REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S COR-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Morning Star."

Text: "I am She bright and the morning tar."—Revelation xxil., 16.

This is Christmas Eve. Our attention and the attention of the world is drawn to the star that pointed down to the caravansary where Christ was born. But do not let us forget that Christ himself was a star. To that luminous fact my text calls us. It seems as if the natural world were anxious to make up for the damage it did out

race in jurnishing the forbidden fruit, Il that fruit wrought death among the Nations

now all the natural product shall become a symbol of blessing. The showering down of the wealth of the orehard will make us think of him whom Solomon describes as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, and flowers of tangled gien and cultured parterre shall be the dew glinted garland for the brow of the Lord Jesus. Yea, even the night shall be taxed, and its brightest star shall be set as a gem in the coronet of our holy religion. Have you ever seen the morning star advantageously? It it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, giancing out of the window, you know nothing about the cheer/ul influence of that star. But there are many in this house to-uight who in great passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipations of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes fill with the tears of many sorrows. It is the gem on the hands of the morning thrust up to signal its coming. Others stars are dim, like holy candles in a cathedral or silver beads c ed in superstitious litany, but this is a living stars, a speaking star, a historic star, an evangelistic star-bright and brilliant and triumphant symbol of the great Eedeemer. The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the sliver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the continent. And so its placed upon this silver point in the heaver, and its tarill through all the earth.

hold I bring you good tidings of great joy to all people. Behold, I am the bright and morning star." The meaning of my text is

this As the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ

heralds the natural and spiritual lawn.

The meaning of my text is

In the first place, Constitueration the fing of the creation. There was a time when there was no order, no sound or beauty. No there was no order, no word was uttered. No ight sped. As far as God could look up, as far out, there was nothing. Immeasureable solitude. Height and depth and length and breadth of nothingness. Did Christ then exist? Oh, yes. "By him were all things made that are made; things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth Yes, he antelated the creation. He led forth Arcturus and his sons. He shone before the first morning. His voice was heard in the concert when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth, when, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, it lay in the arms of the great Jehovau. He saw the first fountain laid. He saw the first light kindled. That hand which was afterward crushed upon the cross was thruse into chaos, and it brought out one world an I swung it in that orbit, and brought out another world and swung it in another orbit, and brought out all the worlds and swung them in their particular orbits. They came like sheep at the call of a shepherd. They knew his voice, and he called them all by their names. Oh, it is an interesting thought to me to know that Christ had something to do with the assestion. thing to do with the creation. I see now why it was so easy for Him to change water into wine. He first created the water. I see now why it was so easy for Him to cure the maniac. He first created the intellect. I the tempest. He sank Gennesaret, I see now why it was so easy for Him to swing fish into Simon's net. He made the fish. I see to the blind man. He created the optic nerve.

I see now why it was so easy for Him to give sight to the blind man. He created the optic nerve.

I see now why it was so easy for Him to raise Lazarus from the dead. He created the body of Lazarus and the rock that shut him ocdy of Lazarus and the rock that shut him in. Some suppose that Christ came a stranger to Bothlehem. Oh, no. He created the shepherds, and the flocks they watched, and the hills on which they pastured, and the heavens that overarched their heads, and the angels that chanted the chorus on that Christ-mas night. That hand which was atterward nailed to the nailed to the cross, was an omnipotent and creative hand and the whole universe was poised on the tip of one of His fingers. Be-fore the world was Christ was. All the world came trooping up out of the darkness, and He greeted them, as a father greets his children, with a "good morning," or a "good night." Hail. Lord Jesus, morning star of the first creation. the first creation.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of comfort Again, Christ heraids the dawn of comforming a Christian soul. Sometimes we come to passes in life where all kinds of tribulations meet us. You are building up some great enterprise. You have built the foundation—the wall—you are just about to put on the capstone, when everything is demolished. You have a harmall strung for sweetest ac-You have a harp all strung for sweetest ac-cord, and some great agony crushes it. There is a little voice hushed in the household. Pius ere closed. Colordashed out of the cheek. The toot still Instead of the quick feet in the hall, the ceavy tread of shose who march to the grave. On, what

are people to do amid all these sorrows? Some sit down and mourn. Some bite their lip until the blood comes. Some wring their pale hands. Some fall on their faces. Some lie on their backs helpless and look up into what seems to them an unpitying heaven. Some pull their hair down over their eyes and look through with a fand took through with a fand to the fand to and look through with a flend's glare. Some, with both hands, press their hot brain and want to die and cry, "O God, O God." Long night, bitter night, stupendous night of the world's suffering! Some know not with way to turn. But not so the Christian man. He looks up toward the heavent He man. He looks up toward the heavens. He sees a bright appearance in the heavens, Can it be only a flashing meteor? Can it be only a falling star? Can it be only a deluonly a falling star? Can it be only a delusion? Nay, nay. The longer he looks the more distinct it becomes, until after awhile he cries out, "A star—a morning star, a star of comfort, a star of grace, a star of peace, the star of the Redeemer!" Peace for all trouble. Balm for all wounds, Life for all dead, Now Jesus, the great heart healer, comes into our home. Peace! Peace that passeth all understanding. We look up through our tears. We are comforted. It is the morning star of the Redeemer. "Who broke off that flower?" said one servant in the garden that flower?" said one servant in the garden to another. "Who broke off that flower?" And the other servant said, "The master." Nothing more was said, for if the master had not a right to break off a flower to wear over his heart or to set in the vase of his mansion. who has a right to touch the flower? And when Christ comes down into our garden to gather lilies, shall we fight Him back? Shall we talk as though He had no right to come? If any one in all the universe has a right to that which is beautiful in our homes, then our Master has and He Christian in the control of the contro our Master has, and He will take it and He our Master has, and He will take it and He will wear it over His heart, or He will set it in the vase of the palace eternal. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace, troubled soul! I put the balm on your wounded soul to-night. The morning star, the morning star of the Redeemer.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millen nial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning. All Spain is to be brought under the influence of the gospel. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Pyrchees? The morning! Yea, all Italy shall receive the gospel. She shall have her schools and her colleges and her

churches. Her vast population shall surrender themselves to Christ. What is that light I see breaking over the top of the Alpsi The morning. All India shall come to God. Her idois shall be cast down. Her jugger-nauts shall be broken. Her temples of injusty shall be demolished. What is that light fee breaking over the top of the Him alayas? The morning. The empurphecious shall gild the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn; the Chinaman will come up on the granite cliffs, the Norwegian will get up on the rocks, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celesbeach of heaven will be crowded with cele-tial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean of the world's agony. They shall come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God. These swel tsred under tropical suns. These shivered under Icelandic temperature. These plucked the vineyards in Italy. These packed the teaboxes in China. These were aborigines lifting up their dusky faces in the dawn. And the wind shall waft it, and every mountain shall become a transfiguration, and the sea will become the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and the song of joy shall rise toward heaven, and the great sky will become a sounding board which shall strike back the shout of salvation which shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of the Almighty, and the morning star of Christian hope will become the full unburst of millennial glory.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of heaven

upon every Christian's dying pillow. I sup-pose you have noticed that the character-istics of people in their healthy days are very apt to be their characteristics in their dying days. The dying words of ambitious Napoteon were, "Head of the army." The dying words of postic Lord Byron were, "I must sleep now." The dying words of affectionate Lord Nelson were, "Kiss me, Hardy." The dying words of Voltaire were, as he saw one whom he supposed to be Jesus in the room, "Crush that wretch." But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally But I have noticed that the dying words of Christians always mean peace. Generally the pain is all gone, and there is great quietude through the room. As one of these brothers told me of his mother in the last moment: "She looked up and said, pointing to some supernatural being that seemed to be in the room, 'Look at that bright form. Why, they have come for me now."

The lattice is turned so that the light is very pleasant. It is peace all around. You as yoursen. "Why, can this be a dying room? It is so different from anything I ever expected." And you walk the floor, and you look out of the window, and you come back and look at your watch, and you look at the feace of the things. look at the face of the patient again, and there is no change, except that the face is becoming more radiant, more illuminated. The wave of death seems coming up higher and higher, until it has touched the ankle, then it comes on up until it touches the knee, and then it comes on up until it reaches the girdle, and then it comes until on up until it reaches the lip, and the soul is about to be floated away into glory, and you roll back the patient's sleeve, and you put your finger on the pulse, and it is getting weaker and weaker, and the pulse stops, and you hardly know whether the life has gone or not. Indeed, you cannot tell when she goes away, she goes away so calmly. Perhaps it is 4 o'clock in the morning, and you have the bed wheeled around to the window, and the Gring one looks out into the night sky, and she sees something

that attracts her attention, and you wonder

Why, it is a star. It is a star that out of why, it is a star. It is a star that out of its silver rim is pouring a supernatural light into that dying experience. And you say, "What is it that you are looking at?" She says, "It is a star." You say, "What star is it that seems so well to please you?" "Oh." she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus."

I would like to have my death bed under she says, "that is the morning star—Jesus! I would like to have my death bed under that evangelistic star—I would like to have my eye on that star, so I could be assured of the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the morning. the morning. Then the dash of the surf of the sea of death would only be the billowing up of the promise, "When thou parsest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." All other lights will fail—the light that fails from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the scroll of fame, the light that flashes from the seroll of fame, the light that flashes from the gem in the beautiful apparel, the light that flames from the burning lamps of a banquet—but this light burns on and burns on. Paul kept his eye on that morning star, until he could say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Edward Payson kept his eye on that star until he could say, "The breezes of heaven fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am fan me." Dr. Goodwin kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "I am swallowed up in God." John Tennant kept his eye on that evangelistic star until he could say, "Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus— welcome, eternity." No other star evet pointed a mariner into so safe a harbor. No other star ever sunk its silvered anchor into the waters. No other star ever pierced such accumulated cloud, or beckoned with such s

went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactics descending the root of the cave—stalactics descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented and for years. years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their inanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyes. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverne, and the light wife abyss. The guide throws his calcium again down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that.

made such a place as that.

A sense of sufficiency of feet in a straight line from the suniit surface of the earth. The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you, "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft

of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the laatern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning, and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle. Well there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a chousand miles subterraneous, and all of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a chousand miles subterraneous, and all echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the failing tears that always fail, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place at that to me The grave is no such place at that to me, thank God.

thank God.
Our Divine Guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems. echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up and, behold i the cavern of the tomb has become a king's star chamber. And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth erystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in

ther side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as the gate flashes open talactite, making a ther side, and you the gate that sw you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulchre has become the illumined Star Chamber of the King!

I would God that if my sermon to-day does not lead you to Christ, that leftore morning, looking out of the window, the astronomy of the night heavens might lead you to the feet of Jesus.

Hark! Hark! To God the chorus breaks From every host from every gem; But one alone, the Savior speaks— Is the Star of Bethleh-m.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 7.

Lesson Text: "The First Adam," Gen, 1., 26-31; il., 1-3-Golden Text: Gen. 1., 27-Commentary.

26. "And God said, Let us make man in Our image, after Our likeness, and let them have dominion." At some time in the past, known only to God, called in the first verse "the beginning," God created the heaven and the carth—that is, He spake them into existence—as is proved by Ps. xxxiii., 6: Heb. xi., 3. He must have everything good, for He always does. That He did not create for He always does. That He did not created the earth without form and void is stated in Isa. xiv., 18. Compare the R. V. What happened between verses 1 and 2 to bring about this chaos we shall know some day. About 6000 years ago God brought order and beauty and fruitfulness out of the chaos and confusion into the space of six days, as is here described. See also Ex. xx. 11. And now on the sixth day He makes man to bave dominion over all. How He made man and woman is more fully stated in chapter it., 7, 21-25, and that He cailed their name Adam is stated in chapter v., 2. The words, "Let Us" imply the Trinity, which fact is also clear to a simple minded Hebrew scholar

"So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He tim; male and female created He them." Then this man and woman must have been the finest pair that ever wakked the earth. Whatever else is implied in this image of God, it is evident from Eph. iv., 24, that righteousness and holiness of truth are included. How much more we shall know when in that bright morning of the resurrection we shall have been made like Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person (I John iff., 2; Heb.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and rauitiply, and re-plenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion." The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and toil addeth nothing thereto (Prov. x., 22, B. V.) When in the sixth year God commanded Hisblessing on Israel, there was as much produced in one year as ordin arily in three years (Lev. xxv., 21.) When Jesus blessed the lad's loaves and fishes, they fed many thousands. He says, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples" (John xv., 8.) The time is coming when the last Adam will subdue all things unto Himself, for He is able. But now He is gathering out and train-ing the subduers, who shall in that day have dominion with Him. I find it help

dominion with Him. I find it helpful to pray, "Lord, inasmuch as Thou art able to subdue all things unto Thyself (Phil, ill., 21,) subdue me wholly to Thyself now,"

29. "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." God would have His children at perfect rest concerning food and raiment. As to clothing such as we was a part of themselves, doubtless Adam and Eve, made in the images of God, like God, clothed with light (Ps. civ., 1, 2). And now here is full provision for their bodies as to food. We have no record of flesh being eaten till after the deluge (chapter ix., 3), though we do not say that it was not eaten. But He who ied sintul Israel for forty years in the wilderness will always provide for His own.

30. "And to every beast of the earth, and

30. "And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeta upon the earth wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat—and it was so." Not only man, but beast, is provided for. These wait all upon Thee that Thou mayst give them their meat in due season (Ps. civ., 27). Behold the fowls of the air, your Heavenly Father feedsth them. Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotton before God (Math. vi., 26; Luke xii., 6)? Observe the phrase, "I have given," and think of Rom. viii., 32. He who spared not His own 3cn, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?

give us all things?

31. "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." This is the seventh time that it is written, "God saw that it was good," God is love, and He cannot do or make that which is not in His sight good. He is good, and his mercy endureth forever (Ps. cxxxvi.

1). He is round about us as a wall of fire and will not possibly permit aught that is not good to come to us, so we can surely bless the Lord at all times (Zeeh, it, 5; Ps. xxxiv., 1). In all the days it is first evening, followed by night and then morning. So now it is the world's night, but the night is far spent, and the day is at hand. The morning cometh (Rom vii 12, Lea vii 12).

spent, and the day is at hand. The morning cometh (Rom. xii., 12; Isa. xxi., 12).

1. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them." "Thus." How? Why, by the word of his mouth (Ps. xxxiii., 6). In chapter i it is written ten times, "And God said." Now, since He thus created all things, what is there He cannot do? "Ah, Lord God, behold, Thou hast created the heavens and the earth by Thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee" (Jer. xxxii., 17). If Christian, how thankful we should be that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (II Cor. iv., 6). On "the host of Christ (II Cor. iv., 6). On "the host of them" see Deut. iv., 19; Ex. xii., 41; Ps. eii., 21; I Sam. i., 3.

2. "And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made, and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." The words "finished" and "ended" are suggestive of some other works in due time finished or to be finished, as the in due time finished or to be finished, as the tabernacle, the temple, the work of atonement and for redeemption of the world (Ex. xl., 33; II Chron. vii., 11; John xx., 30; Rev. xxi., 5, 6). God "rested" cannot imply weariness, for He fainteth net, neither is weary (Isa. xl., 28). But He ceased as the manna ceased or a work might cease (Joshua v., 12; Neh. vi., 3). And if we would enter into His rest we must cease from our own v., 12: Neb. vi., 3). And if we would enter into His rest we must cease from our own works as God did from His (Heb. iv., 10).

3. "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all H:s work which God created and made." If we would know His rest, we must reverence His Sabbaths. Disobedience here reverence His Sabbaths. Disobedience here gave Israel seventy years captivity (II Chron, xxxvi., 21). Obedience in this particular will bring the richest blessings (Isa. lvii., 13, 14; lvi., 4-7. We have come through nearly 6000 years since God created Adam. It would not be strange if the seventh thousand should prove to be earth's Sabbath day, the thousand years of Rev. xx—the millenium. Let us cease from all our own works both as to salvation and service, and resting in His work let Him work in us (Phil. ii., 13).—Lesson helper.

Unveiling of a Statue Postponed, The unveiling of the Mary Washington conument at Fredericksburg, Va., has been ostponed until next April or May.

HOW HIS STORE OF GOLD AND SIL-VER IS MOVED AND GUARDED.

Treasury Wayons That Have the Right of Way-Well Armed Watchmen in the Treasury Department.

N these times when the statement is made that throughout the country the savings of the people are withdrawn from banks and savings institutions and hidden by the depositors in insecure places like old stockings and abandoned coffee pots, it may be interesting to know, says a Washington letter to the New York Recorder, how Uncle Sam protects the millions in his charge and keeps it circulating throughout the country.

If you pass up Fifteenth street be-tween 8 and 9 a. m., or between 4 and 5 p. m., you will probably see backed up to the pavement one or two wagons of the United States Express Company, unloading or loading the large sums of money which are handled by this company every day. This company alone acts as the messenger boy of Uncle Sam, and all of the money brought into the Treasury Department or carried out is handled by this com-

The wagons are large and strongly built and surmounted by a large iron cage. The money sent out of the Treasury Department is all packed in strong safes. These are wheeled out on the pavement in trucks like those used by the railway employes. A heavy planking extends from the pavement into the wagon (forming an inclined plane), the safe is tilted from the truck upon the plane, ropes and pulleys are attached, several men pull, push and lift, and the safes are in this manner loaded into the wagon. When the leading is complete, one armed man goes inside and the strong iron doors are closed and locked. Other armed men mount the driver's seat and the wagon starts down F street for the railway station at a lively pace. These wagons have the right of way; they never stop or permit themselves to become involved in a jam of vehicles. The people in Washington know the custom, and always give these treasure laden vans the right of way, and all the way they want.

If you enter the Treasury Department by any of the entrances either on the ground or main floors, you will notice that a watchman is stationed at every door. If you enter between 9 a. m. and 2 p. m., nothing will be said to you, but if you attempt to enter after 2 p. m. you will be denied admission, for the department is closed at that hour to visitors. The rules about admittance after 2 p. m. are

If you enter the Treasury Department and visit the office of the captain of the watch you will notice on the side of the office three large cases. Two of these cases contain breechfood and raiment. As to clothing such as we Two of these cases contain breech-wear, they had none (81, 25), but masmuch loading rifles, and the centre case contains a large quantity of heavy revolvers. These are used in arming the force of sixty-eight watchmen who day and night are on guard to keep has seldom been disappointed. watch over the building and the great vaults in which the money is stored. The watchmen are all armed with re- believe beyond what we can see. volvers, and there are rifles enough to equip the whole force of watchmen in toil for it; if food, you must toil for

case of a riot or assault. Of course something must be done to insure the faithful discharge of the watchman'r duties and looking to this end some are detailed as patrolmen, who patrol the entire building at stated intervals to see that the watchmen are at their posts. In addition to this each, watchman is required to report his presence every half hour by means of an electric button, which registers his reports in the main corridor at the Fifteenth street entrance, by ringing a gong and dropping an indicator. Most of the watchmen are old soldiers who learned their first lessons in obedience at a much sterner school.

If you are on a bridal tour you will want to go down to the vault where concentration. You must elect your the vast amount of silver is stored. not because there is much to see, but because it seems to be a regular thing can that amount of vital force accumuto do. First, you must obtain permission from the Treasurer of the knowing to doing, United States, Mr. Daniel N. Morgan. When this has been obtained you are escorted down two flights of stairs into | An Episcopalian minister who somethe sub-basement, where the walls are times visits small and almost isolated very thick and the corridors very parishes for the purpose of holding narrow. Here you halt before a occasional services, tells the following heavy, grated door, behind which a funny little story of one of his exwatchman sits day and night. The periences in a small parish in Maine. messenger directs the watchman to He had been asked to christen two or open the door and you step inside the three babies, and this service was to corridor leading to the great vault take place before the regular church where are stored one hundred and services. one million eight hundred and sixty thousand silver dollars.

door weighing over six tons, which is might be pumped from the well in the rolled into place by a windlass and churchyard. The small boy of the securely locked. Beyond this is the lady with whom the minister was staygreat silver vault, which is eighty-nine ing sat in one of the front seats. The feet long, fifty-one feet wide and minister leaned over toward this boy twelve feet high. Around the other and said in a whisper: side of this vault is a corridor about "Jimmie, will you please run over three feet wide, which extends clear home and get me a bowl?"
around the inner vault, which is comJimmie nodded his head and stole posed of steel lattice work, strongly riveted together, and which securely holds the millions within.

But even through this steel lattice work you cannot see the white metal which is stored away. All that can be ing. All around the sides and lining the central corridor of the vault these dalized over her son's blunder, but he boxes are two tiers deep and form a defended himself by saying truthlarge room on either side of the centual sisle of the vault. Inside these "Well, I don't care, when anyone boxes, the silver is stored away in bags, one thousand dollars in a bag, the weight of which is sixty pounds; the said pole."—Detroit Free Press.

IN UNCLE SAM'S VAULTS. boxes each hold two bags, so that a IN OKEEFINOKEE SWAMP, box-of silver weighs 120 pounds exclusive of the weight of the box.

If some kind friend would call away ine watchman and give you a complete assortment of burglar's tools, and tell you to help yourself, you would have to cut your way through the grated iron door from the outside corridor, and next break open the huge door with burglar proof and timelock attachment, then cut your way through an immense steel door six inches thick and weighing over six tons, and then cut through the steel lattice work sursounding the boxes of silver. This work would take you hours to perform and then you would not be able to carry away over two bags of silver, 120 pounds, so the trouble would hardly pay for the labor, for it would not be a fortune by any means.

When the Democratic party came in power in 1885 a careful count of all the money was made, and the books and money balanced exactly; when the Republican party came in power in 1889 the count was found to be exactly what the books chowed it to be in the vaults, and upon the turning over of the Treasury to the Treasurer the money was again counted.

Of course each silver dollar is not counted, neither is each gold piece. A bag of silver contains 1000 silver dollars and should weigh sixty pounds, so in counting the money a bag of silver is placed on the scales and if up to weight the bag is counted as \$1000, but if the silver dollars have lost in weight by the wear of circulation, then the bag is opened and every dollar counted, so that there could be no pos-

sibility of a mistake. After all, the amount of gold held in the Treasury by Uncle Sam is but a small part of the gold which he owns. The different Sub-Treasuries have more gold in them than the Treasury Department, but as gold does not form such a circulating medium as paper and the smaller silver coins, Uncle Sam has enough in his Washington strongbox for all needs of business, and in dividing up the gold among the different Sub-Treasuries he is only following the practice of the majority of business men, who cry down the practice of putting all their eggs into one

WISE WORDS.

The road to fortune does not pass y every man's door. Love of home should prompt you to

make it a home of love. The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice; and weep with them that weep.

The weigh of the transgressor is hard if it be suspension from a gibbet. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Mankind in the gross is a gaping

Let love be without dissimulation:

monster that loves to be deceived and Narrowness of mind is often the

cause of obstinacy; we do not easily If you want knowledge, you must

it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law. Exact justice is commonly more

merciful in the long run than pity; for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.

Every want, not a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof and a direct instance of the favor of God toward His so-much favored human offspring.

"Enlarge not thy destiny; endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge." The one prudence in life is work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so late which can make the step from

A Bowl and a Pole.

After the congregation had assembled in the little country church the To enter the vault one must first minister discovered that he had forpass the great door with its multi- gotten to have water provided for the plicity of combination locks and time christening, and that there was no relocks. Beyond this is a heavy steel ceptacle into which a little water

out on his tiptoes. His mother's house was just across the street. Three or four minutes later Jimmie reappeared bearing aloft his mother's clothesline pole, which was about ten feet long. Marching down the aisle Jimmie laid seen is a long row of wooder boxes the pole on the platform before the which are piled up, tier upon tier, minister and sat down waiting for the from the floor of the vault to the ceil-christening services to proceed.

Jimmie's mother was greatly scan-

two rooms formed by the rows of says 'bowl' and 'pole' in a whisper

GREAT AREA OF SUBMERGED LAND IN THE SOUTH.

Noted For Its Valuable Timbers and Its Dense Jungles-Penetrated by a Canal

KEEFINOKEE SWAMP is larger than the Dismal Swamp in Virginia. It extends from the eastern part of Pierce County, Georgia, to the eastern part of Columbia County, Flordia. It is sixty miles in length and twenty miles in breadth. Its jungles are quite as thick and impassable as those in Africa and India. Two-thirds of the swamp is inundated. In its interior are several lakes and

There is a dense growth of rosemary pines on the islands. The black cypress, which is used for manufacturing purposes, is found in abundance throughout the swamp. The timber in the Okeefinokee is estimated to be worth nearly \$5,000,000. The interior of the swamp is reached

by means of canoes. The depth of the water ranges from three to ten feet. The mud is very deep in some places, which makes traveling difficult. The jungles consist of reeds, briers, bamboos, cypress, tussocks, thorn bushes, pine saplings, dwarf palmettoes, creeping vines and small trees. A pathwey for canoes is made by cutting a swarth in the jungle large enough for two canoes to pass each

An area of several miles has never been explored. It is in the southwestern part, near the Florida line. The surface of the mysterious place is covcred with a dense growth of reeds and vines. A fog hovers over it continually. The surface is composed of a yellow-colored mud, which is formed by decomposed reeds, leaves and vines. Its depth at the outer edge is ten feet, while its depth in the interior is un-

The quick mud is treacherous and dangerous. Without a moment's warning or any sign of danger, the feet slip and the victim falls in the mud's deadly grip. Underlying the surface is an underground lake. Old hunters say that a floating island can be seen at mid-day in summer, when the weather is fair and the fog is less dense. The place is as silent as the grave, and not

a bird can be seen. Several attempts have been made during the last twenty years to get a correct survey of the Okeefinokee. Three years ago the greater part of the swamp was purchased from the Government by a syndicate of Atlanta capitalists. The price paid was very small, as it was not known that the timber was valuable. The syndicate organ zed a company, known as the Suway Canal Company. Preparations we once made to make a careful sury the entire swamp to ito inth the timbered belt to the St. Mary's River, for the purpose of draining the swamp and the transportion of timber to the wharves on the Atlantic coast, A corps of civil engineers was em-

ployed. The chief engineer, with Obadiah Barber as a guide, set up camp in the western part of the swamp. Mr. Bar-ber was familiar with almost every place in the swamp, having explored it over one hundred times. The survey was made through the jungles and mud with great difficulty. An opening for the canoes was cut with axes and brier hooks. When canoes could not be used, on account of the shallowness of the water, the men waded through mud and water at the depth of two feet. The next survey was made from the northern part to its southern boundary, in Florida. Then a survey was made around the swamp. This is the only survey yet made that gave nearly the exact dimensions of the Okeefinokee.

The construction of the canal was begun in March, 1891. It will be completed early this year. It extends from the St. Mary's River to "Camp Cornelia," near the Suwanee River, a distance of over twenty-five miles. It is forty feet wide and ten feep.

The plan decided upon to get the timber is to thoroughly drain the in-undated portions of the swamp and drag the timber to the canal by means of chains drawn by machinery. The timber will then be rafted down the canal. Several extensive sawmill plants will be built on the St. Mary's River by the syndicate. The timber will be made into lumber and shingles.

The beautiful Suwanee River, the subject of song and story, has its source in the northwestern part of the Okeefinokee. It flows in a southerly direction through the swamp and through the western part of Florida to the Gulf of Mexico. The natural scenery along the river is beautiful. Its banks are covered with the most beautiful flowers and trees and several varieties of tropical plants. Numerous springs of excellent mineral water are on its banks. It is believed by some that the Suwanee Spring is really the one mentioned by the Indians to De Soto as containing properties for maintaining perpetual youth. The water is certainly remarkable for its efficacy in the treatment of many diseases of men.

There are beers in the swamp besides deer and other animal game. Billie's Island is near the centre of the swamp. It is eight miles long and three miles wide. It was for mar years inhabited by the Seminole lians. - New York World.

For Chapped Lips.

A good remedy for chapy made by mixing together fuls of clarified honey drops of lavendar water. lips with the mixture New York World.