MEANS BY WHICH ANIMALS PROTECT THEMSELVES

Similitude to Surrounding Objects Which They Are Able to Assume in Emergencies.

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THE world of nature is full of wonders in form and color, and when we discover their use we find that they contribute to the individual's advantage in the worldwide life and death game of hide and seek which animals are forever playing with one another.

What an advertisement of his power is the black and white coat of the skunk. How well it is seconded by his nonchalant manner, fearless of the world, which in any other less to be dreaded creature would assure its speedy extinction. Notice the snowy cotton tail of the rabbit, which, furled until the last moment, at the critical jump is flashed out in a terror signal to all of its kind.

When fear comes, how wonderfully the timid creatures of the wild shrink into copies of surrounding objects; how their colors, forms, shapes eloquently spell, "There is nothing here but bark, but a stone; this is only an inedible branch, a bit of moss, a patch of sunlight." How this magic came to be need not concern us now; let us simply notice some of the more remarkable instances.

Did you ever hear one of the minor players in spring's symphony, that trembling little thing that proclaims a tiny treetoad? He calls loudly for his mate, but it is indeed a "wandering voice," seeming to come from first one direction, then another. Even when we are standing directly before the little musician, the cloak of invisibility still surrounds him. He clings with his twenty sucker toes to the trunk, perhaps of some white oak, where the markings of his back merge with exquisite exactness with the surrounding lichen etched bark. Defenseless little creature that he is, he can call and croak his love songs in safety, sharp as are the eyes of his enemies.

Another sound comes through the April woods, deep and rolling, and, making our ears as a hound his muzzle, we come upon a great bullfrog, squatting bowlegged upon a piece of moss half under the water. For a time he will battle us, for the green of his head and back seems but a part of the pool slime, and how cleverly the queer bend in his back destroys all appearance of symmetry, making of him but a misshapen bit of swamp moss!

It is a far cry from a New England swamp to the Desert of Sahara, and from a lowly bullfrog to the greatest of all birds, but even the latter has enemies, and the sand colored lion is a terrible foe. When the ostrich is awake his speed leaves all terrors behind, but when asleep, or when the male bird is patiently brooding his great nestful of eggs, death is often near. The untold myriads of sand grains forever being piled up by the desert suits are the safeguard of the ostrich. He settles low down on the sand, bending his long legs under him and flattening out his head and neck until they are lost to view. Up to this time he was an ostrich, a gigantic feathered creature, now—behold only another anthill among a thousand!

There are some examples of protection which are hard to explain. For instance, what enemies can the young of the osprey be supposed to have—not the helpless naked things of the first week, but month old, full sized birds, almost ready to fly? We approach a nest when the parents are away fishing, and these big birds greet us fiercely, with open beaks and threatening talons. A more conspicuous nestful could not well be imagined, but now far overheard the mother fish-hawk comes, and, at her first shriek of alarm, down drops each ospreyling, prone upon the nest. Unless we examine the mass carefully, it is impossible to tell where the feathers of the young birds end and the seaweed and debris of the nest begin. We may lift the head of one of the birds a foot or more from the nest, but when we let it go it drops back without a motion of life; all threatening, all aggressiveness, has vanished at the first warning cry of the parent.

The color of sand is mimicked by many creatures, one of the most wonderful being the well named "spirit" crabs of our Southern coasts. Sit quietly on the sand for five minutes, and portions of it will soon appear to become animated and to move in various directions. Raise so much as a finger, and—sand to sand returns! Not a portion of these queer daylight ghosts but is mottled with the light gray of their habitat. Two feet away and the eye refuses to differentiate them. No wonder their holes dot the beach in myriads.

If we have observed this little miracle on the sandy shore of a coral key, let us walk inland to where the beautiful cocoanut palms rear their tall, filmy mass of fronds. The ground is littered with unripe cocoanuts, and, although we should be prepared for almost any surprise in this wonderland of nature, yet it is rather disconcerting when several of these nuts protrude eight legs and scramble away. Cocoanut crabs, of course, with hard brown backs and neat pockets in which eye-stalks, jaws, feelers, claws and legs may be packed away so carefully that there results—a cocoanut—identical except in internal constitution. Dante, when he came to the forest of human souls, on his ramble in the nether regions, experienced, perhaps, the same feeling which one has in walking through such a cocoanut grove, knowing that tiny eyes are peering out among the very nuts.

Let us not leave our Florida key before we have entered some live oak jungle where the shadows are filtered through the narrow slits of palmetto fronds. A big yellow butterfly flits past, we frighten it by a sudden motion and it vanishes. There are many times hanging near where the disappearance took place, but even our willing credulity will not let us believe that the butterfly has turned into a lime. No, but the insect has done something little less wonderful. When alarmed it must have flown to the nearest lime with a lightning dart, alighting on the side nearest us, and closed its wings, becoming, as we at last discovered it, an all but invisible line on the yellow fruit.

Slow flying Heliconia butterflies, moving like soaring birds, come past us, threading the tangle of vines and fronds. Their broad, oblong expanse of velvety black, marked with oblique lines and darts of yellow, gives them a beauty which evades description. These at least seem never meant for concealment. Yet two of them, after hovering about each other, alight near together and dissolve into their surroundings—the dark leaves and the lines of sunlight.

And so the great life game is played. We will learn never to scorn a seeming lichen covered knot on an apple tree lest it be a fairy castle of humming birds, sheltering two pearls, more to be admired than any jeweler's work. We hardly dare to walk upon the pebbles of the beach for fear, beneath the mottled surface, instead of lifeless crystals there is the beating of a tiny bird's heart. And, though we can faintly realize the thought of thousands of creatures striving for life in all parts of the world, yet, when we look through the lens of the microscope and see the same struggle—some hiding, some seeking, some fleeing, some pursuing—and all in a drop of slime, the wonder of it overwhelms us.—New York Tribune.

COMPARED MEN TO ANTS.

Lord Salisbury's Views on Greatest Problems of Life.

A friend who knew Lord Salisbury intimately, says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, gave me some years ago an interesting clew to his mind and life. Lord Salisbury was, as every one knows, a profound believer in the Christian revelations. The contemplation, habitual to him from boyhood, of things unseen had imbued his mind with two all-pervading thoughts—the immensity of God and eternity, the pettiness of man and time. The study of the physical sciences had deepened in him the abiding sense that men are like ants, and their world a grain of sand lying amid innumerable milliards of similar grains on the floor of the universe.

Nothing that could happen to these ants during their period of anthood mattered very much. The only question of interest was what would happen to them when they developed into some larger life. Applying this general principle to the particular line of ant life with which he was professionally engaged, this pessimist—or, rather, this minimist—saw little to hope from political institutions. The few ameliorations of the ants' lot which could be effected by positive law—such as preservation of life and goods and individual liberty—had been secured long ago; religion and moral sense must do the rest. Legislation could do nothing but mischief, and all that the most powerful statesman could hope to accomplish was to arrest that mischief and put a spoke in the wheel of further change.

If a politician could say when he went to bed, "I have hindered my fellow ants from doing something mischievous to-day," he had attained the summit of possible achievement.

Hairpin Has Its Limits.

He had been away on a long journey, and upon his return his wife was detailing to him a number of reforms and improvements which she had successfully engineered during his absence.

"And you know," she said, "that closet door that was locked for more than a month and which you said couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well," triumphantly, "I opened it."

"Well, well, how in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin."

"And the furnace door," she continued, "has been slopping around on one hinge for ever so long just because you were too lazy to fix it, but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself—with a hairpin."

"And then there's that crayon portrait of mother that stood in the corner for almost six weeks because you never would bring me any picture hooks——"

"Well, I intended to, but——"

"Oh, 'but!' Well, it don't make any difference now; I got it up with a hook I made myself—out of a hairpin."

"Ye gods!" he said.

"And there's Willie; you've been coaxing him and bribing him for a year, trying to break him of biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired weakly.

"No!" she snapped. "Don't be a goose! With a hairbrush!"—Lippincott's.

The List Gets No Larger.

The proprietor of an estate on which stand certain relics of the Cromwellian wars was for a long time annoyed by the constantly increasing number of names scratched, carved and scrawled on a certain stone slab. Eventually he caused a neat black plate to be affixed near the top of it, with a bold inscription in black letters: "This is a list of fools; please add your name." Since the placing of the tablet there have been no additions to the list, but signs are not wanting of frantic efforts having been made to erase some of the names already existing. Guardians of other historic monuments please copy.—Tit-Bits.

The Postman's Knock.

The British postal service may be slower than the American, but it has its humors. The story is told that in one of the remotest districts of Oxfordshire—which contains some inaccessible and primitive villages—there has long been a sub-postmaster with a wooden leg. In performing his delivery of letters he drove a donkey cart. But he found it difficult to get up and down. So it has been his custom to take with him a tin bucket full of large stones. These he hurled one by one with steady aim at the doors of his neighbors as occasion demanded. That was the postman's knock.

THE LAY OF THE CITY PAVEMENT

They took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main;
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement,
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or pattin' of it down.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Jingles and Jests

Old Gentleman—"Waiter, this meat is like leather!" "Yes, sir. Saddle of mutton, sir!"—Punch.

Edith—"I believe he only married her for her money." Edith—"Well, he has certainly earned it."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Gladys Beautigirl—"Oh, mamma objects to kissing!" Jack Swift—"Well, I am not kissing your mamma, am I?"—Town Topics.

Henry—"Horace is too confiding." Harvey—"I think so; he tries to catch his trains by the clock out at his country hotel."—Detroit Free Press.

And have you ever noticed,
With a feeling of surprise,
You really cannot recollect
The color of her eyes?

Editor—"This stuff isn't poetry! It's the worst rot I ever saw!" Poet—"Oh, come now! I tried to sell it to a popular song house and they wouldn't take it!"—Puck.

Mr. Borem—"I can't imagine why she was out when I called." Miss Pert—"Why, didn't you just tell me she knew you were coming?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elsie—"You know, Dorothy, Bobby is our first cousin." Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavorable impression)—"Is he? Well, I hope he's our last, that's all!"—Punch.

"I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me." "Gracious," replied her fond friend, "why aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What in the world are you doing with a phonograph, Harker? Thought you hated them?" "I do; but we use his one to keep our neighbors away when we don't feel like entertaining."

There are plans that are wrong, there are hopes fairly set
That flutter aloft and then die;
Ambitions are crushed into wrecks of regret;
They are flying machines that won't fly.
—Washington Star.

"What's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?" "Well, a bachelor girl thinks she could get married if she wanted to, and an old maid knows she couldn't."—Scottish-American.

Witherby—"I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown." Plankington—"What, was she angry?" Witherby—"Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another."—New Yorker.

"At what age do you consider women most charming?" asked the inquisitive of more or less uncertain years. "The age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat from Diplomatville.—Chicago News.

Drama of Loyalty.

Dramatic entertainments at Windsor differ from those at Sandringham. All the court ceremonials are enforced, and the performance is one of state. In front of the stage, and screening the orchestra, is a superb bank of palms, ferns and flowers. At 9 or 10 o'clock the court enter the magnificent room and take their places, the men in full uniform and official dress. Soon afterward the orchestra plays the national anthem, the assembly stands, the doors are thrown open, and, with the announcement, "Their Majesties," the royal party enters. The court remains standing until the King and Queen are seated in their armchairs in the front row. The curtain then promptly rises. At Windsor etiquette forbids any enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the audience; applause and laughter must be well modulated, and follow only in the wake of the King.

Sandals For Princess.

When King Victor Emanuel decreed that his little daughter, Princess Yolande, should wear sandals which are now so much worn by our little people, his people were properly shocked.

Fancy a little princess having her bare feet protected only by an arrangement of brown leather soles and straps, and of actually going barefooted on the seashore! Even the Queen disapproved and would like to have kept her daughter's little toes covered with openwork silk socks and white kid shoes, like those of other little folks of exalted rank.

Princess Yolande's opinion on the subject is not recorded, but doubtless she approved of her father's choice of footgear for her.

State Education.

The great State universities make the acquiring of an education possible to any boy or girl who has sufficient ambition to apply it. They meet the demands of the co-operative socialists. Excluding the charges for technical and professional departments, Indiana and Kansas universities require no fees. In Missouri there is an "entrance, laboratory and incidental fee of $5." Michigan, besides matriculation and diploma fees, imposes an incidental fee of $30 a year; Wisconsin, an incidental fee of $20; Illinois, $24, and Iowa, $25.

CROSS-BRED FRUIT.

Peculiar Hybrids Produced by the Scientific Horticulturist.

Some years ago a whitish mildew appeared on the vines of North France and ruined the crop. Two years later it spread all over France, Italy, Spain, Syria—in fact, over all the vineyards of the countries round the Mediterranean. The crops were reduced to one-twelfth of the usual amount, and for some years the terrible disease known as the phylloxera raged, doing millions of pounds' worth of damage.

In 1863 vines were imported from California and found to be proof against the fungus. Then began a series of experiments in crossing these new varieties with the old ones. The hybrids which have resulted produce the most valuable grapes at present known; and not only that, but are as powerful in resisting the attacks of disease as were their American ancestors.

The patient experimenters in cross-breeding plants have conferred many great boons upon mankind in general, and their work is at present only beginning. Some of the experiments lately completed are of an absolutely startling character. Tomatoes, for instance, have been grafted on potato plants, and the extraordinary spectacle has been seen of a plant producing two crops—one under the ground and one above. Strictly speaking, however, the latter case is not one of hybridization. A bud grafted upon another stock always comes true to its parent. For instance, if you graft a branch from a Ribston-pippin upon a crab-apple, you get true Ribston-pippin apples, not a cross between pippins and crabs. Real hybridization results from fertilizing the blossom of one plant with the pollen of another, and then planting the resulting seed.

Many splendid new fruits have thus been produced. For instance, at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society a new hybrid was shown which was half raspberry, half blackberry, and had the good qualities of both. The bush has the look of the blackberry and is grown in the same way; but the fruit has a taste midway between blackberry and raspberry, and comes into bearing just as the raspberries are falling.

Considering how the price of ordinary fruit doubles or trebles at the beginning or end of its season, the value of an early or late variety may be easily understood. An example of the value of cross-breeding fruits is to be seen in the peach known as the Duchess of Cornwall. It has been known to ripen nearly a fortnight before any other British hothouse peach. It is a cross between an early peach and an early nectarine, and is earlier than either of its parents.

The possibility of a pear-apple was suggested to a Worcestershire gardener by finding such a freak on one of his apple trees. He successfully produced it after several attempts, but it is likely to be valuable only as a curiosity, for there is little that is inviting either in its appearance or flavor.

It is possible to produce the strangest crosses. Blackberries, for instance, have been crossed with strawberries, but though the resulting seed produced plants, these were sickly and spindly and utterly refused to bloom, much less bear fruit. Perhaps the most peculiar attempt at crossing fruits was that between the black currant and the gooseberry, but in spite of every effort it failed.

Possibly the most important of all cross-breeding experiments are those which have had wheats and other food grains for their subjects. At Newtonle Willows, in Lancashire, Messrs. Garton have been at work for more than twenty years past crossing and improving wheats, barleys and oats.

Ordinary English barley has three grains on each spike. By cross-breeding a descendant has been produced with seventeen grains instead of three. Other cross-bred wheats have been produced on this farm which have no husks. The food value of such grains is, of course, very much greater, and the labor of preparing them for table much less.

It is an interesting point that the first experiment in cross-breeding was performed upon the common pink. This was just two centuries ago. Fairchild was the experimenter, and the result was a perfect success.

How the Bishop Was Cured.

A writer in Harper's Weekly reports an amusing new anecdote which Bishop Potter tells on himself. "When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation," says the Bishop, "it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. During my various trips to Europe I found it impossible to go anywhere or do anything without being 'lorded' right and left. At last I was in a fair way of becoming spoiled, when a little occurrence mercifully delivered me. I had reached home, after a run abroad, and while descending the gangplank met a friend, an old vestryman of mine. He was hurrying on board to receive his wife and daughters. Pausing midway up the plank, he grasped my hand and shouted:

"'Why, hello, Bish! How are you?'"

Snake Killing Cats of Cairo.

A native woman living in Old Cairo was entering her house when, to her great terror, she perceived a snake of formidable dimensions, which had taken possession of the hearth during the owner's absence. The woman fled, leaving the door open. Her cat then appeared on the scene, entered, saw the cobra, put up its back and tail, spat and otherwise manifested its hostility, and in turn went out. A few minutes afterward it returned in company with a second cat. After a similar exhibition both went out and returned with a third, and similarly went away, returning finally with a fourth. Considering that sufficient force had been recruited to kill the snake, the four at once fell on the reptile, and after a short but fierce struggle the latter was literally torn to pieces.—Egyptian Gazette.

Automobiles For Business.

It is a noteworthy sign of the times that the number of automobiles being licensed for business purposes in New York City is increasing, while the number of pleasure automobiles is relatively decreasing.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: Reveille, by Guy Fitch Phelps—A Whisky Confession Good For the Stomach—Do You Live Poison Flavored With Prunes?—No Wonder It Maddens.

As the watcher on the tower,
Who beheld the Polish king;
While a wronged and famished people
prayed below,
We have set our temperance warder,
We have heard his clarion ring,
That the sons of honor march upon the foe.
They are coming! They are coming!
Like the gathernig of the clans,
They are coming like the billows of the sea;
For the bugle sounds reveille,
In the midst of all the lands,
With the battle cry, "Saloons shall cease to be!"

Where the spring a robe is weaving,
For the shoulders of the hill,
On the far-off, rugged slopes of glorious Maine,
To the dreamy land of Sunset,
Does the gathering shout instil
The awakening hearts of valley, shore and plain;
For the Teuton, like a glacier,
Melting in a summer flood,
Speaks in Anglo-Saxon courage hot and high:
And Semetic teachers rally,
To the honor of one God,
Who has trailed the proclamation on the sky.

God has phonographed the moanings,
He has photographed the want:
He has bottled up the streams of woman's tears;
In the breast of retribution,
He will open up a fount,
That will wash away the drunkenness of years:
For His inspiration quickens,
And the struggle, long or brief,
Yet sufficient to give fully wrong for wrong;
And the gold at Baechus' altar,
Blistered o'er with drops of grief,
Shall be wasted as the autumn leaves along.

Till upon the hills of promise,
Streams a bright and better day:
Soon the night of Greed and License shall be gone;
For Corruntion's shades are stealing,
Like detested things, away:
And the nations now the sword of truth have drawn,
They are coming! They are coming!
Like the gathering of the clans,
They are coming like the billows of the sea;
For the bugle sounds reveille,
In the midst of all the lands,
With the battle cry, "Saloons shall cease to be."

Rank Poison in Whisky.

We'll give you to-day an anti-whisky argument which is furnished by whisky.

A Philadelphia liquor firm—corner Tenth and Market streets—sends out a circular. This firm wants to sell one particular kind of whisky. To persuade customers, it tells wholesome truths about other kinds of whisky. We now quote what the whisky firm says:

"Possibly ninety-two or ninety-three per cent. of the whisky sold in Philadelphia is what is technically termed by the trade 'blended whisky.' The manner of its preparation is about as follows: For a barrel of forty-eight gallons possibly thirty-eight to forty gallons of cologne spirits are put into a tank—cologne spirits being the ether of the whisky, which passes from the still in the process of distilling, as benzine precedes illuminating oil in the distilling of petroleum. It is a neutral spirit having no taste, but its effect upon the human system is very pernicious, and when taken to excess it flies to the brain and produces very unpleasant results. To this thirty or forty gallons of cologne spirits possibly four gallons of straight whisky are added, together with two gallons of prune juice, two gallons of peach juice, and a little vanilla, pineapple, or some other flavor to give it a distinctive and pronounced character. This compound, or blend, is allowed to stand for some months until the component parts are all blended. The compound is then bottled or barrelled, widely advertised and sold under fancy and alluring names, at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to $2 a bottle."

How does that impress you, Mr. Whisky Consumer?

How does that impress you, Mr. Man, who say that a little whisky is a very good thing. Is a little poison flavored with vanilla a good thing?

In a great city, according to a whisky firm that ought to know, ninety-two or ninety-three per cent. of all whisky sold is poison.

The whisky that ninety-two men out of a hundred get—in Philadelphia and elsewhere—is rank, poisonous alcohol "cologne spirits." No wonder the delirium brought on by whisky is full of snakes and wild things. No wonder the brain saturated with such stuff is driven to murder and crimes of all kinds.

Which is wiser, do you think?

To hunt around for some of that seven or eight per cent. of "pure" whisky, which means a little less poisonous than the cologne spirits kind?

Or to cut whisky altogether out of your bill of fare?

Let this confession of a whisky firm, competing with others, be useful to you—in making you drop whisky entirely.—New York Evening Journal.

A Sermon From the Business World.

The Christian Companion takes a text from the lay world:

"The liquor business has received another terrific blow in American commercial life. For some time there has been an effort made to prevent railroad employes from drinking. Some roads which have strictly enforced the rule, claim that there has been a decrease of twenty-five per cent. in wrecks and accidents since they have adhered to the strict observance of temperance rules. On September 23, a number of railroads posted a number of circulars so that their employes might read them, stating that no person would be kept in the employment of the roads who used whisky."

Drinks Enough to Float a Navy.

Somebody who has been computing the quantity of the liquids consumed by the American people within a twelvemonth, has found that we drank last year enough tea, coffee, wine, beer, liquor and other beverages to cover an area of land two miles square to a depth of ten feet—a lake large enough, it was suggested, to float several navies of the size of our own. The amount of alcoholic beverages alone which were necessary to satisfy the national thirst during this period would fill a canal 100 miles long, 100 feet wide and ten feet deep.

Even Germany Alarmed.

A bill has been prepared, to be offered in the next session of the Reichstag, restricting the sale of intoxicants in the German Empire. All saloonkeepers will be obliged to keep on sale non-intoxicating beverages, such as lemonade, milk, tea and coffee, as well as cold foods. The number of barmaids is limited, and there is a strict prohibition of credit. The Imperial Health Office in Berlin has come round to the belief that the use of alcoholic drinks is strongly prejudicial to the welfare of the country and the people, and issues pamphlets for popular distribution recommending total abstinence.

Germans Degenerating.

Official statistics show that the Germans as a race are degenerating. Though theoretically all German males must serve in the army, only fifty-four per cent. are fit for enrollment. The main objection is the prevalence of heart trouble among the young men. This trouble has increased 500 per cent. during the last decade, as the result of alcoholic indulgence and overstrain in early age; also from lack of proper nourishment.

When Policeman Joseph Hunkler went to arrest Benjamin B. Kressan, of Ravenswood, Ill., for assaulting his own wife, Kressan shot Hunkler, fatally wounding him and then attempted suicide. Kressan had been drunk all night.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

At Dawn.

Glorious, golden dawn!
From the locked chambers of the night
thou comest
To waken sleepy earth.
Speechless herald! Thou touchest lovingly the mountain peaks that stand immovable,
And with thy warmth of splendor dost dissolve the mists of centuries
From the eyes of ever-wakening truth.

Golden, glorious dawn!
The wheels of time that ever onward move,
Carrying with them all of life's endeavor,
Turn ever round, and in the gorgeous splendor of thy quickening power
Upward speed.

Autumn radiance in the valley resting!
Borrowing from thy life to spread o'er nature's home,
Rich covering of warmth and light.
Herald of life eternal! Thee we praise and in our praising
Find God, and in His temple kneel.
—S. Mabel Cohen.

Serving Christ at Home.

Charles Spurgeon once said: "When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element," and it is a home of that kind that invites our attention today. To serve Christ in the home is a great thing, for if we serve Him there service outside will be natural and easy and no higher praise can be given one than the praise of private virtue that is spoken of by those who know the home life, and especially when this praise comes from servants or others who come to know us just as we are, rather than as we appear. In the home, as elsewhere, Christ is to be served by obedience to parents, and the child that does not do this is not serving Christ, even though he may wear nice clothes and go to church and take part in meeting. Sometimes I have seen boys and girls that did not obey and I always felt sorry for them. They are unhappy themselves, and make others unhappy, and usually grow up to be of little use. On the other hand, it is a beautiful sight to see children render cheerful obedience to their parents. They are happy and make others happy and grow up to be useful men and women. Will you serve Christ by obedience to your parents?

Christ is served in the home by sympathy, and in the home where He dwells we find

"That sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart."

In such a home there is kindness, and each one vies with the other in manifestations of tenderest sympathy.

We serve Christ in the home by truthfulness. It is a bad thing for any one to lie, and no liar can enter into the kingdom of God. I once knew a little girl that was in the habit of telling falsehoods and after she grew up, even her own mother said that she could never tell when her daughter was telling the truth. Juniors, won't you pray for all such that they may repent and ask God to forgive them and help them to be truthful?

"Love is the golden chain that binds" us to each other in our homes, and we should be tender and affectionate to each other, or we will not serve our Master. To serve Christ in our homes we must be like Him. "Kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving each other." In such a house as this Christ finds a dwelling place. He is the head of such a house, the unseen guest at every meal and the silent listener to every conversation.—J. C. B. Stivers.

Those Who Would Have Must Give.

What would you think of a rose that would say to itself, "I cannot afford to give away to strangers all my beauty and sweetness; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals of beauty; I will withhold this fragrance for myself. It is wasteful extravagance to give these things away." But behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The fragrance, the beauty, do not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to exhibit its petals, to give its secret, its life, to others, that the beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his helpfulness and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very things he hoped to gain. The very springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes petrified. He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellowmen. His tears are dried up and he stares at misfortune without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to love, and soon you lose the power to love. Your affections are paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied from disuse, and you become a moral cripple.

But the moment you open wider the door of your narrow life, and, like the rose, send out freely your fragrance and beauty upon every passerby, whether peasant or millionaire, you begin to develop a marvelous power.—Success.

God's Choice.

When the choice lies between happiness and usefulness, God always chooses the latter for His children. This is the key to many a mystery. We seek joy, God seeks fruit. We pray for comfort, God sends trial. Not because He is unfeeling, but because He loves us too much to please us by injuring us. The care-free life is not the cared-for life. The crown shines brightest upon the forehead where pain has plowed her deepest furrow. That life is the loveliest which has been chiseled into beauty by the sharpest tool of sorrow. God is aiming at usefulness, not limited to earth, but reaching past all stars and compassing eternity. God has chosen us, and into His plan is woven both to-day and to-morrow and the eternal years; and He will not give us the happiness of to-day if that can only be purchased by the diminished happiness of to-morrow. The most useful men to-day are not our happiest men. Our sorrow may be our best helper as we set ourselves resolutely to our life's work.—Zion's Herald.

Practice Ground.

Kindness, gentleness, consideration for all with whom our earthly lot is cast—these form the practice ground for the ultimate satisfaction of the communion of saints in Heaven.

Gentle Speech.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our footpath, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so humble, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

Prohibition Territory.

According to statistics recently gathered, about 30,000,000 are living in prohibition territory in this country This is more than one-third of the entire population. In Maine, Kansas and North Dakota they have prohibition by state law, in thirty-eight other states they have it by local option.

Three Thousand Years Old.

A highly finished sun chariot lately found in a moor of Seeland in Denmark is thought to be at least 3,000 years old.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Company's "Weekly Review of Trade" says: Seasonable temperature and holiday purchases stimulated retail trade, making results more satisfactory during the past week than at any recent date. Improvement was most conspicuous in heavy wearing apparel and kindred lines that have remained dull because of the mild weather. Another encouraging feature was the resumption of work at many mills, although there is still much idle machinery, especially in the textile and iron industries.

In view of the numerous wage reductions there is noteworthy harmony between employers and workers, indicating that labor leaders appreciate the necessity of sharing in the readjustment.

Railway earnings for three weeks of November averaged 5.2 per cent larger than last year.

Failures this week numbered 258 in the United States, against 213 last year and 14 in Canada, compared with 17 a year ago.

Bradstreet's says: Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregate 3,851,767 bushels, against 2,974,277 last week, 4,179,685 this week last year, 5,117,478 in 1901 and 2,497,830 in 1900.

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Spring clear, $3.85@4.05; best Patent $3.25; choice family $4.35.

Wheat—New York No. 2, 87⅝c; Philadelphia No. 2, 84¼@85c; Baltimore No. 2, 85c.

Corn—New York, No. 2, 53⅜; Philadelphia No. 2, 48½@49c; Baltimore No. 2, 49c.

Oats—New York No. 2, 42c; Philadelphia No. 2, 41@42c; Baltimore No. 2, 38½c.

Hay.—No. 1 timothy, large bales, $—@15.00; No. 1 timothy, small bales, $—@15.00; No. 2 timothy, $—@14.00; No. 3 timothy, $12.00@13.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Apples—Maryland and Virginia, per brl, fancy, $1.50@1.75; do, fair to good, $1.00@1.25; do, Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per brl $1.50@2.25. Beets—Native, per bunch 1½@2c. Cauliflower—New York, per barrel or crate $1.50@2.25. Cranberries—Cape Cod, per brl $7.00@8.00; do, per box $1.75@2.00. Celery—New York State, per dozen, 30@40c; do, native, per bunch 3@4. Carrots—Native, per bunch 1@1½c. Cucumbers—Florida, per basket $1.50@2.50. Eggplants—Florida, per basket $3.00@3.50 Grapes—Concords, per 5-lb basket 12@16; do, Catawba, do, 14@15; do, Salems, do, 14@15. Horseradish—Native per bushel box $1.00@1.50. Lettuce—Native, per bushel box 40@50c; do South Carolina, per basket $1.00@1.50 Kale—Native, per bushel box 15@20c Onions—Maryland and Pennsylvania yellow, per bu 50@60c. Oranges—Florida, per box, as to size, $2.25@2.50 Pumpkins — Native, each 4@6c Quinces—New York State, per brl $4.00@5.00. Spinach—Native, per bushel box 50@55c. String beans—Florida, per box $2.75@3.00. Turnips—Native, per bushel box 20@25c.

Potatoes—Native, per bu box 60@65c; do, Eastern Shore, Maryland, per bu 55@60; do, Maryland and Pennsylvania, prime, per bu 60@65; do, do, seconds, per bu 50@55; do, New York, prime, per bu 65@70. Sweets—Yellows, Maryland and Virginia, per brl, 90@$1.00; do, per flour barrel, $1.15@1.20; do, Anne Arundel, per brl, $1.00@1.25. Yams—Virginia, per brl 75@90c; do, Potomac, Maryland, per brl 75@90.

Provisions and Hog Products.—Bulk clear rib sides, 8¼c; bulk shoulders, 8½; bulk ham butts, 7¾; bacon clear rib sides, 9¼; bacon shoulders, 9½; sugar-cured breasts, small, 12; sugar-cured shoulders, narrow, 8½; sugar-cured shoulders, extra broad, 10; sugar-cured California hams, 8¼; canvased and uncanvased hams, 10 lbs and over, 13¾; refined lard, second-hand tubs, 8¼; refined lard, half-barrels and new tubs, 8½; tierces, lard, 8¼.

Live Poultry.—Chickens—Hens, per lb 11@—c; do, old roosters, each 25@30; do, young, large, 12@13; do, young, small, 1½ lbs and under, —@14; do, young stags, 11@12. Ducks—Puddle, per lb 11@12c; do, Muscovy and mongrel, per lb 11@11½; do, Muscovy drakes, each 30@40; do, white Pekings, per lb 12@12½. Geese—Western and Southern, each 60@80c. Turkeys—Old, per lb 13@14c; do, young, 7 lbs and over, per lb 14½@15; do, small and thin, per lb 12@13.

Eggs.—Choice, Maryland and Pennsylvania, per dozen, loss off, —@30c; Virginia, per dozen, 28@30; West Virginia, per dozen, loss off, —@29.

Butter.—Separator, 24@25; gathered cream, 22@23; imitations, —@20; prints, ½-lb, 25@26.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Cattle—Choice, steady to 10c higher; others steady; good to prime steers, $5.10@5.70; poor to medium, $3.50@4.90; stockers and feeders, $1.75@4.10; cows, $1.50@4.25; heifers $2.00@5.00; canners, $1.50@2.40; bulls $2.00@4.35; calves, $2.00@6.50; Texas-fed steers, $2.75@3.75. Western steers, $3.00@4.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers', $4.25@4.42½; good to choice heavy, $4.30@4.40; rough heavy, $4.00@4.25; light, $4.00@4.40; bulk of sales, $4.15@4.30. Sheep—Sheep and lambs, 10 to 15c higher; good to choice wethers, $3.75@4.35; fair to choice mixed $2.75@3.75; native lambs, $3.75@5.60.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Cattle slow; choice $5.05@5.20; prime $4.85@5.00; fair $3.00@3.60. Hogs active; prime, heavy, $4.50@4.55; mediums $4.45@4.50; heavy Yorkers $4.45; light Yorkers $4.40@4.45; pigs $4.30@4.55; roughs $3.00@4.25. Sheep slow; prime wethers $3.85@4.00; culls and common $1.25@2.00; choice lambs $5.35@5.50; veal calves $7.50@8.00.

INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

In the United States there are 97,671 dry goods merchants.

The Russian government has expended over $300,000,000 in Manchuria.

About one-tenth of the buyers in New York wholesale stores are women.

Manhattan Island has an average of 132 people to the acre while London has 60.

The Nerst electrical lamp consumes but half as much energy as the ordinary incandescent lamp.

Colombia has had seven constitutions, and the title of the republic has been changed three times.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska valued at $30,000.

A large part of the machinery now being used to re-establish destroyed sugar mills in Cuba is coming from Europe.

Bulgaria sells the United States nothing but essence of roses and buys here nothing but agricultural implements.

Prof. Lapworth, regarding the moon with a geologist's eye, feels convinced that it is an active and living world.