

THE CHRISTIAN FLAG.



A distinctively Christian flag will soon be adopted by a large number of churches throughout the country without regard to denomination. Buttons on which the flag is conspicuously shown are already being worn. Last rally day at Brighton Chapel, Coney Island, a well known Christian worker had been announced to make an address. The chapel was well filled and when the time for the address had come the speaker failed to appear. The superintendent of the school, C. C. Overton, after apologizing for the absence of the speaker, was obliged to take his place. The subject of his talk was "The American Flag." On the platform was a beautiful flag, the gift of James H. Perry Post, G. A. R. Mr. Overton dwelt upon the principles for which the flag stood, the devotion of its followers, the loyalty, fidelity and constancy which should be shown by Christ's followers. The want of a Christian flag impressed Mr. Overton, and as he told the writer, "the Christian flag appeared to be floating in the air as I was speaking, and I gave the

audience a description of it then and there, as it stands upon our platform to-day. I believe it was an inspiration from heaven of a banner that should wave triumphant over the world." The flag is most symbolic. The ground is white, representing peace, purity and innocence; in the upper corner is a blue square, the color of the unclouded sky, emblematic of heaven, the home of the Christian, also a symbol of faith and trust. In the centre of the blue is the cross, the ensign and chosen symbol of Christianity; the cross is red, typical of Christ's blood. Every sect of Christ's followers can endorse the flag, and it is equally applicable to all nations. It stands for no creed or denomination. Miss Fanny J. Crosby, the Christian poet, has written the words of the hymn and R. Huntington Woodman the music here reproduced. Neither the flag, hymn nor music has been copyrighted and all are dedicated by Mr. Overton to the followers of Christ the world over.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Words by
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by
R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN.

M.M. 72:76.

The Christian Flag! be - hold it, And hail it with a
The Christian Flag! un - furled it, That all the world may
The Christian Flag! God bless it! Now throw it to the

And let the voice of mil - lions. The joy - ful strain pre -
see The blood stained cross of Je - sus, Who died to make us
breeze, And may it wave tri - um - phant O'er land and dis - tant

To ev - 'ry clime and na - tion, We send it forth to - day,
free The Christian Flag! un - furled it, And o'er and o'er a - gain,
seas, Till all the wide cre - a - tion Up - on its folds shall gaze.

God send its glo - rious mis - sion, With ear - nest hearts we pray,
Oh, may it bear the mes - sage "Good will and peace to men";
And all the world u - ni - ted, Our lov - ing Sav - iour praise.

Chorus.
The Christian Flag! be - hold it, And hail it with a song;

And let the voice of mil - lions The joy - ful strain pre - long.

Blue Is Cool, Red, Hot.
The thermometer seems to fall six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is. On the other hand, blue of a certain shade introduced generously into a room will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little.

BULL AGAINST TIGER.

A Combat in Which the Latter Came Off Second Best.

In the Spanish capital a few days ago, before one thousand three hundred well-pleased spectators, there was a combat between a royal Bengal tiger and an Andalusian fighting bull, the tiger being a full grown animal, known for its ferocity. A cage seventeen yards square by four in height had been erected in the middle of the plaza, and the animals were brought in, the bull being the first to be released into the inclosure. He immediately began to run round and round his prison, bellowing and throwing up sand and gravel with his hoofs. The instant the tiger entered the cage the great cat gave a roar and bounded on the bull, avoiding the horns, and fixed on his flanks and belly with both teeth and claws.

The bull remained paralyzed for a few seconds, and then seemed to be sinking backward to the ground. The tiger, however, loosened its grip for a second to take another hold, and in the brief interval was hurled to earth by the wild plunges of the bull. Before the tiger had time to recover, the bull was on him, and, plunging its horns in the tough hide, tossed the tiger into the air. This was repeated four or five times, the bull varying his tactics occasionally by crushing his adversary against the bars.

When the bull desisted the tiger lay limp on the ground, and the crowd, thinking he was dead, cried, "Bravo, toro!" The bull stood stamping for a moment in the middle of the cage, and then, seeing that the tiger did not move, approached and smelt his enemy, who, however, was only shamming death, and seized the bull's muzzle in his powerful jaws, so that the latter could not move.

Eventually, however, the bull was released, and, after stamping furiously on the tiger, again caught him on his horns. This time the tossing, stamping and banging apparently really ended in the tiger's death. The cage was then opened and the bull rushed out and back to his stable. For precaution's sake the tiger's van was brought up, and, to the general surprise, he rose to his feet, glanced round as if afraid the bull was still there, and then bounded into the van. The tiger was found to have five ribs broken, besides having a number of wounds from the bull's horns. He is expected to survive.—London Telegraph.

Remarkable Rivers.

From the beginning the Nile was an exceptional river. Its sources were unknown. There were those who thought that the Nile flowed down from heaven; that it welled up from streams that disappeared under the earth on another continent, or, at the very least, that its springs were inaccessible to man.

There was no such mystery about the Euphrates. From the remotest times its sources seem to have been known by hearsay, if not by observation, to the dwellers on the coast.

The Nile was beneficent even in its floods. The people learned to let its waters flow over their lands at the time of the inundation, and where they raised dikes and sunk canals and basins it was to let in the water, not to keep it out. The Euphrates also had its floods, but these were destructive. They scarred the soft earth with ravines and swept the fertile soil onward to build new lands along the edge of the Persian Gulf. The people anticipated the overflow with dread, and their most absorbing task was to restrain the river within bounds. They became more intimate with the earth than their Egyptian contemporaries. They learned how to mould the clay and to make their houses and the houses of their kings and their gods out of the material under their feet. The Egyptians learned something about brick manufacture, but they had no need to depend wholly upon that sort of building material. It was easy for them to obtain stone, as their huge piles attest.—Philadelphia Press.

Paper Match Sticks.

It is predicted that paper is the coming material for matches, says Planets and People. The prospect of the wooden-match industry being appreciably affected by a new process for manufacturing matches of paper is held to be extremely probable, particularly as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than the wooden product, and much less, which counts for much in exportation.

The sticks consist of paper rolled upon the bias. The paper is made strong and porous, and when immersed in a solution of wax sticks well together and burns with a bright, smoky and odorless flame. Strips one-half inch in width are first drawn through a combustible mass and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut size they are dipped into phosphorus, also by machinery, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface.

Seemed Like Fifty.

"Come up to my home tomorrow night," said Henpeque, "I am going to celebrate my golden wedding."
"Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years."
"I know it, but it seems like fifty, so everything is all right."—Tit-Bits.

Theological.

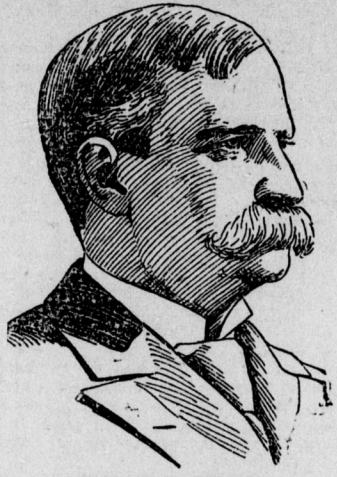
"Ah," he said, as the postman handed him a letter, "an epistle?"
"No," said his wife, as she opened the envelope, and a tailor's bill fluttered to the floor. "Not an epistle; a collect."—Boston Traveler.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

United States Commissioner of Labor Has Been Honored Abroad.

Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, who has just been honored with membership in the Institute of France and honorary membership in the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, is one of the foremost statisticians of the world.

Few statisticians, says the Chicago Times-Herald, have been as careful as he to present bare facts and to present them as fully as the statistician can. It was he who originated the now famous and much misquoted saying, "Figures do not lie, but liars figure."



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The noted labor statistician began life as a country schoolmaster in New Hampshire, his native State, and went from pedagogy into law. Dropping his commentaries for his musket he went to the war, and, after fighting to the end of the strife, he resumed his law work and was admitted to the bar.

In 1871 and 1872 he was a New Hampshire legislator, and was soon thereafter placed in charge of the State Labor Bureau, to take which position he gave up a practice of \$10,000 a year. In 1880 he supervised the national census in Massachusetts, and his work attracted much attention for its thoroughness. In 1885 he was made the first Labor Commissioner of the United States. His published works make a very considerable library of labor statistics.

How a Porcupine Fights a Snake.

"Several years ago I was an interested spectator at a combat between a hedgehog and a huge blacksnake," said W. D. Ingraham, of Memphis. "I came upon the scene just as the hedgehog began the attack upon the snake, which was lying stretched out on the road asleep. The log advanced cautiously upon the reptile and seized its tail in its mouth, giving it a sharp bite. Then he quickly withdrew a few feet, and, rolling himself into a compact, spiny ball, awaited developments. The snake, upon being thus rudely awakened, turned in fury upon its antagonist, striking the hog again and again with its fangs. The wily hedgehog, securely entrenched within its spiny armor remained perfectly motionless, all the while, allowing the snake to keep up the attack. At every stroke the jaws of the snake would become filled with the spines, until, at last, exhausted and bleeding from dozens of wounds caused by the needle-like spines of the hog, the snake gave up the battle. This was evidently what the hedgehog was waiting for, as he immediately proceeded to roll over the snake again and again until he had completely dismembered his victim."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

KLONDIKE SKY-SCRAPERS.

Cathedral and Court House at Dawson City, Metropolis of the Gold Field.

These are not very imposing structures certainly, says the New York Journal. They could not be called "sky scrapers," but the citizens of Dawson City, who have gone to court for fortune in the Klondike, dignify these tiny houses with the names of cathedral and court house. The judge does not bother about strict formalities, but he rules, in this hastily built little temple of justice, as carefully and as justly as if he were holding court in New York for a sensational murder trial, with leading lights of the bar present, and being sketched every hour for the papers.

In the little cathedral nearby there are no gorgeous appointments resembling a stage setting, no music by highly paid artists. The little wooden chairs are not remarkably comfortable, and the music must be made by the attendants at service.

Women in that part of the globe cannot be accused of going to church to see the style of hat her dearest foe has just purchased. They all wear



CATHEDRAL AND COURT HOUSE OF DAWSON CITY.

fur hoods. Through dreary snowfields the Klondikers plod to offer prayers for their dear ones at home, and to ask for success in their self-banishment. And the petitions rise to the throne on high just as surely as if they pierced lofty ceilings and stained-glass windows to reach their destination.

The number of passengers who used the railways of this country during the year ending June 30, 1896, was 511,772,737.

Children's Column



Winter Wind.

O Wind, how cruelly you blow!
How can you treat the children so?
You give such whirls,
And jerk our curls,
And whisk us 'round—poor little girls!
Oh, how you roar and rush and hustle!
Why must you be in such a bustle?

In summer-time we used to hear
The little zephyrs coming near—
Not rude and wild,
But soft and mild,
As gentle as a little child,
We always laughed and laughed, when they
Came whispering to us in our play.

Now, Wind, I'm wondering if you
Were ever like them?—tell me true.
And did you blow
Long, long ago
As quietly and sweet and low?
Will they be like you when they're old—
So rough and cruel, and so cold?
—Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

A Little Mistake.

"Well, no one can say I have not made good use of my time," said a large white mushroom to a daisy that grew in the turf close by.

"You certainly have grown surprisingly fast," said the daisy, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and I have done it all since you folded your petals and went to sleep. I daresay, now you are wondering where I was last night."

"No," said the daisy, "I wasn't; to tell the truth, I was wondering where you would be tomorrow night."

The Mouse's Blanket.

One day Willie's mamma missed a banknote which she was certain she had put in a particular place. Thinking that Willie might have taken it for a plaything, not knowing its value, she asked him if he had seen it. But Willie knew nothing about it, neither did the nurse nor anybody in the house.

By and by papa came home. He pointed to a mouse hole in the nursery floor, and said the mice must have stolen it. A carpenter came and took up the floor, and, sure enough, there was a nest of little mice all cuddled down on the bank-note, which Mother Mouse had spread out as a lining for the nest. Other pieces of paper were found, all torn and nibbled, but this, being nice and soft, had been saved for a blanket by the wise old mother.

—Congregationalist.

Soldier Joe.

Tommy leaned on his snow-shovel, looking very much discouraged. Only yesterday he had cleaned off the walk, and now here it was quite blocked up again. Too bad! He was sure he never could shovel away all that snow.

Then he heard a noise in the next yard, and looked over the fence to see what was going on. First he saw a shower of snow flying up in the air, and then Joe's shovel and his small blue mittens, and last of all little Joe himself, working away as if he went by steam. He had shoveled a long, clear path, shut in on each side by two high, white, clean walls.

"O Joe! Ain't you tired?" called Tommy.

"No!" said Joe, stoutly. "I'm a soldier now!"

"You see," he went on, "I used to get tired, till sometimes I most hated my shovel. But mamma told me that the snow was a great army, all dressed in white uniforms, that came and took our town in the night. They block up all our streets and walks, and try to keep us shut up in our houses."

"But there is another army of men and boys that go out and drive 'em off with shovels, no matter how fast they come. And I'm in that army. If I was the only one that had to fight the snow, it would be sort of lonesome; but there is such lots of us that it's just fun!"

Tommy thought a minute, and concluded Joe was right. So he joined the army, too; and very soon his walk was cleared.—Youth's Companion.

A Klondike Story.

Jimmy Brennan, ten years old, and son of Police Officer Brennan of Seattle, was standing at Yesler Way, when a stranger came along. He looked like a man who had just returned from a logging camp.

"Boys," he said, "where is the Butler hotel?"

"I'll tell you for a quarter," said one of Jimmy's companions.

"I'll show you where it is or ten cents," chimed in another.

"Say, I'll do it for five cents," remarked a third.

"Mister," said Jimmy, "I will point out the Butler to you for nothing."

"You're my man," said the rough-looking stranger, and the two went down Yesler Way together; while Jimmy's companions stayed behind to call him a chump. Jimmy led the stranger to the Butler.

"Come in here," said the man, and he led the boy into a clothing store.

"Give this boy the best suit of clothes in the house," said the stranger. Jimmy simply opened his mouth. Soon he had on a fine suit.

"Now give him an overcoat," said the stranger; and Jimmy's eyes tried to pop out of their sockets. The clerk adorned Jimmy with an overcoat.

"Now a hat," said the stranger.

Jimmy wanted to cry. He thought it was Christmas time, and that he was by the side of a grate fire, reading one of Andersen's fairy tales.

Soon he was arrayed in new hat, new suit, new overcoat. The stranger paid for all. Jimmy started out of the store. He was so bewildered that, if several goblins had put in their appearance, he would have joined them in their fairyland festivities.

"Just wait a minute," said the stranger. Jimmy waited. If the stranger had said, "Go, roll in the dust of the street," Jimmy would have done it.

The stranger went down in his pocket, and closed his dealings with Jimmy by giving him a five-dollar gold piece and a gold nugget worth about five dollars.

Then Jimmy thanked the stranger and went off to tell his companions about the man to whom he showed the Hotel Butler "for nothing."

The stranger was a Klondiker, supposed to be Patrick Galvin, who returned on the Rosalie recently with a fortune estimated at about twenty thousand dollars. It pays to be polite. If you don't think so, ask Jimmy Brennan.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Roc, the Brazilian Pirate.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is writing "The Buccaneers of Our Coast," for St. Nicholas. Mr. Stockton describes the career of a famous character on the Spanish Main.

This famous buccaneer was called Roc, because he had to have a name, and his own was unknown or suppressed, and "the Brazilian," because he was born in Brazil—though his parents were Dutch.

Unlike most of his fellow-practitioners, he did not gradually become a pirate. From his early youth he never had an intention of being anything else. As soon as he grew to be a man, he became one of the buccaneers, and at the first opportunity he joined a pirate crew and had made but a few voyages when it was perceived by his companions that he was destined to become a most remarkable sea-robber. He was put in command of a ship, and in a very short time after he had set out on his first independent cruise he fell in with a Spanish ship loaded with silver bullion. Having captured this he sailed with his prize to Jamaica, which was one of the great resorts of the English buccaneers. There his success delighted the community, and soon he was generally acknowledged as the head pirate of the West Indies.

As for Esquemeling, he simply revelled in the deeds of the great Brazilian desperado. If he had been writing the life and times of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar or Mr. Gladstone, he could not have been more enthusiastic in his praises. And as in "The Arabian Nights" the roc is described as the greatest of birds, so, in the eyes of the buccaneer biographer, this Roc was the greatest of pirates.

The renowned pirate from Brazil must have been a terrible fellow to look at. He was strong and brawny, his face was short and very wide, with high cheek bones, and his countenance probably resembled that of a pug dog. It was his custom in the daytime to walk about carrying a drawn cutlass resting easily upon his arm, edge up, very much as a fine gentleman carries his high silk hat.

He was a man who insisted upon being obeyed instantly. But although he was so strict and exacting during the business sessions of his piratical year—by which I mean when he was cruising around after prizes—he was very much more disagreeable when he was taking a vacation. On his return to Jamaica from one of his expeditions it was his habit to give himself some relaxation after the hardships and dangers through which he had passed; and on such occasions, with his cutlass waving high in the air, he would often rush into the street, and take a whack at every one whom he met. As far as was possible the citizens allowed him to have the street to himself and it was not at all likely that his visits to Jamaica were looked forward to with any eager anticipation.

Chinese Nervelessness.

A North China paper says the quality of "nervelessness" distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good, and will plod away in school without recesses or recreation of any kind. The Chinaman can do without exercise. Sport or play seems to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere—amid rattling machinery, deafening uproar, squalling children, and quarreling adults. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a bed, on a chair, or in any position.—New York Ledger.

Two Lucky Servants.

Two of the luckiest persons in Paris at the present moment are a maid servant and a concierge in the Luxembourg district. Their mistress, a wealthy lady without children, recently died, leaving \$300,000 to be divided between them. They are also to inherit two houses, and nobody has as yet arrived to contest the will.—Paris Letter.