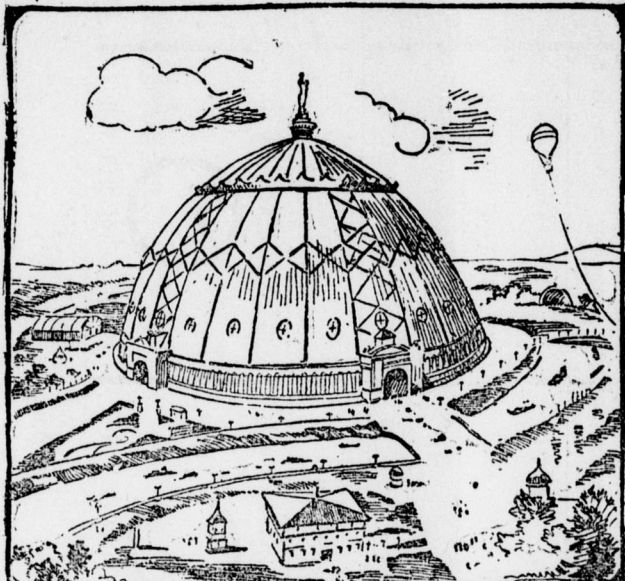


Republican News Item.

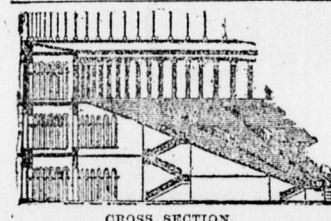
THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1901.

Says the St. Louis Republic: As one of the principal attractions of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in 1903, Mr. Henning W. Prentiss, principal of the Hodgen School, suggests a gigantic Coliseum—the largest that has ever been built. Rome's famous am-



ENORMOUS METAL DOME FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

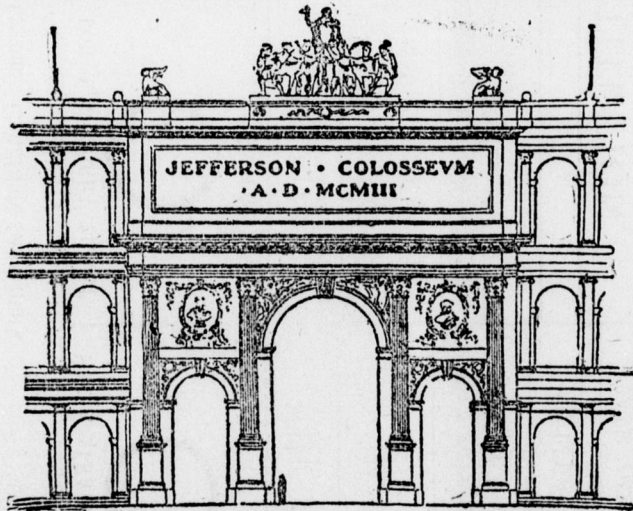
phitheatre was elliptical in form, about 620 feet by 515 feet, with an arena 285 by 170 feet. Its actual seating capacity could not have exceeded 50,000 people. The "Jefferson Coliseum," as Mr. Prentiss calls it, is designed to actually seat 60,000 adults, with standing room for 15,000 more. Its proposed dimensions are 900 feet by 700 feet, with an arena 400 by 600 feet. The outer wall is about eighty



CROSS SECTION.

feet in height, consisting of three stories of twenty-five feet each, in the three orders of classic architecture—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The main entrances are reproductions of two great ancient structures, the Arches of Constantine and of Septimus Severus. Below the seats are 1500 feet of exhibit space, besides a great natatorium, or Roman bath.

The Society of Metal Construction, with headquarters at the City of Mexico, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, has suggested a World's Fair gigantic hall, which it proposes to make a central figure of the St. Louis Exposition. If encouraged in the idea. The hall, which will be erected for the accommodation of congresses, conventions and inaugurations, will be surmounted by a statue of the Republic, bearing a flambeau. Electric cars will run to the base of the statue, where a mammoth restaurant will be conducted, 1100 feet above the ground. The structure will be 1340 feet in height, about 200 feet higher than the Eiffel tower. The projectors claim that it will be the largest structure in the world. It will be of metal, except the entrances, and can be constructed, so it is claimed, in twenty-two months.



BIGGEST COLOSSEUM IN THE WORLD.

Artificial Ice Not Modern.

Although the manufacture of ice by artificial means has vastly improved in recent years from a scientific point of view, it cannot be strictly regarded as a modern innovation. As far back as the sixteenth century the natives of India produced ice by exposing water in shallow pans to the night air. The result—if luck attended the operation—was a number of thin layers of ice, which were afterward pressed together into a thick cake. In the seventeenth century Italy was the centre of a small ice trade. The peasants would collect snow and ice from the Appennines and make stores in the mountainside caves. By this means Naples was supplied during summer time.

horticulture, and Pliny describes a tree growing in the garden of his friend Lucullus which produced oranges, lemons, pears and roses all of the same stem. The Chinese show great skill in grafting such trees, which, however, require extreme care, and are seldom long lived.

A Giant Wasp.

A female giant wasp has just been captured at Chapelgill, in Peebleshire, and is a rather formidable looking insect. It measures from tip to tip of wing two inches, and from end of ovipositor to end of antennae two and a half inches. The wings are glossy brown, and the body black, with two sets of orange bands round it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It must be the spur of the moment that makes time go so fast.

There are eight submarine cables of over 2,000 miles in length.

—The Sullivan Gazette of last week, in a cursory glance, one marks that false reports have been circulated unless it be the giraffe, and belongs to a group of ruminants only represented at the present time by the giraffe and the prong-horned antelope, so-called, of North America. So far as can be ascertained the okapi is a living representative of the Helathotherium genus, which is represented by extinct forms found fossilized

in Greece and Asia Minor. The Helathotherium may be described as a poor relation of the giraffe, which has lost all but minute traces of its former horn cores, for the giraffe, it will be remembered, has on its skull three bony prominences from which horns or antlers sprang. The animal is about the size of a large ox. The coloration is, perhaps, unique among mammals. The body is of a reddish color, the hair is short, and the appearance of the hide is extremely glossy. The legs are cream color, but the skin between the stripes is often white; the legs and hind quarters only of the animal appear to be striped.

Another animal which Sir Harry Johnston has found in Uganda is a five-horned giraffe, and our illustration is made from the drawing by Sir Harry Johnston and reproduced from the London Graphic, to which we are indebted for our particulars. The



(Discovered in Uganda by Sir Harry Johnston.)

specimens of the five-horned giraffe were shot in the country lying to the east of Mt. Elison in the north-eastern part of the Uganda Protectorate. The females had only three horns, while both the male specimens exhibit five-horned cores.—Scientific American.

The Amateur Gardener's Fad.

A new departure in gardening is coming into vogue, or rather a very old fashion is being revived. It consists in the grafting of two or three different sorts of fruit, also roses of various descriptions on one stock. The Romans greatly affected this form of

Relics of King Alfred.

An Interesting Display Shown in the British Museum.

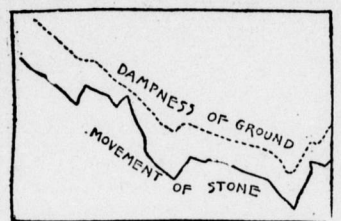
THE British Museum, in intelligent anticipation of the Winchester commemoration of King Alfred the Great, arranged a special exhibition of all the relics contained in the national collection relating to Alfred and his times. It is not a large collection, says the London Graphic, but it illustrates the many-sidedness of Alfred's character in a remarkably effective way. The manuscripts naturally appeal more especially to the scholar, but the authorities have taken pains to make them as attractive as possible to the general public. The manuscript copy of the Life of St. Neot, in Latin, for instance, is opened at the page in which the story of Alfred and the cakes first makes its appearance, and one of the three fine copies of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is opened to show the account of the great battle of Ashdown, when Alfred and his brother, Ethelred, defeated the whole army of the Danes in the site which is supposed to be marked by the well-known figure of the white horse cut into the side of the chalk downs of Berkshire, near Didcot.

Several of the most precious MSS. bear unmistakable signs of having passed through the ordeal of fire, having suffered severely in the outbreak in the Cottonian Library in 1731. Then there are the laws and charters of

anceled, but a very similar die of the same moneyer was on another occasion authorized by the King, as specimens of the mintage are extant. Round the edge of a circular silver brooch of Saxon workmanship—with an open-work centre evidently representing a bird of prey—is the inscription, "Aelf-gifu me an" (Aelfgifu owns me), which corresponds with that on the gold ring of Aethred, also exhibited. The brooch was found near Chatham in 1822.

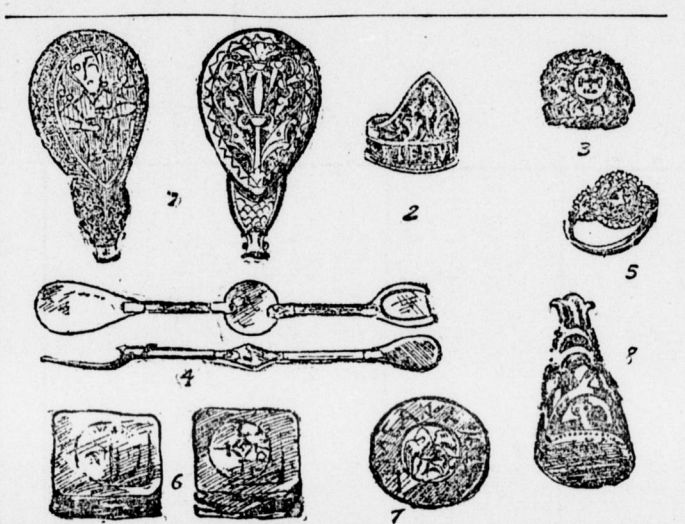
The bronze seal of Ethelwald (Bishop of Durham about 850), another of the relics represented in our illustrations, was found at Eye, Suffolk, near the site of the monastery, and was subsequently damaged by fire. The central device occurs on a silver penny of Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great.

Movements of Stones. Nearly everyone has observed the jauntily-tilted appearance that head-



DEMONSTRATING THE MOVEMENTS OF A STONE AFFECTED BY MOISTURE.

stones and monuments acquire in old grave yards, and those who have stone walls with insufficient foundation surrounding their premises are



RELICS OF KING ALFRED EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

- 1. The Alfred jewel (replica), original at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. 2. Ethelwulf's ring. 3. Anglo-Saxon ring. 4. Silver spoon and fork, 800-850, found at Sevington, Wiltshire. 5. Ring of Ethelwulf (sister of Alfred), 850-880, found in West Riding of Yorkshire. 6. Trial piece for silver penny of Alfred, found in St. Paul's churchyard. 7. Ornament with inscription, "Aelf gifu owns me," found in Kent, 1822. 8. Bronze seal of Ethelwald, found at Eye, Suffolk.

Alfred, and an early copy of his will in Anglo-Saxon. One of the most interesting volumes is a manuscript copy of the well-known Life of Alfred by Asser—the monk of St. David's, who first came to Alfred's court about 887—opened at the page describing the King's occupations and character.

Of the personal objects by far the most popular is the facsimile of the famous Alfred Jewel, the authenticity of which has just been vouched for by Professor Earle in the elaborate book on the subject published by the Oxford University Press. The professor's opinion is that the jewel must have been made by Alfred's order after his own design, and that it was probably a production of his youth, before he assumed a share in public affairs by the side of his brother, Ethelred.

The collection of Anglo-Saxon rings in the exhibition is remarkable. The massive gold ring of Ethelwulf, King of Wessex, and father of Alfred the Great—discovered at Laverstock and presented to the museum by the Earl of Radnor—and of Alfred's sister, Ethelwulf, Queen of Mercia—found in Yorkshire and presented by the late Sir A. W. Franks—brings us very near to the actual personality of the King, and are in themselves wonderful pieces of workmanship for the period to which they belong. So skillfully made are they, indeed, that it has been suggested that they are more probably the work of Roman smiths than English.

But there are other evidences of the skill of these ninth-century craftsmen. A curious silver spoon and fork will be found among the domestic examples, and the collection of coins is very fine. Another relic worth noticing is a leaden trial-piece, with a cast on the reverse side for a silver penny of King Alfred, from a die by the moneyer Ealdulf. This was found buried in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1841. The design was apparently rejected and

greatly troubled at the regularity with which they tumble down. At the last meeting of the Royal Society, of London, the "Small Vertical Movements of a Stone Laid on the Surface of the Ground" was discussed by Dr. Horace Darwin. By means of a stone with a hole bored in the centre, through which passed a rod deeply imbedded in the ground and a finely graduated micrometer, readings were taken over a considerable period of time. It was found that the movements of the stone were directly connected with the moisture of the ground. To graphically illustrate this point the accompanying curves were plotted.

Fullman Cars as Reading Rooms. There are now no fewer than five book and paper stalls in Paddington Station. Growth in the number of travelers, in the number of readers among travelers, and in the number of newspapers published, accounts for this increase in the facilities for the distribution of reading matter. But the development is one which was not anticipated by the original promoters of railways, who, among the advantages they hoped to confer on the public, did not enumerate any in the department of literature. The old idea that people staid at home to read gives place to the newer notion that the railway carriage is the modern substitute for the library. "I have no time to read except when I travel," was the confession made by a politician of name only the other day.—London Chronicle.

The largest needle manufactory in the world is said to be at Redditch, Worcestershire, England. Over seventy million needles are made there weekly.

In 1900 five cities had more than 102,000 population and less than 103,000—St. Joseph, Omaha, Los Angeles, Memphis and Scranton.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Charm of the Christian Religion—It Illuminates and Brightens the Lives of Men and Women—The Beauty of God's Love.

(Copyright, 1901.) WASHINGTON, D. C.—The charm of an exalted religion is by Dr. Talmage in this discourse illustrated and commended; text, Job xxviii, 17, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition, but for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Harz Mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the eardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page of crystallography. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring, "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a rhomboid or in some way it has a mathematical figure. Now religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact, God's law exact, God's decrees exact, God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though he counts the grass blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providence never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor laterally when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-headed prism. Born at the right time, dying at the right time. There are no "happen so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would be in despair. God is not an Anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for one day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Again, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Bends of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it were brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it 3000 years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would you do with the crystal—the crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day, the crystal over the watch, defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them?

Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye, and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God, and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us, it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, for they are spiritual, discerned neither by sight, nor by touch, nor by feeling, nor by anything that is in the world; but only by the Spirit of God." There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision, Lord, that our eyes might be opened! When the eye saves cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

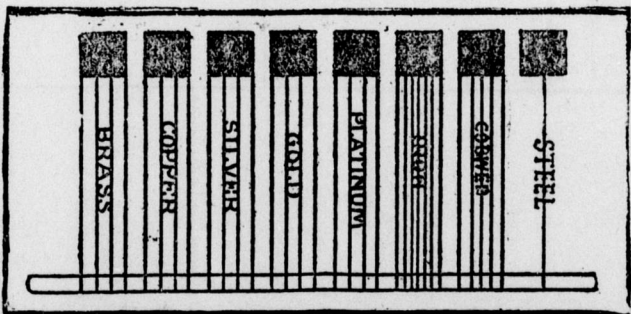
—Hiddelet, or the river of paradise; beauty; Jordan, or the river of holiness; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces, and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible, after our eyes have been opened by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His 250 titles, as far as I can count them—the Bread, the Rock, the Captain, the Conqueror, the Conqueror, the Star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child and why you lost your property. It was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who when he went out to be destroyed by the lions said, "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ." —Hiddelet, or the river of paradise; beauty; Jordan, or the river of holiness; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces, and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible, after our eyes have been opened by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His 250 titles, as far as I can count them—the Bread, the Rock, the Captain, the Conqueror, the Conqueror, the Star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse. Transparent religion!

I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it. My friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins, and you will have to get rid of your sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. Transformation must take place now or no transformation at all. Give us full chance in your heart, and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder.

In the days of Carthage a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was beached with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire, and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was offshore, and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of heaven. Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off, and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death. Oh, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved, must be saved. Tremendous choice! A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

THE STRENGTH OF A COBWEB.



A cobweb is a much stronger thing than most people think it. The same weight may be held up by one steel wire the diameter of a cobweb, five cobwebs, seven iron wires, four platinum wires, four gold wires, four silver wires, four copper wires, four brass wires.