REV. DR. TALMAGE.

fhe Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Trlumph of Sadness."

Texr: "Then went I up in the night by the brook and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned."-Nehemiah ii., 15.

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city-past Rome than present Rome-ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Colliseum is far more tascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monas-tic ruins of Melrose abbey, and study shafted oriel and rosetted stone and mulhon, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright? Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides there are some friends on foot go-ing with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspleions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of bodyguard.

ear the clicking hoefs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah, riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram an l conflagration! The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah meana. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, until the initialight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous bodyguard, declares the dead eredulous bodyguard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he snys, "Come, now, let us build Jerusa-lem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, meanlisht side of Nehemiah semilard in the moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it rould not be done. Some people were in-huriate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philotophy, and Demostheres was rattling als rhetorical thunder. But all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and ne was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Lonigmaaus, and one day, while he was handing the sup of wine to the king, the king said to : "What is the matter with you? You" tre not sick. I know you must have some What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down, how that his father's tomb had been desecrated, how lust the temple had been dishonored and defaced, how that the walls were scat-lered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cupbearer, Nehemiah. "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey, and besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming advenlurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred unless it be your own Greside. The church has been to you so nuch comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so itate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psaim of the expired Sablaths. What Jeru-salem was to Nehemiah the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacriflees for it to-day than our other institution, and if it to day than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," You understand in your own experience the pathos, the home sickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight ride around the ruins of his beloved setucation with the fact Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehe-miah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, nolice of the city arrest this midnight rider, non Nehemiah is ruins of his beloved Jerusalem. the preliminary exploration. In this gate, in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be ex-plored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day apparently do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal and commit abomina-tions and go to the spenitentiary is because they first do not learn the rain of their own heart. They have not found out that "the perately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built relibegin. The reason that so many people in this day apparently do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the rains of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal and commit abomina-tions and go to the spenitentiary is because they first do not learn the rain of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things and des-perately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built reli-gion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of reli-

gion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of mod-ern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt

to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastiness of the ruln. They have such a poor founda-tion for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old fashioned way-John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way,

God's way. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I-yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that the man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will-and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse s neck and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel crying: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies! Biot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before

Thee. Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. Yout say, "He was a cupbearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was 200 feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high, and the intense blue of the sky and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the unholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then, when you saw him going among these desolated streets and by these dismantled towers and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that pennfless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his per-mission of absence. He gets his passports.

He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the plety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months-namely, fifty-two days-Jerusalem was renamely, fifty-two days-Jerusatom numph-built. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness

At 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia-a parlor pictured and statuetted-there were from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. Those destitute childron received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way: That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shrick of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray the outery in the room drowned out all prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go any afternoon in-to Laurel Hill, you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it My subject first impresses no will due that what an intense thing is church affectiol. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop, in this there was not an hour in name. I think there was not an hour in twenty years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothered tea or twonty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in ven. I have a voice and a heart to serve You say that that man has failed. God. He has not failed-he has triumphed! Oh. I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight up. rider of the text and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all their discouragements and hardshins and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he an have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's haud in the darkess of a tenement house, and some one coming in the little girl looked up while holding her dead mother's hand, and said. "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be home. Are you borne down with bereavements of life? Is the your the the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery-so much more care than on the larger graves-and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer the old sex-ton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not, but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Ob, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do n give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously-sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society--do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truth-fully utter the lamentation of another: Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell-Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell— Fell to be trampled as filth in the street— Fell to be scoffed at, spit on and beat, Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy. Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,

ONE WATCH AHEAD.

Remarkable Way in Which a Surgeon Ac- there with a friend. quired Another Timepiece.

A well-known surgeon who lives on Forest Park boulevard has had an ex- the surface of the water a number of perience with a highwayman that he would like to suppress, if his conscience would let him. But it will not, and to iridescent spheres revolving rapidly a reporter he told the following remarkable story:

men at work, and I am obliged to be soaring away above the tree tops and out at such unseasonable hours, that my wife persuaded me to carry a revolver, a practice I have always avoided. I bought a 38-caliber bulldog, and about a month ago began to carry it around in my outside overcoat pocket. I seldom have much money on my person, but my watch is an unusually valuable one, set with diamonds of considerable value, and I would hate to lose it. called to visit a patient on West Pine near Spring avenue, and was detained there until after midnight by the ex- stagnant water. There was some alkali tremely critical condition of my patient. I had the satisfaction to see her well over the crisis and rallying nicely, and therefore left the house in a very complacent frame of mind. I suppose my chest was swelling with pride, for my overcoat was open, and I had my hands stuck in my trousers pockets. I walked east on Pine to Spring avenue and south on Spring to Laclede, where I intended to catch a west bound car for home.

I almost collided with a man, who thrust a revolver in my face and told put up my hands.

"'Don't move,' said the highwayman with an oath, and he pushed the gun under my moustache with one hand, while he rifled my watch pocket with the other.

"Yell? I was too scared to move a muscle, and I did not even think of my revolver until the thief started up Spring avenue at full speed. Then I thought about the gun in my overcoat sive colonies in Africa in the Congo pocket and resolved to recover my State, which covers an area of 800,000 watch if I had to fight for it. I felt in miles (a territory larger than Mexico), my vest and found my money and and has a population of nearly 15,000,watch were gone. The thief had a 000, but yields very little in commerce good start, however, and before I could to the home country. In one particular, open fire on him he dodged into an al- however, the possession, even in name, ley on the west side of the street. My, of the control of the Congo State, south blood was up, however, and I charged of the Soudan and north of Zambesi, after him. Just as I reached the alley has had a favorable commercial effect the man emerged, coolly fastening the in Belgium in booming the trade of watch chain in his vest buttonhole.

lain,' said I, leveling my gun at his the eleventh century. Antwerp has benose. He was just as easy as I had come the great European market for been a moment before, and I jerked the African ivory. The recent sale, the watch and chain out of his clothes. fourth of last year, was of tusks weigh-Now run, you rascal; you can keep the ing 125,000 pounds. Among them was two dollars.' And my whilom high- one weighing 330 pounds. wayman ran up Spring avenue like a In assorting tusks, those secured my money and watch. didn't have your watch with you!' and she ran upstairs to find my valued timepiece while I pulled out another man's watch. I had actually held up an innocent man, while the sure-enough highwayman was scurrying up the alley with my two dollars in his pocket. I began to recall the respectable appearance of my victim, his terror and the prompt way in which he gave up, and the watch itself, a plain gold one, was there in my hand to prove that my highwayman was not the only pebble on the beach that night. 'Now, I don't want that watch," continued the doctor, "and although I have advertised it as 'found,' no one appears to claim it. It has no engraving by which to identify the owner, and as I acquired it in a way that makes me feel ridiculous every time I think of it. I have not yet been able to bring myself be showered on me if I tell my friends every time she looks at a clock, and I spanked my little boy for asking me what time it was when I was robbed. Fix it up for me, will you? Good-bye." -St. Louis Republic.

which the reporter would not believe existed until yesterday, when he went

Approaching a small, sluggish stream, we were surprised to see rising from bubbles, which glistened in the sun like glass. It was a beautiful sight. The after the manner of soap bubbles, floated rapidly upward, some breaking at "There have been so many highway- a height of ten or twenty feet, others out of sight, resembling more than anything else gorgeous toy balloons. These bubbles were all sizes, from an inch in diameter to more than a foot. They were apparently much stronger and a great deal more brilliant than ordinary soap bubbles.

A gas line and an oil line had passed under the run at this point, within a few inches of each other, and in each "One night about ten days ago I was pipe was a small leak. The digging and refilling of the trenches had made a dam which held a few barrels of in the muddy bottom, which, in combination with the oil, formed saponule, a kind of soap. This, while not being a perfect soap, was sufficiently saponaceous and cohesive to make beautiful bubbles when churned by the escaping gas. The fact that the bubbles were full of gas caused them to ascend more swiftly and the presence of the oil made them more brillfant, many cofored and unusually beautiful. The bubbles are rising constantly and can "At the corner of Laclede and Spring be seen by any one who desires to take a walk out to where they are.

The strength of these bubbles may me to hold up my hands. I saw I was be imagined from the fact that small up against the real thing and promptly twigs, leaves, etc., had been floating on the surface of the water and were carried up in the large bubbles .-- Oil City Blizzard.

THE IVORY TRADE.

An Elephant Yields About 120 Pounds of the Merchantable Article.

The kingdom of Belgium has exten-Antwerp, the chief port of Belgium, "'Throw up your hands, you vil- the foundation of which is traced to

how great was the hurry, or what were BT? scared dog. I slipped the watch and considered the choicest which permit politeness He ate less than any man in the chain into my pocket and caught an of the making of billiard balls from owl car home. When I got into my the largest part of the tusk. Among house, I was the proudest doctor in St. the tusks most sought for are those I told my wife that her fore- which weigh from 50 to 150 pounds. thought had prevented me from being The mercantile value of ivory varies killed and robbed; how I had been considerably. An ordinary elephantheld up by a quick highwayman, who if these quadrupeds can ever truthfully be said to be "ordinary"-yields about 'Watch?' said my wife. 'Why, you 120 pounds of merchantable ivory of the value of about \$250, though recently the wholesale price of ivory has declined in consequence of the largely increased supply available through the opening up of new districts of Africa to colonization by European governments. Until a few years ago the wholesale value of ivory was \$3 a pound; now it is \$2. It is necessary to kill 12,000 elephants to supply 650 tons of ivory to the English market, of which Sheffield consumes about one-third. A tusk weighing 162 pounds was shown at London in 1851, but Gordon Cumming got one eleven pounds heavier. Tame elephants have risen in price in India from \$105 in 1835 to between \$750 and \$4.000-Asiatic elephants, that is. But for the African discoveries, the European demand for ivory would have exterminated eleto face the jokes and ridicule that will phants in Asia. Some years ago, Stanley calculated the consumption of ivory about it. My wife gives me the laugh at 750,000 pounds a year in Europe, 130,000 in India, and 75,000 pounds in the United States; that is, 1,000,000 pounds in a year; but the average consumption of ivory from 1889 to 1893 was 1,500,000 pounds, of which America took 200,000. Up to about five years ago Sheffield was the chief ivory market, but now Antwerp has succeeded cian is the glasses designed for both to so much of Sheffield's former businear and far vision. Looking straight ness that it has become the largest ahead, they adjust the eyesight for ob- ivory trading point in the world. The jects at a distance; glancing downwards sales of genuine ivory in Antwerp for they bring things to a quick focus, 1896 amounted to 600,000 pounds, of Thus they do the work of two pairs of which 450,000 pounds came from the district of the Congo. Some days be-These glasses are familiar enough, fore the quarterly sale at Antwerp

CRANT AT THE MESS-TABLE.

He Ate Very Little Meat, But Was Fond of for three years." Rawlins, to avoid Fruit.

General Horace Porter gives many intimate and familiar pictures of General Grant in his series of articles, "Campaigning with Grant," now running in the "Century." He says of General Grant at the mess-table:

in calling him a butcher.) He enjoyed

oysters and fruit, but these could not

be procured on an active campaign.

He never ate mutton when he could ob-

tain anything else, and fowl and game

he abhorred. As he used to express

it: "I never could eat anything that

goes on two legs." Evidently he could

never have been converted into canni-

balism. He did not miss much by de-

clining to eat the chickens which were

picked up on a campaign, for they were

usually tough enough to create the sus-

picion that they had been hatched from

hard-boiled eggs, and were so impene-

trable that an officer said of one of

them that he could not even stick his

fork through the gravy. The General

was more fond of cucumbers than of

anything else, and often made his en-

tire meal upon a sliced cucumber and

a cup of coffee. He always enjoyed

corn, pork and beans, and buckwheat

cakes. In fact, he seemed to be par-

ticularly fond of only the most indi-

When any fruit could be procured.

it was placed on the table by way of

helping to ornament it, and afterwards

used as dessert. Between the courses

of the dinner the General would often

reach over to the dish of fruit and pick

out a berry or a cherry and eat it slow-

ly. He used to do this in a siy way

like a child helping itself to some for-

bidden dish at the table, and afraid of

being caught in the act. He said one

day: "I suppose I ought not to eat a

course out of its turn, but I take the

greatest delight in picking out bits of

fruit and eating them during a meal.

One of the reasons I do not enjoy din-

ing out as much as I do at home is be-

Napoleon was famous for eating out of

small fruits. He was always refined

in his manners at table, and no matter

gestible dishes.

About the only meat he enjoyed was to remark: "Yes, that's him, but he's beef, and this he could not eat unless got all-fired sunburnt since I last had it was so thoroughly well done that no a look at him." The general was greatappearance of blood could be seen. If ly amused by the incident, and repeated blood appeared in any meat which came the remark afterward to Parker, who on the table, the sight of it seemed to enjoyed it as much as the others .-entirely destroy his appetite. (This Century Magazine. was the man whose enemies delighted

Cen. Meade in Action.

'Where is the old man's tent? I'd like

to get a look at him; haven't seen him

being interrupted, said, "That's his

tent," at the same time pointing to it.

The man stepped over to the tent,

looked in, and saw the swarthy feat-

ures of Parker as he sat in the general's

chair. The visitor seemed a little puz-

zled, and as he walked away was heard

General Horace Porter describes 'Grant's Dash for Petersburg" in the 'Century," in his series of articles on 'Campaigning with Grant." General Porter gives the following picture of Meade in action:

My duties kept me on Meade's front a large part of the day. He showed himself the personification of earnest, vigorous action in rousing his subordinate commanders to superior exertions. Even his fits of anger and his resort to intemperate language stood him at times in stead in spurring on every one upon that active field. He sent ringing dispatches to all points of the line, and paced up and down upon the field in his nervous, restless manner, as he watched the progress of the operations and made running comments on the actions of his subordinates. His aquiline nose and piercing eyes gave him something of the eagle's look, and added to the interest of his personality. He had much to try him upon this occasion, and if he was severe in his reprimands and showed faults of temper, he certainly displayed no faults as a commander. When the battle was over, no one was more ready to make amends for the instances in which he felt that he might have done injustice to his subordinates. He said to them: "Sorry to hear you cannot carry the works. Get the best line you can and be prepared to hold it. I suppose you cannot make any more attacks, and I feel satisfied all has been done that can be done."

A Remarkable Book.

The most curious book in the world cause I feel compelled to sit through a long list of courses, few of which I is neither written nor printed. Its eat, and to resist the constant temp- | pages are composed of the finest quality tation to taste a little fruit in the mean- of veilum, and the letters were with inwhile to help pass away the time." | finite pains and trouble cut out of the material with a sharp-pointed knife or the various dishes before him with his pair of delicate scissors, says the St. fingers. General Grant's use of the fin- Louis Globe-Democrat. It is intergers never went boyond picking out leaved with blue paper, and the letters can, therefore, be read as easily as any print. It formerly belonged to the Prince de Ligne and is now in the never violated the requirements of true library of a noble French family. The Domini Nulla Materia Composits;" in army; sometimes the amount of food English, "The Book of the Passion of taken did not seem enough to keep a Our Lord Jesus Christ, in Characters,

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up! One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying. "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your as-sailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there

The Double Glasses.

One of the clever devices of the optispectacles.

but the manner in which they are put there is an exhibition for the benefit of together is interesting. Opticians nowa- dealers .- New York Sun. days secure the double adjustment in three ways. One is to fit into the lower edge of a leus designed for far vision and shaped something like a me'on slice a section of a lens designed for near vision and shaped something like the melon itself. They'so fit as to form the ordinary elliptical shaped glass.

The frame holds them in place. Another way is to take a strong lens designed for near vision and grind upon the upper edge a slight convexity for far vision. There is no need of a frame for this arrangement.

The common way is to grind out what is substantially a slice from the lower edge of one side of a lens designed for the far vision. "In the place of the slice is pasted on a segment of a lens designed for near vision. The only adhesive substance available that is perfectly fransparent is Canada balsam, and all workmen use it. No frame is abilities as a poison-maker. needed .- The New York Mail and Express,

Soap Bubbles Strangely Made.

About half a mile above Franklin. Now it is translated into languages Penn., is to be seen one of the most which makes it accessible to ninecurious sights in this country, and one tenths of the world's inhabitants.

The Greatest Murderess.

Aqua Tofano, the poisoner, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, was probably the greatest murderess the world has ever known. It is estimated that her victims numbered 700, mostly men. The poison was a color ess liquid, devoid of taste, and put up in small bottles bearing the image of St. Nicholas, a martyr, who is said to have been boiled in oil. The illness produced by the poison resembled cholera. Among the noted victims was Pope Clement XIV. In 1709 the archpoisoner was arrested, and it was given out that she had been secretly strangled, but some historians insist that she lived until the year 1730, the Naples authorities making good use of her

At the beginning of the present century the Bible could be studied by only one-fifth of the earth's population.

bird alive, and his meals were frugal Without Materials of Composition. enough to satisfy the tastes of the most The matter is a homily, probably com avowed anchorite. It so happened that posed by some monastic preacher of no one in the mess had any inclination the Middle Ages. A remarkable cirto drink wine or spirits at meals, and cumstance connected with this book is none was carried among the mess's the fact that, although it bears the supplies. The only beverage ever used royal arms of England, no mention of it at table besides tea and coffee was can be found in any English writing. water, although on the march it was of- The book is believed to have been made ten taken from places which rendered some time in the thirteenth or fourit not the most palatable or healthful teenth century. In 1640 the Emperor of drinks. If a staff officer wanted any- Rudolph offered for it 11,000 ducats thing stronger, he would carry some (\$66,000), but was refused. commissary whisky in a canteen. Upon'a few occasions, after a hard day's

ride in stormy weather, the General joined the officers of the staff in taking a whisky toddy in the evening. He eral Jackson's Secretary of the Navy never offered liquor of any kind to visitors at headquarters. His hospitali- north bank of the Potomac, and while ty consisted in inviting them to meals Webster lingered a little in the rear, and to smoke cigars.

Ancient Dentistry.

That dental operations were unknown among the ancients has already been claimed by scientific writers, yet Den-Jeffries, a friend of Dr. St. Amand, has his friend's interest in anything perbeen on the lookout for curios in that line, and has at last secured a novel one, which was forwarded with a letter, side?" that had been discovered near a village gonaut. called Delur. The mummies found

within were in fine condition, and, thinking I might find something of inam anxious to know what kind of fill- Monnier. ings were used 3000 years ago." All attempts made by Dr. St. Amand to drill the tooth were futile, and, although exhaustive tests were made, nothing was found that would act on the old filling.

Grant's Change of Complexion.

Colonel Parker, the Indian, had been diligently employed in these busy days helping to take care of General Grant's correspondence. He wrote an excellent hand, and as one of the military secretaries often overhauled the general's correspondence and prepared answers to his private letters. This evening he

was scated at the writing table in the general's tent, while his chief was standing at a little distance outside, talking with some of his staff. A citizen, who had come to City Point in the employ of the sanitary commission, and who had been at Cairo when the general took command there in 1861, approached the group and inquired: water.

An Old Story Retold.

Daniel Webster, Tazewell and Genwere once walking together on the Tazewell offered to bet Branch a tendollar hat that he could prove him to be on the other side of the river. "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river ?" "Yes." "Well, isn't this the other Pine streets, says the Philadelphia Rec- side?" "Yes." "Then, as you are here, ord, claims to have positive proof that are you not on the other side?" "Why, I declare," said the victim, "so it is: been in Egypt for several months, where but here comes Webster, I'll win back he has been traveling in the interest my bet from him." As Daniel came of a historical society. Knowing of up, Branch saluted him with, "Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat I can prove taining to dentistry. Dr. Jeffries has you are on the other side of the river." "Done." "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other "Yes, but I am not on that of which the following is an extract: side." Branch had to pay for two hats, "Myself and two companions were sent and learned that it is possible to bet to look after some newly opened tombs both ways and win upon neither .- Ar-

Many Words on a Postal.

Charles Monnier, of Detroit, Mich., terest to you, I examined the teeth of has just completed a task which he one that had been unwrapped. Close thinks is a record-breaker. He chalscrutiny showed me four teeth that lenges the entire world to equal it, but were filled with some substance hard as it must be said right here that unless iron. However, I send one of the teeth one has time to waste, nerves to spare so as you may judge for yourself. If and doesn't suffer from headaches he you find what it is, let me know, as I has no need to enter the lists against

The champion put the 17,858th word on a postal card, thereby breaking the best previous record by 11,000 words. He used a fine steel pen. It was held between the thumb and index finger. The holder was he'd against the nose and the letters were made by moving the head from side to side or up and down as the case might be. Under a reading glass the words are distinct. The card contains forty-eight pages of "Portia," by the Duchess. To the naked eye the postal looks like stipple work.

Lavender is still used in English linen closets, but the supply is threatened with extinction. The growers in the village of Hitchin, one of the chief centers of the lavender industry, assert that owing to a succession of bad seasons the plant is dying out there, and that, moreover, they cannot compete with foreign imitations of lavender