French medical students are angrily complaining that they are crowded out of their own schools by youths from abroad, and French doctors are even more indignant because these foreigners, instead of going home after acquiring a knowledge of physics and surgery, settle down in France and compete with the native practitioners. Of the 6,000 students in the Paris Medical School it seems that 1,000 are allens, and the proportion is almost as large in provincial institutions, notably at Montpelier.

Pot Boiling.

From the running of the maple trough in the Spring to the boiling of the apple butter pot in the fall, and all household boiling between times, there are a thousand chances of very sovere scalds and burns. In all household work, winter and summer, in great fac-tories and in nurseries, where careless chil-dren play with matches, there is need of something to be always on hand in such emergencies, and St. Jacobs Oil fills that want to the letter. With careful attention to directions for use, there is nothing more soothing, healing and curative than this great remedy for pain. It cures promptly, and, making a new surface, leaves no scars. The pain of scalds or burns is acute and tor-turing, and the relief by the use of the Oil is immediate and sure.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, ake on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Sorrow is only one of the lower notes in the oratorio of our blessedness,

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the .. eart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces, If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, tree. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

An enterprise, when fairly once begun, should not be left till all that ought is won.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free. Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence,

Nervous

need in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the uerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

Cured

and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me, I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn. This and many other cures prove that

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 with which he treated everyone. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and

"You can't tell whether a man is a bachelor or a father of a family simply by his looks," "Certainly not; but there is one infallible method of find ing out." "What may that be?" "Give him a young baby to hold."-New York

"What's that long piece of writing, papa? Is it poetry? (Hastily replacing it in his empty pocketbook)-Y-yes, dear: it is an owed to your mother's milliner."-Chicago Tribune.

M. DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE.

Director General of the Paris Universal Exposition of 19.0.

One of the most important men in Paris to-day is M. Delaunay-Belleville, who is the director general of works of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900. M. Delaunay-Belleville is eminently fitted for this very important place. For many years he has been chairman of the Paris Chamber of Commerce. He is an eminent engineer and has taken an active part in a multitude of French industrial undertakings. He was born about fifty years ago and passed through the polytechnic and naval schools of engineers. During the war he served as lieutenant of engineers in the national



M. DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE.

defense. In the exposition of 1878 he was connected with an industrial concern which carried off a gold medal and he himself was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor. He wrote a work on comparative legislation on steam machines in Europe and the United States, after which he was appointed member of the central committee on steam engines by the minister of public works. In 1889 he played an important role in the management of the big exposition. As soon as it was decided to hold a universal exposition in 1900 M. Delaunay-Belleville was appointed to the high post of director general of works. He holds many prominent civil offices. He is member of the ouncil of improvements at the Conservatory of the Arts and Trades and has four times been elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1895 People find just the help they so much | M. Andre Lebon, minister of commerce, gave him the cross of commander of the Legion of Honor. He is a genial Parisian, a highly cultured man, and one of the most comprehensive engineers of the time.

Manners of Great Men. Count de Lesseps was the type of the

French gentleman.

Monroe was, even in his own time, called "a gentleman of the old school." Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he

Garrick was generally so quiet that he often created the impression of diffi-

Henry Clay was said to make the

most engaging bow of any gentlemar of his time. Milton was quiet and reserved in con-

versation, but thoroughly refined and well-bred. Dante was solitary in his habits and by his austerity chilled most of those

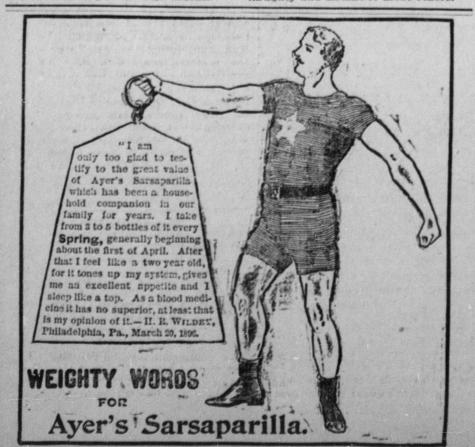
whom he met. Mahommed inculcated politeness in the Koran. He himself was one of

the most courteous of men. Pius IX. both before and after his elevation to the pontifical chair, was a model of studied politeness.

Beethoven was rude and gruff, and seemed to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else. Robespierre was urbane in manner and courteous, though brief to those

who approached him on business. Talleyrand owed his success in life to no small extent to the uniform courtesy

Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Christ's Exile."

TEXT: "And the king went forth and tar-ried in a place which was far off."—Hisamuel

Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most Illustrious Citizen was about to absent Him-He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But He was to sail from world to worl?, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Hfm sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him when He arrived, His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camei drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an ex-ile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception-for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light Him in-that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of

earth or heaven. First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind Him. His family were princes and princessess. Vashti was turned out of the throneroom by Ahasuerus. David was de-throned by Ahasuerus infamy. The five kings were haried into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored or more popular or more loved than the day He left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned Himself out from throneroon into sheep pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice, departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worsethe one extie suffering for that he had destroyed Nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world. An imperial exile. King eternal, "Blessing and honor and giory and power be unto Him that sit-

But I go farther and tell you He was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean f immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out, they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold or hot -some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts sia swept, to a howling wilder the back dooryard seemingly of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America or England or France or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh, it was the barren island of a world! Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world. The arth against Him. The earth against Him.

I go further and tell you that He was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government point of a spear. The Roman Government against Him with every weapon of its arm, and every decision of its courts and every beak of its war eagles. For years after His arrival the only question was how best to put Him out. Herod hated Him, the high priests hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gestas, the dying thief, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eyes on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when He expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the torture i visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at His side, and when the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened. He could look to the right and He could look to the left, He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the palms of His hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anæsthetic to dull or stupefy, but, wide awake, He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachinnation dure. When His hands were fastened quivering with rage and the cachinnation diabolic. Oh, it was the hostile as well as

the barren island of a world.

I go farther and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you of you know what homestekness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homestekness when you are a hundred or a homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was a-hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in

another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their National air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy, and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night, and the storm, and the world's execution.

Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to Him almost as interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step farther and tell you that Christ was in an exile which He knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with His body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugi-tives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw

the cross all the time. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of col-lector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. 'Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

For this royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present, and in one sense or the other that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek bones and in the color that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. Bonny Scotland! Dear old kirk? Some of your ancestors sleeping in Grey-friars churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather, sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fiber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Eobert Bruce and the Camp-bells and Cochrane! I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and service of all Scotch exiles, Some of you are Englishmen Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket, and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Bidley and Latimer mounted the red char-iot? Some of your anestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wes-ley sin, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals un-der the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the

name of the Messiah.

I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which hunger, on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration haited by massacre. Proces-sion of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from northern Channel to Cape An island not bounded as geogr phers tell us, but, as every philanthropist knows, bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which n human politics can alleviate and only Al-mighty God can assuage. Land of Gold-smith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it to-day without having your eyes blinded with emo tion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves some of which they entered for lack o bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious reformation. Some of you are de-scendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles, and some of you descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Holland refu-

rees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannab, and you are now liv-ing in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are here now. Some of you on the prairies of the West, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh, how many of us far away from home. All

how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back He left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of ness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you! You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh, what a time it will be They are home! Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal, the journey's ended. Put down that saber, the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you to-day, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter, I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven How the little child angel May, In the shade of the great white portal, Sat sorrowing night and day; How she said to the stately warden,

He of the key and bar: "Ob, angel, sweet angel, I pray you Set the beautiful gates ajar, Only a little, I pray you, Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping,
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gate shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel.
The splendor will shine so far."
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the heaviful gates nigs." Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Spoke low and answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ, Her hand on the hand of the angel She laid, and her touch sufficed. She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell rioging the golden bar,
And, lo, in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar,
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

A man in Henderson, Ky., sends con-science money to a local capitalist with this note: "Honesty is the best policy. This twenty cents is for stealing rides on the ole

A young woman, who has no hands, was arrested in New York City the other day for stealing with her teeth.

Machine for Driving Nails.

An automatic nail driver is a late invention. It is arranged with slides and runways, into which the nails drop through fitted courses that necessitate it going in right-end first. As the nail, in proper position, slides down through one of these channels a hammer automatically comes to the attack and drives the nail into place. A tackdriving machine of the same sort is also made. In factories where large numbers of boxes are turned out, these may have their uses, but for ordinary, every-day usefulness the oldfashioned, flat-nosed hammer still holds its own, even at the risk of an occasional battered thumb and fractured temper.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache. Sore Throat. Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure is for you.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroer

Just How it Does it is not the ruestion. It is enough to know that Hinder forms takes out corns, and a great relief it is. Lic. druggists. The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance

The best way to know whether Dobbins' Float ing-Borax Soap is the best for laundry and bath is to try it. It don't turn yellow like other floating soaps, as it is pure. Hed wrapper. Ask your grocer for Dobbins' Floating-Borax.

An old truth stated in a new way will hit and stick where it has often missed.

"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties. A dwarf sees further than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Con-umption.-Louisa Lindian, Bethany, No., Jan. 8, 1894. People seldom improve when they have no

nodel but themselves to copy after.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompoon's E; e-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle Humility is the truest abstinence in the

There is just a little appetizing bite to HIRES Rootbeer; just a smack of life and good flavor done up in temperance style. Best by any test. Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A Mc. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.



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the user. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Time, Ohio.





Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure Backache. It has cured more cases of leucorrhœa by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. 'Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.

Mr. F. B. Palmer, city editor of the Oskaloosa, Ia., Times, under date of May 5th, 1895, relates the following experience: "Recently I was compelled by a serious siege of dyspepsia to leave my office work, and thought to seek relief by a month's travel on the Pacific coast. The rest and change helped me somewhat, but I could find no relief for the awful fits of indigestion. When about to return home to Iowa I entered a prominent drug store in Tacoma, Wash, and asked for something that would bring relief from myindigestion. The druggist sold me a box of Ripans Tabules for 50 cents. In less than twenty-four hours I could feel a change for the better. From that day to this I have used Ripans Tabules whenever I felt my old ailment getting in its work. and with most commendable results."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail If the price (5) cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Sprace st., New York Sumple vial, 10 cents.



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papers and books which you don't fully understand, and which you would like to look up if you had some compact book which would give the information in a few lines?-not be obliged to handle a twenty-pound encyclopædia costing \$25 or \$30.

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