TO MY WATCH.

Little watch, fast ticking out All the hours of pain and doubt, All the tumult, toil, and strife Making up our span of life; All the heart-wring sighs and tears Falling faster with the years, As the petals drop and fade From the bloom life's summer made, Ah what thoughts each other chaso As Llook upob'your face As I look upoh'your face.

Every tick your motions give, Every tick your motions give, One tick less have I to live. Did I realize this thought, With such solemn meaning fraught, When some new born joy drew nigh In the happy days gone by, And your slight hands all too slow found aboat your face did go? Ah! those tardy hours have passed, Would they were not now so fast!

Never stopping in your flight, Never pausing day or night; Not a moment's rest you crave From the cradie to the grave, With a never-ceasing motion, Steadfast as the tides of ocean ; Yet without a moment's flurry; Till our worn hearts almost pr. 3 That you would a moment stay.

All things rest-the clouds at noon. And the leaves in nights of June; And the leaves in nights of June; And the grief-bewildered brain When sleep falls like softest rain; And the stars when day awake, And the d.y when hesper suckes Gleanns of gold from out the skies You alone speed on your way, Never resting night or day.

Yet what joy those hands have brought Yet what joy those hands have brough Golden days with rapture fraught; Golden days by sinilt fountain; Golden days on breezy mountain; Days made more divine by love Than by radiance from above, Ah! those hands that to the sense Bring such joys and bear them hence: Could we know what time conceals "Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mar's at last hour when all grows dark, That last hour which all grows dark, and shall still keep ticking on When earch's light from me is gone. Little watch, your face shall be Still a memory sweet to me. Though diviner light may shine On these opened eyes of mine, For your hands that never comes Fring at last the perfect peace ag at last the perfect peace.

THE TALE OF A CRIME. an effort, in a dull voice not I-it was-my son !"

his cabinet deeply perplexed, his two of what has become of him?" elbows on his desk, his head on his hands. He was musing.

Where they going to compel him by name-" adverse public opinion to send in his resignation?

"Parbleu! it looked so, and as if they did it on purpose, passing the Chet de Surete. "I have re-opened a word from one to another to force painful wound; but, I listen to youhim to get out of their way. Eight you were sayingassassinations, one after another! Crimes of the worst calibre, with brow and eyes to ciear his vision, startling details, which peopled alike then resumed: with horrifying visions the sleep of to pass the bounds of all reas in.

which we see throws or forms upon a hammered through the arteries of his screen in the eyeball itself-in plain heart. words, upon the retina of the eye-

proved also that this image continues | trembling photographer rose, I say, has been struck from the front, and was hanging, half closed his eyes, eyes would be fixed, would, in all to stagger back with a groan of an upon the retina of the eye where, and son!

this is what I came to say-it is not possible to reproduce it. Ah. well, his nook, and the chef de surete, monsieur, in the case which occupies | awaiting him with impatience, hurus -----'

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the secretary of M. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers, which he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quickly as he had come. M. Theodore lifted it up and rau his eye rapidly over the contents. "You are named Frederick Bous-

cal, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded, presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, M. le Chet. Frederick Bouscal___"

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight years, M. Io Che "Hum-m-m!" Mr. Theodore idly twirled the sheets beside h.m. "Twenty-seven years!" he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "So it was you, then, who was imprisoned two years ago, and condemned for contumacy and the theft of 1,000 florins?" A sudden flush enpurpled the countenance of the visitor. "No, monsieur," he responded with

an effort, in a dull voice; "no, it was

"An employe of the Credit Agricole, M. Theodore, chef de surete, sat in | was he not? And-you are ignorant

"Absolutely. It is fifteen months that his mother and 1 have been "And was it going to last, this, without news of him. That child, which had been going on for so long a M. le Chef, that child has been our while? And these assassins, were sorrow and our shame. He has they going to end by beating him? broken our hearts, dishonored our

His voice was choked. He was silent, unable, evidently, to go on. "Pardon me, monsieur," said the

The man passed his hand across his

"I was saying, M. le Chef, that in the bureaucrat and the concierge. the case which occupies us now the derstand the matter now, electricity And not an assassin, for all their reproduction of the assassin's portrait is simply motion of the molecules of skillful work, had they been able to should be entirely possible. The vic- the different substances which are lay their hands upon; they had fled, tim was struck in the face, the direc- the subjects of electrical action, just every man of them; they had disap- tion of the blow and form of the as heat, light, and sound are, and the peared, vanished-plif, like a puff of wound indicate it plainly. More only difference between these forces air. Celerity, despatch, their motto, than this, it must have been light is the rate of the motion. The moand to go without leaving an address enough to see the murderer, and with tion of sound, as we all know, is combehind them! Frankly, it had begun sufficient clearness to have stamped his paratively slow; that of heat and likeness upon the retinal screen, for light are very rapid. That of elec-"And now, to top off these eight the papers assert that even in death tricity would appear to be somewhat between the slow motion of sound other crimes, there was still another, her eves were fixed in a wide and a ninth one-a murder like the frightened stare. Thus, monsieur, and the rapid motion of those heat others, accomplished the evening be- we find ourselves in the presence of a waves whose motion is slowest. And fore, under similar conditions, a half-certainty; it is probable, it would appear that the wonderful stability which electricity shows five thousand francs' worth of jewels lying upon the slab of the mergae cry kind of work is due entirely gone, and-not a trace of the assas- contains the exact reproduction of to the position which its rate of mothe likeness you seek. With your tion occupies in the scale of the ener-Despite his robust philosophy, that permission I will draw it from gies. It would also appear that the reason this wonderful agent laid dormant for so many ages and is even "Draw it: but how?" now only partially developed is, very "By photography-it is my busilargely at any rate, because we have ancholy and reflection, not unmixed ness, M. le Chet. And this matter. no sense which responds to the parthis subject I speak of I have studied ticular periods of vibration comprised within the electrical range.

And at last the moment came-the an image which remains there until moment that was to reveal to him displaced by another. It has been all or nothing. He rose-that poor, even after death. You recognize, took it carefully by its dripping therefore, that if a person murdered, edges, that plate upon which his fate in a light sufficiently distinct for him | held it to the single ray of light that to see, the last thing upon which his filtered through the yellowed pane, probability, be the face or form of guish, to let it crash into a thousand the murderer. Naturally, the image pieces. His son! Good heavens! The of that face or figure would be thrown face of the murderer, the face of the

Five minutes later, when Frederick only possible to re-find it, but also Bouscal the photographer, came from ried to meet him, he saw immediately by the pallor of his face, by his sombre eyes, that he had nothing good to announce to him.

"Well," said he, "nothing?" "No," responded Bouscal, "noth-

ing.' "Allons! no matter: try it a second time; do it again."

"Impossible! the transparency of the cornea is destroyed. I wished to wash it, and I burned it thropgh mistake in the vials. I salute you, M. le Chef!" And Frederick Bouscal turned away.

The next morning the commissaire of the quarter of Ternes, forwarding to the prefecture his regular report, headed it with the following item:

"To-day at 10 o'clock a summons to 109, Rue Laugiere. A call from the concierge, suspicions of charcoal fumes from the room of the Bouscals, man and wife, his locataires. The door, by my order, was forced. Too late-they were dead, both of them, side by side upon the bed. a brazier of lighted charcoal plainly indicating the manner of the death. A double suicide; poverty the cause.

of

"From ---- Commissaire ---Ternes, third, 16th d---"

"Bah, these inventors," murmured M. Theodore, as his secretary concluded the reading, "they are all alike, stupid and rash; though I, too, on this occasion, have naught to boast of. But how the deuce," he added, as the memory of that pale, sad face rose up before him, "how the deuce could 1 think of suicide for

a cause so trifling as this?" "A cause as triffing as this?" Ah, my worthy chef de surete, it is not everything that is known in that

perfecture of thine.-The French.

What Is Electricity?

As far as the writer is able to un-

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Proposition to Celebrate the Nineteen Hundredth Birthday of Christ by an International Jubilce."

TEXT: "To us a child is born," Isalah ix.,

That is a tremendous hour in the history of any tamily when an immortal spirit is in-carnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why any one should doubt that of oid a star pinted down to the Saviour's birthplace, for a star of joy points down to every honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that nativity. hour, that minute.

Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the anniversary of such an event, and clear on into the eighties and nineties the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So also Nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benetad ors. The 22d of February and the 4th of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday

ing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christmas festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text. Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into National and con-tinental and hemispheric chorus, "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and

all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting houses and churches clear round the world. We shall soon reach the nineteen hun-dredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations, and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write it at the head of your letters and the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral scenarios with a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote that "1801" at the

induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and sug-gestive and stupendous beyond all estimate. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's inhabitants never experienced. I pray God that there may be no sickness or casualty to

your taking part in the veledictory of the departing century and the salutation of the But as that season will be the nineteen hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth. I now nominate that a great international jubilee or exposition be opened in this clus-ter of cities by the seacoast on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1900, to be connued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century closing December 31st, 1900, and the new century beginning Janu-ary 1st, 1901, will it not be time for all Naons to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the birth of the greatest being who ever touched our planet, and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from His nativity? You know that all his-tory dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. If will be the year of our Lord 1900 passing into the year We have had the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth an-niversary of our Nation's birth. We have had the magnificent expositions at New Or-leans and Atlanta and Augusta and St. Louis. We have the present World's exposi-tion at Chicago, celebrative of this continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that has most to do with the welfare of all Nations is the arrival of Jesus Christ on this planet, and all the enthusiasm ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities would be ipsed by the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step toward the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night about five miles from Jerusalem, when the clouds dropped the angelic cantanta, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men. The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place I proceed to answer. What prac-tical use would come of such international lebration? Answer-The biggest stride the world ever took toward the evangel tion of all Nations. That is a grand and wonderful convocation, the religious congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions which have been brutalizing the Nations,

Question the Second — How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? An-swer—All arts should be marshaled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First, architecture. While all academies of music, and all churches, and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sagrad correct. as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America.

sion in America. If Scribonius Curio, at the cost of a king-dom, could build the first two vast amphi-theatres, placing them back to back, hold-ing great audiences for dramatic representa-tion, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audiences in them, making the two auditoriums one amphitheatre, to witness a gladitorial contest, and Vespasian could con-struct the Collseum with its eighty columns, and its triumphs in three orders of Greek and its triumphs in three orders of Greek architecture, and a capacity to hold 87,000 people scated and 15,000 standing, and all for purposes of cruelty and sin, cannot our glorious Christianity rear in honor of our glorious Christ a structure large enough to hold 50,000 of its worshipers?

hold 50,000 of its worshipers? If we go groping now among the ruined amphitheaters of Verona and Pompeii and Capua and Puzzuoli and Tarraco, and then stand transfixed with amazement at their imense sweep that held from 50,000 to 100,000 spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectural achievement that would hold and enthrall its 50,000 Christian disciples? Do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? Ah! then you were not present when at the Boston peace jubilee Parepa easily with her voice enchanted 50,000 auditors.

And the time is near at hand when in theo-ogical seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the mumbling isters with voice enough to command the at-tention of an audience of 50,000 people. That is the reason that the Lord gives us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically, "Be heard!" That is the reason that the New Testament

in beginning the account of Christ's sermon on the mount describes our Lord's plain articulation and resound of utterance by say-ing, "He opened his mouth." In that mighty concert hall and preaching place which I suggest for this nineteen hundredth anniversary let music crown our Lord. Bring all the orchestras, all the oratorios, all the Philharmonic and Handel and Haydn sosieties

Then give us Haydn's oratorio of the "Creation," for our Lord took part in uni-verse building and "without him," says John, "was not anything made that was made," and Handel's "Messiah" and Beethoven's "Symphonies" and Mendels-sohn's "Elijah," the prophet that typified our Christ and the grandest compositions of Correspondent Register and American meters hinder your arrival at that goal or to hinder German and English and American masters, living or dead. All instruments that can hum or roll or whisper or harp or flute or clap or trumpet or thunder the praises of the Lord joined to all voices that can chant or

warble or precentor multitudinous wor-shipers. What an arousing when 50,000 join in "Antioch" or "Coronation" or "Arie,", rising into halleluiah or subsiding into an almost supernatural amen! Yea, let sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building-the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought or suffered by headsman's ax or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture, that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let for that new temple what the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Milton in immortal blank it come forth at that world's jublice of the The armies of heaven drop on their knees nativity. We want a second Phidias to do before him. After Bourdaloue, before overdid for the Farthenon. Let the marble of mint in manoral blank verse has sing Carrara come to resurrection to celebrate our Lord's resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the bat-ties won for our holy religion. Where are have with burning lips kissed his memthe Canovas of the Nineteenth Century? Where are the American Thorwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere, I warrant glass intershot with sunrise, have with up-TOEL. Let sculpture turn that place into ano ther Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than their Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres, and raises more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate Him who came to make us "whiter than snow." Lent the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus. Yea, let painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angelos, their Rubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ Com-ing to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne ing to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Morans of Universal Dominion, "and our own Morans will put their pencils into the nineteen hun-dredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts from sketching "The Domes of the Yosemite" will come to present the domes of the world con-quered for Immanuel. Added to all this I would have a floral The decoration on a scale never equaled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it, for it will be winter, and that season appro-priately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated descitations of winter that Christ immigrated when he came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hot-houses within 200 miles would gladly keep the sacred coliseum radiant and aromatic during all the convocations. Added to all let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabi-tants have never yet had enough to eat, not a banquet at which a few favored men and a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when He told His servants to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the mayors of cities and the governors of States and the President of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday—at least from Christmas day to New Year's day. to New Year's day. Added to this let there be at that international moral and religious exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany and the world take the pulpits of all these cities and tell what they know of Him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, for asylums, for schools, for colleges, all of which institutions were born in the beart of Christ. On that day and in that season when Christ gave Himself to the world let the world give itself to Him. Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a State religion, and while all forms of religion may be tolerated in many lands America is the only country on earth where all exangelical denominations stand on an even footing, and all would have equal hearing in such an international exposition. where all evangences denominations equal hearing in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast di-ies? Answer—By that time—December 25. 1900—these four cities of New York, Brook-lyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one and with an aggregate population of about 6,000,000. Consequently no other part of America will have such an immensity of population. Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer—Because such a stupendous movement cannot be extempor-ized. It will take seven years to get ready for such an overtowering celebration, and the work ought to begin speedily in churches, in colleges, in legislatures, in congresses, in parliaments, in all styles of National assem-blay'es, and we have ap time to lose. It

worthy of such a coming together. Why do I take it upon myself to make such a nomination of time and place? Answer-Because it so happened that in the mysteri-ous providence of God, born in a farmhouse ous providence of God, born in a farmhouse and of no royal or princely descent, the doort of communication are open to me every week by the secular and religious printing presses and have been open to me every week for many years, with all the cities and towns and neighborhoods of Christendom, and indeed in lands outside of Christendom, where printing presses have been established, and I feel that if there is anything worthy in this proposition it will be heeded and adopted. On the other hand, if it be too sanguine, or too hopeful, or too impractical. I am sure it will do no harm that I have expressed my wish for such an international jubilee, cele-brative of the birth of our Immanuel. brative of the birth of our Immanuel.

My friends, such a birthday celebration at the close of one century and reaching into a new century would be something in which heaven and earth could join. It would not only be international, but interplanetary, interstellar, interconstellation. If you re-member what occurred on the first Christhas night, you know that it was not a joy confined to our world. The choir al Bethlehem was imported from another world, and when the star left its usual sphere to designate the birthplace all astronomy felt the thrill. If there be anything true about our religion, it is that other worlds are sympathetic with this world and in communication with it. The glorified of heaven would join in such a celebration. The generations that tolled to have the world for Christ would take part in such

jubilation and prolonged assemblage. The upper galleries of God's universe would applaud the scene, whether we heard the clap of their wings and the shout of their voices or did not hear them. Prophets who predicted the Messiah, and aposties who ministers, who speak with so low a tone you cannot hear unless you lean forward and hold your hand behind your ear, and then are able to guess the general drift of the sub-our poor eyesight they might be invisible. ject and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of swamps of Africa, or were struck down to that you will have coming from the interval. Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of that you will have coming from the theologi-cal seminaries all over the land young min-isters with voice enough to command the atjoice that at last Christ had been heard of, and so speedily in all nations. At the first roll of the first overture of the first day of that meeting all heaven would cry "Hear! Hear

Aye! Aye! I think myself such a vast pro-cedure as that might hasten our Lord's com-ing, and that the expectation of many millions of Christians who believe in the sec ond advent might be realized then at that conjunction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. I do not say it would be, yet who knows but that our blessed and adored Master, pleased with such a plan of worldwide observance, might say concerning this wan-dering and rebellious planet, "That world at last shows a disposition to appreciate what I have done for it, and with one wave of my scarred hand I will bless and reclaim and save it."

That such a celebration of our Lord's birth, kept up for days and months, would please all the good of earth and mightly speed on the gospel charlot and please all the heavens, saintly, cherubic, scraphic, archangelic and divine, is beyond question. Oh, get ready for the world's greatest festivity! Tuneyour might for the world's greatest festivity! voices for the world's greatest anthem. Lift the arches for the world's mightiest proces sion. Let the advancing standard of the army of years, which has inscribed on one side of it "1900" and on the other side "1901," have also inscribed on it the most charming name of all the universe—the name of Jesus. Whether this suggestion of a world's cele-

bration of the nativity be taken or not, it has allowed me an opportunity in a some-what unusual way of expressing my love for the great central character of all time and Let all eternity. He is the infinite nonesuch. ory, and in the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of heaven with feet on seas of lifted and downswung baton, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and heaven capturing doxologies celebrated Him, the story of His loveliness, and His might and His beauty, and His grandeur, and His grace, and His intercession, and His sacrifice, and of His birth, and His death will remain untold. Be His name on our lips while we live, and when we die after we have spoken farewell to father and mother and wife, and child let us speak that name which is the lullaby of earth and the transport of heaven. Before the crossing of time on the mid-night between December 31, 1900, and the hight between December 31, 1960, and the lst of January, 1901, many of us will be gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike twelve of one century and an hour after it hear it strike one of another century, but many of you will not that midnight hear either the stroke of old the city clock or of the old timepiece in the hallway of the home-stead. Seven years cut a wide swath through the churches and communities and Nations. But those who cross from world to world efore Old Time in this world crosses that midnight from century to century will talk midnight from century to century will tak among the thrones of the coming earthly jubilee, and on the river bank and in the house of many mansions, until all heaven will know of the coming of that celebration,

femme galante with her throat cut, sure, that the eye of the corpse now sins!"

had long been the admiration and them." emulation of his century, M. Theodore fele himself drifting into melwith anger.

other; nine crimes without an author; I hold it to be, in case of success, one nonsense! impossible!" The chef de cf the most useful and beautiful apsurete pulled himself together, threw plications of modern science. I know back his head like a war horse snif- it can be done. I have myself exfing battle, and-the door opened.

himself, bearing a card in his tingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who in- bed of the dying." sists upon seeing you. He declares." garding the crime of yesterday."

Chief turned quickly. "Then bid tion. secretary regained the ante-room to tioned, after a moment's thought. do his bidding, M. Theodore cast his "I conclude-but authorize me to eye upon the card before him.

-that I've heard it somewhere."

ter in hand.

M. Theodore raised his eyes. Bein short, there was something in his ing." manner, something in his appear. In the obscure nook at the morgue ance of a militaire in retreat.

believe, of the crime of yesterday?"

sponded the visitor.

then?

"It rests with you, M. le Chef, ite precaution. whether I am sure or not. All dethe means of which you alone are able to furnish me."

"Explain, if you please."

doubtless you have heard it often there under that hed of gelatine en spoken of, M. le Chef; a certain scien- traine to meltaway.

tific procedure which permits under | His throat closed as by a grip of certain conditions, better even than iron, the operator held himself imdescription can do it, a reproduction movable, hearing only, with painful of the portrait of the assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that the phe-dead in the adjoining chamber: the I stop her? Invalid's Wife—Tell her nemenoz called vision the object plunge of his blood as it throbbed and it is making her nose red.

"Nine murders, one after the it long, and almost with passion, for perimented, and in one instance have It was his secretary who presented reproduced the lineaments of the physician who had leaned above the

The man spoke with animation, and the secretary smiled a little at and while speaking his voice vibrated. the absurdity of the idea, "he de- his eyes burned, his whole counteciares himself in a position to furn- nance was illuminated, irradiated Review. ish you with definite particulars re- with the light of a legitimate pride. M. Theodore regarded him, visibly "Ah, the crime of yesterday!" The moved himself by this ardent convic-

him enter," said he, and while the "And you conclude" he ques-

attempt the experiment on the "Frederick Louscal!" he read in a woman assassinated yesterday, and I half voice. "Bouscal, Bouscal; it will tell you what I conclude. If I seems to me that I know that name succeed it will be for us-my wife and me-a little glory, and also a little He scrawled a line upon a scrap of money-a ray of hope in our misery: paper, and handed it to the secre- if I fail-well, no matter-we are tary, who returned at the moment used to misfortune. A failure more ushering in the visitor who had or less need not be counted. In any asked to see him, dismissed him with event, M. le Chef, you lose nothing a word, and was ready for the mat- in the experiment, but have the

chance of an unhoped-for success. "Then so be it, monsieur," agreed fore him was a man simply but the chef de surete. "Take your inneatly clothed, and with a frank and struments to the morgue to-morrow honest countenance, though veiled, at 10 o'clock. I will see that the as by a cloud, with sadness. The clerk is instructed. Later on I shall eyes were clear and open, the mous- myself be there. I have the honor, tache and goatee grey and pointed- monsieur, to wish you good-morn-

where he had inclosed himself in ac-"You have particulars to give me, cordance with the arrangement made have you not, monsieur?" questioned at the office of the surete, Frederick the chef de surete; "particulars, I Bouscal, his body bent, his face drawn, watched anxiously the result "I hope so, monsieur," simply re- of his last washing. The plate was there before him in its bath of quick-"Ah, hope so! You are not sure, silver, into which he had dropped it tivity, possessing the largest manua while ago with such fear and infin-ite precaution. factory of machines and machinery in the world and employing as many

Sensitized? Vitalized? At least pends, in fact, upon an operation, it should be, and if the conditions of the crime were such as he supposed them, and the victim, before dying, had really seen her murderer's face, "Certainly, and at once, though the portrait of the assassin would be

Heat currents would be far more efficient than electric currents if we could make use of them as we do of the latter; and, as before remarked. the reason electricity is such a useful agent appears to be because its rate of vibration is sufficiently high to admit of rapid transmission, yet not sufficiently so to be destructive. It only becomes destructive when it is transformed into heat-Electrical

Morphine Fiend and Never Tasted It

"There goes a woman who is a confirmed morphine fiend, and yet she never took a drop of the durg in her life," remarked a well-known chemist, pointing to a woman walking down Chestnut street. "No, she doesn't inject it, either, and yet her system is thoroughly saturated with it. Strange? No, not so very, if you know the circumstances. You see it is this way: She is employed in a large labratory, and her special work is weighing morphine. She has been doing this for years, and has absorbed the drug through the pores of the skin. The more she perspires the more freely she absorbs the morphine. During the week she is perfectly well, but on Sunday the reaction sets in, and she says she never sleeps over two hours on Sunday nights and is perfectly wretched. In time her system will break down, and she will go to pieces just the same as in the cases of confirmed opium or morphine fiends."-Philadelphia Record.

Working Dogs in Belgium.

Consul Smith, at Liege Belgium, reports as follows to the Government at Washington: "Liege is a city of large wealth and great industrial achorses as any other town of its size in Europe, and yet for every horse, at least two dogs are to be seen in harness on the streets. They are to be met at all hours of the day, but in the early morning the boulevards are literally alive with them. Six hundred pounds is the usual draft of an ordinary dog, though a mastiff is often taxed with twice that amount."

tramping womanhood into the dust, enact-ing the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for shrieking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the mangled bodles of their worshipers.

But no one supposes that any one will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism or any form of heathenism eulogized. That is to be done afterwards. And how can it so well be done as by a cele-bration of many weeks of the birth and char-acter and achievements of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and edented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth wo not send their representatives-they would come themselves. The story of a Saviour's advent could not

be told without telling the story of His mis-sion. All the world say, "Why this ado, this universal demonstration?" What a vivid this universal demonstration? What a vivid presentation it would be, when at such a con-vocation the physicians of the world should tell what Christ has done for hospitals and the assuagement of human pain, and when Christian lawyers declare what Christ has done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian compares should tall what Christ done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ had done in the conquest of Nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ had done in the Government of earthly

Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world who Christ is than more to tell the world who Christ is than any thirty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discuss it. Not an eye so dim.eed by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling." not argument, not skilful except-ists, polemics or the science of theological fistenfly, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When He is come, He will tell us all things." A religion of "telling."

come, He will tell us all things. A religion of "telling." And in what way could all Nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of His nativity? All India would ery out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs. "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out, "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down the gangplanks of the arriving ships and ask, "What is that they are celebrating in America?" It would be the mightlest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turn-ing point in the world's destiny. It would waken the siumbering Nations with one touch.

whil know of the coming of that contact with joy and that will fill the earthly Nations with joy and help augment the Nations of heaven. But whether here or there we will take part in the music and the banqueting if we have the music and the banqueting if we have made the Lord our portion. Oh, how I would like to stand at my front door some morning or noon or night and see the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in person, not as he will come in the last judg-ment, with fire and hall and earthquake, but ment, with hre and han and earling take, but in sweet tenderness to pardon all sin, and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondage, and harmonize all discords. Some think he will thus come, but about that coming I make no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures, as some of my friends are, to announce a very positive

But this I do know, that it would be well for us to have an international and an inter-world celebration of the anniversary of His of His birthday about the time of the birth of the new century, and that it will be wise beyond all others' wisdom for us to take Him as our all others' wisdom for us to take him as our present and everlasting condjutor, and if that Darling of earth and heaven will only accept you and me after all our lifetime of unworthiness and sin we can never pay Him what we owe, though through all the eternity to come we had every hour a new song and every moment a new ascription of ho and praise, for you see we were far out among the lost sheep that the gospel hyma so pathetically describes :

Out in the desert he heard its cry, Sick and nelpless and rea iy to die, But all through the mountain thunder riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rises a cry to the gate of heaven, "Nelpice, I have found my sheep!" And the angels echo round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

History of Bering Sea.

Kamschatka Sea is the old name for the sea which we call Behring, or Bering. It has not been used within twenty years, we think. A further change in the name has been authorized by the United States Board on Geographical Names, which has decided that, as the discoverer of the sea was named Bering, the sea should be so called, instead of Behring. The discoverer was Vitus Bering, a German in the Russian service. His descendants still live in Germany, and a cob lateral branch is famous in London 64 It the Barings .- New York Dispatch-