# REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Farmer's Counsel."

Texr: "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."-Amos v., 8.

A country farmer wrote this text, Amos Tekoa. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered, but before the tammering rustic the Philistines and Syrians and Phoenicians and Moabites and Ammon-

ites and Edomites and Lraelites trembled. Moses was a law giver, Daniel was a prince, Isalah a courtier and David a king, out Amos, the author of my text, was a peas ant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts deyouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defence. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these branches he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever see the stars except among the tail brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the year when the herds were in special danger he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silvered tassels

of lunar light. What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's tewhit, te-who, and the serpent's hiss as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinity rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground or lying on his back under the open scroll of the mid-night heavens—the Pleiades, or seven stars, and Orion. The former group

this rustic prophet associated with spring, as it rises about the 1st of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or seven stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. clents were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of avenly bodies because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth, and perhaps they were right. If the moon every lew hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic ocean and the electric storms in the sun, by all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all super-stitution which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their course fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was hidden for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before Charles IX of France, who was responsible for the St. Bartholomew masthat in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and famine were proceeded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after al!, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down knotted lingers the pea of a prophet and ad-vised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion." This command, which amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1897 A. D.

In the first place Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group and seven in another group. saw that hight after night and season after season, and decade after decade, they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas, and Virgil wrote in his "Eneid" of "stormy Orion," until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going: order written, not in manuscript that they may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all Nations may read it-order, persistent order, sublime order, omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and Nations sometimes seem going pelimeli, and the world ruled by some flend at haphazard, and in all directions mal-administration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for 6000 years certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and Nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, He can probably take care of the one world

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us, and along a labyrinthine road through the so that I thought every moment we would be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outery of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the

In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can and then trust to God, and if things are all mixed and disquieting and your brain is hot and your eart sick get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, cr, b tter than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see farther than Amos with the naked eye could -namely, 200 stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion two hundred thousand billion of times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made that and controls all that, the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog, or the slipping of a band, or the snap of an axle. For your placedity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

ifkes light so well that He keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their names." The seven Pieiades had names given to them, and they are Aleyone, Merope,

eleno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete and Maia. But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light! Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the daybreak; the redemption of Nations, sun of righteousness rising with healing in His wings. Oh men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him

that maketh the seven stars and Orion. Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's lifetime, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his lifetime. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers; the same as when the Egyptians built the pyramids from the top of which to watch them; the same as when the Chaldeans calculated eclipses; the same as when Elihu, according to the book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis; the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system; the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely a change s God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity to know that we have a changeless God, "the same yesterday,

to-day and forever! Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning and hanged him in the evening of the same day. Fifty usand people stood around the columns of the National Capitol shouting themselve expressed the sentiment of many a disappointed office seeker. The world sits in its all. chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza, and the horse behind is Anathema. Lor-I Cobham, in King James's time, was applauded and had \$35,000 a year, but was afterward execrated and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in rulns that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His com-mandments to do them." This moment seek Him that maketh the seven stars and

Orion. Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the ori-ental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pictades rising in mid-sky said to all the berdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, raised in due time out of all his poverties "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the built for us by 'Him who maketh the seven storm signal and said, "Reef sail, make stars and Orion." things snug or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter. Oh, now I get the best view of God 1 ever Was it without significance to preach-the one that presents God so

kind, so induigent, so lenient, so imbedile that men may do what they will against Him, and fracture His every law, and put the prv of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne, and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of the stout, rough staff of the herdsman and sermon I never want to preach is the one took into his brown hand and cut and that represents God as all fire and torture and thundercloud, and with redhot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion You must remember that the winter is

just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. green Christmas makes a fat graveyard, was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at three degrees below zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more me ruined by prosperity than by adversity. we had our own way in life, before this w would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin and ouffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were said to be as the stars of the

One of the swiftest transatiantic voyages made one summer by the Etruria was be-cause she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a had thing to have a storm ahead, push ing us back, but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, typhoons and mistrals and siroccos of the id and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under Divine supervision! I am so glad that the God the seven stars is also the God of Orion! was out of Dante's suffering came the sub-lime "Divina Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindness came "Paradise Lost." and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater Treatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes, may yet come an eternal heaven

all up and down the Bible God induces to look out toward other worlds! tronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor; in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying "Worlds! Worlds! Worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun in-stead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time be tween two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from choas into order and the paroxysm of its demolition.

'And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more respiendent. "Look there," says Job. "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of Light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star or two or three stars, but He makes seven, and having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades He adds Orion. It seems that God

under Christly pilotage. Do not let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to Do not let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this outhouse of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging

wide open their gates to let us in.
When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar gal-leries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the resi dence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries may be the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of angles cherubic, scraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated

for festivity Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimuates our expectation! How little it makes he present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our plous dead, that, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds and wel-come everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! O Lord God of the seven stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision? I must obey my text and eek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the maerial universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which aspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did one summer. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its oundation laid in 1248, only a few years ago ompleted. More than 600 years in build-Ali Europe taxed for its construction, Its chapel of the Magi, with precious stone enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of the National Capitol shouting themselves tho are at the Presidential ibaugural, and in four months so great were the antipathies that a rufflan's pistol in a Washington depot expressed the sentiment of many a disap-Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confessional. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise and sunset. Interlaced. interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: doxotogy in stone! Prozen prayer of many Nations

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and knee, be-side his burden on the nard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes as I said to myself, "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain unorumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weatiness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty. And the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he

## VIEWS OF BIMETALLISTS.

### France and Germany Said to Be Supporters

The February number of a prominent English magazine will contain an important review of the bimetallic situation in Europe by the leaders of the movement in England France and Germany, and arranged specially in view of the visit to Europe of Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, who is now is

M. Edmond d'Artois, Secretary of the French Bimetallic League, contributes careful article on the situation and the steady growth of the movement in France. declares there is no doubt that the French Government and a great majority of the French Parliament are in favor of bimetallism. Dr. Otto Arendt, a member of the Reichstas and of the Prussian Diet, Honorary Secre tary of the German Bimetallic League de clares that only England blocks the way. Germany, he adds, will participate in a con-

ference called by any other Power. Should a conference be summoned, says Dr. Arendt, the German Parliament can be relied upon to be its strong supporter.

Lord Aldenham, who is a Director of the Bank of England, says: "There is no doubt that France and the United States by agree "There is no doubt ing together could themselves maintain a bi metallic law, but, for the greater certaints they should ask for England and Germany's

## PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE.

gu-operation.

#### Map Being Made by Means of the Bruce Instrument at Asequipa, Peru.

Word has just been received from Profes or Bailey at the Harvard Observatory, in Arequipa, Peru, of the entire success of the work done there with the Bruce photographic telescope. This telescope, designed by Professor Pickering, has an aperture of sixty centimetres and a focal length of 343.8 centimetres. It was constructed by Alvah Clark & Sons, and then sent to Peru, where it was mounted and used by Professor Bailey. With this telescope the Harvard Observatory was preparing to issue a map of the entire sky, but as the Astro-photographic Congress has undertaken the same task, the Harvard Observatory will confine its work to smallet parts of the sky, such as the Magellanic

douds. A number of the completed plates have ust arrived in Cambridge and are being examined with much interest by the local astronomers. The images are formed of plack dots on a white background. have also arrived of the spectra of very faint stars photographed with prisms placed over the object-glass of the instrument.

## UNITED STATES CATTLE LEAD.

#### Interesting Figures of Importations Inte England During 1896.

The Chief of the Bureau of Animal Indus-The Chief of the Bureau of Animal Indus-try of the Agricultural Department, Wash-ington, is in receipt of a circular from a commission agent of London, giving the total number of cattle and sheep received at Deptford, England, during the year 1896, and the average prices, besides the prices on each market day for cattle from the United States, South America and Canada, respec-tively. The total cattle received from the bree sections were as follows, with the aver-

three sections were as follows, with the average prices in pennies per pound:

United States, cattle, 146,965, 5.13 per pound; sheep, 19,597, 5.21 per pound.

South America, cattle, 42,792, 4.25 per pound; sheep, 234,028, 5.36 per pound.

Canada, cattle, 26,878, 4.74 per pound; sheep, 39,255, 5.20 per pound.

The details present a condition most gratifying to the United States cattle growers.

Continuously throughout the year United States cattle have commanded the highest prices.

Long Wait for an Eclipse. The only total eclipse visible in England 225 years to come will be in 1999.

Violent Deaths in 1896. There were 6520 deaths by suicide in the

# LIFE IN HAVANA.

MUCH MILITARY DISPLAY IN THE CU-BAN CAPITAL

Cafes and Promenades Filled With Gaudily Uniformed Spanish Soldiers-The Gay City's Morning ard Evening Sights.

errifically and completely changed by broadcast, and a dicebox laugh. He is he violent upheavals of war, its chief ity still sits on the shores of the northern sea, calm, sandit and odorous.

quickstep, with their rifles at all sorts of angles and their hippy-hoppy hats other country.

nouses of Regia, and further st'il the the public coffers. illage of Guanabacoa, where the insur-

enough to give the usual air of slow and easy life to the streets. The nar-

Some of these panniers are filled with even if not understood, read. Others contain fruit and vege-I have never seen equalled.

The morning life of Havana is brisk. Then everything looks dewy and fresh and bright, and whatever odors there may be have not yet risen. Odors are ate risers in Havana, although it may seen waddling along with full adders ged owner, who milks into a measure is a decidedly comfortable way of run- im.

This asses' milk is said to be very healthy too. There is no tuberculosis about a jackass, except in his heels. On one occasion I saw one of these lowly and intelligent beasts kick a rellow log over the counter of a "casa de cainbio," or "money changer's," and knock down \$187 ha gold coin that was stacked in the rear. Only one stack was left standing, and it was generally regarded as a "spare." But the jackass didn't care much about it. He samply closed his eyes and kept on thinking long-eared thoughts.

All Havana breakfasts on black coffee and oranges. Somehow I have always found this poor fare for a matutinal Anglo-Saxon stomach. The oranges are the best in the world, but the coffee has the strength of a porous plaster. After coffee at 9 o'clock comes period of comparative activity for Cubans. They hustle about and attend to their marketing and other necessary duties. They go shopping in the tittle peseta carriages, drawn by small and sturdy Cuban horses.

But young and pretty Cuban girls do not go shopping unaccompanied. In fact, they never go out on the streets alone. They are always accompanies: by aforbidding and severe duenna or an equally forbidding relative with a machete a yard long. All the courting of Cuban sweethearts is done through perpendicular iron window bars three nches apart. This is pretty hard lines on anybody accustomed to the delights of a solitary parlor, low gas jets and a rocking chair built wide enough for one aml strong enough for two.

In fact, the Cuban youths have a rather hard-time of h. I have seen more than one of them come into the rafes with the red marks of the iron window bars along his face. But just now the boys are all away to the wars, and the maids have no sweethearts.

About noontime the average Cuban becomes too strong to work. He must have his siesta, and the world may wag on as it will while he takes it. Each member of an establishment has his own particular spot in which to take i a nap, and it is a very rude thing for another to pre-empt it.

Slesta time lasts anywhere from noon to 3 o'clock. Then Havana yawns. stretches itself and resumes business where it left off a few hours before. Even the beggars, who have also had their siesta, begin to show signs of al. most human intelligence. They creep languidly to ply their trade.

spider.

aired to order in Spain of the Camry | Pearson's Weekly.

Islands, and they are certainly champions in their class. There is one old fellow, ragged and with a yellow, withered face, like a boiled onion, gray whiskered, pursy and pop-eyed, who walks about the streets. And yet he used to be one of Havana's most wealthy and prominent merchants. He lost all his money through drink and morphine, and at present has just sense enough to beg for more. He has a star-While Cubn, as a whole, has been ling, strabismic eye, which he winks

a Hayana landmark In the evenings the church bells be gin to ring. They do not ring with the Havana is full of marching soldiers | slow, measured cadence heard in the that signify nothing but harmless dress | Northern climes, but whang away as parades, relief detachments and the though hit with a hammer. And such ike. The Clvil Guard still form on the is really the case. Two men climb up Prado and sweep down between the into the belfries and pound away for trees to the tune of a lively Spanish dear life until the ethics of Cuban bell

ringing are fulfilled. After nightfall begin the most atcocked over their eyes in a style that | tractive features of Havana life to a would be considered aggressive in any foreigner. The parks are filled with a strolling, chattering crowd. The Cuban But the real life of the city, says the gir's and their mammas, while hooded New York Herald, moves on steadily in their mantillas, are dressed in the and quietly, just as it will continue to lightest and fluffiest of pink, blue and move until the day of judgment, unless white frocks. The bands play, the stricken by some mighty cataclysin, scats are lined with spectators, officers, Across the blue waters of the bay the mashers and plantation owners, and ow white houses of Casa Blanca sleep | the scene is full of life and movement. under the shecter of the bushy hill. Ten cents "plata" is the price for a seat Farther away, beyond the tile roofed on one of these benches, and the reve ugar houses that are empty and desert. Inue is supposed to go to the municipal ed now, and on the high mesa of the authorities. It is doubtful, however, palm-dotted prairie hill, are the sleepy if a fithe of it ever finds its way into

There are three collectors, and they gents have made things lively the past | never overlooked anything, that I could discover. There are no tickets to In Havana proper, while business is punch, no cash registers or bells to comparatively stagnated, there is still ring. It seemed to me to be one gigantic game of "grab."

Over in the Inglaterra and the neigh ow thoroughfares are swarming with boring resorts the cafes are full of ow.topped carriages, beasts of burden. Spanish officers, laughing, drinking, ostling drivers, and women with such talking and smoking their endless ciauge panniers on their heads that the garettes. Whenever an American mind tries in vain to grasp the effect of makes his appearance they scowl and such a burden on the Caucasian brain. Snake remarks that are very audible

Every well regulated Cuban is afraid ables. I have seen a Havana colored of the moon. There is no kind of lunacy woman walk along the streets with a that is not attributed, either directly basket upon her head the size of a or indirectly, to the effects of moonbureau, and smoking a cigar which for light. Mothers teach their children to general size and suggestions of nicotine avoid its rays as they would the small-

There is so much difference in the temperature of Cuban sunlight and shadow that the sensitive constitutions of a rather delicate people feel the change dreadfully. In the first be trithfully observed that many of place, the atmosphere is ever charged them never go to sleep at all. In the with moisture that boils and steams morning come the peders, with their in the sun and grows cool in the shade, drange wares and shrill cries. Here like the air at the bottom of a well. and there half dozens of asses may be Then up comes the moon, with her attendant fogs, and gets all the glory of of milk. They are attended by a rag. breeding rheumatism, colds, fevers and consumption. "Keep out of the moonwhatever you may choose to buy. This light" is the Cuban mother's first max-

ning a milk route, and you are sure of | During the first year of the present war there were no bill hglis in the vana. They are being indulged in again, however, and are as thoroughly enjoyed as in ante-beilum days. There s one feature of these buil fights that is seldom dwelt upon by chroniclers of Spanish customs.

It is the "bull for the people." After the matadors have properly slaughtered their bulls an animal is brought in for the pastime of the spectators. Its horns are sawed off until their ends are about an inch and a half in diameter, enough to prevent it injuring anybody

eriously. Then a gold piece is fastened to the end of one of its horns and the public is given an opportunity to take it off. And how the spectators rush to the fray! I saw a dozen sailors jump into the ring and fairly back a bull to death before it had time to find out where it was. It was slashed with machetes until its hide would not have held pumpkins.

It fought as well as it knew how, and on one occasion caught its most daring persecutor and tossed him a beautiful somersault over the ring fence. Not portil the bull had fallen did the saflors

get the gold piece. Altogether, however, Havana cannot be called a beautiful place. It looms above the sea like a gaunt white coral reef ridged about a blue pool of a bay, which it clutches in its rocky arms like a sapphire. The houses, small and plain and white, stand in long rows like the tombs of the dead, and it takes an Anglo-Saxon some time to get rid of this graveyard feeling.

Carpets are unknown in Havana ho. tels. I came across one once and was tempted to throw it into the street; it looked so stuffy and out of place. The smooth marble stones, which are universal, are very cool and grateful to the feet in this bot climate. With stone floors and broad windows without glass, the Cuban sleeping apartments are well adapted to the climate.

## Queen Pours a Coachman's Tea.

The coachman who drives the Queen at Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne, and who likewise accompanies her to the Continept, is Thomas Sands. Themas has been long in the service and is a great favorite. The Queen greets him always with a friendly "Good-day." Frequently when the drives are long the Queen causes the carriage to be stopped and tea browed. This is done by means of a spirit lamp, and in parout from their various lairs and begin taking of the gentle stimulant with her ladies in attendance the Queen does The blind girl, who put her own eyes not forget her coachman. On one ocout in a fit of pique, starts on her san. casion, when her daughter, the widilt journey in tow of her brother. The lowed Empress of Germany, was with man with the horrible leprous foot, her and attempted to pour out the tea bare and terrifying, stretches himself for the coachman, the Queen took the out in the shade of a deserted building cup away from her under the prefext on the Prado, like a huge and offensive that she did not know "how Thomas tiked to have his tea sugared and business considerations have never im-Many of these beggars are manutae. creamed," and did it for him berself .- paired the value of my work."-From

### KEPT UP BY COCAINE.

#### Six-Day Bicycle Contests Stimulated to Break Records.

At the close of the recent six-day bi-

yele race in New York the Star took occasion to comment on the extraordinary smashing of records and to discuss the probable elements entering into this apparent progress toward perfection in physical and mechanical development. It now appears that a hitherto unsuspected factor contributed in the main to this result-cocaine. This powerful drug, an alkaloid obtained from coca leaves, has been used since 1884 as a local anaesthetic, and has unquestionably been of service to surgeons, particularly to oculists, whose scope of success has been greatly widened by the ability to perform bold operations on the eye, which is extremely sensitive. The drug has also placed a new material for artificial stimulation in the possession of those unfortunates who crave indulgence in such intoxicants as morphine. Receptly a report has come from a Connecticut town that scores of the inhabitants are acutely suffering from the cocaine habit, resulting from a local bruggist's concoction for the relief of catarrh. Now it is asserted that the riders in the New York race were dosed regularly with cocnine, twenty drops in a glass of milk being given at a time, This, it is said, stimulated the flagging energies and deadened the pain caused by the strain on the muscles and the nerves, and enabled the men to maintain wonderful rates of speed for periods heretofore regarded as beyond the limits of human endurance. One rider, it is related, remained on his wheel without interruption for no less than fifty-four hours, under the stimulation caused by an extra dose. The record was broken by twelve riders, one of tifem exceeding it by twenty per cent., but the results of this method of securing temporary stimulation are still in evidence, though the race ended three weeks ago, one of the men being reported to be still in hospital, suffering agonies of mind and body. Cocaine is not only a stimulant and a temporary nerve paralyzer, but, according to some medical authorities, it is a specific muscle poison, breaking down the cords and sinews. If these things related of the wheelmen be true-and the circumstances of the race and its results lend color of extreme probability to the assertions-the riders who became famons for their unparalleled achievements were deliberately destroying their permanent abilities for the sake of temporary success.-Washington

### BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.

#### Some Colden Rules for People Handling Firearms.

Genial "Cap" Conlin, the instructor at the Knickerbocker Club's shooting gallery, is prepared to demonstrate that guns, revolvers, etc., are due to carelessness, says the New York Journal. He has drawn up "Conlin's Forty Golden Rules for Those Who Handle Firearms." Here are a few of the most timely admonitions:

Don't point a gun or pistol at anybody unless you mean to kill.

Don't look down the muzzle of a weapon. It's a dangerous practice. Don't imagine that the gun is not

onded. That is the kind that generaly goes off when you don't want it to. Don't discourage your boy if he wants o go off for a day's shooting. Manly soys like such sport. Go with him and

give him all the "points" you can. Don't blow down the muzzle of your 'onded pistol. It might be cocked and rou'll regret it.

Don't overload your gun; you may damage it and yourself as well.

Don't touch the trigger until you are ready to shoot. Don't pull a gun over a fence, out of a boat or off a wagon with the muzzle

toward you. Don't carry your gun so that the muzele points in the direction of anyone, There are always chances for the accl.

Jental discharge of your weapon. Don't get within range of an inexperienced person when he is handling a loaded weapon.

Don't say "I didn't know it was loaded" after you have hit some one; examine the gun first. Don't walk around the range with a

loaded gun or pistol. There are no wild animals prowling about, and, be sides it's dangerous. Don't blame the gun or ammunition

when you shoot badly. The chances are that the fault is with yourself. Don't think an old gun won't go off

as easily as a new one. Bon't forget that caution is the parent of safety.

Don't believe all you hear about shooting records—seeing is believing.

#### The Business of Writing. "At the age of twenty I found my-

self a married man, the father of a a family, with no resources but my la. bor, and Eving from hand to mouth, like a workman, while Ferdinand VII, had sequestrated and was spending my property. Now, from that time-and in fact it is, perhaps, unusual enough for me to be proud of it-having been obliged to live by my pen and to support my family with ft, I have kept free from all speculative transactions, from all mercantile engagements. I have done literary work more or less well, but never literary speculation. A poor man, I have cultivated art like a rich man, for its own sake, thinking more of the future than of the present, Forced by hard times to make a business of writing. I can truly say that the lawer of Victor Hugo.