

# THE SYMPATHY OF THE SAVIOR

REV. DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF THE

Woman Who Was Healed by the Touch of His Garment. Jesus Is Sensitive to the Faintest Appeal.

TEXT "Who touched Me?"—Mark v., 31.

A great crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see Him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure, others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was, but this is certain, she has tried all the means of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time when the word physician stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she has applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot and had tried the compress and had used all styles of ointment herbs, and she had been bled and had all the usual lacerated until life in her was a plague. Beside that the Bible indicates her doctor's bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hospital care until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorder. No! Wan and wasted and faint, she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain and holding up her hand to her forehead as if to ward off the fabled demon, only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her, pushing her this way and that. "Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a sick man? But just at that time the crowd parts. But she is invalid Him, and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched; she thinks if she can just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the forehead, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar.

She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on the hem of his garment, but on the bottom of the main fabric, not on the fringe of the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric flash there thrills back into her shattered nerves, and shrunken veins, and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health, God given and complete health. The 12 years' march of pain and pain and suffering, and suspension bridge of nerve and through tunnel of some instantly laid.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and beautiful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd and starts them with the intensity of a story of my text, "Who touched Me?" The incident crowd in substance replied: "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer."

Up, and kneel in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith has made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! He can cure our household, he can be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed Jesus felt that virtue or strength was taken out of Him. No addition of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never given your health for others? Have you never proached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or attended a burning prayer, and then felt afterwards that you had gone out of your? Then you have never touched Christ.

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ would have wrought such a cure for the suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was stirred with sympathy. You know that diseases may be carried from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be saturated with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all He robe, down to the last thread on the border, and that the woman, in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which this 12 years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if in potency cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self sacrifice. A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overlooks that he may educate a child for a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy strained by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, or laid Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick child, or a wife who robs herself of sleep under domestic duties, or a man who encourages her husband in the combat against disaster, or a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel wisely given and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and has nothing left for herself, she is a sick and nervous finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched Me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of

human disability makes all the nerves of His hand and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a hard Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron faced Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between Him and ourselves sensitive. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you say your hand on Christ, you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents, a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ and a current of consolation rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, way do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. You had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than 12 years. Is your case hopeless? No was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole host between the invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with sins in Cana He alleviated, as when at the wedding, as when tears rushed forth at the broken dome of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to feel that it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the text: "Jesus said, 'Who touched Me?'" Christ on the only day of His early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheeks, for when He said, "Who touched Me?" a woman of the multitude, a woman of the heart-break, why do you not touch Him?

"Oh," says one, "Christ doesn't care for you. Christ is looking for the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse sins than trouble than mine He doesn't care for." So His back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-reaching. But the context says, "He turned Him about." If He was facing the north, He turned to the south; if He was facing the east, He turned to the west. What turned Him about? The Bible says He has a shadow of turning; He rides on His chariot through the densities. He marches on. This is a story as though they were the exacting address of a royal and angelic throne on either side of Him without looking which way the fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned Him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nervous finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous! Of course it is a misapprehension in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After 12 years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! You all know that a great deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous can be. She had all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have bothered her. I was

to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm, everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman is nervous, she is an accident, they say, "That's a dreadful thing," but when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking they say, "Oh, that's nothing. She's a little nervous, that's all," putting a right upon the most agonizing suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medication. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to depend on medicine. You cannot sleep nights do not depend on medicine. If you have nervous prostration, do not depend on morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system, do not depend on quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicine. But I want you to bring your nervousness, and bring your insomnia, and bring all your weakness, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder, where He carries our burden, touch Him on the head, where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the center of all His sympathies. Oh, yes, that was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself is nervous. All night out of doors in malarial districts, where the Englishman or an American does it, he goes at certain seasons. Biting mosquitoes do so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp, and the persecution, and the outrage must have broken His nervous system. A fact proved by the statement that He itched so perfectly well on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has written in pain 24 hours, 48 hours, Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before He mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people who work out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. The woman said, "Why do you do that? Kiss me?" "Well," replied the tract distributor, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me. It breaks my mother's head." But that stately lady brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy. It is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch.

Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us. The knuckles, and the limbs, and the joints, all talking apart with that living death called leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not operate. He did not cauterize. He did not cauterize. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever—brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no medicine; He prescribed nothing. He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her, and she was perfectly well. Two blind men came stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four

weeks. He touched them, and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate, and he had a vibrating tongue. Christ touched the ear, and he heard, touched his tongue, and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate—a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the ear, and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it awakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied: "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how the poor suffer. I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on the cold step last night." This is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let Him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tired and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?

You utter your voice in a mountain pass, and there come back 10 echoes, 20 echoes, 30 echoes perhaps—wreath echoes. Every voice of prayer, every aspiration of praise, every groan of distress, has its divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes and throngs of ministering angels, and the hearts of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach to Christ as I preach to you. I touch Him—touch Him with your trouble and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man hold on to one end of the chain, and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then 100 persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment.

When Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and all the world is in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this world, and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be millions of voices responding "I touched Him."

## The Magnetic Water of Pueblo.

A feature of remarkable interest at Pueblo, Colorado, is that of the peculiar magnetic mineral water found there. This has converted the whole town to a belief in its wonderful efficacy and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the State. Everybody seems to be drinking it, and bathing in it for a week or two with the water at a temperature of about 105 degrees Fahrenheit is considered a panacea for the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism and derangement of the kidneys and liver, also dyspepsia and various other troubles, including nervous complaints. This water seems to be generally distributed beneath the city of Pueblo to a depth of from 1000 to 1500 feet. It has been found by seven or eight wells scattered over an area of several miles, which were all sunk in search for petroleum and coal, and in no case has a well which has been sunk to a proper depth failed to reach the water, which is found in a lamination of white sandstone. So strong is the force upon the water below that it equals a pressure at the surface of the wells equal to that of from fifty to sixty pounds to the inch, and rises when confined by an upright pipe to a height of 120 feet, and the flow from one of the wells, which is four or five inches in diameter, and which is the only one which has been properly cased, is estimated at 3000 barrels per diem.

The water is considered most agreeable for drinking, and contains an appreciable proportion of iron, lithia and sodas. The particular feature, however, is its strong magnetic character, as it impregnates knife-blades and steel substances held beneath its flow for a few minutes so strongly that they become magnets by which tacks, needles and other small iron and steel objects are readily lifted. This imparting of magnetism by water is, I believe, disputed and scouted by scientists whose theories are quite clear, but the fact nevertheless exists, and incontestably, that the water does, with celerity, highly magnetize steel substances held beneath its flow. It may not perhaps do this by the accepted axioms of science, but that it has a way of doing it is highly satisfactory to the boys as well as the adults of Pueblo. This magnetic quality is accounted the prime factor in rheumatic cases, and it would be difficult to find in the whole of Pueblo any one who knows anything about the water who is not a convert to its supposed almost miraculous qualities. In fact a continuous pilgrimage from the mines and different parts of the State to the water for drinking and bathing is going on, and it is generally believed that no case exists so obstinate that it will not be relieved by bathing and drinking freely of the water.—Boston Transcript.

## The Best Dishes for Dyspeptics.

Violent cases of dyspepsia are often cured by refraining from liquids entirely. Never drink at meals, and if thirty between times sip a little hot water slowly. Little by little, as the person grows better, he or she can take coffee, even tea, at their meals. Where chronic dyspepsia exists, generally the person must be guided by what is found by experience to agree. Simplicity in cooking and a plain diet is necessary. Pastry, fried articles, meats cooked a second time, and nearly all sweets are to be avoided. The following are some of the foods easy of digestion. Mutton, sweetbreads, chicken, partridges, beef tea, mutton broth, milk, fish, oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, asparagus, French beans, baked apples, oranges, strawberries, and posches.—St. Louis Star-Bayings.

# THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

A COLLECTION OF SIDE SHOWS AT THE FAIR.

Arabs, Turks and Moors Found Living in the Orient—The Javanese Village—An International Beauty Show—The Wonderful Revolving Wheel—Other Exhibits.

There are many strange things at the fair with queer names. There is the "Midway Plaisance," for instance. "What on earth does that mean?" most people ask when they hear it for the first time. Whatever it may mean elsewhere, in Chicago, says the New York Herald, it means simply a collection of side shows. The "Plaisance" is an avenue lined with buildings in which entertainments are given, but where the "midway" comes in it is hard to guess. The name was selected by a committee of leading citizens who wanted to get up something high toned, or, as they put it, "nobly." It is certainly a very noble name, and no other word so well describes it. To call the thing an avenue, it was decided, was too commonplace. Indian



IRISH VILLAGE AND BLARNEY CASTLE.

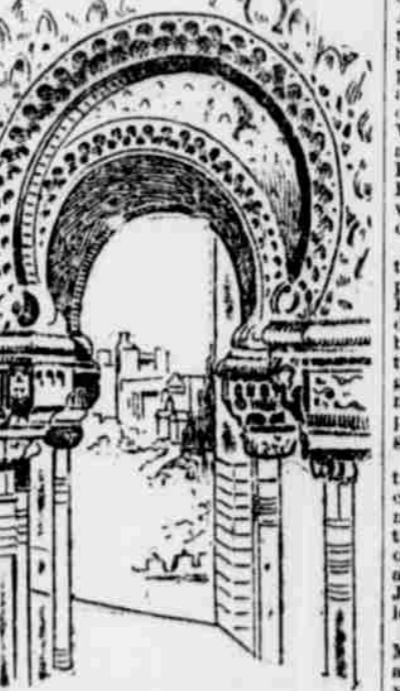
names are considered vulgar by many Illinois people, and so they borrowed a word from the French. This side show avenue is a mile long and it snakes just a little bit of Coney Island. It is operated under the eye of the fair management and it is in the grounds, strictly speaking, admission being included with a fifty cent World's Fair ticket. It is very broad, 600 feet wide over all. Every "concessionaire" more French—says a percentage of his receipts to the World's Fair Ways and Means Committee. Guarantees are afforded that the exhibits are worth the price of admission.

A Tower of Babel is built near the entrance to the Plaisance. It is 400 feet high and has a diameter at the base of 100 feet. This tower deviates from the plan of the original by having a double track electrical circuit run from the base to the top. A chute of bells is installed at the top, from which a good view of the ground is had.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been interested in making a display of the cottage industries of Ireland. Towering over a row of cottages in fact—this is a reproduction of Donegal Castle, throughout this exhibit there are specimens of the work of Irish peasants and some of the people themselves. A Kerry cow has been brought over specially to show one of the means of livelihood. Lace and shawls are made and sold here. The simple architecture of these homes, like that of the convent of La Rabida, is a pleasant relief to the eye after the stucco flowers and figures crowded on too many of the buildings.

Come with me to Cairo. It is shown by a street scene peopled with more than one hundred and fifty Egyptians who were taken from the midst of their dancing, smoking and trading and dumped into the Windy City. Dark brown beauties from the banks of the Nile, who dance oriental measures, look coquettishly upon the Yankee, their big eyes watching his attention soon as they look them upon him. They wear spangles, chains, beads and gilt bands. Black slave boys wait upon the dainty ladies, some of whom cover their faces in the modest fashion of the East. Arab traders, donkey boys and camel drivers are there. While the dancers are performing in the theatre the merchants sell beads, turbans or shells from the Red Sea and other curiosities, and the snake charmers subdue reptiles and the magicians show their familiarity with the black art. There are performing monkeys, too, and parrots. It is truly a glimpse of an Eastern city, and here and there one gets a whiff of it.

An old priest goes up into the tower of the mosque at daybreak and calls upon all believers in Mohammed to pray. The people perform their ablutions and then bless the prophet. When they have done this the long-bearded merchants take their pipes and squat in the bazaars, looking idly at the passers-by, while the women and children gaze in wonder and smile knowingly at



AN ARCH IN THE MOORISH PALACE.

the ignorance of their ways, betrayed by the Americans, who are as great a show to them as they are to the purchasers of admission tickets.

Faada, a gaudily dressed woman, rather fat is the beauty of the party, and among them are Egyptian beauties such names as Fatima Osman, Hosna Bint, Mitwall Natas-wah and Faimi Hour. Curiousities of diverse sorts from the museums of Cairo and Alexandria can be seen.

One of the old streets of Stamboul is reproduced and tenanted with people from that city and from Constantinople, who show pretty much the same sort of entertainment as their Egyptian neighbors. One of their features is a fire department such as is in service at the City of the Golden Horn. The fire pump, which has a big capacity, is hung on poles on the shoulders of the natives, who trot through the streets astonishingly fast. When they reach the fire water is supplied to them by carriers, who bear leather bags that are raised by the wells as fast as their contents are used up.

Turkish luncheons are peddled by costumed natives, who serve them from a tray. A saddle belonging to the Sultan of Turkey is placed in the Transportation Building. It is covered with red plush and gold and is used by its owner only on the most solemn occasions. Arab horses of pure blood were allowed by the Sultan to be exported. A silver bed, owned by one of the sultans of Turkey, and said to weigh two tons, is in the collection, and a Turkish tent once belonging to a Persian Shah, and used by him in traveling. It is made almost wholly of unadorned cloth.

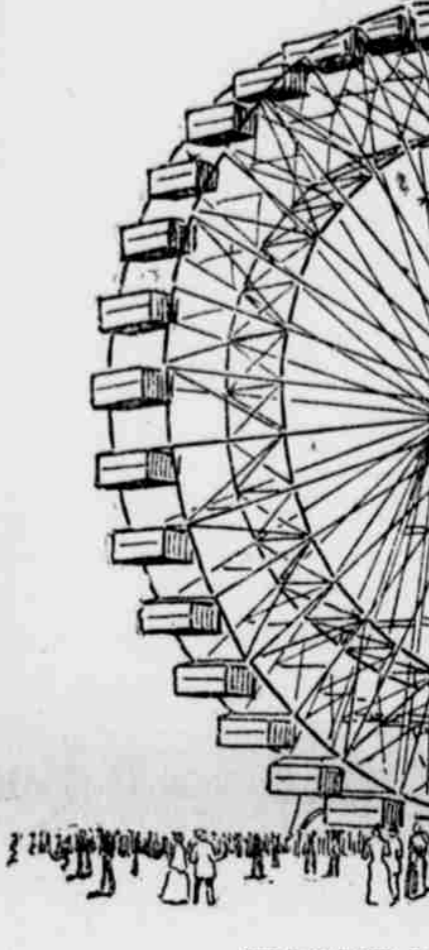
near the Tunisian and Algerian section is a Moorish palace modeled after one of the old style temples which are found in Spain and Northern Africa. A restaurant, accommodating five hundred people, in the palace shows that the Moors are a practical race. In the building is an immense collection of gold coins.

An Algerian merchant who erected villages at the three last Paris expositions has put up a building in which are quartered a large supply of natives who maintain a bazaar, in which are displayed precious stones, swords, pistols with antique flint locks, daggers, axes, brooches, cushions, fully table covers. In another store are found perfumery, seraglio pastilles, attar of roses and sweetmeats, though these are not half as sweet as the dreamy dainties who sell them to you. A bedouin chief, who, of course, would cut a dash with no compunction, is shown. The dancing girls keep the hall crowded with spectators.

Javanese, to the number of seventy, have built a village in the style of their country on the Midway Plaisance. It is made of bamboo poles, split bamboo and palm leaves and thatched with native grasses. A screen of split bamboo and leaves encloses the village to keep out those who haven't paid. The Javanese girls dance to the music of an orchestra and puff cigarettes. They are little bits of creatures with black shiny hair. In the centre of the settlement are two big bamboo poles with holes cut through them. When the wind whistles through these holes a strange melody is produced that makes the Javanees feel homesick and romantic.

With the Javanese is an old priest named Hadji, who has a great influence over his flock. They are a very lazy race and get tired of work about once a day, throwing down their tools and saying they have had enough. But the old priest knows his business. Just as soon as they quit he has a vision in which it is revealed to him that if they do not at once resume they will be devoured by red devils or develop horns and a tail. Humility and paucity of clothing are characteristic of the Javanese and both characteristics have been carefully encouraged by the Hollanders who control the island. One of them, a real Prince named Raden Soekmadilaga speaks Dutch and German, but no English. Some of the dancing girls are quite comely. They wear their black hair in knots and out away the bangs from the forehead with a razor.

A remarkable display in the Plaisance is



THE WONDERFUL REVOLVING WHEEL.

of feminine beauty. A building has been set up and in it are installed fifty young women, who represent the style of life of various Nations and their fashions in costumes. They were got together by a Chicago beauty collector who spent some months in Europe advertising for types of the different races. Minister Lincoln when the party were in Southampton notified them that they were violating the Contract Labor law in coming to America, which was not so, as Congress exempted the World's Fair from the law. After they arrived in Chicago all their costumes were burned in a fire that very nearly burned them, too. These ladies to be dignified and the girls sit in their pavilions and smile day after day. The management contracted for smiles lasting six months. The Vienna girl is a musician, and others have accomplishments as dancers, Russia, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, England, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary and Chicago are equally well represented, and there are beauties from different parts of the United States.

Carl Hagenbeck, a famous German animal tamer has a building with a hall seating 5000 people, in which he gives his performances. He domesticates the lion so that he will lie down with the lamb, and tigers and wildcats become so tame under his care, it is said, that they are no more dangerous than guinea pigs. Such animals as these he does not keep up in their cages, but gives them plenty of breathing space and they live together without fighting.

Germany has a village in which the artistic and mercantile tastes of her people are combined. The Germans have put up a model of a town of the Middle Ages, and there are houses of the Black Forest and the other divisions of the empire. The houses are filled with original furniture. Dr. Eric Jahn, of Berlin, manages a German ethnological museum.

The Ferris wheel is the real triumph of the Midway Plaisance. It represents better than any other exhibit the genius of American invention. It looks something like the paddle



WORKMAN IN THE CAIRO STREET.

that a fly must have that size on the cart wheel and rolls it revolve. The wheel is 204 feet high and 26 diameter. It bears thirty-two passenger cars, each larger than a railroad coach, each seating capacity of fifty persons. The wheel is "loaded" it contains 2160 seats. They are carried up and then down sitting in their nest.



PART OF THE CHINESE VILLAGE.

It is steel throughout and is not made of wood. There are really two wheels on the same axle and 250 feet apart, and the cars are made of wood and steel, upholstered and nicely finished, and each weighs 19 tons. It is the largest steel ever forged. It is 23 inches in diameter, 45 feet 2 inches long and weighs 36 tons. Arranged in groups on the red iron crown of the wheel are 3000 incandescent lights of various colors, which are extinguished and relighted at intervals as the wheel revolves, producing at a distance a like that of huge fireworks. Six cars are loaded at a time from the platform. The wheel takes ten minutes to make a revolution, so there is no danger of the passengers being emptied out of their nests. The cost of 2000 horse power. The wheel was invented by G. W. G. Ferris, a bridge



THE WONDERFUL REVOLVING WHEEL.

of Pittsburg, Penn. It is said that the cost of construction was \$400,000. The wheel was begun in the year 1890 and finished in 1893. It is exhibited in the Midway Plaisance de B. Spridon. It is of carved wood, and has a substance in imitation of marble and is constructed on a scale of one-sixth. This makes it about 30 feet long, 15 feet wide and 25 feet high. It is placed in a style of Roman style, which contains besides model the portraits of many of the emperors. There are models of the Cathedral of Milan, the Pombino Palace, St. An Church and the Roman Pantheon of Agrigento. The attendants in this building are in the uniforms of the Vatican Guard.

Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, has his large assortment of performing and ethnological collection consisting of implements, household goods, their goods and animals. Of these 400 come from Africa, 375 from New Guinea, 40 from New Guinea, 405 from Islands of South Seas, 823 from British Columbia from Greenland and 128 from Ceylon, a total of 2340. There is also an animal aquarium forty feet long, six feet wide and six feet high. It is placed in a style of Roman style, which contains besides model the portraits of many of the emperors. There are models of the Cathedral of Milan, the Pombino Palace, St. An Church and the Roman Pantheon of Agrigento. The attendants in this building are in the uniforms of the Vatican Guard.

## THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

A Falling Off Shown by the Bureau Statistics. The chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that during the 10 months ending April 30, 1895, 433,988 immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States. Of this number 95,673 came from Germany, 91,000 from Russia (except Poland), 45,823 from Ireland, 38,031 from Sweden and Norway, 902 from England and Wales, and 348 from Ireland. The number arrived during the 10 months ended April 30, 1894, was 534,825, of which 72,167 came from Germany, 44,583 from Italy, 35,196 from Sweden and Norway, 22,116 from Russia (except Poland), 37,901 from England and Wales, and 32,055 from Ireland.

## CURFEW RINGS AGAIN.

And All Canadian Children Must Be Housed by 9 O'clock. The old custom of ringing the curfew the evening has been revived in all the large and towns throughout Canada. It act passed at the last session of the Dominion parliament provides that at 9 o'clock the curfew shall be rung, and if any person under 17 years of age are found on the streets they shall be considered as being in violation of the law. A satisfactory explanation can be given parents must suffer either by confinement in jail, fine or by sending the children to some public institution where they will be taken care of until the authorities see fit to release them. The act is meeting with success throughout Canada.

## A Noted Elocutionist Dead.

James E. Murray, the noted elocutionist died at Cincinnati, O., on Friday.