

A WINTER LOVE-SONG.

The sad feel is, cooled in falling snow. They are not sad to me. Not still, to me, the winds that blow, However chill they be.

STORY OF A NUGGET.

NOTED western financier wears on his watch chain a tiny nugget of gold, set about with small, but exceedingly fine diamonds, and if you should chance to strike this money king when he is in one of his rare communicative moods, he will tell you, if you ask, the following story of how from the nettle danger, he plucked, not only the flower of safety, but of fortune, as well.

It was when the gold fever in California was at its height that I sold out all I had at home and went to join the throngs streaming to the new El Dorado. It was what you might call a groundhog case with me, for if I did not strike it rich I was ruined, as I had nothing in the world except the little pile I took with me to the mining country. I fell in with a fellow calling himself Peter Sharp, and sharp he was, too. I afterward learned that he was a fugitive from justice in England, that heaven alone knows what his real name was, as he had as many aliases as a leopard has spots. But he was a good judge of ground where gold would be likely hidden, and was above all a very amusing, agreeable companion, so I was very glad on the whole of his company. We decided to make for the extreme corner of the gold-bearing region, and to do our own prospecting, so that if we found the precious metal none could benefit by it but ourselves.

Sharp was pretty nearly broke and I had to pay for both our outfits, but I did not mind this, as his knowledge of geology, which, while limited in exactness, could be depended on so far as it went, offset this. Well, we kept on edging away from the overcrowded districts toward the north, until we found a spot where Sharp saw indications of the time we were after.

of some animal in my face, but I could not make out what this animal was, though there was a full moon looking down the shaft at me, like a mild beneficent eye. I lay quiet still, not daring to move a muscle, but presently the cold, damp nose of the unseen inspector of my body tickled me into a sneeze. There was a low growl and sharp teeth seized my wounded shoulder in such a way as to cause me the intensest agony, but I controlled myself, and presently the teeth let go and the creature, whatever it was, walked away and I could hear it crunching the bones between its powerful jaws.

parted and I fell headlong into a pool of dirty water and mud. "What did you do that for?" I heard Sharp cry, and Harold answered something, which I did not hear, but Sharp shouted again, quite angrily, "I'm going to kill and rob him in no such way." Then Harold talked awhile, but still I could hear nothing, though I could imagine the argument that was going on above. I was actually on trial for my life. Would Sharp be firm in his friendship for me, true to his manhood? But even as I asked myself this question with a beating heart there sounded from above a pistol shot, and I felt a sharp sting in my shoulder, just below the collar bone. Another and another came, one splintering the rock over my head and the other burying itself in the mud in the bottom. I could make out a ledge projecting a few feet out from the perpendicular wall, and under this I ran for shelter from the murderous rain that was falling down that old shaft. Here I was safe, and after several more shots there was silence and the two villains must have gone on, thinking I lay dead there where no man might bury me and where only a whited skulery might be found in future years for some one to marvel over for a moment and then to leave.

"It had been late in the afternoon when I descended, but was already dark as could be down there, and even if I had anything with which to have kindled a light, every match I had had been destroyed by the water into which I had fallen. I walked round and round my prison, longing in vain for the torch, at least, that Sharp and the other rascal were to have lowered after me, but leaving my starting point, I felt my way about until I came back to it, and calculated that the shaft was five by five feet. But I could discover no outlet, save that far above my head. Then I reconnoitered to see what was in the pit besides water, mud and me. On one side away from the little pool I came across a heap of bones of various animals, as near as I could judge, and handling these I discovered something that sent the delicious intoxication of hope once more thrilling through my veins, and this was while many of these bones were brittle with age and had long been bare, there were others that still had fragments of flesh hanging to them in a way as if some animal had eaten a meal here.

"Reflection came then whispering that these creatures to which these bones belonged might have fallen over into the pit, and the latest comer devoured all the remains that he found and so sustained life for a few days. But I could not relinquish my hope so soon and tried to believe that these were signs of some animal making this its den and that this animal must have some exit. Repeating this to myself I fell asleep at last, worn out with the fatigue and

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prepared to go up the channel. It was quite narrow at first, but widened out presently and I guessed that I was in another shaft of the old mine. After crawling on for a half hour, my progress being impeded by rocks and debris that had fallen into the place, I saw ahead of me the faint glimmer of day and in another ten minutes was in the open air.

"I was afraid to go on at once to Sacramento, for I might run into my rascally companions if they had halted on the road, when I thought that they would kill me to keep me from telling of their crime. So for the next day or two I lingered about the spot, living on the wild berries and such small game as I could ensnare. After some trouble I found a bit of flint, with which and the steel of my knife I kindled a fire, and beside the use this was to me in cooking my food I made me several torches with which I proposed to explore the old mine. This I did pretty thoroughly, to find that the vein of metal it had once contained had been very nearly worked out, and was about to close my investigation and proceed on my journey when a sudden rainstorm came up. The water fairly poured down the old shaft washing its sides clean, carrying with it also a quantity of dirt.

"I was amusing myself after this fall of rain looking over into the tunnel to see the effect of the deluge, when my eye caught sight of this little nugget I wear here on my charm. I picked it out and rubbed it clean, when I could have leaped with joy, for if things were as this piece of metal indicated there was a rich vein of gold running almost parallel with the one that had been removed from the mine and which had never been discovered by the ancient miners. I could scarcely wait to begin my search, so eager was I. But I had no pick-axe, Sharp and Harold having taken even that, so I had to improvise one of a branch of a tree with a pick of one of the bones that were in the bottom of the main shaft. But luckily the soil was soft from the recent rain, and I had no difficulty in digging out several very fine nuggets, one of which I afterward sold for \$3000 in San Francisco.

"I stayed there for three weeks, working alone and bringing in all nearly \$50,000 worth of metal from the mine, which I buried as soon as found. I now saw that in order to go deeper in the thing I would have to have assistance, and with some of the smaller nuggets I set out once more for Sacramento, traveling mostly by night, for those were wild times, and the roughest element on earth was abroad in those mountains. But at last I got to the city, and the first man I saw was Harold, standing in the door of a saloon. He staggered back, and then watching me closely, stepped forward once more and fired at me. The ball passed through my hat, and as I drew my pistol to fire his friends

in worldly favor. Yet you can at such times hardly tell how much of it is natural exuberance and how much of it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows advance, and you have seen the most stupendous sacrifice of all time and merit was on the bluff back of Jerusalem when one being took upon himself the sins of the nations, the perfection of a great multitude that no man can number between 12 o'clock of a darkened noon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, purchasing the ransom of a ruined world.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Rubies Surpassed."

"Wisdom is better than rubies."—Proverbs viii, 11. You have all seen the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the priest's breastplate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarenes to the ruby. Esaiel points it out in the robes of the King of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom or religion, always setting its value as better than rubies.

The world does not agree as to how the precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that they were made of drops of perspiration of the goddess Ge. The sun-droste was supposed to have dropped from a stormcloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the fiery. The lapis lazuli was thought to have been born of the cry of an Indian prince, who, when the magicians said that the precious stones were made of gases and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the setting sun.

"The mine of the genuine ruby is Burmah, and sixty miles from its capital, where it reigns the ruler, called 'Lord of the Rubies.' Under a careful Governmental guard these valuable mines of ruby kept rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a large vein was discovered, it was brought forth with a trumpet, and a procession was formed, and with all honor, pomp, military guard and princely attendants, the gem was brought to the king's palace.

"Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapis lazuli, and more than tell you. An expert on this subject writes: 'A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth at the present day ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight.' It was a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the battle of Grandson. It was a great affliction when Rudolph II of Austria inherited a ruby from his sister, the queen dowager. It was thought to have had much to do with the victory of Henry V. as he wore it into the battle of Agincourt.

"It is the pride of the Russian court to own the largest ruby of the world, presented by Gustavus III to the Russian Empress, Wondrovsky. It has electric characteristics, and is the most precious in the world. The most precious in the world, in its double six-sided prism, which I call it? It is frozen fire! It is perfumed blood. In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and my text makes the comparison, 'Wisdom is better than rubies.' Impossible to compare two things together when they are so different. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for jewelry and adornment. How the rubies glow and burn and flash as the light strikes them! Catherine of Aragon had on her finger a ruby that fairly interned the night.

"Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated traveler of 400 years ago, said that the Emperor of the Indies had a ruby that made the night as bright as day. The probability is that he meant, under some of the lamps that illumined his cedar palace by night, noticed the peculiar glow of the ruby as it looked in the bill of a sword, or hung in some fold of the upturned robe, as the light of the sun. While he was thinking of the same time of the excellence of our holy religion as cried out in the night of trouble, and he cries out, 'Wisdom is better than rubies.' Oh, yes, it is a good thing to have repute while the sun of prosperity rides high at noon.

"A Military Use of Aluminum. The German war department has ordered that the cooking utensils and other metallic vessels furnished to the soldiers shall be made of aluminum. The reason given for the order is that the physical standard of the men is much lower than it was before the new army law went into effect, and many of the men now mustered into the service are not able to carry the heavy loads with which the troops are burdened on the march. Aluminum vessels are much lighter than the iron ones hitherto used. For the same reason experiments have been ordered to determine whether an aluminum helmet can be devised which will give as much protection as the brass ones now worn by the troops.—New Orleans Picayune.

Lard Oil in the Navy. Those ships of the United States Navy that do not use the electric light are still lighted with lard oil, which thickens in cold weather, and has other inconvenient habits. They powers that be have always pronounced any other oil unsafe for moving ships. There was a time when the man who should have invented a better oil and persuaded the Navy Department that it was as safe as lard oil would have made a fortune.—Globe-Democrat.

If in this journey of life we have learned anything, let us have learned that this world, neither with its emolument, its gains, nor its enjoyments, can satisfy the soul. Why, here come as many witnesses as I wish to call to the stand to testify that before high heaven and the world, in companionship with Jesus Christ as the master and the ruby on the wanted finger of the departing one, say nothing of the ransoming blood which they so meekly typify. So far as giving solace or illumination to a departing spirit, utter a dead failure. Midnight of their hopelessness drops on us at the scene.

Another room of mortal exit. Religion is no rubies. She never had money enough to buy one of those exquisite. Sometimes she stopped at a jeweler's show window and saw a row of them incarnating the value. She had known too to appropriate those gems, but she never owned one of them. She was not jealous or unhappy because other ladies rubies while she had none. But she had a richer treasure, and that was the grace of God that had comforted her along the way amid bereavements and troublous and persecutions and sickness and privations and trials of all sorts. Now she is going out of life.

The room is bright, not with pictures or statues, not with upholstery, not with any of the gems of mountain or of sea, but there is a strange and vivid glow in the room, the light of the chandelier or star or moon-day sun, but something that outshines all of them. It must be the presence of supernatural. From her illumined face I think the most of her soul. Yes, she does hear sweet voices—voices of departed spirits, voices apostolic and prophetic and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom.' From her illumined face I think she hears rapturous music. Yes, she does hear rapturous music, now soft as solos, now thunderous as orchestras; now a saintly voice alone, now the hundred and forty and four thousand in concert. From her illumined face I think she sees the sides of the garden where flowers never wither and from the blossoms of orchards, every tree of which bears twelve manner of fruit. From her illumined face, I think she must see a glorious light, she sees the wall that has Jasper at the base and amethyst at the top and blood red rubies between. Gosh, sweet soul! Why should you longer stay? Your work all done, your burdens all carried, your tears all wept! Forward into the light of glory! Your work all done, your burdens all carried, your tears all wept! Forward into the light of glory! Your work all done, your burdens all carried, your tears all wept! Forward into the light of glory!

"There is also something in the deep earnestness of the ruby that suggests the sacrifice on which our whole system of religion depends. While the emerald suggests the meadows and the sapphire the skies, and the opal the sea, the ruby suggests the blood of sacrifice. The most precious of the world, in its double six-sided prism, which I call it? It is frozen fire! It is perfumed blood. In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and my text makes the comparison, 'Wisdom is better than rubies.' Impossible to compare two things together when they are so different. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for jewelry and adornment. How the rubies glow and burn and flash as the light strikes them! Catherine of Aragon had on her finger a ruby that fairly interned the night.

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career is ended, and nothing opens beyond, where he will stand stopping off from this life as the majesty, or whether he will stand off for it may be annihilation. He has no prayer to offer, and he does not know how to pray. No hope of meeting again in another state of existence. He is through with the life and is sure of no other. The ruby on the wanted finger of the departing one, say nothing of the ransoming blood which they so meekly typify. So far as giving solace or illumination to a departing spirit, utter a dead failure. Midnight of their hopelessness drops on us at the scene.

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All About the Eyes. Don't allow a cold wind to strike the eyes. Don't have colored shades on the lamps; use white or ground glass. Don't go directly from a warm room into a cold, raw atmosphere. Don't open the eyes under water in bathing, especially in salt water. Don't let any strong light, like that from electricity, shine directly into the eyes. Don't strain the eyes by reading, sewing or any like occupation, with an imperfect light. Don't bathe the eyes with cold water; that which is as warm as can be borne is better. Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening. Don't, above all, have the children sleep so that the morning sun shall shine in their faces to arouse them. Don't expect to get another pair of eyes when these have been destroyed by neglect or ill use, but give them fair treatment and they will serve faithfully to the end.—New York Advertiser.

Cooking by Steam.

Cooking dishes are now made in England in which, in the boiling process, the meat does not come in contact with the water or steam. The edible is contained in a jacket, which in turn is immersed in the outside kettle containing the boiling water. It is claimed that by this the nutritious qualities of meat are preserved, nothing passing off in vapor. There is moisture enough in the meat to prevent it burning and all the flavor is retained, while, again, the fiber retains a tenderness not found in any other method.—Hardware.

One Maine teacher says: "I can teach my pupils more physiology in half an hour with a cat and a jack-knife than with all the textbooks that I have in the school."