REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "All in All."

TEXT: "*Christ is all and in all.*"—Colossians iii., 11.

Returned after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly and as soon I recover from the sea voyage give you an account of our mission of bread to famine-stricken Russia, and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland and Ireland; but my first sermon on reaching here must be a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen, I have found that the greatest name in the ocean shipping, and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London and Edinburgh and Belfast and Dublin, is Jesus.

Every age of the world has had its historians, its philosophers, its artists, its thinkers and its teachers. Were there histories to be written there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed there has always been a Job or a Homer to construct them. Were there thrones lustrous and powerful to be lifted there has always been a David or a Cæsar to raise them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellect and the hearts there has been a Socrates, and a Zeno, and a Cleanthes, and a Marcus Antoninus coming forth on the grand and glorious mission. Every age of the world has had its triumphs of reason and morality. There has not been a single age of the world which has not had some decided system of religion.

The Platonism, orientalism, stoicism, Brahminism and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men, there appears a personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal or aristocratic pretension. He came a Galilean mechanic. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside Him day after day who had no idea that He was going to be anything remarkable or do anything remarkable. Yet notwithstanding all this, and without any title or scholarly profession or flaming rhetoric He startled the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with solemn priest and proud ruler, and with a voice that rang through temple and palace and over ship's deck and mountain top, exclaimed, "I am the light of the world!"

Men were taken all aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the ax, the saw and adz and hatchet, should wave the scepter of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had so often seen Him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalleled splendor and of universal dominion. We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood has got to be anything great or famous, and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen Him in after years in the days of His complete obscurity, should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to its volume, and it flowed on until by the beauty and greenness of the banks you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, until the lepers were brought down and washed of their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches gathered on either bank and the tide flows on deeper and stronger and wider until it rolls into the river from under the throne of God, mingling billow with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna.

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months perhaps to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture—so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not, in this chapter, say of Christ He is good, or He is loving, or He is patient, or He is kind, but in His exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says, "Christ is all and in all."

I remark in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible, I find Jesus. In whatever both I start, I come after a while to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation, and see a lamb on the altar and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say, "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and, as the water gushes out, I say, "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."

I go back and look at the writings of Job and hear him exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown," and then I turn over to Isaiah and Christ is spoken of "as a sheep before the shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over in the New Testament and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the apostle's epistles and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible.

Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you come as a historian, you will find in this book how the world was made, how the seas fled to their places, how empires were established, how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against barbegeon, until the earth was ghastly with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake and tempest and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all others in the accuracy of its recital and in the stupendous events it records. Homer and Thucydides and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events; but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years upon two leaves.

There are others who come to the Bible merely as antiquarians. If you come as an antiquarian, you will find a great many odd things in the Biole—peculiarities of manner and custom, marriage and burial; peculiarities of dress, tunics, sandals, crisping pins, amulets and girdles and tinkling ornaments. If you come to look at military arrangements, you will find coats of mail and javelins and engines of war and circumvallation and encampments. If you look for peculiar musical instruments, you will find psalteries and shiginoths and rams' horns. The antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to this Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say, "What a strange sword that is!" and "What a peculiar hat this is!" and "What an unlooked for lamp that is!" and the Bible to such becomes a British Museum.

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but the poetry. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment in its garland and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm.

Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor, and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish pools of Heshbon, up to the psalmist praising God with diapason off storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem, and a great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." They sit down, and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation.

Then there are others who come to this book as skeptics. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James says about faith and works, and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men — these spiders, I will say — suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle, and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Bible these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whale swallowed Jonah they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern skepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances.

I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever present "was" and the great "to be" and the everlasting "no." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians or fierce Baptists or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and canister, so many fieldpieces with which to rake the field of dispute, for they mean to get the victory though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship than I have for these theological pugilists who make our theological magazines ring with their warcry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Woe to us if we come to God's word as controversialists, or as skeptics, or as connoisseurs, or as fault finders, or merely as poets!

Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are Thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the scepters of the earth, of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of scepters and put it down at the feet of Jesus and say, "Thou art King of kings, and these Thou has conquered."

And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of all ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. We ask them to come and offer their thanksgivings, and the hosts of heaven bring crown and palm and scepter, and here by these bleeding feet, and by this riven side, and by this wounded heart cry, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and and unto the Lamb forever and forever!" Tell me of a tear that He did not weep, of a burden that He did not carry, of a battle that He did not fight, of a victory that He did not achieve. "All in all is Jesus" in the great plan of redemption.

I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in time of trouble. Who has escaped trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come out of the heart's well dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all abaft. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures, but wrathful and somber and gleaming with terror they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge.

The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over gravestones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinkled your brow, and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snakebite of sorrow, is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the Gospel we find the antidote! Christ has bottled an ocean of tears. How many thorns He hath plucked out of human agony!

Oh, He knows too well what it is to carry a cross, not to help us carry ours! He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Aye, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help us in our last extremity. Blessed Jesus, Thou knowest it all. Seeing Thy wounded side, and Thy wounded hand, and Thy wounded feet, and Thy wounded brow, we are sure Thy knowest it all.

Oh, when those into whose bosom we used to breathe our sorrows are snatched from us, blessed be God, the heart of Jesus still beats, and when all other lights go out and the world gets dark, then we see coming out from behind a cloud something so bright and cheering, we know it to be the morning star of the soul's deliverance! The hand of care may make you stagger, or the hand of persecution may beat you down, or the hand of disappointment may beat you back, but there is a hand, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle, that it wipeth all tears from all faces.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Prejudice is bias independent of the facts.

If is a small word, but a huge obstacle.

He who cares not to return may go anywhere.

Heart's ease is a flower that grows on the grave of desire.

He who deserves nothing has no right to complain of anything.

Suspicion, envy, revenge and remorse are the four vultures of the heart.

The apt use of symbols is the great art for ruling the operations of human brains.

He has an ignoble soul who is unwilling to serve a royal cause unless first decked in its livery.

The merely surprising surprises but a few times; the intrinsically admirable is ever more and more admired.

Be not pliant wax for outward circumstance to seal. Make your own thought the mould, your own will the stamp, of your life.

Everything else of time melts into eternity without resistance or complaint. Why does not man? Only because he is sinful and discordant.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

AT a meeting of the paper makers of the United States, held in New York, it was resolved that owing to the shortage in materials entering into the manufacture of paper the prices of all kinds of paper would have to be advanced. The cholera scare has caused a great decrease in the importation of raw materials from foreign countries.

MINISTER BOLET-PERAZA, of Venezuela, abandoned his intention of sending from New York a vessel in pursuit of the steamer South Portland, supposed to contain munitions of war for the Venezuelan revolutionists.

TRUE bills were found by the Grand Jury at Pittsburg, Penn., against Colonel Hawkins, Lieutenant-Colonel Streator and Surgeon Gimm, of the Tenth Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, for assault and battery in the Private Iams case.

MONUMENTS were dedicatd at Gettysburg, Penn., by the Sixteenth Vermont and the Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiments.

JOHN SHAVOR, aged seventy-five, while sitting at a window in Schenectady, N. Y., was struck by lightning a few weeks ago, partially paralyzed and marked with a scarlet circle on his right cheek, below the eye. A few nights ago there was a terrific crash of thunder, and Mr. Shavor's daughter ran into his room, where she found him dead on almost the same spot where he was struck before.

HUGH O'DONNELL, the Homestead (Penn.) strike leader, has been held without bail on a charge of murder.

EX-SPEAKER JAMES W. HUSTED, of the New York Legislature, died at his home in Peekskill a few days ago, aged fifty-nine.

JUDGE GEORGE F. WERTS has formally accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Jersey.

THE three-masted schooner John Burt, laden with 23,000 bushels of corn, bound for Oswego, N. Y., was wrecked near the mouth of Big Sandy Creek on Lake Ontario. One of the crew and the woman cook were drowned.

A CYCLONE swept over the Eastern District of Brooklyn, East New York and Long Island City. In the Eastern District of Brooklyn six houses in course of erection were blown down. Two boys were killed and one lad and a workman were severely injured. A four story building in course of erection in Long Island City was demolished. One wan was killed and three sustained probably fatal injuries.

TERRIFIC wind and snow storm prevailed on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, the wind reaching a velocity of 100 miles. Wire communication with the Glen House and the Summit was cut off and trains could not get down the mountain on account of snow and ice.

AS the result of a quarrel about $75 Frederick Mellenburg, a septuagenarian, murdered his wife, seriously shot his stepdaughter and committed suicide at Paterson, N. J.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL was renominated at the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention at Boston.

THE New York People's Party State Convention was called to order at Syracuse. Nominations were made as follows: For Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, Lawrence J. McParlin, of Lockport; for the electoral delegates at large—Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York City, and I. E. Dean, of Honeoye Falls.

CHIEF POSTAL INSPECTOR EDGARTON arrested at Philadelphia, Penn., six conspirators who have succeeded in robbing the mails of over $10,000 worth of articles of all sorts. The men were drivers in the employment of the Union Transfer Company, engaged in driving the mail wagons between the Post-office and the railroad stations.

South and West.

A FAST freight train was wrecked at Dayton, Ohio, by a six-year-old boy, who turned the switch. He said that he wanted to see a big wreck. Ten cars were smashed and piled on each other and freight scattered over the debris.

SANTANA CARA and Daniel Garcia, cousins and natives of Mexico, got into a quarrel over a woman at Sandigo, Texas. Garcia was shot three times, Cara once; both were fatally injured.

SIX men started to ride up in the skip at Eureka mine at Bessemer, Mich., contrary to orders, and when about 200 feet from the bottom the skip dumped, four its occupants being hurled to the bottom of the shaft and killed.

SEVEN dead and three injured is the result of a railroad wreck which occurred at New Hampton, Iowa, a few days ago.

J. H. WICKES, a New York millionaire, fell out of a window at Detroit, Mich., and was instantly killed. His neck was broken.

ROBBERS entered the bank of Ben E. Snipes & Co., at Roslyn, Washington, at 4 p. m., a few days ago, covered the employes and customers with revolvers and stole $20,000 from the safe. As they rode away they opened fire and shot the cashier in the leg and a colored man in the hip.

AT Kalamazoo, Mich., Lee Struble, Chas. Burton and George and Morris Castleman got into a quarrel while chopping wood. George Castleman was killed and his brother fatally wounded by an axe wielded by Burton.

ENGINEER JOHN ELMORE was killed and Firemen Ben Garner and Sam Estes and Conductor W. R. Lambert injured by the explosion of a locomotive boiler near Pratt Mines, Ala.

HOWARD, the county seat of Miner County, Iowa, has been nearly wiped out by fire. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Allensworth were caught in a building and killed. More than fifty houses were destroyed. Loss, $100,000.

FOUR Chinese have disregarded the circulars recently issued by the Chinese Six Companies, and have been registered at San Francisco, Cal., under the Geary Registration Act.

THE Wisconsin Supreme Court rendered a decision declaring the apportionment made by the extra session of the Legislature invalid.

THE Connecticut Supreme Court decided in favor of the Republicans in the contested election cases.

Washington.

REAR ADMIRAL BENHAM has been ordered to proceed with his flagship, the Newark, now at Genoa, to Cadiz, to escort the Queen Regent of Spain to Huelva, October 8, where the next day a statue to Columbus will be unveiled. The Bennington, which is now at Cadiz, will accompany the Newark and the fleet of Spanish vessels and participate in the ceremonies.

ADMIRAL GHERARDI arrived at the Mare Island (Cal.) Navy Yard from Washington. Rear-Admiral Brown surrendered the flagship Baltimore to him and then hoisted his flag on the Thetis.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has issued an order to establish the free delivery service, to commence December 1, 1892, in among other places, Greenfield, Mass; Perth Amboy, N. J.; Leominster, Mass.; Media, Penn.; Braddock, Penn.; Waterville, Me., and New Rochelle and Port Chester, N. Y.

THE Secretary of the Interior has approved the allotment of lands to the Seneca Indians and the eastern band of Shawnees in the Indian Territory. There are 175 of the former and 250 of the latter, who will receive sixty acres of land apiece, and, in some cases, an additional eighty acres, where the land is used for grazing or is not fertile.

THE Interior Department announces that the Cherokee Commission has opened negotiations with the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians for the sale of their reservations in Indian Territory.

Foreign.

A TYPHOON wrecked 5000 buildings on the Riukiu Islands, near Japan.

THE Yellow River has again overflowed its banks in China. Twelve towns have been inundated and many lives lost.

EDMUND JOHNSON, Consul at Kehl, Germany, has been removed for false representation as to his military services and for fraudulent practices. The case has been under investigation by Secretary Foster for a month. Mr. Johnson was first appointed to the consular service in 1872.

THE Chamber of Deputies, which constitutes the Electoral College, has just declared Porfirio Diaz President of Mexico for four years from the 1st of next December.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSTON RITCHIE, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, is dead, aged seventy-nine years.

THE number of deaths from the cholera within the whole Russian Empire, from the beginning of the epidemic, is officially reported at 185,640.

THE British Consulate at Mozambique has reported to the Foreign Office the drowning of an exploring party of two Englishmen and five Germans at the mouth of the River Moma.

CANADY A SUICIDE.

Sensational Death of an Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

W. P. Canady, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, committed suicide at his home in Washington a few days since, in a most sensational manner.

Canady, since his retirement from public office, has been conducting a general brokerage business. About a year ago he took J. Q. A. Houghton in partnership. Houghton was the monied man of the concern, and at various times advanced some $15,000 for the wild-cat schemes of his partner.

For some time there has been trouble brewing. Houghton was dissatisfied with the management of Canady, and on several occasions the two have been heard quarreling.

About 7 o'clock in the evening Houghton came into the office and put $2000 in cash in the safe and left for the night. Canady slept in the adjoining room.

About six o'clock next morning Charles M. Stevenson, who rooms in the house, heard some one calling for help. He ran down stairs and located the cries in Haughton's private office. On his opening the door a strange sight met his eyes.

At the dumb waiter door stood Canady, tied and gagged with a piece of his night shirt drawn across his mouth. Stevenson quickly cut the prisoner loose and Canady said that between 2 and 3 o'clock that morning he was awakened from sleep by three burglars, who took him into the other room and at the point of the pistol made him open the safe. They then ransacked his partner's papers and tied him there to the door.

A messenger was sent at once for Mr. Houghton, and when the latter arrived Canady told him his story and pointed to the empty safe. Houghton flouted the story, accused Canady of robbing the safe and left the house saying that he would at once put the matter into the hands of the police.

Canady then locked himself in, and going to his cot threw himself down and put a bullet through his brain. When the police arrived they had to force an entrance and the lifeless body of Canady was found on the floor in a pool of blood.

Canady was about fifty years of age, a native of North Caroline, and was a Colonel in the Confederate Army.

COLUMBIAN STAMPS.

New Series to be Issued to Mark the Discovery of America.

The Postoffice Department has decided to issue what will be known as the Columbian series of postage stamps, to be furnished by the American Bank Note Company of New York under a contract just signed. The denominations of all of the series have not as yet been fully determined upon, but they will embrace all of the present series and probably some others.

The new stamps will be of the same height as the present series, but twice as long, the increased size being thought necessary in order properly to display the illustrations. These are intended to commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus, and several of the illustrations have already been decided upon. These are the "Discovery of America by Columbus —First Sight of Land;" "Columbus's Fleet at Sea," from Revista de la Mina; "Landing of Columbus," after the Van der Lyn picture in the United States Capitol; "The Santa Maria," Columbus's flagship, after Alfred Harrisse; "Columbus Asking Aid of Queen Isabella," and "Columbus Reciting the Story of His Discovery to Ferdinand and Isabella on His Return From His First Voyage." On one of the denominations will appear a portrait of Columbus.

It is expected that the entire series will be put on sale January 1, 1893, and during the succeeding year will entirely supersede the present series. It is expected that the net revenue to the Government from the sale of these stamps will be very large, and that their sale to collectors will largely exceed any previous issue. It is also believed that this issue will greatly stimulate interest in the exposition, both abroad and at home.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

A Woman Kills Her Son and Two Other Little Boys.

Three small children, Charles Brown and Georgie and John Bogart, the first a son of Leonara Brown, or Smith, as she is known, formerly of Mt. Holly, and the other two being children of William Bogart, were choked to death a few days ago at Bordentown, N. J. The deed was done at the house of Bogart, in Chestnut street, by the insane mother of Charles Brown, in the absence of the Bogarts, who had gone to the Interstate Fair at Trenton. The guilty woman afterward went to police headquarters and gave herself up.

THE SOUVENIR COINS.

The Design for the World's Fair Half Dollar Selected.

The design for the five million souvenir half dollars has been agreed upon by the World's Fair people and Mint Director Leech. The face of the coin will contain Lotto's head of Columbus and the reverse side his caravals, under which are two globes. Across the globes will be the figures 1492. Under the globes will be the year in which the coin is struck, 1892 or 1893. Director Leech said he hoped to have one million of these souvenirs pieces struck this year and the remaining four millions early in 1893.

KILLED AS A JOKE.

A Live Wire Fastened to Machinery Which a Workman Handled.

T. R. Vincent was killed at Kansas City, Mo., a few days ago by what was supposed to be accidental contact with an electric wire in the house where he was employed.

The Coroner next day found that two other employes, attempted to play a practical joke upon him, attaching the electric-light wire to a piece of machinery which Vincent handled during the day.

When he came in contact with the machinery and placed his hand upon it he fell dead from the shock.

ENGLAND is beginning to feel nervous about its Ambassador to Morocco, who has not been heard from since the fanatical populace refused to let him raise the British flag, and he raised it in spite of them. If the act of a few fanatics should lead England to occupy Morocco there would be trouble in the Mediterranean at once. France would never consent to have any one, even remotely connected with the Triple Alliance, in Morocco. For her constant fear is that Germany may, by hook or by crook, get possession of a fastness opposite Gibraltar. Thus her two secular enemies would hold the keys of the Mediterranean. She would fight sooner than permit this.

THE nail trade is said to be looking up. Certainly; think of the campaign lies that will have to be mailed between now and November.—Detroit Free Press.

"You are the only girl I ever loved." "Then we would better part I don't want to marry a freak."—Life.

CHINESE FARMERS.

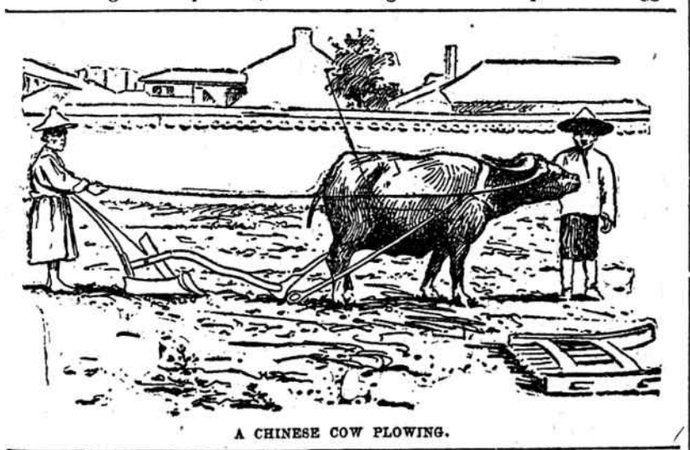
COTTON AND RICE RAISING ON THE YANG-TSE RIVER.

Three Crops a Year—Primitive Tools —Cow Plowing in the Water— Chinese Wages—A Chinese Farmhouse.

THE Chinese farmer is in abject poverty. I rode up the Yang-tse Kiang River as far as Hankow, 800 miles. The Yang-tse is another Mississippi River. The whole bottom is ridged with broken levees and dotted with graves as thick as haycocks on a New England meadow. The farmer's house is always a hut, writes Eli Perkins, in the New York Sun. It is generally built of rice straw and looks like a straw stack in Illinois with holes eaten into it by sheep and hogs. It would be a poor cow shed in America.

THE CHINESE FORKED HOE.

When not made of rice straw it is built of rough boards or adobe bricks one story high, has paper for windows and is thatched with rice straw. It has no chimney and no stove. There are no flowers about it as with the Japanese. A pig and a cow may occupy the same hut. The pig is a scavenger with big black ears. The farmer has a few chickens and ducks, but never eats them himself. He never sees a newspaper. He has no carpet, no musical instrument, no books, and seldom a clock. The floor of his house is hard ground. His bed is straw. He has no windows in his house or hut. In winter he covers himself with rags to keep warm, and in summer he is almost naked. He sows his barley or rice in a bed, hoes them by hand, reaps them with a sickle, and winnows them in the wind. A quarter of an acre is a big farm. He has no knowledge of politics. China might have a big war and he would never hear of it till troops marched into his rice field.



A CHINESE COW PLOWING.

The tools of the average Chinese farmer are a basket, a tea kettle and a four-tined hoe. This hoe is very heavy, and is used for spading as well as hoeing. He raises it in the air as a blacksmith raises his sledge, imbeds it in the earth, and pulls it forward. The food of 400,000,000 people is cultivated by this one implement. A trashing machine or a reaper is never seen in China. The Chinese put as much labor on an acre as an American farmer would on twenty acres. A Chinaman will raise enough on an acre to support a family of seven and pay his dollar and a half in taxes. The size of a Chinese farm is from a hundred feet square to three acres. A quarter of an acre will keep a man busy, but he will raise three crops a year on it. First he raises barley or wheat in the winter. When the wheat is heading, cotton is sown broadcast. After reaping the barley and wheat in June the little cotton is seen coming up. Then the barley roots are pulled up and the cotton comes on. It is in beds and is all hoed by hand. It grows low and has a short stable. Chinese cotton would not bring three cents a pound in New Orleans, and the yield is about 200 pounds to the acre. Men and women draw the crops to market on two-wheeled carts. Cotton is not baled but crowded into sacks like wool. Horses are seldom seen on a farm in China; men and women do the work of the horse. A Chinese farm laborer gets about four or five cents a day and his rice.

Notwithstanding labor being so cheap in China the superior skill of our American cotton planters and the good quality of their cotton and its cheap price is destroying the cotton industry in China. China will have to give up cotton and go into rice, barley and peanuts. Last year the Chinese raised only 100,000 bales of cotton. The raising of silkworms here will always thrive, and silk will be reeled from the cocoons into skeins by cheap five cents per day labor, but silk weaving will have to go to England and America, where they use power looms. Tea will always be raised in China, where five cent labor can pick the leaves. The tea plant is the same as our camellia or japonica.

A CHINESE FARMHOUSE.

If rice is to be raised after barley and wheat, the land is flooded with water. Men and women, knee deep in water, pull the harrows. Then the rice is set out in the water in hills a foot apart. It is common to see women working in the rice field covered with straw garments to their knees, After the rice is harvested a full crop of radishes is put in.

In order to irrigate for rice water is pumped on to the land by hand, though sometimes a revolving belt covered with buckets is propelled by a buffalo cow which walks round and round like thrashing horses in America.

Rice in China is worth about a dollar a bushel. A Chinaman can live on four bushels of rice a year. This, with pea nut oil, tea, and a little sugar, costs about $5 a year.

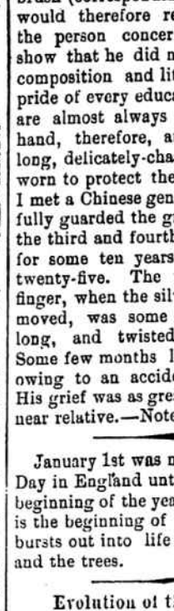
"You think five dollars a year in America," said Mr. Leonard, our Consul General, "is cheap living, but if a man in Chicago should live on boiled wheat with a little cotton seed oil, tea, and sugar, he could live as cheap as the Chinese. It is meat which makes living expensive in England and America. It takes eight pounds of cereals to make a pound of beefsteak, and where you get a pound of beefsteak it is only worth about a third as much as a pound of wheat or corn. Americans reduce the nutritious quality of their food thirty fold, by feeding it first to the animal and then eating the animal.

"China," continued Mr. Leonard, "supports 400,000,000 beings, but they eat the cereals. America could support four billion people if they would eat corn and wheat like the Chinese. But instead of that, Americans feed eight pounds of corn to a sheep or steer and then eat the steer."

The Chinese cow on the Yank-tse is a semiamphibious animal. You will often see her grazing with her head entirely under water. This is the animal that a well-do-to farmer uses for plowing, instead of his wife and daughter. He uses the milk and muscle of the poor cow. It is pathetic to see this patient old cow plodding along through the rice fields knee deep in mud. The plow she is drawing is a rude bit of a log with an iron point. A digger Indian could make it. It was used before Noah went into the ark, and it will be used a thousand years from now. The Chinaman never changes.

Propagation of Cholera Germs.

The culture of the cholera germ is an extremely interesting though very simple process.



An upright glass tube, as shown in the illustration herewith, is filled with gelatine, and when the latter has hardened sufficiently a germ is inserted in its centre by means of a platinum needle.

The germ at once begins to incubate, and in a few days it has multiplied a thousand fold. The germs eat their way down through the gelatine, and the mass assumes a funnel shaped form, which gives the gelatine a clouded appearance.

The single germs are invisible to the naked eye, but can be seen in large masses. When magnified 800 diameters the single germ becomes plainly visible. It has a crescent-shaped form, somewhat like that of a comma, and they sometimes blend together in the form of a spiral.

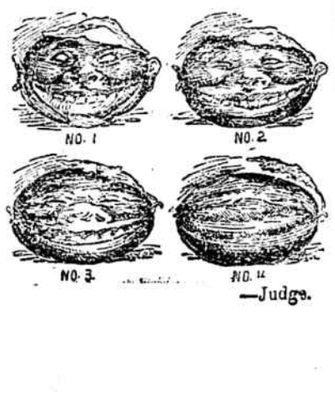
Dr. Koch discovered the cholera germ in India in 1883.—New York World.

Long Finger Nails.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of every educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately-chased silver cases being worn to protect them. Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed, was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a corkscrew. Some few months later, this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.—Notes and Queries.

January 1st was not made New Year's Day in England until 1751. The proper beginning of the year is in March, which is the beginning of spring, when nature bursts out into life again in the flowers and the trees.

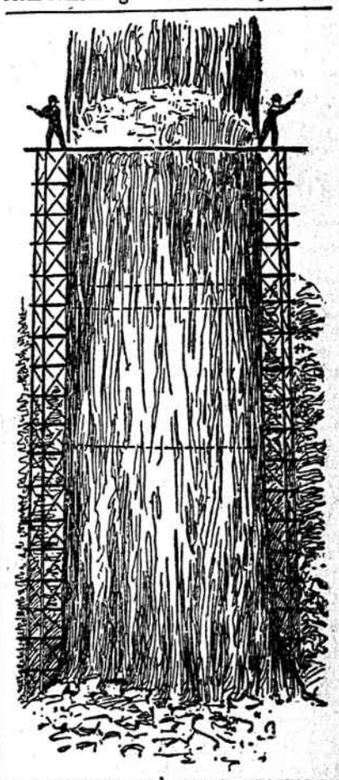
Evolution of the Watermelon.



—Judge.

A Big Tree at the World's Fair.

California is to be honored by having a section of one of her famous big trees made a prominent feature in the Government building at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. The section of the tree will be twenty-three feet in diameter and thirty feet long. This will be divided into three parts, and these will be placed in their natural position, one above the other, and so arranged as to form something like a two-story house.



THE WOODCUTTERS' LOFTY PLATFORM.

The contract called for a tree twenty feet six inches in diameter, but the tree actually found will be three feet greater in diameter. There are, of course, larger trees in the forest, but the requirement was that this section should be perfect in all respects, cylindrical, straight and without a burn in the bark, and this was the largest found to fill all these conditions. The tree selected is one known as the "General Noble." It measures thirty feet in diameter near the ground, but as the object was to have the section of the same diameter at both ends, as nearly as possile, a piece is being taken out of the tree at some distance from the ground. To do this and to preserve the section from harm by falling as well as to meet other requirements has proved to be a work of considerable magnitude. The idea is not to send a solid section, but, rather, the rim of the tree hollowed out and cut into segments of suitable size, and all to be numbered so that they can be erected at Chicago so as to look from the exterior like a solid section of a sequoia thirty feet in height. The three parts into which the section is being cut consists of two parts of fourteen feet each, to be hollowed out, and one two feet thick which will serve as a floor between the two stories, as it were.

In order to accomplish this work it became necessary to cut off the top of this great tree at a height of fifty-four feet from the ground. This is done by building a staging around the tree at that height, where the woodsmen will cut off the upper portion, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and let it fall. This is a work of great difficulty. In order to avoid danger to the men and injury to the lower portion of the tree, a big block is inserted in the cut on the side on which it is to fall, so that its weight when falling will cause it to jump off far enough to avoid all danger and damage. When this has been done the section will then be cut off by cross-cut saws twenty-four feet in length, made purposely for this work, at the places indicated by the cross lines in the illustration.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Making the Dumb to Speak.

There cannot be an instance of a person born dumb regaining speech, for no one can regain what he never possessed, though he may acquire it. In speaking, however, of persons born dumb we must exclude the vast majority of those called deaf and dumb, for their inability to speak arises from no malformation of the tongue, but they remain speechless because, having been deaf from birth or early childhood, they have never heard the conversation of others, nor learned to imitate it. Large numbers, who in this sense have been deaf and dumb all their lives, have learned to speak by signs or by the motion of the lips, or by sounds such as ordinary persons produce. It is difficult to tell generally whether a person is dumb from birth, because the defect is not at first suspected. But there are cases of real congenital dumbness. It arise from injury to the lingual nerves, or nerves of the tongue, or from general or local debility. But it may arise from a visible cause, from the child being tongue tied, the frænum linguæ, as it is called, or bridle of the tongue—a membrane underneath it—extending too far forward towards the tip of the tongue, so as to prevent the tongue being expended or put out. This may make it impossible for the child to suck, and, if not relieved, may interfere with its speech. A surgeon can snip the thin part of the frænum, care, however, being taken not to endanger the lingual artery. It is not certain, however, that a tongue tied person could not speak, for Jussien, one hundred and sixty years ago, recorded the case of a girl of fifteen year old, who had never possessed a tongue, and yet could speak without inconvenience, and persons learn to do so who have had their tongues to a great extent removed.—Yankee Blade.

Jewels and Their Uses in Watches.

Few people understand just what is the practical value of the "jewels" in a fine watch. These tiny bits of precious stones are set in the "bearings" of the machinery—or "movement," as it is called—where the pointed ends of the little pivots turn and turn continually. This constant grind of the sharp little points would wear away the hardest metal. Only the hardness of a precious stone can resist the severe friction. Garnets are sometimes used and sometimes sapphires. These, being harder, are put into the new improved, quick-winding watch, which adds to its wearing qualities. It is one of the marvels of the watch trade, that a jewelled watch of this high grade can be sold so cheaply.—Boston Cultivator.