REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Suaday Sermon.

Subject: "A Snowy Day."

TEXT: "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day."—I Chronicles xi., 22.

Have you ever heard of him? His name was Benaiah. He was a man of stout muscle and of great avoirdupois. His "ather was a hero, and he inherited prowess. He was athletic, and there was iron in his blood, and the strongest bone in his body was backbone. He is known for other wonders be-sides that of the text. An Egyptian five cubits in stature, or about seven feet nine inches high, was moving around in braggadocio and flourishing a great spear, careless as to whom he killed, and Benaiah of my text, with nothing but a walking stick, came upon him, snatched the spear from the Egyptian, and with one thrust of its sharp edge put an end to the blatant bully, which makes us think of the story in our Greek lesson, too hard for us if the smarter boy on the same bench bad not helped us out with it, in which Horatius the Macedonian and Dioxippus the Athenian fought in the presence of Alexan-der, the Macedonian armed with shield and sword and javelin and the Athenian with nothing but a club. The Macedonian hurled the javelin, but the Athenian successfully dodged it, and the Macedonian lifted the ut the Athenian with the club broke

a footstep of a lion was tracked in the snow. It had been out on its devouring errand through the darkness, but at last it is found by the impression of the four paws on the white surface of the ground which way the wild beast came and which way it had gone. Perilous undertaking, but Benaiah, the hero of the text, arms himself with such weapons as those early days afforded, gunpowder having been invented in a far subsequent having been invented in a far subsequent century by the German monk Bertholdus Schwarz. Therefore without gun or any kind of firearms, Benaiah of the text no doubt depended on the sharp steel edge for his own defense and the slaughter of the his own detense and the slaughter of the lion as he followed the track through the snow. It may have been a javelin; it may have been only a knife. But what Benaiah lacks in weapons he will make upin strength of arm and skill of stroke. But where is the lion. We must not get off his track in the snow. The land has many disterns, or pits, for catching rain, the rainfall being very scarce at certain seasons. rainfall being very scarce at certain seasons, and hence these cisterns, or reservoirs, are digged here and there and yonder. Lions have an instinct which seems to tell them when they are pursued, and this dread mon-

on toward the hiding place of this terror of the fields. Coming to the verge of the pit, he looks down at the lion, and the lion looks up at him. What a moment it was when their eyes clashed! But while a modern Du Chailiu, Gordon Cumming or Sir Samuel Baker or David Livingstone would have just brought the gun to the shoulder, and held the eye against the barrel, and blazed away into the depths, and finished the beast, Benaiab, with only the old time weapon, can do nothing until he gets on a level with the beast, tearing off the flesh in licks. The two great two continents in suspense. When will the gets on a level with the beast, tearing off the flesh in licks. The two great two continents in suspense. When will the expense of the mouth make estimated the pit, and the lion, can be lumps into the pit, and the lion, cape impossible for anything it has once this awful mystery of the sea? There it is a whole of the cape impossible for anything it has once the cape impossible springs for the man, while Benaiah springs for the beast. But the quick stroke of the for the beast. But the quick stroke of the steel edge fished again and again and again until the snow was no longer white and the

There is a man in business perplexity and who has sickness in his family, and old age

who has sickness in his family, and old age is coming on. Three troubles—a lion, a pit and snowy day. There is a good woman with failing health and a dissipated husband and a wayward boy—three troubles. There is a young man, salary cut down, bad cough, frowning future—three troubles. There is a maiden with difficult school lessons she cannot get, a face that is not as attractive as some of her schoolmates, a prospect that through hard times she must quit school before she graduates—three troubles. There is an athor, his manuscript rejected, his power of origination in decadence.

be the hot breath of the lion in your blanched face, and his front paws one on each lung. Alas! for the man not fully armed down in the pit on a snowy day, and before him a lion!

All my hearers and readers have a big fight of some sort on hand, but the biggest and the writhest lion which the biggest lion who walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Now, you have never seen a real lion unless you have seen him in India or Africa, just after capture. Long caging breaks his spirit, and the cona numbness in forefinger and thumb, which threatens paralysis—three troubles. There is a reporter of fine taste sent to report a puglism instead of an oratorio, the copy he hands in rejected because the paper is full, a mother to support on small income—three troubles. I could march right off these seats and across this inatform, if they would come at my call, 500 people with three troubles. This is the opportunity to play the hero or the heroine, not on a small stage, with a few hundred people to to play the horo or the heroine, not on a small stage, with a few hundred people to clap their approval, but with all the galleries of heaven filled with sympathetic and applauding spectators, for we are "surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." My brother, my sister, my father, my mother, what a chance you have! While you are in the struggle, if you only have the grace of Christ to listen, a voice parts the heavens, sawing, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "You shall be more than conquerors."

And that reminds me of a letter on my table written by some one whom I suppose to be at this moment present, saying, "My dear, dear doctor, you will please pardon the writer for asking that at some time when you feel like it you kindly preach from the thirtieth Psalm, fifth verse, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning, and much oblige a downtown business man." by a great cloud of witnesses." My brother, my sister, my father, my mother, what a smong the attractions of heaven that "of a chance you have! While you are in the struggle, if you only have the grace of Christ to listen, a voice parts the heavens, sawing, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "You shall be more than conquerors." And that reminds me of a letter on my table written by some one whom I suppose to be at this moment present, saying, "My dear, dear doctor, you will please pardon the writer for asking that at some time when you feel like Passing that the passing that at some time with you have only one to the passing that the passing the passing that the passing that the passing that the passing the population of the State was approximately 789,000, there are 1589 passing the population of the State was approximately 789,000, then the population of the State was approximately 789,000, then the population of the State was approximately 789,000, then the State Rospital lain. The time the passing that the passing the population of the State was approximately 789,000, the number of the state of the population of the State was appro

the mountains be east into the midst of the

John Wesley had three troubles-defamation by mobs, domestic infelicity, fatigue from more sermons preached and mere miles

from more sermons preached and mere miles traveled than almost any man of his time. What does he say? "The best of all is, God is with us." And when his poet brother, Charles Wesley, said to him, "Brother John, if the Lord were to give me wings, I'd fly." John's reply was, "Brother Charles, if the Lord told me to f.v, I'd do it and leave Him to find the wings."

George Whitefield had three troubles—rejection from the pulpits of England because he was too dramatie—that was one trouble; strabismus, or the crossing of his eyes, that subjected him to the caricature of all the small wits of the day; vermin and dead animals thrown at him while he preached on the commons—that made three troubles. Nevertheless, his sermons were so buoyant that a way to glory. When sic grandeur is waitin

around him to revive circulation of the wheels within wheels. By the dim light of a blood, and then goes at the lion, which was dungeon window at Bedford, John Bunyan turing only a little way from their father's house are found mangled and dead. The fact is the land was infested with lions, and faw people dared meet one of these grizzly beasts, much less corner or attack it. As a good Providence would have it, one morning a footstan of a lion was tracked in the snarp weather. Inspiration here admits ton writes the greatest poem of all time was tracked in the snarp weather. The snowy day at Valley Forge well nigh put an end to the struggle for American independence. The snow, and all Florence gazed in snowy day demolished Napoleon's army on God's servants have out of the cold cut their immortality. Persecutions were the dark

sands of Christians of nervous temperament ship and trouble have again and again exbip and trouble have again and again exdespair of reaching heaven. Yet in that style of weather Benaiah of the text achieved his most celebrated victory, and let us by the grace of God become victor over influences atmospheric. If we victor over influences atmospheric. If we are happy only when the wind blows from the clear northwest, and the thermometer is above freezing point, and the sky is an in-verted blue cup of sunshine poured all over us, it is a religion 95 per cent. off. Thank God there are Christians who, though their whole life through sickness has been a snowy day, have killed every lion of despondency that dared to put its cruel paw against their suffering pillow. It was a snowy day when the Pilgrim Fathers set foot not on a bank of suffering pillow. It was a snowy day when the Pilgrim Fathers set foot not on a bank of flowers, but on the cold New England rock, and from a ship that might have been more appropriately called after a December hund. have an instinct which seems to tell them when they are pursued, and this dread monster of which I speak retreats into one of these cisterns which happened to be free of water and is there panting from the long run and licking its jaws after a repast of human flesh and after quaffing the red vintage of human blood.

Benniah is all alert and comes cautiously Benniah is all alert and comes cautiously continued by the superhuman cannot be continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and mountains of joy.

die came in on the same track the Gascogne was to travel, and it had not seen her. The efforts of captain and crew, came in and had heard no gun of distress from that missing aming a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and taked of the City of the continuent of the same track the Gascogne was to travel, and it had not seen her. The efforts of captain and crew, came in and had heard no gun of distress from that missing aming a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and the hiding place of this terror of the continuents and it had not seen her. The efforts of captain and crew, came in and had heard no gun of distress from that missing aming a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and the continuent of the co rivers of gladness and mountains of joy. Christ landed in our world not in the month

canines at each side of the mouth make escape impossible for anything it has once saized. Yet Benaiah puts his heel on the neck of this "king of beasts." Was it a dagger? Was it a javelin? Was it a knife? I cannot tell, but everything depended on it. But for that Benaiah's body under one crunch of the monster would have right foot of triumphant Benaiah is half to covered with the tawny mane of the slain horror of Palestine.

Now you see how emphatic and tragic and tremendous are the words of my text, "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a growy day". Why not that in the Piller.

Nothing (agenth of that Benaiah's body under one crunch of the monster would have been left limp and tumbled in the snow. And when you and I go into the fight with temptation, if we have not the right kind of weapon. instead of our slaying the lion the lion will slay us. The sword of the Spirit! "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day." Why put that in the Bible? Why put it twice in the Bible, once in the book of Samuel and here in the book of Chronicles? Oh, the practical lessons are so many for you and for me! What a cheer in this subject for all those of you who are in conjunction of hostile circumstances. Three things were against Benalah of my text in the moment of combat, the snow that impeded his movement, the pit that environed him in a small space, and the lion, with open jaws and unlifted paw. And yet I hear the shout of Benalah's victory. Oh, men and women of three troubles, you say. "I could stand one, and I think I could stand two, but three are are least one too many."

There is a man in business perplexity and served of the Spirit. Nothing in earth or hell can stand before that. So that I mean prayer to God, confidence in His rescuing out for disembers will. By that I mean prayer to God, confidence in His rescuing out for the stand. It is usually to it is usually to earth at lifted bot sin on your own strength, and the result will be the hot breath of the lion in your blanched

jected, his power of origination in decadence. Long caging breaks his spirit, and the con-a numbness in forelinger and thumb, which threatens paralysis—three troubles. There But you ought to see him spring against the

approaching martyrdom—that made the three troubles. Yet hear what he says, "If I had only one misfortune, I could stand that, but three are two too many?" No. I misinterpret. He says: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making many rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things." "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

David had three troubles, a bad boy, a temptation to dissoluteness and dethronement. What does he say? "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be cast into the midst of the

Peter, will go to the stronger lion described in Revelation, and it will be no uncertain grapple, but under one omnipotent stroke the de-vouring monster that would slay our soul shall go reeling back into a pit 10,000 times

commons—that made three troubles. Nevertheless, his sermons were so buoyant that a
little child, dying soon after hearing him
preach, said in the intervals of pain, "Let
me go to Mr. Whitefield's God." Oh, I am
so glad that Benaiah of my text was not the
only one who triumphed over a lion in a pit
on a snowy day.

Notice in my text a victory over had

and cover it with the white robe, and want it
away to glory. When sic grandeur is waitin
it yonder, it's fit it should be decked oot
here. I think the Saviour that counts its
clover sheet spread ower it. Do ye noo think
so, too, sir?" Cheer up all, disconsolates.

The best work for God and humanity has
been done on the snowy day. At gloomy the Athenian tripped him up before he could strike with it, and then the Athenian with his club would have beaten the life out of the Macedonian, fallen among his useless weapons, if Alexander had not commanded, "Stop! Stop!"

But Benaish of the text is about to do so mething that will eclipse even that. There is trouble in all the neighborhood. Lambs are carried off in the night, and children ven-

the past month, and added to the chill of the weather was the chilling dismay at the nonarrival of the ocean steamer Gascogne. Overdue for eight days, many had given her overdue for eight days, many had given her up as lost, and the most hopeful were very anxious. The cyclones, whose play is shipwrecks, had been reported being in wildest romp all up and down the Atlantic. The ocean a few days before had swallowed the Elbe, and with unappeased appetite seemed saying, "Give happened and talked of the City of Boston as never heard of after sailing and of May, but in the stormy month of Decem-ber, to show that we might have Christ in lant Cookman sailed, never reported and winter weather and on a snowy day.

Notice everything down in the pit that snowy day depended upon Benaiah's weapon. under most powerful glass at Fire Island, a passed on from street to street. the Gascogne!" is the cry s the Gascogne: is the cry sounding through all our delighted homes and thrill-ing all the telegraphic wires of the continent and all the cables under the sea, and the huzza on the wharf as the gangplanks were

have gove over me," and you were down in the trough of that sea and down in the trough of the other sea, and many despaired of your face, and his front paws one on each lung.
Alas! for the man not fully armed down in the pit on a snowy day, and before him a on board and heals you for the haven, when no sconer have you passed the narrows of death than you find all the banks lined with immortals celebrating your arrival, and while some break off palm from the banks and wave them those standing on one side will chant, "There shall be no more sea," and those standing on the other side will chant, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Off of the stormy sea into the smooth harbor. Out of leonine struggle in the pit to guidance by the Lamb, who shall lead you to living fountains of water. Out of the snowy day of earthly severities into the gardens of everlasting flora and into orchards of eternal fruitage, the fall of their white blossoms the only snow in heaven.

Insanity in Connecticut. The report of the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane just issued contains memoranda of the first quarter-century of the existence of the institution, from which can be deduced striking indications of the increase of

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Resource.

There is one characteristic about which Mr. Irving, Mr. Tree and dresses are to be seen.



RICHARD MANSFIELD.

the Kendals play. The fact is that the repertory of these actors appeals to playgoers who have had years of experience. The drama is almost a passion with thousands of people in New York, and it is no unusual every change of play of one of the old times. visiting companies. With the exception of Mr. Mansfield, American actors do not seem to have energy or Mr. Goodwin, for instance, plays one drama all the year around, and so do Mr. Drew, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Crane and other stars of their mag- the Hollanders of the mainland. of a month's engagement in any one

American Trees.

The national pride of America in its giant trees is well founded. If the giants of our own woods appeal to us as an embodiment of magnificence what must be the impression one element of impressiveness. They column. have no associations other than those which their size conjures up. Human except to watch the curious antics of fancy has never played with their his grandchildren as they played mighty forms; so far as is known no around the house, resolved that for human eyes have watched the ages one day he would follow one little of their growth. They have no place | fellow who seemed especially restless, in the story of nations, they have prying into everything from morning built no temples, furnished no navies. | till night. They have no place in story. They were found alone in the wilderness. he had expected. Noon came, and as the Siberian fur hunter found the if the child was not wearied the man ice cased mammoth in a world of was, but he had set out to go wheretheir own. To the mind of the edu- ever the child led and he persevered. cated West the groves of the cedars Toward night there came a sudden of Lebanon would appeal more end to the experiment, when the child strongly than the groves of the crept through between the rounds of could not outweigh the associations too narrow for a grown man to follow. of the other. But to the primitive He had to acknowledge himself beatnotions of Eastern peoples the giant | en at last. tree makes a direct appeal, not only for respect, but for worship. Whatcourse of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God, and one he did. which necessarily preserves something of the divine. Such, for example, is the holy pine of Japan, with its double stem, pictures of which are presented to every bride and bridegroom on the marriage day; and this claim to worship is shared potentially in the East by every greattree that is seen to overtop its fellows.

Marriage.

In Germany it is customary for young couples when they become engaged to announce the momentous event to the world by a simple advertisement in the newspapers. Hans Meyer and Grete Schmidt are whole story. A popular Viennese tongue. actress, however, has been moved to

"I hereby desire to inform all my tured to assume. The play is enti-tled 'Marriage.' The part of first gentleman has been intrusted to Mr. . It is upon his interpretation that the fate of the piece will depend. According as he may wish, it of us sincere and serious. Moreover, time is valuable, to play with him all my married friends assure me that there is really nothing in 'Marrage' to laugh about."

HOW DUTCHMEN SKATE.

An American Actor of Energy and Not Only a National Pastims but a Business.

Skating is part of the business of distinguished theatrical immigrants winter Holland, as well as a healthto this country which has attracted ful pastime. In many districts at the attention of veteran theatergoers this season it becomes the easiest in New York, and that is the extraord- and quickest mode of traveling from inary repertory which the English the villages and farmhouses to the players present in the course of a market towns. The most noted disshort season. Complaints of Ameri- play of this art, however, as a sportcan actors about the financial success | ive accomplishment is at Slikkerveer, of such players as Henry Irving, on the Maas, some miles above Rot-Beerbohm Tree and the Kendals are terdam, under the direction of the very bitter, and as a rule it is held Dutch Skating association. The that there is something unpatriotic skates used have very long runners in patronizing English players so lav- and points curving back at the toes ishly and treating our comedians and The ice here is not that of the river, character actors with indifference. It but a large space obtained by floodhas been pointed out time and again ing the low ground adjacent. A that the sort of people who visit the party of skaters will join together, theater when alien actors are playing holding a long pole under their arms. are entirely different from the ordi- At Slikkerveer, being a place very nary attendants when native actors accessible from such towns as Rothold the boards. Gray heads are terdam and Dort, most of the skaters numerous in all the audiences to are townsfolk, and few quaint rustic It is different in some of the north-

ern and eastern provinces, especially Friesland, where the peasantry and welltodo farmers, with the women folk, still wear their ancient costumes. The shores and isles of the Zuyder Zee, indeed, exhibit much that is curiously old fashioned in the manners and habits of the people.

Volendam is on the west coast of that wide shallow gulf which the Dutch government now contemplates draining and reclaiming to the extent of two-thirds its area. The fishermen's households contain many specimens of old china or porcelain, carved woodwork, silver plate and embroidery, worth putting on the shelves of a museum.

The holiday dress of the men is a tight jacket, of maroon color, with silver buttons, which is slashed in front to show the gay red or blue shirt, huge baggy trousers, boots and furred cap; while their wives and daughters or sisters, in white muslin caps with long pendants, golden plates or golden spiral ornaments at the sides of the forehead, and frocks of thick woollen striped black and thing for one man to book seats for blue, make an equal show of the good

The little isle of Marken, five miles out from Volendam, is a mere sandbank or mudbank, with a thousand resources enough to present a series inhabitants living in clusters of of dramas with completeness in the wooden cottages, onestoried, roofed course of two or three weeks' time. with tiles and painted red, blue or green. This small isolated community is thought to be the remnant of a peculiar race, more ancient than nitude. Most of them would start They have customs and traditions of back aghast at the idea of setting their own, and whenever any of them forth six or eight plays in the course appear in the street of Amsterdam he at once excites the notice of city people. Markem will be submerged forever, but full compensation will be paid to its inhabitants if ever the Zuyder Zee draining schemes be tened while the rest of the chimes carried into effect.

A Child's Day's Journey.

How many miles a day the little created by this hall of columns, in | feet of young children will travel is which each equals in height the spire often a source of wonderment to paof a cathedral, and has stood through rents who lovingly watch them. ages of whose duration the years of This restless activity was never better the oak are an inconsiderable frac- illustrated than by a very old story, tion? These California giants lack which may interest readers of this

A grandfather who had little to do

It proved much more of a job than

Whether the baby turned back and winked one eye at its grandfather It is thought that they will prove ever departs from the ordinary the story does not tell. No doubt, very popular for carrying theater however, the baby's mother thought

Cape Horn Indians.

The Indians of the immediate vicinity of Cape Horn are called Yahgans. Darwin summed up the dedescriptions of all previous observers of this race when he called them savages of the lowest grade. So they have seemed to be to all other casual observers who have followed him. But when in 1870 an English missionary came to live among them permanently the facts which he learned about them were found so astonishing as to almost pass belief. When he had completed a lexicon of the language he found it contained forty thousand items, or ten thousand more than the highest estimate "verlobt," and that is usually the of the number in any Iroquois

They had orators, historians, poets infuse not a little originality in the and novelists in spite of their lack to the city on Sundays for the compublic announcement of her matri- of a written language. The folk for and convenience of churchgoers. monial projects. The notice runs lore was of the greatest interest, and their poetry was delightful, but the most remarkable part of their literafriends and acquaintances that I am ture was in their tales, of which the on the eve of appearing in a new role, point was found in what the listener which I have never hitherto ven- was pretty sure to think of and not

Crazy on Checkers.

An Atlanta (Ga.) man is so fond of checkers that he plays the game will be either a comedy or a tragedy. three hours a night six nights in the In any case, however, it will not de- week. He has kept this up for years. generate into a farce, for we are both sometimes paying a partner, whose

> Buttons were used in Troy. Schlie mann found over 1,800 of gold.

HOW BELLS ARE CAST.

Visit to the Foundry That a Paul Rovere Founded.

By invitation of Mr. Lane a small party met at the Blake foundry a ew days ago to see poured the last bell of the ten which will compose the chimes for the Unitarian church in Cambridge. The sight must have called up many lines from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell," to those who had

First of all the crucible was swung to the ground in front of the furnace, the men using a huge crane or this purpose. Then the master work:nan tapped the mouth of the urnace and poured the bell metal nto the crucible below in what seemed a river of liquid fire without smoke or flame. When the 2,200 oounds of metal reached the charcoal ire which was burning in the bottom of the crucible there sprung up a bright green flame-on one side of it. and the whole effect was gorgeous in the extreme.

Next the men threw in pieces of broken metal to cool the liquid to the right temperature, and slowly and carefully the crucible was swung to the bell form, into which it was to to be poured. The master then stirred the charcoal in the crucible until it all rose to the surface, from which it was carefully skimmed and thrown on the ground. Then it was ready for the form, which in this case stood on top of the ground instead of being firmly walled up in the earth, ike Schiller's.

This form is made of brick and clay and has two parts-an outer one which fits over the inner mold, eaving a space between the two just the size of the bell desired, and into the space the fiery metal is poured and cooled.

The writer was allowed to stand on op of a brick furnace. The dark foundry, dimly lighted in places, the silent, waiting men, with faces reddened by the glow from the crucible, the small group of visitors quietly watching, made a weird, theatrical effect that every one noticed.

When the master spoke three men umped to a platform on one side of the bell form, while opposite stood the master and two more men; then the crucible was lifted up and the metal, still like liquid fire, was slowly and very carefully poured into the mold. One man held a gas jet over the mouth of the mold and lighted all the gas that was generated, which otherwise would have spoiled the bell.

After the mold was filled the surplus metal was poured into a trench in the ground, and when cooled would be broken up.

The visitors saw the men throw shells into the furnace to help clean out the slag left there when the bell metal ran out; after that they liswere rung, and then they went to the yard to hear a peal of bells from Croydon, England, and another peal made at this same foundry. To the writer the American bells seemed far superior in quality of tone.

Mr. Lane also showed the visitors a mold on which they made a cannon a day for a year and a half during the civil war.

Then they were shown how brass was carried from one process to another until it finally appeared as a finely polished chandelier, gong or

fancy article. In the office were two relics-one a bell, cast in 1630 for the Boston meeting house, the other a banner having on it the face and name of Paul Revere, who was the founder of the present Blake foundry, and reports that he was an uncle of the man of the midnight ride fame.

Palace Trolley Cars.

A palace trolley car which marks the height of luxury and convenience Sierra Nevada; the bulk of the one a chair where the space was entirely in street car construction has been introduced recently in Boston. The new cars are designed for the use of socalled trolley parties, and will be run only when especially chartered. parties or parties for other entertainments. The bodies of the cars are 20 feet long by 7 feet 4 inches wide and the motors are 25 horse power each. The outside covering is in black and gold, with crimson panels, and the trucks and running gear are painted a dark green. The woodwork of the interiors is of polished mahogany and the upholstering is of peacock blue brocaded plush. Each car will be supplied with twenty chairs of an elegant pattern and these are to be supplied with wire hat holders beneath them. The brass finishings, the frescoing and the electrical apparatus are all in keeping with the general elegance of the other furnishings. These cars will also be equipped with electric headlights, which are also a new departure. Other palace cars similar in design to the ones described are in course of construction, and are to be run from the suburbs of Boston

How Volcanoes are Made.

Volcanoes and how they are made was the subject of a lecture by Prof. J. S. Diller, of the geological survey, at Washington seminary. The lecturer discussed first the history of these burning mountains. Experiment had demonstrated that at a depth of fifty miles the temperature of the earth would be about 3,000 degrees, or hot enough to melt iron. The earth at this depth was kept solid only by reason of the immense pressure on it. When a fissure or other exit was opened up the material boiled forth as a volcanic