THE HOLE IN THE SEA.

Circles and bubbles atop of the waves
Where Jacky plunged through to the darkest of graves,
Down, down, deep down, far under the blue,
Making a splash that the sunlight danced through,
And it's marked in the log-book, the hole in the sea,
"Lat. South, 16.50; Long. West, 83."

Frock coats, and blue shirts, so clean and so neat,
And Jack dressed in canvas from his head to his feet,
Sewed up tight with canister, grape, and black shot,
To carry him straight to the burial lot
That's down, deep down, in the deep of the sea,
Where many a sailor and lubber there be!

"Many flying-jib down haul!" "Royal clewlines stand by!"
"Clew garnets and buntlines; all hands pull away!"
"Weather main and lee cro'jack-braces now haul!"
"Shake a leg there, my hearties, don't you hear the pipe's call?"
Now the ship's all aback with the wind at her head,
And ready for quarters to bury the dead.

Frock coats on the weather, blue shirts on the lee,
Marines on the poop deck, a brave show to see,
And the sky pilot's dressed in his Sunday-best rig
And Jack's in his canvas, there, sewed up so trig,
All ready to plunge the gay sunlight through
And make bubbles and circles atop of the blue!

—Charles H. Howland, in New York Sun.

THE BATTLE OUTSIDE THE HEADS.

One morning, as Jack Delafield was breakfasting on board the cruiser Idaho, a telegram was handed him which he calmly proceeded to open; but after glancing over its contents, the placid serenity of his countenance gave way to a look of excitement. Jumping up, he shouted to his lazier messmates who had not yet emerged from their staterooms, "Boys, the war is on!"

In a second, heads were thrust out, some of the possessors even venturing into the ward room considerably more en deshabille than custom or regulations permitted. But Delafield's telegram was of so much interest and importance that such trifling conventionalities were forgotten, and his curious brother officers crowded round him, clamoring loudly for the news.

"Listen," said the lieutenant, "I'll read it to you:

"'Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 189—.

"'To Lieutenant John Delafield, U. S. N., U. S. S. Idaho, San Francisco Harbor: Regard yourself detached from Idaho. Proceed immediately to the Mare Island Navy Yard. Take command of the Bainbridge, and prepare for active service at earliest possible moment. Commandant ordered to place at your disposal every available means to hasten work.

"'HULBURT, Secretary.'

"What do you fellows think of that?" said Jack.

"Lucky dog!"

"Wish I were in your place."

They all seemed pleased at Delafield's stroke of luck. Fortune was truly smiling on him, for he had been selected for this hazardous and important duty out of half a hundred other officers of his own rank, each one as eager as himself to command the little craft, the Bainbridge, of which wonders were expected.

He had been chosen by the Secretary of the Navy and had received his preparatory orders, which were to the effect that he would be retained on board the Idaho until hostilities were imminent, when he would be given his new command. Meanwhile the work of fitting her for sea had been pushed at the navy yard with all dispatch. The Bainbridge was the first of our new semi-submarine magnetic torpedo boats, those marvels of American ingenuity and skill.

Jack started for the navy yard at once, and on arriving reported to the commandant, Admiral Dana, who told him in his bluff, kindly way to go ahead and fit out his craft as rapidly as possible, taking whatever was necessary for her equipment without the usual formalities, adding cheerily: "We can attend to all that after you come back, Delafield."

As he stands there before the admiral receiving his instructions, let us glance at the officer upon whom, perhaps, will hang the result of the battle very soon to be fought outside the Heads. Tall, erect, and finely formed, Lieutenant Delafield impresses one instantly as a man of no mean physical strength. His face gives evidence of courage, firmness and great will power—just the attributes, in fact, which should most properly belong to the man ordered to command an unknown quantity like the Bainbridge, yet to be tried by the test of actual battle. When he leaves the office of the admiral, his elastic step and easy carriage show that his task has not overburdened him with anxiety, but, on the contrary, indicate confidence in himself and assurance of his ability to carry the work before him to a successful issue.

On his way down to the wharf where the Bainbridge lay, he passed groups of officers eagerly discussing the latest news. All had some friendly or congratulatory remark for him; but, scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried on board his new command. The Bainbridge was one of the latest additions to our fleet, and while it was anticipated that she would accomplish great things, the only real test had come sooner than any one would have prophesied. Workmen were swarming over her in such numbers that she resembled a human bee hive. Her length was probably in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty feet, but her narrow beam and sharply sloping sides made her appear like a needle floating on the water. She was painted an olive green, to secure invisibility at night. The most prominent objects in sight on her deck were a low conning tower and two elongated hatches, one forward and one aft. There were for the disappearing magnetic torpedo guns, and were arranged to protect the torpedoes until they were needed, at which time the guns were elevated by electricity, trained on the enemy and fired, the whole operation requiring but a few seconds. The motive power of the craft was also electricity, obtained from improved Tesla storage batteries of the latest type, giving the boat a speed of forty knots an hour.

Within two days Lieutenant Delafield had completed the outfit of the Bainbridge, and had stored on board four of those terrible engines of destruction, the magnetic torpedoes, which were of the ordinary cigar shape, having the energy for propulsion stored in a heavy fly-wheel revolving in a longitudinal, vertical plane at a rate of ten thousand revolutions a minute. This application of the principle of the gyroscope gave them an almost unerring directness of path under water, but, besides this, within the secret chambers were concealed magnets of great strength, which drew the torpedoes straight onward toward their prey. No manoeuvering, however skillful, on the part of the commander of a ship attacked could avail against the relentless power of these magnets, and once a torpedo was launched fairly in the direction of an enemy's vessel, her doom was only a matter of seconds. When the intended target was struck, the explosion of one hundred and fifty pounds of gun cotton would fulfill the mission of the torpedo, and cause the proud battle ship, stricken in some vital part, to reel back under the shock, then perhaps make a feeble effort to escape, but in vain. In a moment only a seething, bubbling spot covered with wreckage in the midst of the ocean would mark the grave of a Goliath of the deep, done to death by this marine David.

Little wonder then that Delafield had every confidence in the Bainbridge. But his spirits fell when he read in the newspapers, a few mornings after, that a large fleet of the enemy had left its rendezvous and was proceeding in the direction of San Francisco. This fleet consisted of eight first-class battle ships, ten armored cruisers, together with twenty protected cruisers and smaller vessels. Against this array the United States could only bring the battle ships Oregon (flag), Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana and Texas; the armored cruisers Idaho, New York, Maine and Brooklyn; the protected cruisers Olympia, Charleston, Columbia, Newark, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and San Francisco, as well as several gunboats. This fleet was anchored in the bay, cleared for action and ready to proceed to sea as soon as carrier pigeons from the scouts should bring the news of the approach of the hostile vessels. Near by were the coast defense monitors Monterey, Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite Miantonomoh, and also Delafield's torpedo boat, the Bainbridge. Jack had gone on board the flagship Oregon as soon as he had anchored after his run down from the navy yard, in order to report to Admiral Woodbridge and to receive his orders. The admiral told him that it was his intention to go outside, meet the enemy, and, if possible, cripple him to such an extent as to prevent the bombardment of the city, and that the Bainbridge and coast defense vessels were to be held in readiness to guard the entrance to the harbor and cover the retreat of the fleet in case it might be compelled to withdraw.

When Jack left the admiral's cabin he was confident he would have an opportunity to add fame to his own name and fresh laurels to the long list of daring naval achievements accomplished by John Paul Jones, Decatur, Preble, Bainbridge (for whom his little vessel was named), Biddle, Rodgers, Farragut, Cushing and a host of others. Throughout the fleet that day there was an expectant hush as of a gladiator resting previous to some mighty effort. All preparations were completed, final letters written, and farewells said, for, though each officer and man hoped for a favorable outcome, every one, even to the meanest powder by, knew that the morrow would most probably bring a struggle so terrible and deadly that many of them would never return.

During the early morning twilight of the next day a pigeon fluttered wearily down to the cote on the flagship, and in alighting set a shrill electric bell to ringing. This faithful little messenger had arrived with its momentous tidings in the shape of a tiny note in a quill secured firmly under its wing. This was soon detached and conveyed to the admiral. In less time than it takes to tell it, the red and white signal lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up; and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazines, getting out the ammunition, and loading the guns. All hands were intently scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines was at last broken by "Sail ho!" from the upper fighting top.

"Where away?" replied the officer on the deck.

"One point and a half on the port bow, sir—smoke!"

"Beat to general quarters" is instantly ordered. The men spring to the guns which were at once loaded; the turrets are trained from side to side and the guns elevated and depressed to see that everything is working smoothly. The alarm proves to be a false one, for the vessel is made out to be the San Francisco, one of the scouts, steaming in at full speed. She runs close to the flagship while the admiral questions her commanding officer regarding the numbers and course of the enemy, for the purpose of verifying the pigeon message. The hostile fleet is not more than twenty miles ahead! Again the watching is resumed, and within an hour the smokes of a large number of vessels are made out. The fires are forced by powerful fans, and the increased speed of the fleet rapidly lessens the intervening distance. The supreme struggle is at hand. Our ships steam on in column, ready for the bloody fray.

To recount in detail the action of that day would be to chronicle daring deeds, heroic acts and bravery akin to rashness, but all of no avail against such overwhelming odds.

As night fell, Delafield, from the Bainbridge, and the officers on the coast defense vessels, inside the bar, sighted the remnant of our fleet standing in, still stubbornly fighting and protecting the weaker or more disabled ships. Shortly the enemy was uncovered, and the monitors opened fire, compelling an abandonment of the harassing pursuit. The enemy remained just out of range, while the fearful wreck of what remained of Admiral Woodbridge's forces crawled slowly into the harbor.

As the Oregon, guarding the rear, passed the Bainbridge, the admiral signalled briefly but significantly: "Do your duty."

The night is dark and windy. An ominous stillness in the air presages an on-coming gale. No moon or stars are shining to aid the enemy, but instead, the sky is covered with hard, leaden-gray clouds, and a low bank of fog is sweeping in from the westward.

The conditions are propitious, and Delafield prepares for his dash. He takes the Bainbridge close inshore through Bonita Channel, and barely escapes being caught by one of the enemy's gunboats; but, turning on more current, he rushes silently ahead and clear of danger. When almost within hearing of the breakers on Duxbury Reef, he makes a wide detour in order to approach from seaward, for from this direction an attack is hardly to be expected. Nevertheless, he has to go a considerable distance out to reach a favorable position.

He reaches his station at a quarter past eleven o'clock, and in another quarter of an hour the monitors will open fire toward that flank of the enemy opposite to which is Delafield. They will keep up this cannonade for ten minutes, to effect a diversion. As soon as this firing has ceased, Jack's work will begin.

Boom! bang! go the great 10-inch and 12-inch guns. It is a trying time for Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse, and is again congratulating himself on his luck. The searchlights are all playing inshore of him, the enemy entirely oblivious of the fact that danger is lurking in their rear. Half past eleven! As suddenly as it began, the firing ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand in the little conning tower, orders the crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead, then faster and faster she goes, until, fairly flying, she brings into view the weaker vessels forming the outer line. But Jack disdains such pigmy prey. Safely he flies past the gunboats, but not quickly enough to avoid discovery. On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bainbridge straight toward the battle ships.

"Stand by," he sings out down the voice tubes to the torpedo compartments, and back comes the hearty answer: "All ready, sir."

Now he is but a short distance from the nearest ship. He turns two electric switches and sees the torpedo guns elevated and trained. Then amid a shower of shells he presses a firing key, and the forward torpedo is launched and speeds on its errand of destruction. No need to watch the effect; the magnet is as sure as fate.

Meantime, the Bainbridge's course is changed, so that she may run parallel to the column of battle ships, and the empty gun is lowered. A second later the after-torpedo is on its way for the next battle ship, and Delafield has done half his work.

Long ere this the brave little craft has been the center of a smother of foaming water, lashed into impotent fury by the crashing, bursting shells. But her great speed saves her from annihilation. She tears along with searchlights flashing on her like an aurora and with the waves dashing wildly over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and though exhausted by the intense strain and weak from loss of blood, he steers his victorious vessel into the protection of the harbor, then falls senseless or deck.

Not long after, while recovering his strength, Jack received a very official-looking document covered with formidable seals. It contained the information that he had received the thanks of Congress and that he had been promoted to the rank of captain for his gallantry in sinking four of the enemy's ships, thereby causing a withdrawal of their fleet and preventing the bombardment of the city of San Francisco.—San Francisco Argonaut.

For Falling Hair.

"E. S. E." writes as follows to the New York Sun:

About ten years ago the Sun published a letter from Alabama, in which it was stated that an old colored barber had the only remedy to stop hair from falling out. It happened that my hair was falling out at that time, and I tested the remedy. In a fortnight my hair was as firmly rooted as in boyhood. Five years later, when again threatened with baldness, I tried it with the same result. A well-known gentleman in Wall street was in such dread of baldness that he told me he had tried every known remedy without any benefit whatever. I prepared and presented him with a bottle, and have received word from him that it has wrought a perfect cure. When a man's head is bald so that his pate shines, the roots are dead, and they can no more be restored to vigor than a man who is dead and buried can be brought back to life; but when his hair begins to fall out, the roots are ill or weak, and it is possible to cure and restore them to their old-time vigor. This is all that can be done, and any one threatened with baldness has the remedy in his own hands. Here is the recipe: Fill a pint bottle not quite full with alcohol; then shove into the bottle all the fresh pine shavings that it will hold. A great many can be thus introduced, since they absorb the alcohol. Let it stand several days, shaking now and then to help the process of absorption. The preparation is then ready. Saturate the hair with it morning and night, rubbing it into the scalp with the ends of the fingers. It is well to filtrate the fluid through porous paper, so as to free it from particles of the dust of the wood. It will come out as clear as crystal. A few drops of glycerine should be added, as otherwise the mixture is apt to make the hair slightly harsh, and if desired, any kind of perfume may be given. It is the pine shavings and alcohol, however, which do the work, and there is no wash ever made for the hair that can surpass or equal the virtue of this one, which is within the reach of every person.

It Wasn't Safe.

Henypeck (to the gang in the store)—Gentlemen, I have been married fourteen years last grass, and during that time have not spoken a single cross word to my wife. I——

Mrs. Henypeck (poking her head in at the door)—Henry, why in the name of kings, don't you bring that molasses home? I've been needing it these two hours. Just wait till I get you home, and——

Henypeck (flying out)—Yes, my dear, I'm coming!—Harlem Life.

A Means to an End.

Servant (from next door)—Please, mum, missus sends her compliments, and will ye let your daughter sing and play the piano this afternoon?

Lady—Why, certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it.

Servant—Oh, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting a visit from the landlord and she wants some excuse for asking for a reduction of the rent.—New York Tribune.

Her Reason.

"Maria," said Mr. Dawson, "why do you always keep the window shades down? The house looks like a dungeon to me."

"I want to be able to say," his wife replied, "that my neighbors have called on me. You don't suppose that any of them would come if they could see from the outside what we've got, do you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Electric buttons on trolley cars, so that one can warn the conductor to stop without shouting at or poking him with an umbrella, have been introduced in Brooklyn.

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

Wonderful Mechanical Effects of a Locomotive Running a Mile a Minute.

At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles—that is, the fuel must be four times as great in the one case as in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this fuel must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great at the faster speed. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, therefore, if the weight per wheel, on account of the limit of weight that the rails will carry, is limited, we soon reach a point where the driving wheels and other parts cannot be further enlarged, and then we reach the maximum speed. The nice adjustment necessary of the various parts of these immense engines may be indicated by some figures as to the work performed by these parts when the locomotive is working at high speed. Take a passenger engine on any of the big railroads. At sixty miles an hour a driving wheel five and one-half feet in diameter revolves five times every second. Now, the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston rod, cross head and connecting rod, weighing about 650 pounds, must move back and forth a distance equal to the stroke, usually two feet, every time the wheel revolves, or in a fifth of a second. It starts from a state of rest at the end of each stroke of the piston, and must acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second in one-twentieth of a second, and must be brought to a state of rest in the same period of time.

A piston eighteen inches in diameter has an area of 254½ square inches. Steam of 150 pounds pressure per square inch would, therefore, exert a force on the piston equal to 38,175 pounds. This force is applied alternately on each side of the piston ten times in a second.—Troy Budget.

Broke the Law.

By conferring the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of his marriage Emperor Francis Joseph has caused much commotion in Vienna and Madrid, as the appointment is contrary to the statutes of the order. A Knight of the Golden Fleece must prove that he is the legitimate offspring of eight generations of ancestors, all noble and all Catholics. The Duke's grandmother, the mother of the Comte de Paris, was Princess Helene, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was born and died a Protestant, while three of his ancestors—the Regent Orleans, Philippe Egalite's father, and Egalite himself, married illegitimate descendants of Louis XIV.

Had Met the Greatest of Them.

Grigsby—When you were abroad did you go to see any of the autocrats or despots?

Strandby—No; I were abroad in search of novelties. You know that I have had a long experience with janitors on this side of the water.—Boston Transcript.

"The Old Yellow Almanac."

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote her poem, having for title the same heading as this article, she touched a chord that vibrated in thousands of hearts. For Ayer's Almanac, "The Old Yellow Almanac" of the poem, is intimately associated with the days and deeds of a large part of the world's population. How large a part of the population this general statement may include can be gathered from the fact that the yearly issue of Ayer's Almanac is from 17,000,000 to 25,000,000 copies. It is printed in twenty-eight editions and in some eighteen languages, including, besides English—Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Welch, Italian, French, etc. The old style almanac is looked upon by many as a relic of antiquity, especially the "patent medicine almanac," whose jokes are the butt often of the very papers in whose columns they first appeared. But there are almanacs and almanacs. Ever since Dr. Ayer's Almanac has been put out it has employed as high a class of mathematical and astronomical talent as is available in this country. The result is that it stands on a par, in respect of the reliability of its data and the accuracy of its calculations with the U. S. Nautical Almanac, and testimony to this fact is found year after year in the letters, referred to the almanac department of the company, from students and mathematicians in various parts of the world. In its permanence and reliability Ayer's Almanac stands as a very fitting type of the Ayer Remedies—indispensible in the family and reliable every day in the year. The 1897 edition of this useful almanac is now in course of distribution through the druggists of the country.

If All the Clocks Should Stop.

Supposing all the clocks and watches in the world should suddenly run down with a click and a burr and a clatter to-night at 1 o'clock. How many boys and girls are there who would be able to tell the right time to go to school tomorrow morning? It wouldn't be an easy matter, would it, even if the sun was shining out warm and bright? But that's all because there are so many timepieces everywhere that we get to depending on them. Over in China, where the people are very poor and can't afford to own watches, how do you suppose any one knows when to go to dinner, especially if it's a cloudy day?

Why, by looking at the cat. For in China a cat is not only a mouser and a pet, but a clock. When a Chinaman wants to know the time he runs to the household tabby, opens her eyes and at once tells what time it is. This he does by looking at the pupils of the eye, which he has discovered to be of varying sizes at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun, even when the day is cloudy.

Another curious clock, which any of our boys and girls could easily make, is used by the natives of the Pacific islands. It is made of the half of a cocoanut shell, cut smooth at the edges, and having a very small hole bored in the bottom of it. This shell is placed in a pail of water and a small stream spurts up through the hole in a tiny fountain. In just one hour—so carefully has the hole been bored to the proper size—the shell sinks with a gurgling sound that serves the same purpose as the striking of a clock. The native promptly lifts it out and sets it afloat again to measure the next hour.

No doubt the native mother may be heard calling to her little son Joey Conch-Shell, who likes to lie abed in the morning:

"Joey, Joey, jump up; it's 2 whole shells after sunrise, and time that you went out and saddled the giraffe for Sister Sue to take a ride."

Just So.

Little Boy (writing composition)—I want to use that saying that's in our copybooks, but I can't remember it all—"Man glories in his strength, Woman glories in——" What's the rest, I wonder?

Little Girl—Let me see. "Woman glories in her—her hat."

Boston Signs.

There is no end to the literature of amusing signs, even in Boston, where erudition undoubtedly extends to the commercial classes. There is a "home-made bakery" on a certain street which continually excites the listener's interest as to what a factory made bakery may be. But this establishment is no funnier than the "painless dental parlor" on another street, which makes us feel glad that the "parlor" suffers no pain, no matter what the dentist's patients may have to endure. But perhaps the climax is capped by the sign of the Cambridge cobbler, who announces, "Tap your boots while you wait for 50 cents."

Very Obedient.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing. "You dear, good, obedient dolly. I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

The longest commercial distance at which the long distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of 1400 miles. This line is more than twice as long as any European telephone line.

Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no less than twenty-seven different cries, each distinctly referable to a different action.

A distinctive peculiarity between sharks and whales lies in the fact that the former have eyelids and the latter none.

Destitute.

Reporter—It beggared description, sir.

Editor—So I should imagine. Your description is very poor, at least.—Omaha Bee.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

In railroad building across sandy deserts the French engineers are beginning to employ iron ties.

An album containing the photographs of 20,000,000 stars is being prepared by a French astronomer.

A flowering plant is said to abstract from the soil two hundred times its own weight in water during its life.

A shepherd's body was recently carbonized by electricity at Roche la Molliere in France. During a thunder storm the telegraph wires were blown down and curled around the man, who was standing under them.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE devil changes his coat every day.

The truly great are those who conquer themselves.

In what we can do best, only God can be our teacher.

When duty is hard, remember that Jesus never shirked.

If there is good in us, it will bring out good in others.

Every saloon-keeper has the devil for his business partner.

Some people look happiest when they have had news to tell.

The man who controls himself may hope to reform other men.

We will always find good when we look for it with a good heart.

We have done too little, when we have not done our prayerful best.

Self-righteousness never has any mercy on itself or anybody else.

The hotter the fire, the sooner the enemy will be out of ammunition.

It is a step toward heaven to come under the influence of good people.

The man who would be wise must sit at the feet of those who are wise.

Many children go to the bad, mainly because God is misrepresented to them.

There are no emergencies with God. No surprises for which he is not prepared.

The devils Jesus cast out always made the most fuss just as they were going.

The Christian should not become discouraged because the devil is still working at his trade.

Do all you can find to do for the Lord at home, and you will soon believe in foreign missions.

How many fathers and mothers make religion such a cruel thing that their children hate it.

Every good man is a lamp which God spares from heaven for a while, to help give light to the world.

God has declared that the man who brings wicked devices to pass will soon be out of that business.

If you are poor, it may be that the Lord wants to show you how rich he can make you without money.

No matter what happens, the Christian should insist on believing that God is still doing all things well.

The devil has never been able to make any man dissatisfied with his lot, who had perfect trust in Christ.

The man has a hard place who has so much religious work on hand he never has time to pray in secret.

One reason why the world gains knowledge so slowly is that every child must find out for itself that fire is hot.

The time is flying this way on rapid wings, when the only thing that can prosper in this world is righteousness.

The man of faith will not be cast down because there are some people who seem to be making the devil's service pay.

The chariot of God's purpose is still thundering straight on, in spite of the indifference and worldliness in the churches.

Many a face we consider homely would be radiant with beauty, if we could see it without looking through darkened windows.

The Heliograph.

The new heliograph recently completed for Portland Heights, Oregon, will make a flash that at 100 miles will appear like a blazing star. With a three-inch glass it may be seen 760 miles.

Scientists declare that the green turtle is in danger of extermination.