

REV. DR. TALMAGE.
The Eminent Washington Divine's
Sunday Sermon.
Subject: "A Mighty Warfare."

TEXT: "In the name of God we will set up our banners."—Psalms xx. 5.

I hate war. In our boyhood we may have read the biography of Alexander or some Revolutionary hero until your young hearts beat high and we wished we had been born over 100 years ago just for the glory of striking down a Hessian. Forstny swords hung up on the rafters and bullets cut out of log houses in which they were lodged during the great strife we had unbounded admiration, or on some public day, clothed in our grandfather's soldierly accoutrements. We felt as brave as Garibaldi or Miltiades. We were wise now, for we were a vast distance between the poet and the prose of war. The roll of drums, and the call of bugles, and the champion of steeds foaming and pawing for the battle, a hundred thousand muskets glittering in the sun, the dancing plumes, "God Save the King" waving up from clarinets and trumpets and rung back from deep delirium or the arches of a prostrate city, distant capitals illumined at the tidings of a victory, burning standards and flaming arches and showering amaranths and the shout of heroes—that is poetry.

Chilled and half-blanketed, lying on the wet earth, feet sore with the march and bleeding at the slightest touch, hunger pulling at every fiber of flesh or attempting to satisfy itself with a scanty and spoiled ration, thirst licking up the dew, drinking from filthy and trampled pool, thoughts of home and kindred far away while just on the eve of a deadly strife, where death may leap on him from any one of a hundred directions, the closing in of two armies, now charged to a hundred thousand maniacs, the ground slippery with blood and shattered flesh, fallen ones writhing under the hoofs of unbridled chargers, the dawning of a new day of widowhood and orphanage—that is prose.

But there is now on the earth a kingdom which has set itself up for conflicts without number. In its march it tramples no grain, it sacks no cities, it impoverishes no treasures; it fills no hospitals; it bereaves no families. The courage and victory of Solferino and Magenta without carnage—the kingdom of Christ against the kingdom of Satan—that is the strife now raging. We will offer no armistices. We will make no treaty. Until all the revolted nations of the earth shall submit again to King Emmanuel "in the name of God we will set up our banners."

Every army has its ensigns. Long before the time when David wrote the text they were used. The hosts of Israel displayed them. The tribe of Benjamin, with the inscription of a wolf, the tribe of Dan a representation of cherubim, Judah a lion wrought into the ground-work of white, purple, crimson and blue. Such flags for their folds shook fire into the hearts of the numbers as were in the field when Abijah fought against Jehoram, and there were 1,200,000 soldiers, and more than 500,000 were left dead on the field. These ensigns gave heroes to such numbers as were assembled when Asa fought against Zerah, and there were 1,580,000 troops in the battle. The Athenians carried an inscription of the owl, which was their emblem of wisdom. The flags of modern nations are familiar to you all, and many of them so inappropriate for the character of the nations they represent it could be impolitic to enumerate them. These ensigns are streams of light, a point of a lance and on the top of wooden shafts. They are carried in the front and rear of armies. They unroll from the main topmast of a warship, the signal of the admiral's flagship to distinguish it among other ships of the same squadron. They are the objects of national pride. The loss of them on the field is ignominious.

The three banners of the Lord's hosts are the banner of proclamation, the banner of recruit and the banner of victory. When a nation feels its rights injured or its honor assailed, when its citizens live in foreign climes bent on independence and no laurel wreath is offered to the inhabitant of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the tops of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its sovereign and determined to get the victory, has been carried off captive into the bondage of Satan and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long cursed the earth and bent upon the extension of the victor's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up his banner of proclamation.

The church makes no assault upon the world. I do not believe that God ever made a better world than this. It is magnificent in its ruins. Let us stop talking so much against the world. God pronounced it very good at the beginning. Though a wandering child of God, I see in the great Father's lineaments. Though tossed and driven by the storms of 6000 years, she sails bravely yet, and as at her launching in the beginning the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, so at last, when coming into the calm harbor of God's mercy, she shall be greeted by the huzzas of glorified kingdoms. It is not the world against which we contend, but its transgressions. Whatever is obstinate in the will, degenerate in passion, harmful in custom, false in friendship, hypocritical in profession—against all this Christ makes onset. From false profession he would turn them back. From false religion he would tear the rod. From pride he would rend off the plumes. From revenge he would expunge the devil. While Christ loved the world so much he died to save it, he hates so well that he eradicates the last trace of its pollution; he will utterly consume the continents and the oceans. At the gate of Eden the declaration of perpetual enmity was made against the serpent. The tumultuous roar about Mount Sinai was only the roar and flash of God's artillery of wrath against sin. Sodom on fire was only one of God's flaming bulletins announcing hostility. Nineveh and Tyre and Jerusalem in awful ruin mark the track of Jehovah's advancement. They show that God was terribly in earnest when he announced himself abhorrent of all iniquity. They make us believe that, though nations belligerent and revengeful may sign articles of peace and come to an amicable adjustment, there shall be no cessation of hostilities between the forces of light and the forces of darkness until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord. Affrighted by no opposition, discouraged by no temporary defeat, shrinking from no exposure, every man to his position, while from the tops of our schoolhouses and churches and seminaries and asylums "in the name of God we will set up our banners."

There are non-professors who have a very correct idea of what Christians ought to be. You have seen members of the church who were as proud as Ahab and led as badly as Ahab and who were as fond of hypocrisy as Judas. You abhor them. You say followers of Christ ought to be honorable, humble and self-denying and charitable and patient and forgiving. Amen, so they ought. Come unto the kingdom of Christ, ye hearers, and—just that glorious Christian that you have described. Every church has enough stungy men in it to arrest its charities, and enough proud men in it to drive away the Holy Ghost, and enough lazy men in it to hang on

behind till its wheels, like Pharaoh's chariots, drag heavily, and enough worldly men to exhaust the patience of the very eldest, and enough snarling men to make appropriate the Bible warning, "Beware of dogs." If any of you men on the outside of the kingdom expect to make such Christians as that, we do not want you to come, for the church already has a million members too many of just that kind. We do not want our ranks crowded with serfs whom we can have them filled with serfs.

It is now, as in Christ's time, possessed of seven devils. In some instances it seems as though at conversion only six of these evil spirits were cast out, while there remains still one in the heart—the devil of pride. Men of the world, if you would be transformed and elevated by the power of the gospel, now is the time to come. It is no mean sign for this hour, that a time-honored flag, it has been in terrific battle, dogged in the dust of a Saviour's humiliation, from Bethlehem to Calvary. Bent by his onslaught, the apparel of a Saviour's soldierly and the banner of men who said, "Let him be crucified." With this ensign in His bleeding hand the Saviour scaled the heights of our sin. With His mounted the walls of perdition, and amid its smoke and flame and blasphemy He waved His triumph, while demons howled with defeat and heaven.

Thronged His chariot wheels
And bore Him to His throne,
Then waved their golden harps and sang,
The glorious work is done.

Again, when a grand victory has been won, it is customary to announce it by flags floating from public buildings and from trees and from the masts of ships. They are the signal of triumph and rejoicing and festivity. The ensign which the church holds is the banner of victory. There was a time when the religion of Christ was not considered respectable. Men of learning and position frowned upon it. Governments and nations looked upon it with contempt. To be a Christian was to be an underling. But mark the difference. Religion has compelled the world's respect. Infidelity, in the tremendous effort it has made to crush it, has commended its power. And there is not now a single civilized nation but in its constitution or laws or proclamations pays homage to the religion of the cross. In the war in Italy had only one road, that the men he ordered to the field were intoxicated, and asked for the pious men whom the Christian Havoc had under his management, he said, "I will have no more of your kind. They are never drunk, and Havoc is always ready." That Christianity has gathered its first trophies from the fishermen's huts on the shore of Galilee was a Samaritanian triumph, through which the shoulders and has carried off the gates of science and worldly power. We point to the fortresses and standing armies and navies as the evidence of the church's progress. We point to the men whom Christ has redeemed by His blood.

What if arsenals and navy yards do not belong to the church? We do not want them. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual and mighty through God, pulling down all strongholds. The world and Satan have no idea of the strength and heroism which God will yet let out against the forces of darkness. As yet they have had only one round from the first regiment. The Lord of Hosts will soon appear in the field at the head of his troops. Depend upon it that when God inspires the soul with a new life it puts in it the principle of a new warfare. In all ages of the church there have been those who have had a faith that was almost equal to sight, looking through persecution and reverses with as much expectation as through peace and achievements. There have been men for Christ who have acted as did the favorite troops of Brien, attacked by Fitzpatrick of Osney. The wounded soldiers begged that they might enter the fight with the victors. They said, "Let stakes be stuck in the ground and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to battle in the ranks by the side of a soul man, who will stand by and take his wounds and emulate from former wounds and thus supported by the stakes, struggled through the combat. Thus has it been that multitudes of the children of God, though they are themselves weak and wounded—perhaps in body, perhaps in estate, perhaps in soul—supported by the staff of God's promise, have wandered it up to the hit in the subject of a world of wickedness.

We are mighty in this cause, for we have the help of the pious dead. Messengers of salvation from high heaven, they visit the field. They stand behind us to keep us from ignominious retreat. They are those who encourage us in the strife. The McChynes, and the Paysons, and the Martys, and the Brainers, an uncounted multitude of the glorified, are our sol-jitors. Have you ever seen the church of God, that have been offered to the inhabitant of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the tops of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its sovereign and determined to get the victory, has been carried off captive into the bondage of Satan and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long cursed the earth and bent upon the extension of the victor's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up his banner of proclamation.

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and enlarks the great chains of its bondage and cries by the voice of sea and land and sky, "How long, O Lord, how long." There was a tradition on the other side of the water that the daughter of Lir was transformed into a bird of the air and that she wandered for hundreds of years over river and lake until the arrival of Christianity and that at the stroke of the first cathedral bell her spirit was freed. Uncounted millions of our race by the power of sin and Satan have been transformed into a state of wretchedness, and they wander like the poor daughter of Lir, but they shall after awhile be released, when the great church of Christ shall in those darkened lands raise its tower ring out the glad tidings of the gospel, then millions of wandering souls shall find rest in a Saviour's pity and a Saviour's love, transported from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

By and by you would hardly know the earth if you saw it. The world as a whole shall be greatly improved as the individual becomes a soldier of the cross. The trickerly will go to work for an honest living. Kaavery shall begin to make righteous bargains. Passions shall answer to the control of reason. Scoffers shall be changed into worshippers and skeptics into Bible lovers. Christ shall begin His reign on earth. Whether He shall descend on to the earth in person and establish a government at Jerusalem, cannot say, but it will be an era of more than Augustan splendor. That is enough. Knowing this, we can never despair. But as we see the church of Christ putting on her beautiful garments and arising like a conqueror, upon every enthusiast of Oliver Cromwell, who standing before his sick and famine-stricken soldiers at Dunbar, saw the sun rising out of the morning mist and pointing to it with his sword, uttered a prayer which hurried his men upon the crushed foe like a sky full of thunderbolts: "Arise, O God! Let thine enemies be scattered!" With the ear of faith I catch the herald of the latter day shouting, "Church of Christ, unsheathe thy sword and this moment into the battle! In the name of Christ, march on! Upon every school and hospital, upon every mercantile and manufactory counter, upon every chemist's laboratory and astronomer's tower, upon shepherd's hut and woodsman's cabin, upon ship's deck and sailor's hammock, far out on the sea and high up in the mountain, before the gaze of nations, hurled his men upon the crushed foe like a sky full of thunderbolts: "Arise, O God! Let thine enemies be scattered!" With the ear of faith I catch the herald of the latter day shouting, "Church of Christ, unsheathe thy sword and this moment into the battle! In the name of Christ, march on! Upon every school and hospital, upon every mercantile and manufactory counter, upon every chemist's laboratory and astronomer's tower, upon shepherd's hut and woodsman's cabin, upon ship's deck and sailor's hammock, far out on the sea and high up in the mountain, before the gaze of nations, hurled his men upon the crushed foe like a sky full of thunderbolts: "Arise, O God! Let thine enemies be scattered!"

My subject has taught you that in this contest we are not without enemies and soldiers. Before I sit down I must propose to each of you this great honor. Becoming a Christian is not so ignoble a thing as many have thought it. "If" makes a man a soldier, and I know it, but it is the stroke of a sword of royalty who on his knees is to receive a crown of dominion. We want standard-bearers in all parts, in all places of business and industry, through the world. I offer you the honor of carrying the church's ensigns. Do not be afraid of the assaults of a world whose ranks you desert nor of devils who will oppose you with infernal might. We are not to fall here but stand anywhere else. It were more of an honor, engaged with Christ, to be trampled underfoot with this army of banners than, opposing Christ, to be buried, like Edward I., in England.

You know in ancient times elephants were trained to fight and that on one occasion, instead of attacking the enemy, they turned upon their owners, and trampled on the heads and in the strokes of their trunks and the mountain weight of their step. These mighty opportunities of work for Christ may accomplish great things in overthrowing the sin of the infernal might, but if we do not wield them aright these very advantages will in unguarded moments turn terribly upon us and under their heels of vengeance grind us to powder. We cannot compromise this matter. We cannot stand aside and look on. Christ has declared it, "All who are not with me are against me." Lord Jesus, we surrender.

The prophecies intimate that there shall be the great destruction of the world by one great battle between truth and unrighteousness. We shall not probably see it on earth, but the battles of heaven. On the side of sin shall be arrayed all forms of oppression and cruelty, led on by infamous kings and generals; the votaries of paganism, led on by their priests; the subjects of Mohammed, following the command of their sheiks. And gluttony and intemperance and iniquity of every phase shall be largely represented on the field. All the wealth and splendor and power and glory of wickedness shall be concentrated on a few decisive spots and, maddened by 10,000 previous defeats, shall gather themselves up for one last terrible assault. With hatred against God for the cause of blasphemy, the battle cry, they spread out over the earth in square beyond square and legion beyond legion, while in some overhanging cloud of blackness foul spirits of evil, the worst of the spirit world, are gathered for dominion.

Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's nostrils, plunder and sin and satanic force shall quit the field. As the roar of the conquering hosts goes forth, the world shall shine. The air shall be full of wings of heavenly cohorts. The work is done, and in the presence of a world reclaimed for the crown of Jesus and amid the crumbling of tyrannies and the defeat of satanic force and amid the sound of heavenly acclamations the church shall rise up in the image of our Lord, and with the crown of victory on her head, and the scepter of dominion in her hand in the name of God shall set up her banners. Then Himmilaya shall become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah, and the ocean the walking-park of Galilee, and the great heavens become a sounding-board which shall strike back the sound of exultation to the earth till it rebound again to the throne of the Almighty, Angel of the Apocalypse, Thy. For who will stand in the way of thy might or resist the sweep of thy win?

A GREAT WAGON TRAIN.
Sixty Horses Hauling It to the De La Mar Mines in Utah.
P. B. McKeon left Milford, Utah, for De La Mar the other day with the heaviest team train ever undertaken under like conditions of roads. With seventy-five miles of very muddy roads he was attempting to transport with sixty horses 60,000 pounds of heavy machinery loaded on three wagons. This outfit is accompanied by other outfits, and as the train pulled out over the leads to the west it looked not unlike some circus attempting to invade the western country.

It will require an immense amount of oats and hay to feed the teams, and will keep two four-horse teams busy all day with water. That is for miles the axes of the heaviest-loaded wagons will drag the ground. This machinery is for the De La Mar mines. The new plant consists of many outfits of machinery, nearly all of which is now on the road between Milford and the mine.

NEW ARMY POLICY.
The Public No Longer to Be Allowed to Visit Forts.
General Miles, commanding the United States army, has issued a general order prohibiting, in the strictest terms, the admission of any person, except officers of the Navy or Government employes, to any lake or cove defense without a permit from the commanding officer of the place. Moreover, such permits are to be given only for true military purposes, and under no conditions are to be made without authority from the Secretary of War.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

Thinning Fruit—Starting Plants in Soda—Re-enforcing Stable Manure—Chickens Reared on Milk.

RE-ENFORCING STABLE MANURE.
While stable manure is lying in heaps it is a good plan to add to the pile slops from the chamber, together with such mineral fertility as the manure is most in need of. The German-potash salts are particularly valuable for this purpose, as they will unite with the ammonia as given off by the fermenting heap, and thus prevent waste of its most valuable ingredient.

CHICKENS REARED ON MILK.
A special breed of chickens—known as the poulet de lait or poulet mignon—has been reared in France for eating purposes. The fowls are hardly larger than a pigeon, and when cooked are said to appeal particularly to gourmets. The chickens themselves are reared on a diet of boiled milk and barley flour, which makes them plump, and gives their flesh a particular delicacy.—St. Louis Star.

THE BEAN WEEVIL.
F. Bowen, of Missouri, states that when beans raised last summer were threshed during the winter, nearly all of them contained insects. What can be done to prevent this trouble next season? In the absence of specimens, says Professor S. A. Forbes, of the Illinois Experiment Station, I suppose that the insect infesting the beans is the common bean weevil. This insect lays its eggs primarily on the bean pods in the field, and the larvae hatch and enter the beans, but usually not in great numbers. The adults begin to emerge in the fall, and if in stored beans will immediately commence laying eggs for a new brood, which in turn give rise to another, and so on, until the whole lot becomes infested. This destruction may be stopped by placing the beans in a tight vessel or box with a small quantity of bisulphide of carbon, the fumes of which are penetrating and very poisonous. This is best done outdoors, as the vapor is injurious and inflammable; but it quickly escapes when the vessel is opened and leaves no trace or effect upon the beans. In any case, the beetles should not be allowed to escape and produce another generation of larvae in the field. Beans injured by this weevil are unfit for planting.

THINNING FRUIT.
The Geneva (N. Y.) Experiment Station last year tried an experiment in thinning fruit, whose result was reported by Professor S. A. Beach. Three methods were tried. First, all inferior fruit was picked off, and where the fruit grew in clusters only one specimen was allowed. Second, the same as above, except the fruit was further thinned, so as not to leave specimens nearer than four inches. The third method left no specimens nearer than six inches. Some rows were left without thinning. The gain in first-class fruit was great by all of these methods over the rows left unthinned. The second method was preferred. It required twice as long to thin the fruit by No. 2 method as it did to harvest the crop. Mr. S. D. Willard advised raking apples off with steel rakes, while the fruit was small. This should be done on alternate rows, and the trees thus thinned would be perfect fruit buds for a crop next year. Mr. Collamer, of North Parma, picked off 150 barrels of fruit from his trees while the fruit was one to two inches in diameter. His apples sold for \$1,350 for 1,000 barrels, which is much better than having twice the number of barrels, most of them hardly saleable at any price. It is not likely that it will anywhere be necessary to thin the apple crop next season, but this lesson from the great apple crop of 1896 will be useful for future use.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Sew your tomato seed now in boxes if you want early plants.
Clean out the poultry houses and spread lime about the premises.
Scrape all the scale lice off the fruit trees, and hunt out every nest of insects.

A good quality of clover hay cut fine and steamed makes an excellent food for laying hens if mixed with the soft food.
Have pigs come early and allow them to run with the sows, giving all the corn they will eat until weaned. Keep old sows for raising strong pigs.
Trees for the home are a great ornament and comfort. But set too close to the dwelling they become a menace to health by encouraging dampness.
It will pay you to breed your farm mares this year, if they are good ones. If they are not, keep selling and trading until you get good ones. A good team tells a good farmer.
Don't forget to soak your seed potatoes ten hours in a solution composed of 1 part corrosive sublimate to 1,000 parts of water, and you will have a crop of smooth potatoes this year.
Usually barn yard manure possesses too much nitrogen for a well balanced fertilizer, and the use of acid phosphate and potash salts in addition is needed. Good wood ashes with the manure will be beneficial.
When an animal does not thrive it is not always necessary to resort to medicines. It may happen that salt is needed, or that linseed meal will prove a remedy. The cause should be considered before first attempting a cure for an ailment.

FOR YEARS THE DANGER OF THE ELEPHANT BECOMING EXTINCT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT BY SCIENTISTS ON ACCOUNT OF THE IMMENSE ANNUAL SLAUGHTER OF THESE EXCEEDINGLY USEFUL, IF PONDEROUS ANIMALS, AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY WARNED TO EXERCISE AUTHORITY IN THE MATTER. THIS BEAST PLAYS SUCH AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE MILITARY, AS WELL AS IN THE DOMESTIC, ECONOMY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA THAT THE AUTHORITIES HAVE AT LAST TAKEN ALARM AT THE DECREASING NUMBERS OF THE ANIMAL, AND HAVE AT LENGTH DECIDED ON INSTITUTING REPRESSIVE REGULATIONS REGARDING THEIR SLAUGHTER.
These are to be very stringent and to be rigidly enforced. Elephant hunting will no longer be permitted as a mere pastime, and due supervision will be exercised over the trade in ivory. To supply the world with ivory necessitates the death, every year, of 100,000 elephants; and if these were placed in single file they would make a procession 180 miles long. So rapidly, of late years, has the elephant been done to death that the next generation of museum visitors will be gazing at his remains with the same interest that we do, now, at the remains of the mastodon.
Fashion—that inexorable dame whose dictates must be executed if the heavens fall—is responsible for much of the destruction of both beasts and birds. It was the demand for its feathers that brought about the extinction of the great auk—the only bird in the northern hemisphere that enjoyed the proud distinction of being incapable of flight—being ruthlessly killed by thousands, both in Europe and in the north of America, until, about 1840, it was no longer to be found. Seals, despite the restrictions placed around their killing; fur-bearing animals of all kinds; birds of gay plumage; alligators, crocodiles and reptiles of every variety, are being decimated to satisfy the insatiable demands of fashion. Among the items at one single sale in London, Eng., recently, were the following: 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, 260,000 skins of fur-bearing animals, and 250,000 possum and 30,000 monkey skins. The fashionable sealskin saque demands the lives of 200,000 fur seals every year, and fully 1,000,000 hair seals are annually slaughtered.
At the door of the sportsman also lies some of the responsibility for the extinction of animals. In South Africa the zebra is no longer to be seen in his accustomed haunts, and the giraffe is met with but seldom.

DEATH BY A MASK.
Death has come to a happy home at Muncy, Penn., just because a little eight-year-old girl, Margaret Colley, had a new mask hideous in the extreme, and was crazy to use it. She frightened the children with it. They screamed and ran away, and Margaret jumped with delight.
"Boo!" she shrieked, dancing into the home of William Priest, where he and his young wife were romping with their first born, their little two-year-old baby boy, Walter.
The joke was a huge success. Walter screamed. Mr. and Mrs. Priest looked up. There was little Margaret dancing in her false face. Walter sank into his mother's arms, hiding his face and convulsed with fear. In another minute he was in convulsions and frothing at the mouth.
Little Margaret tore off her mask and tried to caress and reassure the little one. She failed utterly. Two physicians were summoned.
All night long little Walter shrieked in his delirium. Next morning he was too weak to do anything but lie in his tiny crib and sob convulsively. At noon the baby died.—New York World.

CURE FOR CORPULENCY.
A physician who makes a specialty of physical culture and the reduction of obesity tells a rather amusing story of a sidewalk peddler who came to him for some remedy to check his growing corpulence. The man was a dealer in toy balloons, and the most prominent portion of his frame was his abnormally large abdomen. The physician prescribed no drugs, but advised the man to change his line of goods, and to offer for sale some mechanical toy that would be displayed on the sidewalk. The new prescription obliged the patient to stoop over two or three hundred times a day, and the doctor declares it to be a fact that in three months' time this exercise, without diet or medicine, had reduced the man's girth eleven inches.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1896, THE NET EARNINGS OF THE 172,369 MILES OF RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES WERE \$368,675,947.

ANIMAL EXTINCTION.
How Sport and Fashion are Devastating the Animal Kingdom.

How extensive and rapid are the changes occurring in the fauna of the world may not, perhaps, be generally realized. Race after race of animals has disappeared from the globe through the operation of natural causes, but the chief responsibility for the destruction must be placed at the door of man. The extinction of the great auk, or penguin, and the ryttina, or arctic scaw, is of comparatively recent date; the bison is nearly on his last legs—except those the curators of the museums will supply him with—and the walrus has become very scarce. Ten years ago peccaries were abundant in Texas, but hogskin goods came into vogue, fifty cents apiece were offered for peccary hides, and in five years' time the peccary had practically become extinct. The famous halibut is becoming more difficult to find with each recurring season, and no longer is Chesapeake Bay the inexhaustible source of supply of the succulent oyster.

For years the danger of the elephant becoming extinct has been pointed out by scientists on account of the immense annual slaughter of these exceedingly useful, if ponderous animals, and the British government in India has been repeatedly warned to exercise authority in the matter. This beast plays such an important part in the military, as well as in the domestic, economy of the British government in India that the authorities have at last taken alarm at the decreasing numbers of the animal, and have at length decided on instituting repressive regulations regarding their slaughter.

These are to be very stringent and to be rigidly enforced. Elephant hunting will no longer be permitted as a mere pastime, and due supervision will be exercised over the trade in ivory. To supply the world with ivory necessitates the death, every year, of 100,000 elephants; and if these were placed in single file they would make a procession 180 miles long. So rapidly, of late years, has the elephant been done to death that the next generation of museum visitors will be gazing at his remains with the same interest that we do, now, at the remains of the mastodon.

Fashion—that inexorable dame whose dictates must be executed if the heavens fall—is responsible for much of the destruction of both beasts and birds. It was the demand for its feathers that brought about the extinction of the great auk—the only bird in the northern hemisphere that enjoyed the proud distinction of being incapable of flight—being ruthlessly killed by thousands, both in Europe and in the north of America, until, about 1840, it was no longer to be found. Seals, despite the restrictions placed around their killing; fur-bearing animals of all kinds; birds of gay plumage; alligators, crocodiles and reptiles of every variety, are being decimated to satisfy the insatiable demands of fashion. Among the items at one single sale in London, Eng., recently, were the following: 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, 260,000 skins of fur-bearing animals, and 250,000 possum and 30,000 monkey skins. The fashionable sealskin saque demands the lives of 200,000 fur seals every year, and fully 1,000,000 hair seals are annually slaughtered.

At the door of the sportsman also lies some of the responsibility for the extinction of animals. In South Africa the zebra is no longer to be seen in his accustomed haunts, and the giraffe is met with but seldom.

DEATH BY A MASK.
Death has come to a happy home at Muncy, Penn., just because a little eight-year-old girl, Margaret Colley, had a new mask hideous in the extreme, and was crazy to use it. She frightened the children with it. They screamed and ran away, and Margaret jumped with delight.
"Boo!" she shrieked, dancing into the home of William Priest, where he and his young wife were romping with their first born, their little two-year-old baby boy, Walter.
The joke was a huge success. Walter screamed. Mr. and Mrs. Priest looked up. There was little Margaret dancing in her false face. Walter sank into his mother's arms, hiding his face and convulsed with fear. In another minute he was in convulsions and frothing at the mouth.
Little Margaret tore off her mask and tried to caress and reassure the little one. She failed utterly. Two physicians were summoned.
All night long little Walter shrieked in his delirium. Next morning he was too weak to do anything but lie in his tiny crib and sob convulsively. At noon the baby died.—New York World.

CURE FOR CORPULENCY.
A physician who makes a specialty of physical culture and the reduction of obesity tells a rather amusing story of a sidewalk peddler who came to him for some remedy to check his growing corpulence. The man was a dealer in toy balloons, and the most prominent portion of his frame was his abnormally large abdomen. The physician prescribed no drugs, but advised the man to change his line of goods, and to offer for sale some mechanical toy that would be displayed on the sidewalk. The new prescription obliged the patient to stoop over two or three hundred times a day, and the doctor declares it to be a fact that in three months' time this exercise, without diet or medicine, had reduced the man's girth eleven inches.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1896, THE NET EARNINGS OF THE 172,369 MILES OF RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES WERE \$368,675,947.