He Fights Like a Wild Cat if His Home is Invaded-Harmless With a Stocking Over His Head



On the sloping side of a foothill in the San Bernandino range of mountains. in Southern Califor nia, is the queerest little ranch in all the Golden State. A high fence of hemlock planking, with

every crack stopped up, massive, iron bound gates, of the same heavy material, and a little frame house occupied by two sturdy and determined looking men, guard the secrets of that odd looking inclosure on the side of the little mcuntain.

To the sightseer or casual visitor who passes the great plank inclosed fields, an array of moving heads, with bulging eyes and gaping mouths of immense size, convey very little idea of what sort of stock is being reared there. These heads, numbering dozens and even scores at times, seem to be lifted up out of nothingness, poked high into the air and. lunged swiftly over the top of the plank fence in the direction of the visitor. A sharp hiss emitted just as the glaring eyes and wide-open mouth come into hight might prove a very effective object lesson to a hard drinker.

But the heads are not those of monster terpents. The eyes which glare and never blink or move are not the eyes of antediluvian reptiles, but belong to an inoffensive bird. The gaping mouth is the mouth of an ostrich, and within that planked inclosure are more than a hunared of them fully grown. But the array of heads and bare necks, twisting and writhing to and fro, cannot fail to conure up before the mind of a visitor a nest of gigantic serpents, wriggling and hissing in their endeavors to get over the high fence to devour him.

Once within these iron-bound gates the rightseer will witness sights which cannot be seen elsewhere on this continent and nowhere else on the globe save in the vicinity of Cape Town, South Africa. The ostrich industry was begun in this country eight years, ago, but the birds

then brought from Abyssinia did not thrive, and after a year or more, this atempt to raise them for their plumes was ibandoned. But other persons were quick to see that if birds of a sufficiently hardy nature could be imported to stand the climate of Southern California, there would be a large revenue of profit in the business. The gentlemen who own this farm determined to try the South African ostrich and young birds were imported under the skillful management of the foreman, who still has the farm in charge. There were twenty of these ostriches and they first saw the farm near Fullerton, a little more than six years ago. Of the original birds imported, sixteen still survive and of the four dead, only one died from sickness, the others having injured themselves fatally, by falling into ditches in the night time. From the flock of twenty birds, 140 have been reared, but owing to death from accident, only 124 of them were on the farm when the World party



A COVEY OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.

"If you will walk this way," said the Superintendent, "I will show you the youngest ostriches ever exhibited in America, here or anywhere else. I have a number in a little inclosure down here, which were hatched only day before yesterday, and they are well worth seeing. We walked toward a little brook or

the bank of which stood a framework of boards which looked something like a hot-bed in a vegetable garden. It had a roof partly of boards and partly of glass, and underneath the panes were several birds about the size of half-grown goslings. They were as lively as sparrows, jumping hither and thither, pecking at the gravel in one corner of their cage or nibbling at the tender shoots of alfalfa clover growing in another. The sash was lifted off and the Superintendent went into their cage to catch one of the covey. He had a prettly lively chase of it around the narrow limits of the in- should be the envy and wonder of all beclosure, but finally succeeded in catching one of the largest. The young ostrich was covered with down soft as satin and as glossy as if it had been oiled. There was a slight moulting of white-tipped, little stroll, and he was cautering to fluffy feathers all over its body, and down ward the feed-trough at the further side the back of its neck was a broad stripe of jet-black color, merging into shaded brown and very pretty. There were ten in all, ranging in age from three days to ent had taken two eggs from the nest, three weeks. The Superintendent dropped the one he had caught and picked up another and a smaller one a moment later. The rapid growth of the ostrich can be imagined from the Superintendent's assertion that in sixteen months the bird will have reached a stature of eight or nine feet when stand-

"What is the value of a young ostrich?" I asked.

"We value them at \$100 each when they are batched, and their value increases with their age. They yield their first crop of feathers when they are sixteen months old. After that we get at least two crops of feathers every year

"And for how many years will a bird continue to yield a paying amount of plumes?"

near the fence, for they will kick you if "Oh, they live to a good age, and so long as they live yield first-class feathers. The male birds—ail those big black felthe fence and snapped at our hats in a lows you see up there on the hillside are friendly sort of way. The Superintend males -of course pay the best, for it is ent took up a stick and rattled it between the boards of the fence. Instantly from them that we get the finest plumes. there was a crash as of a heavy blow, ac-From the female birds we get the brown companied by a shrill hiss. Crash after and gray feathers. These have to be crash followed as one of the ostriches dyed before they can be marketed, and then they are shorter and lighher in body kicked at the stick held in the Superintendent's hand. He thrust his great foot than the plumes from the males. The forward with lightning-like rapidity and leathers from the female birds are made into tips and short plumes, and bring every time his horn-shod great toe struck the fence it left an indentation almost an much less, comparatively, than the long, inch deep. It was an exhibition of kickheavy plumes of the males." ing such as I had never seen elsewhere, and I had much rather see that ostrich

"How do you pluck the feathers?" I isked, desirous of seeing the operation,

"I cannot pluck a bird for you now, because we are through with that work for this month, but if you will walk up into the main corrals I'll show you how their other meals they are fed finely chopped green alfala. The fields of alit is done."

Up on the side of the sloping hill are

sixteen small squares within the main in-closure. These little squares are about forty feet each way and accommodate a male and female bird. In them the the food the ostrich gets in South Africa, young are raised, and into them it is very and he does as well on it in California as dangerous for the keepers to go during there. The alfalfa is brought in from the breeding season. In one corner of the fields by the wagon-load, then chopped the inclosure was a triangular pen of in a feed-cutter very finely and thrown boards, just large enough to admit the into the feeding-boxes in the various inbody of an ostrich. A stout bar standclosures in unlimited quantities. The ing by the fence could be used to drop birds eat little at a time, but eat often. into place as soon as the bird had been They are not gluttons nor gourmands, driven into the pen. Then a stocking slipped over his head shut off his sight though they will eat and swallow anything. They drink large quantities of and he was as effectually a prisoner as if water and spend their time in chasing one he had been thrown upon the ground and tied. When an ostrich is thus imprisoned one of the keepers reaches through the bars of the pen, lifts up his wings, and with a pair of keen-edged nippers clips off the plume quills just above the skin, allowing the stumps to

remain in the flesh. These are subse-

quently shed by the bird, and imme-

diately thereafter a new plume continues

to grow. From six to ten plumes of the

finest quality are obtained from each side

of the bird twice a year, to say nothing

The devotion of the male bird to the

female amounts almost to adoration. He

guards her nest day and night and will

fight furiously to protect her from an

imaginary danger. He relieves her on the nest at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and

remains there until 8 o'clock the next

norning, taking his "watch" with al-

most clock-like regularity. He does two-

thirds of the duty of setting and there-fore two-thirds of the labor of hatching

I had an opportunity, in one of the

smaller corrals, of witnessing the build-

ing of a permanent nest. The female

bird trotted around the lot in a peculiar

ground with her bill. Finally she found

sandy loam a little with her foot. Then

she walked away, proud and happy in

the knowledge that she had found the

She retired to a further corner of the lot

pleased with it exactly. She gave him a

AN OSTRICH TWO WEEKS OLD.

husband, scratched a little more dirt

here and dug a little deeper there, until

he had apparently carried out the orders

of his spouse. She then sat down in the nest, ruffled her feathers, kicked and

scratched a little and finally pronounced

the nest a fit. Then they both went gos-

siping around by the fence, letting the

inhabitants of the ostrich village into the

secret that they had the latest-improved

and best-appointed nest in all ostrichdom

and were about to hatch a brood which

In an adjoining inclosure an ostrich

hen was just going on her nest. She had told her better half that he might take a

of the corral as fast as a horse could run.

The female in this particular instance

was a very mad hen. The Superintend-

and she had caught him at it. He had

the eggs outside of the fence, but he

couldn't put them back for fear the bird

would kick him. So, as the only alter-

native, he laid them down carefully just

inside the inclosure and the hen rolled

them back one by one, using her head

as a lever. Then she fluffed her feathers

a little, uttered a defiant hiss at the im-

pudent visitors who had caused her nest

to be disturbed, squatted down over her

eggs, tucked her head under her wing

"Come this way now," said the Super

intendent, "and I'll show you the full-

grown birds, not yet mated off, over in the big paddock. They are a bad lot

just now, for they are mating and the

males like to show off. Don't get too

As soon as we stopped they came up te

practise on the plank fence than on any

The feeding of the giant birds is in-

teresting. In the evening they eat grain,

principally oats and rolled barley, but for

part of my anatomy.

and went to sleep.

holders.

a brood of young.

of the smaller plumes and tips from the

back and tail.

another around the paddocks. A Telegraph-Pole Bore. The woodpecker and portion of telegraph-post here represented were recently exhibited to the Cardiff Naturalists' Society by the President, John



THE WOODPECKER AT WORK. ties as district engineer of postal tele graphs, several instances of injury to poles in the neighborhood of Shipton-on-Stour, caused by large holes being ariven into and almost through them, were brought under his notice. A watch was set and the depredator discovered in the form of what the watchman described as a "stock-cagle," which, when shot, turned out to be a poor little wood-

pecker. The bird is thought to have been misled by the humming noise conducted through the wood from the wires, into the belief that a store of insect delicacies awaited extraction from the interior, and with energy worthy of a better result it "slogged" away until it had arrived within half an inch of the opposite side. Then the fatal shot terminated the work.

Where May the Sun Get Its Heat? When a shooting star dashes into our manner, now and then pecking at the atmosphere its course is attended with a spot to her liking and scratched up the an evolution of light and heat owing to its friction through the air. We were thus able to account for the enormous quantity of heat, or of what was equivlent to heat, which existed in virtue of proper place for digging the family nest. the rapid motion of these little bodies. and sat down Then the male bird, a Of course, we only see these meteors at handsome, black-plumed fellow, strutted that supreme moment of their dissoluover to the spot where the head of the tion when they dash into our atmosphere house had scratched away the turf. He It is, however, impossible to doubt that went to work with a will and soon his there must be uncounted shoals of mebig, two-toed feet, armed with their teors which never collide with our earth. heavy claws, had dug out quite a hole in It must nesessarily happen that many of the soft sand. He did not stop until he the other great globes in our system had made an excavation fully as broad as must, like our globe, absorb multitudes the body of his beloved mate and about of meteors which they chance to encouna foot in depth. Then he spoke to her ter in their roamings. The number of in ostrich language and she immediately meteors that will be gathered by a globe came to the nest. There were some will doubtless be greater the larger and modern improvements which he had more massive be the globe, and this for a double reason. In the first place the dimensions of the net which the globe few more instructions and sat down to extends to entrap the meteors will, of watch the progress of the work. The course, increase with its size, and in adold fellow went to work like a dutiful dition the more massive be the globe the more vehement will be its attraction and the greater will be the number of the meteors that are drawn into its extensive atmosphere. Of course, this reasoning will apply in a special degree to the sun We shall probably be correct in the assertion that for every meteor that descends upon this earth at least a million metcors will descend upon the sun. As these objects plow their way through the sun's atmosphere light and heat will

be, of course, evolved. It has been cojectured that the friction of the meteors which are incessantly rushing into the sun may produce light and heat in sufficient quantities to aid in the sun's ordinary expenditure. It has been even supposed that the quantity of energy thus generated may supply all that is wanted to explain the extraordinary circumstance that from age to age no visible decline has taken place in the intensity of the solar radiation. Here again is a question which we must submit o calculation. We have first of all to determine the heat which could be degenerated by a body of, let us say, a bound in weight, falling into the sun after having been attracted thither from an indefinitely great distance. The result is not a little startling; it shows us that such a body in the course of its friction, through the sun's atmosphere might generate as much heat as could be produced by the combustion of many times its own weight of coal consumed under the most favorable conditions .-

Counterfeited Rare Coins.

gigantic system of counterfeiting has its headquarters in New York, with branches in various other sections of the United States. During the last annual sale of valuable and antique coins by Dealer Hazletine, of Philadelphia what to all appearance sceins to be one of the rare silver dollars bearing the date of 1805 sold for the sum of \$500. This dollar was one of a number of spurious pieces that have lately flooded the market. It was sent to the numismatic association and examined by an expert. It was a dollar of the date of "1815" with the second figure "1" struck out and a cipher substituted before the "5" by means of a tiny block. This discovery led to an investigation by the association of all the principal coin collections in the country, and it was soon found that a systematic counterfeiting of rare and antique United States coins existed omewhere. One of the sources of this supply was found to be at Neoga, Cumberland County, Ill. Recently a heavy letter was received by mail at the Indiana prison at Michigan City addressed to Pete McCartney, one of the most notorious of Treasury counterfeiters. The letter was from McCartney's wife, who had so often engineered his escapes from prison. In the letter was inclosed a coin the date of 1805 wrapped in a blue ribbon. The clerk submitted the coin to an expert, and it was found under a microscopic examination to be a clear and well-executed counterfeit. Chief Bell. of Washington, was notified of the discovery and the movements of McCartney's wife at Neoga were watched. It was found that she was in league with the counterfeiters, and at last the mint was located in the garret of the house of one of the citizens of Neoga who lives on the outskirts of the city .- Chicago Herald.

dark for a door, stumbles over a rocking-In some wheat-planting experiments, when the seed was covered but half an inch it came up in about cleren days, while that covered three inches was over twenty days in coming up.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

MOST USEFUL OF FISHES.

THE CODFISH INDUSTRY IN NEW-

Get Him Ready for Market.

The cod is king wherever he lives. He

is a swift, fierce, powerful fish. Of all the commercial fishes he is incomparably

the most useful. No part of him is

without a function in the serving of man.

His head, bones, and intestines are used

in the manufacture of rich fertilizing

compost. Isinglass is made from his swimming bladder. The roe is exported as bait for the French sardine fishery.

The liver is famous for the great curative

oil that is extracted from it, and the rest

of the cod is pure flesh. His home in

the waters of the Northern and Western

Atlantic extends over about 250,000

square miles and along a coast-line from

Labrador to Cape Hatteras, which in all

its sinuosities is about 6300 miles long,

Of this vast hunt over 200,000 square

miles in area and over 5000 miles in

lateral extent appertain to the British

possessions. The temperature of the

waters within which he keeps himself

does not greatly vary from 39 degrees

So soon as the caplin flash their silvery

scales in the sunlight about the coasts

the fishermen become active. This

generally occurs as the month of June

opens. The caplin (pronounce it cape-

nches long and most delicate of flavor.

arrive. The catch is enormous.

amounting to thousands of barrels, is

Being now well stocked with bait, the

fishing harvest begins. The banking

fleet hurries out to sea, and the smaller

boats, little two-masted schooners of

from twenty to forty tons burden, go and

come at dawn and nightfall to their fish-

ing grounds just off the coast. Various

devices are use 1 for catching the fish,

many of them injurious and wasteful. The

hook-and-line is used along the shores

extensively, and this is the least destruc-

tive and also the least remunerative in-

strument. The seine, the cod-net, the

cod-trap and the bultow are generally

employed. Except the bultow, these are

all nets, variously constructed. They have gradually done so much harm to the

shore fisheries that laws have had to be

passed regulating the size of the mesh.

n many of the bays and harbors where s

ew years since cod were plentiful scarce-

ly a fish can now be taken, and serious

concern is felt lest the shore fisheries have

declined beyond hope of replenishment,

This fear has led to the estab-

lishment by the Newfoundland Govern-

ment of a Fisheries Commission, which

has been busily experimenting with a cod-

hatchery. The superintendent of the

hatchery is a distinguished Norwegian,

and his intelligent and suggestive work

has been of great service to the Commis-

sion and to the colony. He has probably

a revival of the shore-fisheries is confi-

dently anticipated. On the banks the

bultow is almost exclusively used in

catching the fish. It is simply a multi-

plication of the hook-and-line. Several

hundred hooks, each attached to a fine

hempen line, are suspended at intervals

upon a series of long, stout lines. Each

twenty rows of these hooks, all well

fastened, each row connected with the

others, and the whole contrivance se-

cured against the bank currents by stanch

moorings. They are overhauled every

So soon as the fisherman's boat is well.

laden he makes for his "stage." This is

a covered platform of fir-poles, project-

and heavier poles. Stages and "flakes,"

which are uncovered platforms where the

cod are laid out to dry, line the water

front of every fishing village. The fish

are tossed with a "pew"-a two-pronged

pitchfork-from the bottom of the boat

to the outer floor of the stage. There

they are passed, one by one, through a

little window in the stage. The "cut-

throat" seizes them as they come in. He

is a human being, selected for this work

because of his expertness with the knife.

He is armed with a long, sharp, pointed

blade. He makes three swift and dexter-

ous cuts. One severs the cord connect-

ing the gill-covering with the body. The

second slits the abdomen clear to the

vent. The third lays the head open to

quickly that a watcher's eyes are quite un-

able to analyze the cutthroat's mo-

tions. He slides the fish now to the

"header," who extracts the liver,

wrenches off the head and removes the

viscera and cuts out the tongue and the

"sounds," or air bladder. Everything

is carefully preserved, for everything in

and about a codfish possesses a commer-

cial value. When the "header" has

done the "splitter" begins his work. He

places the fish on its back and draws a

sharp knife along the left side of the

backbone clear to the base of the tail.

Then, as the fish lies open on the table,

with a quick blow he snaps the backbone

just above the tail and cuts the tail

away. The "salter" proceeds to the

performance of his functions just so soon

as this has been done. He washes the

fish with great care, not permitting any

blood to remain upon it, and then he

covers it with salt and leaves it in little

All this work must be done so soon as

the fish is caught. It cannot be left

twenty-four hours without salt. It re-

mains for a day or two in this condition

upon the flake in rows to dry and bleach

in the sun and air. It is taken in every

night and whenever the weather is dama

or rainy. When thoroughly dry it is

stored until the "planter" buys it, or,

to St. John's and is exported to Spain,

catch is considerably larger than that of

Canada, Norway or the United States. It

Newfoundland from \$4,500,000 to \$5,-

Proficient in Eleven Languages.

novelist, is proficient in the use of no

fewer than eleven languages-English,

German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek,

Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Russian and

Turkish. It is evident that when Mr.

Crawford, blindly feeling about in the

chair, he is able to give his feelings ade

quate expression. Even the incidental

advantages of culture are not to be de-

spised .- New York Tribune.

It is stated that Marion Crawford, the

000,000 .- New York Tribune.

mounds on the floor of the stage.

the base of the skull. All this is done so

ing over the water and held up by

morning.

ook is baited. There are sometimes

ut to such base purposes.

of 42.

Checks are very popular. Braided skirts are worn this season, Red is ever popular with brunette beau-

How the Fishermen Capture This Shot alpacas are deservedly fashion-Royal Fish and What They Do to The newer checks are irregular or

> There are a dozen women notaries public in New York city. Sashes are playing a very important

> English women have better all-round feet than their American cousins.

Blonds are said to be disappearing both in England and in America Parisian ladies devote especial care on the choice of their personal handles.

Entire bodices or waists of beads on a foundation of net are something new. It is to be remarked that the very long stick sun shade is declining in favor. The discovery has been made that no two girls of the period have hats alike.

There are women who have not yet adopted the blouse waist, but they are

The sleeves of checked dresses are made in gigot style and ended with a small cuff Cosmetic artists and beautifiers claim

that the veil is a detriment to a good complexion. Small buttons of cut steel are being sed on crepon dresses to hold the drap-

in) is one of the most beautiful little ishes in the sea. It is six or seven eries in place. Fans of shingle wood, on which auto-It come in uncountable myriads, with the graphs are to be inscribed, have come eod in swift and greedy pursuit. The

nce more into fashion. ishermen begin their work by catching Ginghams this season excel all prethe caplin, for the run lasts only about a vious offerings in finish and colorings. week, and in that time enough must be They come in stripes, checks and plaids. caught for bait to last until the squid A women at a Long Branch (N. J.) olentiful are the fish, and so easily taken notel appeared in the dining-room the y seining, that a great surplus beyond other day wearing \$30,000 worth of jewthe needs of the fishermen accumulates

No method has yet been found of pre-Mrs. Ada Bittenbender, of Osceola, serving the caplin, and all this surplus. Veb., has tried many cases before the Supreme Court of Nebraska and has not used as a fertilizer. It seems shameful that this exquisite little fish should be

Mrs. Houghton, a resident of Spokane Falls, Washington, is said to have made \$250,000 in real estate speculations in four years.

Brass plates are put on the high heels of low shoes, to keep them from declin-ing. Even the fine suede leathers are penny plated. The Maori women of New Zealand are killing themselves trying to wear corsets

ionary women. Needlework scollops appear upon many of the French vests, blouses and morning dresses of China silk, sheer wool batis and camel's hair.

since they have seen them on the mis-

No meal is quite so hard for the housewife to provide as breakfast. The ordinary monotony of eating is never so hard to overcome.

Parisian ladies at present indulge in he delightful luxury of allowing their skirts to trail, and sweep and stir up the dust of the streets. The Vassar girls have concluded to en-

dow a chair of astronomy in that college in honor of, and to be known after, the late Maria Mitchell. An orchestra composed of good-looking young women from Boston is an at-

traction at a hotel on Mount McGregor, near Soratoga, N. Y. Mrs. Anna Garland Spencer has charge of a church in Providence, R. I. solved the problems of cod-hatching, and She has the reputation of being one of

the best speakers in that city. A novel charity in New York city provides excursions for little girls who are obliged to take care of younger children while their parents are at work. To raise a pile on plush hold it over

steam a few minutes, wrong side down, and then pass it tightly across a hot iron. Then brush the plush with a stiff bristle Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of France, has revived "Magenta red" as a

at an official reception in a velvet robe of Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their heads: the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold

every morning. A sum of \$53,000 has been collected American ladies for the furtherance of the higher medical education of women at the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Md.

nere pattern, in shades of old gold, light olue and glace red. The shape is that of the gathered pelisse with tight back, called the dolman back. At the recent marriage of the daughter f Chauncy Kilmer, of New York, at his

The new mackintosh is silk, with cash-

summer home at Rock City Falls, the grounds were illuminated with nine niles of Chinese lanterns. Sara Orme Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. she is the daughter of a Maine sea cap-

tain, and is a dark-haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna-like face. Lady Alexander Leveson Gower is determined to be of some use in the world. albeit she is the only daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. She has begun her training as a nurse in a London hos-

Sir John Millais was so struck by the oveliness of a young lady whom he met in London recently that he asked her to allow him to paint her portrait. The young lady said yes, and gets a picture worth \$15,000 for nothing.

A wonderful wedding dress was recently made up in Russia for the daughter of a great Russian artist. It is of regulation white satin, but on the satin are innumerable little pictures, chiefly allegorical, painted by her father's artist What may be its value in years

Paule and Bicycles.

Sir Evelyn Wood, of the British army, of pickle, and is then washed and laid has expressed himself in favor of the formation of a corps of 20,000 volunteers mounted on bicycles. Sir Evelyn is an undoubted authority on military affairs. but has he ever studied the influence of panic on the bicycle? The ability of the having already bought it, until he wishes rider to keep his machine on its legs, so to put it upon the market. Then it goes to speak, depends wholly upon his coolness. The moment he becomes nervous Portugal, Austria, Italy and Brazil. The his knecs, as well as his resolution, weaken, and his bicycle "wabbles" and comes to grief. Imagine the effect of a amounts annually to from 1,000,000 quintals to 1,200,000, and it brings to round shot crushing through a corps of fresh bicyclists, and scattering broken wheels and splintered backbones in its path. Unquestionably the more excitable members of the corps would be given to 'wabble," collisions would ensue, and in the course of the next five minutes the twenty thousand bicycles would be inextricable entangled one with another, and the enemy would make prisoners of the entire corps—that is, if the enemy could spare the time necessary for disentangling its prisoners from their bicycles, a task which would probably require from six to

ten days .- New York Herald. It is said that a bunch of clover hung up in a sitting room or bed-room will clear it of flies.

REV. DR. TALMAGE THE BROOKEYN DIVINE'S SUN-

DAY SERMON. TEXT: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."-Prov. xxv., 15. When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of

will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot and I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals. mony; kindness as uest employed by govern-ments for the taming and curing of crimi-nals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quar-rels; but I shall call your attention only to

two of these thoughts.

And first I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man in the course of his life is set upon and assaulted Your motives are misinterpreted, and your religious or political principals are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first involves of stances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip bim into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for en eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the says: "You ought to reconsider that mat-ter." You look up into the face of Christ and says: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?". And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Then the old nature rises up again and says:
"You had better not forgive him until first
you have chastised him. You will never get
him in so tight a corner again. You will
him in so tight a corner again." you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature; "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other elergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad
As in the autumn a hunter comes home with
a string of game, partridges and wild ducks
slung over his shoulder, so there were many
ministers who came back from the ecclesias rical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults and let

gan to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church became one—the different parts of the Presbyterian order welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You have a dispute with you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You cay to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door, sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand; we have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us sottle all now in one great hand shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher plat form than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered

apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for His armed ene-

mies.
"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spat upon?" My advice is. Do not go and attempt to chare down the slanders. ders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one fifty are born. All your demon-strations of indignation only exhaust your-self. You might as well on some summer night, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp augel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then, are you to do with the are to live them down. I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of best that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, fashionable color in Paris by appearing and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death.

them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst with perfect placklity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annovances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all they conquered them, selves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September. others in August, and others in September.

and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian for-giveness is about the last fruit of the Chris-

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue, but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, Dean Swift and other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. Of that the Lord by His reviled not again. O that the Lord by His spirit would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." I press now to the other thought that I de-

sire to present, and that is, kin iness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of pro-fessed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in

great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now, we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to

and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one world against this heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal na-ture, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to

argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot an

Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the

hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical

Swer it What I have said is just as true in the r clamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard! Your mimicry the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a deprayed appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling books of eyil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his hora bear delivered. soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his

vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand was steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this went to ner, ne thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesu: Christ.

became the consecrated disciple of Jesu: Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and, though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell

him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song

the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may have not been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and clorious sentiment. glorious sentiment:

Kind words never die, never die; Cherished and blessed.

Cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that world's obduracy is to be broken before that

There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross. It is one of Rubens's pictures. No man can stand and look at that descent from the cross as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens's "Descent of Christ from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent of Christ from the Cross." turned around to the janitor and said; "No, no; not yet. Wait until they gel Him down."

Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the

that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone"

And now I ask the blessing of God to come And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business: that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that He may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ of seeing them prepared for the world that is to come.

or the world that is to come.

Above all, I look for the mercy of God noon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things or their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. Oh, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed as-semblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

A Ten-Story Steel Building. The new ten-story steel building at Chicago, of Rand, McNally & Co., the publishers, will contain, it is announced, fifteen miles of steel railway sixty-fivepound rails in the foundation, besides the twelve-inch and twenty-inch beams. There will be twelve miles of fifteen inch steel beams and channels; two and onehalf miles of ties and angles in the roof: seven miles of tie rods; ten miles of Z steel in the columns; twelve miles of steam pipe, 350,000 rivets and bolts. and seven acres of floors, the boards of which would reach 250 miles, if laid end to end.

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It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben ohnson doubtless saw the

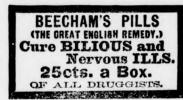
double point to the pun. The liver active—quick life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

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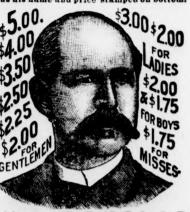
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