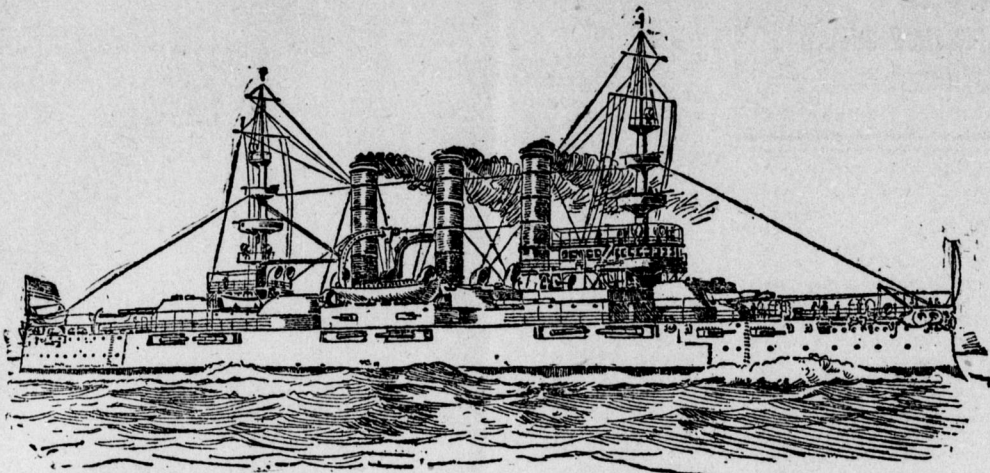


THE NEW BATTLESHIP PENNSYLVANIA.



ONE OF FIVE TO BE BUILT FROM IDENTICAL PLANS AND FOR WHICH BIDS HAVE BEEN ASKED.

The Future Home in Belgium of Ex-President Kruger

As soon as ex-President Kruger reaches Belgium he will find his future home all ready for him. Thanks to the generosity of Oswald d'Aumerie, a Boer sympathizer in Belgium, the Chateau d'Anderlecht has been put at the disposal of the refugee ex-President by its owner. M. d'Aumerie has owned this chateau only two years, and when he bought it it was exceedingly run down, but he spent money on it liberally, and made it look as if it really were an ancestral seat.

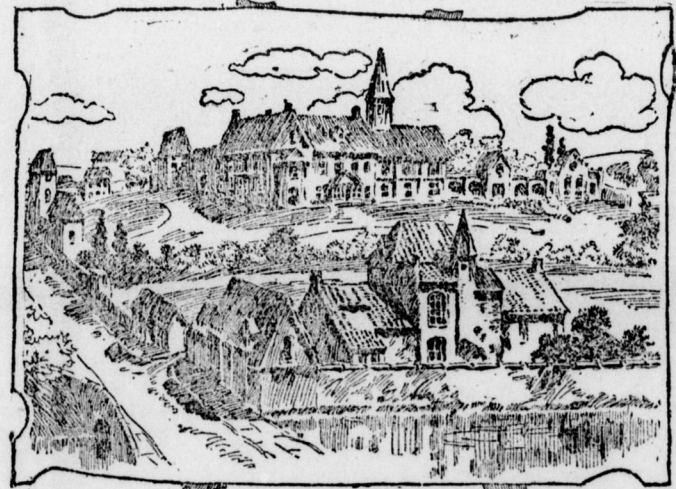
M. d'Aumerie has had great sympathy with the Boers all along, not because of any special hostility to England, but because he believed in observing inviolate the sanctity of small nations. So, when it became known that Kruger was on his way to Bel-

A rifle pit hardly realizes one's ideal of what a subterranean dwelling ought



QUIET CHAT IN A RIFLE PIT.

to be, even when hollowed out and enlarged into quite a respectable bomb-proof, like that shown in the accom-



CHATEAU D'ANDERLECHT, WHERE KRUGER WILL LIVE.

gium, the Belgian got together several of his friends and fellow countrymen who believed in the Boer cause, and proposed to them that he give up his chateau to the use of the refugee. They were willing, of course, and so the scheme was brought about.

Anderlecht is a pretty suburb southeast of Brussels and consists of handsome mansions dotted about in grounds of limited extent on the slopes of the undulating country. The chateau is reached by a drawbridge crossing a narrow moat, and the road leads directly to the colonnades which form the front of the mansion. The main gate is flanked by two colossal busts, which formerly belonged to the Castle of Gravehande. On the right of the vestibule is Mr. Kruger's ante-chamber, which is furnished in Gothic style. Here the ex-President will find a large Bible, of which book he is said to be so fond. It is more than seven inches thick, and was printed in 1772. The grounds have an area of ten acres, laid out by M. d'Aumerie, who also drew the sketch of the chateau and its surroundings accompanying this article.

There are two odd coincidences con-

panying illustration. But the pit served its purpose admirably from the Boer point of view, and many a gallant Britisher came to an untimely end through the Boers' persistent use of this ingenious hiding place on the veldts and kopjes of South Africa.

Sungly enclosed in their bottle-shaped retreats, with spirituous refreshments contained in vessels also bottle-shaped, at hand, their guns tightly grasped and a companion ever alert for the enemy's approach, the Boers were continually on the watch for a chance to "snipe" the foe, while the shells whistled and screeched overhead and the battle waged fiercely around them.

It is claimed that the art of digging rifle pits, or "sniping" or sharpshooting and the use of sand bags in defensive earthworks were all derived from observation of American methods.

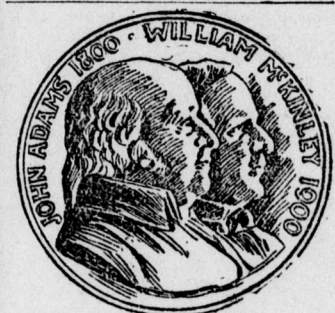
Everything Made of Irish Peat.
A large Dublin manufacturer has a room entirely furnished with Irish peat. The carpets on the floors, the curtains at the windows and the paper on the wall are made from this substance. For years he has experimented with the material, which is now very largely exported as fuel, and he has discovered that from it it is possible to produce almost any kind of fabric. The process is simple—the fibres which are strong and tough, being extracted and woven like cotton or silk. The fabrics have the toughness of linen and the warmth of wool. Blankets made of them are found to excel in warmth and lightness anything yet discovered.

Newspapers of Regiments.
Most of the British regiments have their own newspapers, published once a month. The news consists chiefly of matters pertaining to the officers and men of the regiment and their families, but the papers also devote regular columns to sporting news, humor, poetry or other departments. All contributions are from members of the regiment. These papers are much in favor among the officers and soldiers, and many of them are very well edited.

A number of Scottish grouse have been imported by the Canadian Government from the highlands of Scotland for the purpose of stocking the provincial parks.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CENTENNIAL

Description of the Memento Fabricated by the United States Mint in Philadelphia. The medal to be struck in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the day upon which the District of Columbia became the seat of the United States Government was received in Washington December 1. It was made at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, and in point of workmanship, as well as excellence of design, is one of the most expensive of the sort ever issued.



MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The bronze used is of rich dark color. The medal is one and three-fourths inches in diameter. The obverse side carries the heads of John Adams and William McKinley in profile, with the following inscriptions encircling the heads: "John Adams, 1800;" "William McKinley, 1900."

On the reverse side, across the center is a panel with the inscription "Commemorative of the establishment of the National Government at Washington." Above this panel is a view of the Capitol building as it is to-day, over which is inscribed "United States Capitol, 1900." Below the tablet is a view of the Capitol building as it appeared 100 years ago, over which is inscribed "United States Capitol, 1800."

The metal used in the manufacture is from the old portion of the Capitol building, and some that was used at the White House.



Chinese Coffin in a Field.

A common sight in China is the exposed coffin or casket containing, of course, the corpse of some departed Celestial, without any covering of earth or inclosing tomb.

The first and highest ambition of every Chinaman is to have a splendid coffin, and he will half starve himself and family for years in order to acquire the coveted casket. The buying of it does not depend at all upon the state of his health, but of his finances, and in this connection many will recall the statement that Li Hung Chang, when he made his tour of the United States, took his coffin with him.

When the coffin is purchased, it is given the place of honor in the house and is looked upon as the most valuable piece of furniture in it. As no Chinese family of any pretensions would seem lacking in respect for its head, dead or alive, the Chinese son will deprive himself of comforts for half his life that he may be able to present his father with a fine coffin on his sixty-first birthday, and when his revered parent dies he will give a gorgeous "send off" at the funeral, even if he has to wait many moons to do so.

With the deaf mute actions always speak louder than words.

A Texas Ranch as large as Two States.

The largest ranch in the world is to be found in Texas. This immense domain is known as the X. I. T. ranch, and is owned by Chicago capitalists.

This ranch is so extensive that some States could not contain it. Connecticut, for example, could not hold it by several thousand acres. The two States of Rhode Island and Delaware combined could not contain this great ranch, which consists of over 3,000,000 acres, or almost 5000 square miles.

About twelve years ago, when Texas needed a new State capitol, the Legislature adopted a novel plan to get it. A promise was held forth that a vast tract of unappropriated land would be given in exchange for a suitable granite building at Austin. Among those tempted by this offer were ex-Senator Charles B. Farwell and his brother John, who ultimately formed a syndicate in Chicago, and took upon themselves the responsibility of erecting the proposed capitol. In due time they came into the possession of this domain known as the X. I. T. ranch.

The ranch is situated in the extreme northwest corner of the panhandle of Texas, and covers or touches nine different counties. Its northern boundary is "No Man's Land," now a part of the Territory of Oklahoma, and its western limit is the line between Texas and New Mexico. In width (from east to west) it averages about twenty-five miles. In length it is about 200 miles. The land lies in what is known as the Staked Plains, a high plateau. The soil is mostly of a black or chocolate color—very fertile—and covered with a thick coat of buffalo, mesquite, grama and other grasses, which cure on the ground and furnish winter as well as summer pasture for stock of all kinds. At the southern end of the tract the altitude is about 2300 feet and at the northern end about 4700. The climate is pronounced to be very delightful, the air being bracing, though dry.

When the Farwells obtained the land they inclosed it with a substantial barbed-wire fence. There are many cross-fences upon it, separating the territory into from twenty to thirty large divisions, besides many small ones. To make these fences it required 1500 miles of barbed wire. The syndicate also built ranch houses, bored and dug wells, of which there are now about 350, averaging 120 feet in depth, and having earthen or wooden reservoirs and drinking attachments; erect-

This River Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven, yet when, on a former occasion, I preached to you about the Jordanic passage I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said: "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

All our cities are familiar with the ferryboat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland, and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferryboats of our great cities, so that you will not need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the River Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferryboat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the River Jordan, and I find no shipping at all, but while I am standing there I see a boat plying through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend stop on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Every day I find people trying to expedientize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Balmage shall lift the anchor, and Tyndal shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the main-topgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10,000 years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Balmage and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeno, the philosopher, died of mirth laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying: "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed covers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

Cat Rode 120 Miles on a Flywheel.
A Maltese cat jumped into a large flywheel of the Plymouth Refrigerator Company's engine, at Sheboygan Wis., the other day. As the engine could not very well stop and shut off lights to release the animal, he waited until the usual time of shutting down. On stepping the engine he found the cat alive and clinging to the flywheel. The wheel is twelve feet in diameter and makes eighty-seven revolutions a minute. Consequently, during two and half hours the cat covered a distance of about 120 miles. The cat lives, and with the exception of lameness appears to be none the worse for the experience.—New York Times.

Motors For Market Gardens.
The idea of utilizing a motor haul age in connection with the market garden near a metropolis has been suggested of late. Motor vehicles would obviate some of the difficulties that market gardeners have now to encounter in getting their produce to market and it would certainly pay some enterprising carrier to make the venture.

A full-rigged ship has thirty-three sails, fourteen of which are jibs and foresails.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: A Way Over Jordan—The Lord Will Send a Boat—From the Other Shore It Will Come to Transport the Faithful to Eternal Life.

(Copyright 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comforting and rapturous lessons. The text is II Samuel xix, 18. "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated River Jordan, which has to be crossed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of eighty years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner had the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai, from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with the oars at the stern, the boatmen leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies how about until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner had the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live in the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a President of the United States say to his son, as he went to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over and we went home some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well, I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other goodbye, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted forever.

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Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side!

Transportation of last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering, but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. The boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! Bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across so when we are about to die the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side."

Again, my subject suggests that when we cross over at the last the King will be on board the boat. Ship carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skillfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and children of the king's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsmen or the helmsman might give out and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan, and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking and they crying out, "Oh, we are going to be lost; we are going down! Not so. The king was on board the boat from the other shore and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king, the head of the empire, pass in safety."

Blessed be God that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven; not a dangerous and costly expedition to find the northwest passage among icebergs; only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were close down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about, such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches—only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that when we cross over at the last we shall find a solid landing. The ferryboat, as spoken of in my text, means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many heaven is not a real place. To you heaven is a fog bank in the distance. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot and something to tread on and a resurrected eye and colors to see with it and a resurrected ear and music to hear with it.

Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well, now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on and nothing to hear and nothing to handle and nothing to taste to eat, I will laugh, too.

Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the centre of the sun and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon?

That is not my heaven. Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theological tinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to except St. John's heaven.

I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet and Isaac Watts recite hymns and Mozart play. "Oh, you say, 'where would you get the organ?'" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion.

I believe after the resurrection I shall see Massillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his children how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity.

And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm-hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much. We know them almost as well as if we had seen them.

And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years and talking to their friends? So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. You remember, friends, love you now more than they ever did?

You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry, and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment when you are coming across, and that they know now, but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Spenser said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London, and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven from the pictures he had seen of him in England, but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone, and I suppose they look down and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is. They know where we are.

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you? If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me." He does. He does. Hear the voice from the throne. "It will be a father to them, and they shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto Me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your space from the King's wardrobe, even the old-fashioned garments of righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.