REV. DR. TALMAGE

#### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

## Subject: "The Secret Place of Thunder."

TEXT: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."-Psalms lxxxi., 7.

It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sun-rise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea. its waters having been set up on either side in masoury of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful be-cause invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted.

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lan-tern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thun-der like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refeshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of

The Egyptian captains lost their pres of min", and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off. and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies cocrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Ezyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Sam-uel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solomnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and crief, "The thunder of His power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saving. "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as "ciothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given or the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christly triumph, and the thunder of resurrection,

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggest there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The hightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness elecsocial position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her. "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explana-tion

In the course of two years, though there The course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon olution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and what is it!" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told

the secret. For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effect-ual. It turne : out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and more and uncertainty. poor and unnoticed. A little cloud of consecrated humanity

hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million-not one out of ten million-prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblaze, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication-hemispheric and perpetual-is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklin Academy of Music in the in-terregnum of churches. We had the usual terregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men-all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attene and they are attentive an 1 respectful. but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one prav and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come. It was a most intense crying unto Goi. said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret, and they said it would be. That Tuesday

and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended. On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great com-posure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual

and silences and soleminities of salinto each power that the worshipers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this meen?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for

Two funerals after awhile—not face than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of in nomes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the owar? Brow the sevels and the get the power? From the schools, and they semi-saries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mediai endowment? No, I do not think of had unusual mental caliber. From ac-13 of what is called astounding gool luck. I think we will take a train and ride to the in

depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the vil-lage graveyard andsee the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, parents. and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'

On over the country road we rideroad a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbon under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is mow where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt-the father there, the mother there and the boys and girls there.

We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last. That is the piace that decided those seven earthly and im-mortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are sel-dom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, 'Ou, pshaw?' and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in read-ing flicasy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning. June 5 next, on the steamer City of New York, I expect to sail for Liverpool to be gone un til September. It is in acceptance of many It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preach prayers, and a religious awakening took ing the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland place that made that winter memorable for and Sweden. I want to see how many souls prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great inzathering, but few for many how that the upper room in my God during that great ingathering, out few iny partial, and with them. I want to wisit shake hands with them. I want to wisit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and But who is sufficient for the work I under-The day will come-God hasten it-when people will find out the velocity, the ma-jesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twentyabout our limited express trains a new properties of the sea, to have me in your prayers. In the sea, to have me in your prayers. In proportion to the intensity and continuance proportion to the intensity and continuance properties of the prayers, yours and mine, and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder. God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall oreach in churches, in chapels and in the fields. I will make it a campaign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absince a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return than I ever yet have been. For, brethren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the throne of judzment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting waves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting beavens. Boom! Boom! But all that dim and uproar and caash will find us unaffrighted, and will leave us undismayed if we have made Christ our confidence, and as after an August shower, when the whole heavens have shower, when the whole heavens have been an unlimbered battery cannonad-ing the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the carbuncie of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the supplies of the more emerald. the sunrise of eternal gladness the more em-purpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos de-scribed, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty tnundering?" Amen!

## THE RUBBER OF COMMERCE.

How It Is Gathered and Prepared for the Markets of the World. Central and South America supply the

bulk of the crude rubber shipped to the various markets of the world. Brazil especially is the territory upon which the commercial world relies, and throughout the entire Amazon region are many valuable rubber swamps. Unfortunately the reckless manner in which the trees are tapped tends to de stroy their vitality and fears are well grounded that the ru' ber product will soon be restricted to half of what it is at present. The trees are tapped by gashes being cut in the bark by hatchets. If the cut penetrates the wood the tree is dcomed to die, otherwise it will continue yielding for thirty or forty years. Through the recklessness of the natives in tapping the trees many valuable rubber swamps have been partially ruined and the same extravagant system is being introduced into new regions.

The rubber trees of the Amazon valley grow spontaneously and need no care. As many as 537 will flourish on an acre. In yield fifteen kilos of rubber can be extracted from them daily for four or five months-an average between \$400 and \$500. When the trees are tapped a milk flows from the incision and is caught in a small tin vessel. This, when collected in large quantities, is coagulated. For this purpose the rubber gatherer has a jugshaped furnace, made of earthenware. called a boiao, open at the bottom and top, and with a small aperture at the side to admit the air for the combustion. In this piece of furniture he builds a fire. The dense black smoke which rolls from the open top of the boiao is the re-agent which coagulates the milk. For this purpose the rubber gatherer has a circular-bladed paddle, like the paddle of a canoe, which he smears over with clay so that the rubber will ot adhere to it. This is suspended by means of a cord from the limb of a tree ust above the smudge. The milk is poured over the blade of the paddle, which is then turned over and round about in the smoke, and in a few moments the film of rubber is coagulated. The same process is repeated of wetting with milk and smoking the growing tump until it reaches the weight of from five to twenty-five kilos or more. Then it is slipped off from the paddle as a mitten is pulled off from one's hand. This ball is the crude rubber of com-

A Flant Growing from a Caterpillar. The curious fungus which is some-

times taken for an insect is a fungus

that roots itself in a caterpillar and

grows from it, feeding on the body of

the insect. Of course in time the in-

sect dies, and the fungus then perishes

is soon as it has exhausted the nutri-

ment in the body of the caterpillar.

The plant is of the same nature as a

mushroom, and when it matures it

produces spores by which new plants

are propagated in the same way, at-

taching themselves to any insect that

somes in contact with them in the

toil. These curious plants are used

as medicine by the natives of some

parts of Asia, where they are found

quite abundantly. The plant, when

### Dissipated Centenarian.

Daniel Lilly, a tailor, who was reouted to be 106 years old, died at Waterdown, a village near Hamilton, Ont. His exact age is not a matter of record, but it is thought that he was very near the age stated. He was born in Ireland. His mind was bright and active to the time of his leath, but he had withered to a shadow and had not worked for many years. He had used both tobacco and whisky.

#### How's This?

**Hew's This?** We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for iny case of catarrh that cannot be cured by aking Hall's Catarrh Curs. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Theney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transac-dons, and financially able to carry out any ob-igations made by their firm. West & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Caiarth Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly apon the blood and mucous sur-baces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

There are 106 boys born to every 100 girls, out more boys die in infancy than girls.

MANY persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

Sweden enumerates over 100,000 head of windeer among her domesticates animals

"A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the tortures of a headache. However, always risk it and recommend Bradycrotine. All druggists, fifty cents.

Five-eighths of the bread baked in London, England, is made of American wheat

LADIES needing a tonic, or shildren who sant building up, should take Brown's iron Biters. It is the asant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Bilio teness and Liver Com-plaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

Nine young men are about to walk from Americus, Ga., to Chicago, 111., a distance of 1000 miles by road, on a wager.

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

Of two women choose the one that will have rou.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts



On the road

to health-the consumptive who reasons and thinks. Consumption is developed through the blood. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs-a blood-taint. Find a perfect remedy for scrofula, in all its forms -- something that purifies the blood, as well as claims to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption.

Dr. Pierce has found it. It's his "Golden Medical Discovery." As a strength - restorer, blood - cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing like it is known to medical science. For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

"You get well, or you get \$500." That's what is promised, in good faith, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, to sufferers from Catarrh. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are permanently cured by this Remedy.

......... If you have Malaria, Piles, Sick Head-ache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague or if your food does not assimilate, Tutt's Tiny Pills





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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asth-ma, should use Piso's Ours for Consumption. It has eured themsands. It has not injur-ed ons. It is not had to take. It is the best cough strup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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mail. If you order trial, and he, in tamps to pay post

THAN ALIVE

tracted to it and killed at once. They do not live to get away. Use it freely, destroy their eggs and pre-vent reproduction. Always ask for Dutcher's and

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Dyspepsia, Hearthuri

TABULE

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Sevis

BETTER

Dutcher's Fly Killer is certain death. tracted to it and killed at once. They

tricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about the skyey reson-ance and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men bave discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret

place of thunder. Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law, as there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never dis-covered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only a dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable ciroumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conver-sions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and trans-

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Every-body knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the door-bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and repentance, implored prayer and invice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was aston-ished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him

about his soul's welfare. On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great imoortance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emocame in the man could not speak for emo-tion, but after awhile he gathered self con-trol enough to say: "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, be-gan to scatter benefactions, and toward all gan to scatter beneractions, and toward an the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelli-

gent answer. In another part of the church sat, Sabbath In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabtath, a beautiful and talentei woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhoo i where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costlicat favors that were ever danced. and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfacti

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not

Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come-God hasten it-when thousand miles away. We orag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard.

Ob. ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that gool for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder. "But," says some one, "that is a beautiful

theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea-the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God inade reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered these in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multituies of them, and the multitude is multiplying by

them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any neavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in per-sonal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They protend to nothing unusual in mental facuity or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Wny is this? To find the revelation of this secret you

To find the revelation of this secret you must go backthirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tailow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is upper to the head for the blue added preparing the breakfast, the blue edged discess are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the industrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father "Clo is at the barn feeding the stock-the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle craunching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called

twice, are gathere I at the table The blessing of God is asked on the food, and, the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecioth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next.

The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impres-sion that ten thousand years will only make and that the whole story of now she had hot slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire de-meanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrificeany of her ameni-ties of life, she consecrated her beauty, her

#### Escaped a Cloud Burst.

Cab Lee, of the Amargosa Valley, tells of sleeping near the mouth of Furnace Creek canon one night years ago with a bug hunter, as the desert-tramping scientists are called in camp. It was so hot that the bug hunter could not sleep. About midnight he heard a roaring noise up the canon, which, as it increased in volume, caused him to look up that way. To his surprise he saw, as he supposed, the sky that appeared between the canon walls grow suddenly white. At that moment Lee rolled over and the bug hunter asked him what ailed the sky. Lee gave one glance, and then

#### "Cloud burst! Climb!"

They scrambled up the steep wall just in time to save their lives. Lee thinks that the foaming wall of water that had whitened the sky was not less than 100 feet high .--- Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

#### Prohibiting Marriage.

The provisional diet of Styria in Austria has taken a very curious step backward in the direction of medieval legislation by the passage of a law prohibiting indigent people to marry without a license to be issued by the authorities, which means that no licenses shall be

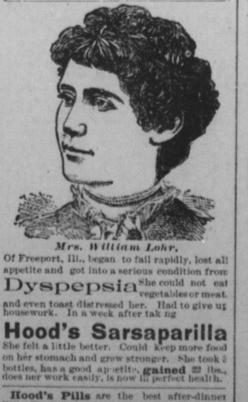
dug out of the ground, has the exhausted and dried body of the insect attached to it in the manner of a root, but it is easily distinguished by its shape. The insect is filled with the substance of the fungus and appears as a part of the plant. A variety of beetle that is found in North America is attacked by the same kind of fungus; others are in Central America, and others in New Zealand. In the last-mentioned country the 'ungus is very large and has all the uppearance of a mushroom which is saten as food by the natives.

#### Bird Surgery.

Some interesting observations reating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought oy M. Fatio before the Physical Sotlety of Geneva. According to the Medical Review, he quoted the case of a snipe which he had often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by, the coagulated blood. Twice he had orought home snipe with interwoven leathers strapped on the site of fracture of one or other limb.

#### "English as She Is Spoke."

In a Hartford clothing store window a placard recently appeared reading: "Any pant in this window, \$2." But a still more absurd use of this gnoble word is reported from Buffalo. where a merchant announces: "Any pantsing in this window, \$5."



Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache

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

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