in San Francisco.

London is larger in area and in population than Pekin.

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landholder in the world.

At the 1876 centennial at Philadelphia an electric light was exhibited as a curiosity.

Tiles are said to have been first made in England about 1246. They were taxed in 1874, but the tax was repealed in 1833.

India rubber trees grow wild all over Leo County, Florida. At Fort Myers they are the chief shade and ornamental trees.

Horticulturists tell us that the orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of the common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to 1200 years of cultivation.

It has only been eighty-one years since the first tomatoes were introduced into America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

The greatest day's run of an ocean steamship was about 515 miles. The steamer in question was 563 feet long and had previously been known to make 500 miles per day for three days in succession.

The Government telegraph service of Great Britain operates about 30,000 miles of line, and handles nearly 33,000,000 telegrams a year. Last year 6,000,000 telegrams were handled in London alone.

Mummies taken from the Egyptian tombs, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with oil for paint is one of the latest industries at Cairo. The color of this human dust paint is a rich brown of lively tone.

A wire netting fence 500 miles long is one of the late Australian wonders. The fence separates the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, and its object is to keep the rabbits out of the latter country.

At the castle of Simonetta, Italy, there is an angle in the building which reechoes a pistol shot sixty-one times. The echoed reports from twenty-one to thirty-three are always louder than the report of the shot itself.

Remains of prehistoric man of the oldest stone age, consisting of a rudely chipped flint implement among bones of reindeer and other Arctic animals no longer found in that part of Europe, have just been discovered in Hermann's cave, in the Harz.

Four different peaks in the mountains of Idaho are from thirteen to twenty-three feet lower by actual measurement than they were fifteen years ago. Geologists do not attempt to explain the "why" of their settling.

Caterpillars from six inches to a foot long are common in the vicinity of the Darling River, Australia. The natives twist them together and boil them in kangaroo grease. Travelers who have tasted this delicacy say that it is not altogether unpalatable.

The Eiffel Tower, at Paris, is now the highest clock tower in the world. A gigantic clock has been placed on its second platform, and scientists daily and hourly take observations on the motion of the pendulum, it being their idea that the revolution of the earth on its axis may be visibly demonstrated by the experiment.

How Carrier Pigeons are Trained.

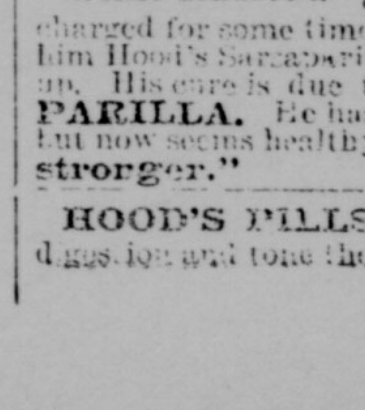
The training of carrier pigeons is based solely on the strong instinct that all pigeons have to return to their own loft or dove-cote. In them, love to locality is, perhaps, stronger than in any other living creature. In every pigeon-house the pairs settle down each in its own compartment, and if any other pigeon attempts to take possession of a box already occupied there is a stubborn fight. Carrier pigeons are simply those in which this love of home is combined with more than ordinary intelligence and strength of wing. They carry messages only in one direction—back home. If you want to send a letter by carrier pigeon from Little Rock to St. Louis, you must come to St. Louis and get pigeons that have their home here, take them to Little Rock, tie the letters to them and turn them loose. The stronger and more intelligent of the birds will be back in their loft or pigeon-house in St. Louis in comparatively few hours. A few years ago some interesting experiments were made with carrier pigeons taken from the vicinity of New York City to Georgia and Florida and there turned loose. Though the distances were 600 or 800 miles, some of the birds, if we remember rightly, were back home within forty-eight hours, while others did not show up for several weeks. The wonder is, How do the pigeons find their way back? That they are guided largely by the sense of sight is generally admitted, and probably those of them that do not strike out in the right direction at first fly immense distances in various directions in search of some familiar object by which they can steer homeward. No doubt, also, they are aided by the same instinct which directs migratory birds in their annual journeys from North to South and back again.—St. Louis Republic.

Warfare of the Future.

High explosives, hitherto untried in either military or naval contests, will play a large and important part in the warfare of the future. The most powerful at present known is "explosive gelatine," being fifteen times as strong as gunpowder. It is made by dissolving gun-cotton in nitro-glycerine, the preparation having the consistency of honey. Unfortunately, it is very unsafe stuff to use in battle, because a bullet striking it will set it off by concussion. No explosive is good for fighting purposes that can be touched off by shock or otherwise than by actual contact with fire. A novel kind of bomb is filled with what the inventor calls "hellofite." The two chemical ingredients, binitrobenzole and nitric acid, are in separate glass vessels, which are broken when the shot is fired, their contents being mixed together by the rapid revolution of the shell, and exploded by the time-fuse. Wonderful accounts are given of the havoc created by the bursting of projectiles of this description. Up to the present time no method of throwing high-power explosives from guns by means of gunpowder has been proved successful, although one scientific gentleman has wasted $300,000 of Uncle Sam's money in experiments which only resulted in bursting many valuable cannon. However, trials that are being conducted under Government auspices with a new mixture termed "emmensite" seem likely to solve this problem. Until now only pneumatic guns have been found available for such purposes.—Boston Transcript.

Scrofula

In the Neck.



Willie Tillbrook.

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

"My little boy Willie, now 6 years old, 2 years ago had a scrofula bunch under one ear which the doctor lanced and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore healed up. His cure is due to HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

PARTICULARS OF ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES ON RECORD DESCRIBED BY THE DETROIT NEWS—A STORY WORTH A CAREFUL PERUSAL.

(Detroit News.)

The following paragraph, which appeared in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important that that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., Times. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.,) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the $1000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases. For years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus, as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day, nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when his timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood that the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer, supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit, and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrup is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Ant as an Egg-Layer.

Some silkworms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs, the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5,000 to 6,000, but Spence and Kirby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay not less than 40,000 and probably as high as 50,000 in one season. The white ant is possessed of the most extraordinary egg-laying propensities of any known creature; she often produces 86,400 eggs in a single day. From the time when the white ant begins to lay until the egg-laying season is over—usually reckoned by entomologists as an exact lunar month—she produces 2,500,000 eggs. In point of fecundity the white ant exceeds all other creatures.

Fog That Can Be Scraped Off.

The deleterious influence of fogs may be estimated from some results obtained from examination and analysis last month at Kew gardens, near London. The Director speaks of the leaves as being covered with a substance like brown paint—"tarry hydrocarbon"—which can only be scraped off with a knife. On analysis this shows over 51 per cent of carbon and hydrocarbon, with 41 per cent of metallic iron, magnetic oxide of iron and mineral water. Anyone at all acquainted with physiology of plants and animals can apprehend in a moment how such a mixture must affect both the lungs of men and the leaves—which are the lungs—of plants, as regards respiration.

River Depths.

An ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the depth of rivers and smaller streams has recently been successfully tried on the Elbe. It consists of a curved arm, hinged at its upper extremity, and of a length sufficient for the lower curved portion to trail on the bed of the stream. The greater the depth of the stream the more will the arm be inclined, and hence, by suitable recording mechanism, the depth can be automatically registered.

ST. LOUIS has no notion of "putting up the shutters." She is going to build two new million-dollar hotels.

A [illegible]m Fight.

The Indians [illegible] ndian Territory are very much dist[illegible]d, saying some great evil is about to befall them, because the sounds of the phantom fight have been heard. In the territory lies a secluded valley filled with graves and a tradition, coming down through many years, says that these are graves of warriors who once met there in deadly battle. The curious thing about the present excitement is that it is directly due to Deputy United States Marshal John Willis, who had never previously heard of the tradition. He was belated one night and determined to encamp in the haunted valley. After some hours' sleep he was awakened by his horse showing every symptom of extreme fear. It was bright moonlight, yet he could see nothing. Notwithstanding, all around him there seemed to be an invisible host of men, some on horseback and some on foot, and these men appeared to be in deadly conflict. The noise of the trampling hoofs and rushing men could be plainly distinguished, while blows were struck so forcibly that the sound could be distinctly heard. Backward and forward the battle of ghosts seemed to rage for over an hour. His horse continued its frantic efforts to escape, and at last Willis was compelled to saddle the animal and get away from the valley. Just as he got beyond the confines of the valley all sounds ceased and he was tempted to turn back, but just as he again entered the valley the war began again. He told his story to the Indians, and then the story of the phantom tribe came out, and the Indians told of the disaster which was sure to follow the appearance of the phantom warring red men.

The Barnyard.

It is more economical in open barnyards to allow cattle to trample the coarse materials, the manure being composted in a heap under shelter until the materials in the barnyard are broken fine by the feet of the animals, when they may be added to the heap, the whole to be composted and enough fresh manure added to create heat in the heap. When the rains are permitted to wash out the soluble matter there will not be enough available plant food remaining to pay for the hauling and spreading of the "made" manure on the land in the spring.

Queen Carola Offers a Prize.

On of the most interesting prizes offered at the Red Cross exhibition now being held at Leipsic is that given by Queen Carola of Saxony for the best scheme for providing medicines, nourishment, and protection for the wounded during and immediately after a battle. Every exhibit in the Leipsic exhibition has to undergo the test of actual use before receiving a prize. Queen Carola has always taken a great interest in the Red Cross Knights, and it was the late Minister of War for Saxony who first suggested that this exhibition should be held.

The article, "A Detroit Miracle," taken from a Detroit paper, is quite interesting reading. It tells how one of the best-known merchants of that city suddenly appeared at his business with apparently a new lease of life, when it was supposed that he was a very sick man.

The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The largest Masonic library building and the only Masonic library in the world are at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mr. Darius Waterhouse, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "It cost but little to try Bradycrotine, and a trial is all that is necessary to convince the doubting thousands that it will cure headache." All druggists, fifty cents.

A horse was killed by bees at Leslie, Ga. recently.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

There are said to be 2,800,000 bee-hives in the United States.

IF dropsy after a good night's sleep there is indigestion and stomach disorder which Beecham's Pills will cure.

Blue and black are unlucky colors in China. Red is an auspicious color.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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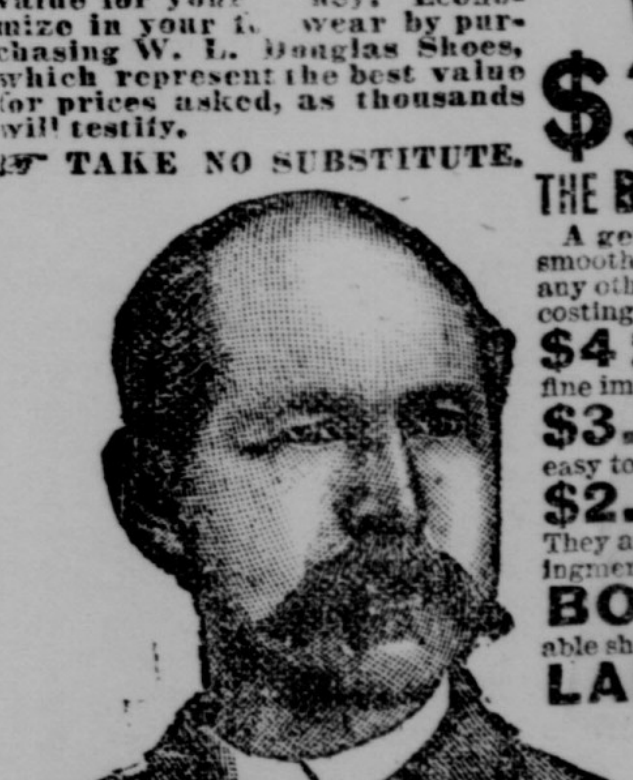

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$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

BOYS' $2 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' $3 Hand-Sewed, $2.50, $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas' name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences. ... ect to Factory, stating kind, size and width ... sive sale to shoe dealers and general mer... Catalogue, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

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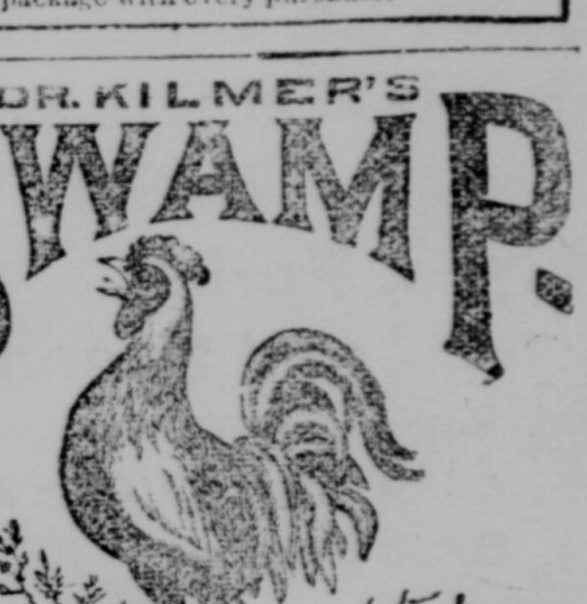

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Rheumatism,

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Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes. How to get rid of them is the study. Listen—"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col. ①

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y. Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

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