

VICTORY OVER PAIN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Describes the Life in Heaven.

Physical Pain and Suffering Will Find No Place There, and the Weak and Heavy-Laden Will Find Abundant Rest.

The following discourse on the subject, "Victory Over Pain," was selected by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. It is based on the text:

Neither shalt there be any more pain.—Revelation, xxi., 4.

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is: "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? what are the bills of mortality? what is the death rate? how high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying: "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you have expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart faint, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that you have not been positively defeated. It has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointment. Your children, upon whose education you have lavished your hard-earned dollars, have not turned out as you expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's head. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But, come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? these shuttles fly? these axes to hew? these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be posted? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more course of taskmasters. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty, and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row, and have no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world, and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all princes; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers. No hovels, no hard cramps, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no more pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together; and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance or conversation; but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity, on their errand to take us away, know it is the last time; and in Heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time

that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently, and to resolve on self-control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control, to suddenly come upon some little coat or picture, or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted; but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail-car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the death-bed, they take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine-presses in which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed and no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every door-step, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand-clasps and embraces, but only in recognition. That great home-circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crate floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations of glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill, the feet cold until hot flannels can not warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pincers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short-breathed and dim-sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisies and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street and up every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk and adder's sting, and crocodile's tooth, and horse's hoof, and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sickness, and they add them to their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 263 the plague in Rome smote into the dust five thousand citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, a thousand grave-diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813 ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Australitz, where thirty thousand fell; of Fontenoy, where one hundred thousand fell; of Chalons, where three hundred thousand fell; of Marius' fight, in which two hundred and ninety thousand fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred one million six hundred thousand men, and Nishar, where he slew one million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand people; of the eighteen million people this monster sacrificed in fourteen years, as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and to make the empire a pasture for cattle.

Think of the death throes of the five million men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the one hundred and twenty thousand that perished in the siege of Ostend, of three hundred thousand dead at Acre, of one million one hundred thousand dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of the one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Edmund Burke—that the loss by war had been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the saber wounds, the gashes of the battle-ax, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall, and those destroyed under the gun carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out into one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sebastopol coming over

to the army of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said: "That place is a perfect hell!"

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "twinge," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every sick room, for every lifelong invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God!

No malaria float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No one can drink of that healthful fountain and keep faint-hearted or faint-headed. He whose foot touches that becometh an athlete. The first kiss of that summer air will take the wrinkles from an old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters, not one diseased throat. The first flash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lame man leaps as a hart, and the dumb sing. From that bath of infinite delight we shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold physical torture. All well. No more pain. Here, too, are the Theban legion, a great host of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six put to the sword for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to hurt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of Him who helped Hugh Latimer out of fire. All well. No more pain.

I set open the door of Heaven until these blows on you this refreshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day the ice click in the ice pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Clambering among the Green mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after awhile, I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them into living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And lo! I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters."

MANNA EATERS.

The People of Arabia and Persia Make It From Tamarisk Branches.

In some of the eastern countries, notably Arabia and Persia, a manna answering closely to that mentioned in the Scriptures is still naturally produced in considerable quantity. It comes from the tender branches of the tamarisk, and is known to the Persians by the name of "tamarisk honey." It consists of tear-like drops, which exude in consequence of the puncture of an insect, during the months of June and July. In the cool of the morning it is found solidified, and the congealed tears may be shaken from the limbs. That, in fact, is one of the methods of gathering manna. Herodotus alludes to the same nutritious product, so that there is no doubt it has been known in those regions from the earliest ages. It is easy to see how it might be produced in wonderful quantities without any special manifestation of the supernatural. It is a sweetish substance, pleasant to the taste, and highly nutritive.

Some students of the Bible have supposed the manna there mentioned to have been a fungus growth; but while the explanation would be a natural one, the modification which it would require is an unnecessary one. There are numerous interesting things, nevertheless, about the various kinds of fungi, which modern experimentation has decided to be edible; and not only that, but highly palatable and nutritive. What country boy of an imaginative nature but has frolicked in mimic warfare with imaginary foes, getting the smoke for his artillery and infantry from the numerous "puff-balls" which a convenient pasture afforded, while his own lung power furnished the "crash and roar and cheer" for the inspiring contest! Yet science has demonstrated that those very puff-balls were once good to eat—in fact, capable of furnishing the most dainty refreshment.—Good Housekeeping.

Lieut. Guyot, of the French army, who recently rode on a bicycle to Constantinople and back, had a hard experience in Turkey, where he was only able to make thirty miles in three days. In that time he had nothing to eat but four hard-boiled eggs with vinegar, and muddy water with a little raki to drink. The natives insisted on getting upon his machine, and he had great trouble with the dogs. In Bulgaria there were no roads at all, though some were pegged out, and the mud was very sticky. He rode one thousand eight hundred and sixty miles without stopping, except to eat, sleep and have his machine mended, yet he was seventy-three days on the way.

SHORT OF SEAMEN.

A Lack Which Is One of England's Gravest Dangers.

Some Interesting Facts About Great Britain's Huge Naval Squadrons—Not Enough Trained Men to Handle Them.

It may be said without exaggeration that the question of the hour is the supply of seamen for our fleet, says the Pall Mall Budget. No juggling with figures can conceal the fact that in case of war we cannot send even all our modern vessels to sea. Though every nerve was strained at the maneuvers, though the depots were depleted of seamen and stokers, we had to leave in port no less than 168 fighting craft. In this total are included ten first and second class battleships, ten third-class battleships, seven coast defense ironclads, four old ironclads, seventeen cruisers, eleven torpedo gunboats, forty destroyers and sixty-nine serviceable torpedo boats. Many of the vessels in this enormous category are of the newest construction, and, though some are not yet completed for sea, all should be finished by the end of the financial year. We have none too many cruisers as it is, and when war is upon us we shall want every single one to protect our colossal trade. All the older ironclads will be needed to convoy our slow ocean tramps, all our coast defense vessels to protect our unfortified ports and towns on the coast. The French are known to contemplate the bombardment of open towns, and this is the only means by which we can prevent stragglers doing us terrible harm. Our battleships will be wanted for the combat and to watch our enemies' ports. Our ironclads lack their proper complement of torpedo gunboats and torpedo boats; indeed, our first line, the Mediterranean fleet, has still only two. The crews required for the ships which would not be able to put to sea amount to no less than 22,610 men, or, reducing them to the lowest possible limit, 20,000. Ships we can build in three years and less, but sailors can hardly be trained for war in twice that time. Since 1889 we have been building faster than we could obtain seamen. We have on the stocks, or projected, to-day another mass of vessels which require at least 10,000 more men. It is true that the naval estimates for 1894 contemplate an addition to our personnel of over 6,000 men, but this is a mere drop in the ocean to the number which we require. We must understand that the English fleet disposes of practically no trained reserve. Though the naval conflict of to-morrow will be bloody beyond belief, involving holocausts of ships and men, we have not merely too few sailors to take our effective ships to sea, but no one to replace those who fall in the struggle.

Year by year the proportion of English seamen in our mercantile marine dwindles, while the proportion of foreigners increases. Of our 80,000 able seamen no less than 27,000 are foreigners, and half the remainder have had less than four years' service. Nor is it a question of wages. From the ship owners goes up the ominous complaint that the Swede or the German is better educated, more sober, more respectful. He does not desert, he is a better sailor, and his physique is superior. "The supremacy of the English sailor is waning," says the chairman of the West India and Pacific Steamship company. These are terrible words for us, whose pride and whose heritage in the past has been the sea.

Our naval reserve numbers in its first class 20,000 men. Their training is limited in the extreme. They are, many of them, ignorant of the manipulation of the breechloader, for such is the wisdom of our rulers that they persist in drilling our reserves with obsolete guns. At Wick, where 1,400 men are trained, there is not a single modern weapon. After this they get a month at sea on a war ship. And that is all. The trumpet will sound; as many of them as can be obtained in our home ports will be huddled on board our ironclads; lieutenants and officers will be borrowed from ships in commission, and our fleet will be put to sea—to sure and certain defeat. Abroad there is readiness for instant action, at home unreadiness.

A CORNER IN ELK TEETH.

A Montana Man Who Has More Than Eighty-Six Thousand of Them.

Mr. John D. Loselkamp, of Billings, Mont., practically holds the elk-tooth stock of the entire country, and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows, says Forest and Stream, that the elk teeth, or rather the tusks, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, have a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, mostly as pendants on watch guards or insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents, according to its size, color and marking. Mr. Loselkamp has now over eighty-six thousand elk teeth deposited in safety vaults. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fairly covered with the teeth. Mr. Loselkamp has lived on the frontier all his mature life, and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over one hundred dollars for a single garment thus ornamented, caring, of course, for nothing but the teeth. The Indians drill the teeth to fasten them on their dresses, and this does not injure the value of the tooth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye cannot be extracted, and depreciates the value of the elk tooth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state.

MADE THE BURGLAR WORK.

A Night Watchman Terrorized the Manufacturer with an Unloaded Revolver.

A very large and hopeful burglar, with a gunny sack in which to carry away his plunder, pried off the scuttle cap of a cellar belonging to the Menlo Park Manufacturing company the other night and dropped lightly down into the vault beneath, says the New York Herald. When his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he found a man who had heard him coming standing in a heroic attitude with a revolver pushed in his face.

The one was the night watchman and engineer of the building. "Up with your hands," said he, and up the burglar's hands went as if they had been trained to the business and had done nothing else all their lives.

The position was a pleasant one for the night watchman. All he had to do was to keep his pistol in position and wait till morning, when fifty workmen would rush in, bind the prisoner and escort him in triumph to the nearest jail. But who was to look after the fires? This thought occurred to him after about an hour had passed, and the burglar's hands had grown white through holding them up too long and letting the blood get emptied out.

"See here," said the engineer, "if I turn my back on you to attend to the furnaces you'll pick up a bit of coal or something and hit me a buff on the head, steal everything in the house and then go home to your family."

The burglar said nothing, but looked a lot.

"Then," went on the engineer, "if I don't attend to the furnaces the place'll blow up, or the steam'll go down, and then there'll be all sorts of things to pay."

"Better let me go home to me poor mudder," the burglar suggested, looking hopefully up to the scuttle cap.

That seemed the only way out of it. The engineer thought and thought, keeping the revolver cocked the while. Suddenly he burst out with:

"Say! Did you ever fire a furnace?"

"Naw," quoth the burglar. "Lemme go home to me mudder."

"Well, get a move on you, you son of a pirate. Take that shovel and put the coal in. Now turn the fires. Don't you know how to turn fires? Well, you've got five hours to learn. Hurry up, darn you, or there's a bullet waiting for you here if you don't."

At the point of the revolver the engineer kept the burglar working all night. When he wasn't busy at the coal he kept him polishing up the brasswork, and after he had finished the brasswork he made him swab the floor and empty out ashes. The burglar admitted that he hadn't done any work for five years. When the workmen came in the morning and took him off to the police station he almost fainted from exhaustion.

The engineer said to his wife when he went home: "Lucky thing all round, isn't it, that that blamed burglar didn't notice my pistol wasn't loaded."

SWEDEN'S CROWN.

The Nobility Look Down Upon Its Present Wearer.

King Oscar's appeal to the Swedish people to worthily celebrate in December next the tri-centennial anniversary of the birth of King Gustavus Adolphus, the great hero king of Sweden and one of the first and strongest champions of Protestantism, has, according to the Chicago Record, had the effect of calling to mind the fact that there is not a drop of the blood of that monarch in the veins of the present reigning family, excepting in those of the crown princess, and, through her, in those of her children, duke of Scania, duke of Sundermanie and the duke of Westmanland. For the mother of the present grand duke of Baden—father of the crown princess of Sweden—was a daughter of that prince of Vasa who died toward the end of the fifties and who was the last male descendant of the Vasa dynasty.

This Prince Vasa was the only son of King Gustavus IV., who was deposed by his subjects and driven into exile, the general impression being that he was insane, his mental faculties wrecked by the terrible assassination of his father by Count Ankerstrom at a ball given in the royal palace. After his deposition the Swedes called his uncle to reign over them, and as the latter was childless and there was no other Vasa prince save the deposed king and his son, they proceeded to elect French Field Marshal Bernadotte, of peasant birth and married to the daughter of a French stockbroker, as crown prince. It is he who was the grandfather of the present king.

It may be added that the Swedish nobility, which is very proud and has an immense idea of its own importance and lineage, looks down upon King Oscar as a parvenu, and attends his court with more or less evident reluctance. They still revere the memory of the Vasa kings, and there is scarcely one of them who, when traveling through Germany, does not make a point of calling at Dresden to pay his or her respects to Queen Carola of Saxony, now the only surviving daughter of the last Prince Vasa.

Capture of a Swarm of Bees.

The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodsman of Guilford recently won his fellow hunters one better in the branch of forestcraft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed its hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whither the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

HORSEFLESH FOR FOOD.

The Taste for It Spreading in Europe—Sentiment and Science Against It.

Hippophagy, or to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe. While savage man is known to have sated his ravenous hunger on horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life. Many acquired a taste for the meat and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city.

It was to be seen on sale at many of the butchers' stalls, and has been ever since a staple article of diet for thousands of the poor of the French capital. For horseflesh is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth twenty cents a pound, while horseflesh can be had for eight cents a pound, which affords a reason why the barbarous custom should take a firm hold upon these people when once necessity gave it root.

Once planted in Paris the practice spread to other continental cities, especially Berlin, where horseflesh is consumed in considerable quantities by the poorer classes, and the medical authorities and humanitarians are raising their voices against what they justly consider a barbarous and dangerous custom.

The medical men warn the eaters of horseflesh that the horse is peculiarly liable to the disease known as trichinosis, also found in hogs, and while cooking generally destroys the germs of this disease, it cannot always be depended on to do so. The disease is frightfully fatal in its effects and baffles medical skill.

The humanitarians take the ground of sentiment, urging the almost human affection of the horse and the close companionship he has shared with man since the dawn of the human race. A base return, they deem it, to slaughter and eat this noble creature. In spite of these warnings and protests hippophagy is on the increase in Europe. It has not yet reached England, nor is it likely to as long as the roast beef and mutton of Australia and New Zealand last. Still, if the sentimental Britishers are too squeamish to eat their horses, they are not too squeamish to sell them to the continent to be eaten. Quite a number of superannuated equines are exported for that purpose.

RIDE FOR LIFE IN ARIZONA.

A Plucky Woman Who Saved a Snake-Bitten Miner from Death.

At Smith's mill, fifty miles northwest of Phenix, arising from his cot the other night for a drink of water, says the Tucson Miner, Harry Carroll stepped squarely upon a rattlesnake and was bitten upon the bare foot. There were two pints of frontier whisky at the camp, and one of these Carroll immediately dumped into his system. Stowing the other in his pocket, he then mounted a horse and started for the stage station at the canyon of the Hassayampa, a dozen miles away. On the road he drank the remaining flask, and from that time on knew nothing, save that he fell from his horse. Mrs. Conger, the custodian of the station, was alarmed to see the horse coming back, and mounted the animal, and, accompanied by her dog, she started on the search. Eight miles away, in the stony hills, fully exposed to the glare of Arizona's July sun, solely through the intelligence of the dog, Carroll was found lying unconscious. He had been there eleven hours. The plucky woman loaded the suffering man on the horse and, bringing him to the mill, nursed him out of danger. The day was hot in the extreme, and the dog, searching for the man, became overheated and on returning to the camp died within a few hours. It may be believed that he was given a burial as good as the camp could afford.

England's Submarine Cable System.

The war in Korea has just brought out prominently the control which England has over the submarine cable system of the world. English companies own lines having a length of more than 150,000 miles, which cost over \$30,000,000 and produce a revenue of more than \$4,000,000. The government has done everything in its power to facilitate the laying of these cables by subvention and patronage, and the preliminary surveys have been nearly all made by the naval authorities. In return the companies are obliged to give priority to the dispatches of the imperial and colonial governments over all others, to employ no foreigners and to allow no wire to be under the control of foreign governments, and in case of war to replace their servants by government officials when required.

Poor Thing.

The New York Recorder has this to tell of a little girl who had learned very early one of the inconveniences of wearing eyeglasses: She was at Manhattan beach, and seemed to be no more than three years old, but she was near-sighted and wore spectacles. She wanted to paddle in the water and spoil her russet shoes. Her nurse had been forbidden to let her go barefoot, and baby began to sob. Then she cried: "Take 'em off, Mary! Take 'em off!" The reporter thought she referred to her shoes; but she went on: "Take off my spectacles, Mary, so I can cry!"

Only Six Tons of It.

There are only six tons of platinum commercially in existence; it is indispensable for glow electric lamps, for no other metal as good an electrical conductor can be fused into the glass. Therefore, its price has increased within recent years many hundred times and threatens to go yet higher. Either a substitute conductor will have to be discovered or a new variety of glass made with a coefficient of expansion nearer that of ordinary metal. There is a big bonanza here for some inventors.