Oh, the old stone well,

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In the shady little dell, Which lay across the meadows where the cowslips dwell;

How our tired bearts swell As we long, more than we'll tell, Just to soak in air and sunshine by the old stone well.

Ob, the faint, cool breeze That sifted through the trees, And murmured soft accommpaniment to the bumming of the bees ;

How one's soul 'twould please To sit there 'neath the trees, And to build again those eastles that one's youthtime sees.

How as boys we'd play, On each bright sunshing day, In the grass and through the branches till the twillight gray :

And day after day, On each load of fragrant hay, Roll up gatly to the barnyard in the same old me.

But the years have sped, And our boyhood friends have fled, And the pretty girls we used to love long

since wed; But the tale we'll tell,

And with memory sweet we'll dwell, As we watch their children playing round the old stone well,

-Jack Stevens, in Rochester Post-Express,

## A PECULIAR WILL CASE.



HE rise of James McCurdy, a young attorney in New York City, was attended with a number of peculiar circumstances of which the publie in general were ignorant. His brilliant work in the celebrated Morris vs. Morris will case won for him a measure of fame that would

mean much to any young man in the legal profession. The case was a hard-fought one, involving much labor on the part of the attorneys, especially for the young attorney who sought to break the will whereby James E. Morris had left his entire estate to his scape-grace foster-son, George M. Morris,, and had disin-herited his daughter Edith, who in the eyes of the world, had ever been her father's favorite. McCurdy had known Edith for many years and, while they had never been actually betrothed, their names were more or less associated. The young lawyer himself was wealthy, so the match was deemed a fitting one and Edith did not seem averse to his attentions. The news that she had been disinherited went on to say that the old gentle-

denbie. No cae was morday. than James McCurdy.

"Co course I don't care myself that your money is gone, Edith," he said, effective "for I have enough for both of as. But it does seem strange that that ney for & scoun-"

"Don't call names, Jim," replied Edith, sadly. "It won't do any good. I never thought how it would seem to be left dependent, but I dare say I will get on somehow. 1 can teach music or become a companion, or paint china, or-"

"You shall do nothing of the kind," he retorted hotly, "You will marry me and have everything you want. Still I do not care to see that fellow who was never a brother to you-and you know what a life he led your

father-take what is your just due, "I don't want to marry you, Jim, and bring you nothing."

"You will bring yourself. That is sufficient. Still, if you will put this case in my hands, I will see that you get your just dues."

'You mean take it into the courts, Jim?" she cried in consternation. "I mean just that. Contest the

"Never! I could never contest the

will of my father." "I don't believe it was his will."

"What, Jim?"

"I think it a forgery." The upshot of the matter was that the will was contested. McCurdy found it uphill work collecting evidence. Nothing that he could learn shook his conviction that the father was not out of his mind when he made the will. He bent all his energies toward showing that the will was a forged document, but found that he made little headway in the task. The foster-son had a friend, Clarence Woodruff, a dissipated young man, and somehow the attorney could not avoid associating him with the forged document. He had Woodruff watched, but in spite of his zeal nothing came of the closest scrutiny of the going man's actions. Day after day he worried over the case until, finally, he was almost in despair. Edith alone was will be left her everything?" calm and indifferent. But now Me-Curdy had his professional reputation at stake, and he clung to the preliminary work on the case with dogged tenacity, although baffled at every step. One day, while pondering over the matter at his club, his attention

was arrested by a familiar voice; "Hello, Jim!"

"Jack, old boy!" The two men clasped hands and were soon lunching together and convers-

ing with much animation. "By the way, Jack," said McCurdy, remembering a fad of his old friend, 'are you doing anything in hypnotism lately?"

"I should think I was. I have become quite a celebrity in an amateur and found the will. way on the other side of the waterbelong to two London societies. But culiar case, but whenever Jack in in Europe. The total tax amounts to how are things with you, Jim? Marthese days call, upon Jim and Edith only \$4 per head of the population.

ried? No? Going to be? Why that

sigh? Come, unbosom yourself."
With that Jim related all the perplexities of the case in hand and the other listened with marked attention. For several hours they conversed and at the end of that time came to some conclusiou.

"Pooh! I don't believe it will work, Jack!" "There is no harm trying. You are sure you have told me all about Wood-

ruff? "He is the man whom you suspect forged the will?" "I do. "

"Then if I succeed do you want him for a witness?"

"No; the other side are going to call him. He was well acquainted with Edith's father, and I believe claims to have been present when the will was drawn."

"You must point out Woodruff to

"Very well." As they left the club a tall, welldressed fellow passed.

"That is the man," said Jim. "I won't forget him. Tell me where he is usually to be found."

The lawyer named several fashionable resorts and the other left him, saying at parting: "I will look around in about a week

and report." The week passed and Jack was as good as his word. He appeared in evident glee.

"It's all right, Jim."

Then the two conspirators went out and had dinner at Delmonico's and further devised ways and means. The case came on for trial and Jim presented his witnesses. He asked Edith exercise a certain sympathetic effect the will filed for probate was a false and fraudulent document, a statement received by George's attorneys with smiles of amusement. It must be confessed that the testimony of his witnesses did not carry out this claim. heriting her. When Jim's witnesses court room were forced to confessed shown nothing, except by the most in- equal clearness at any distance. direct inference. The other side built up what the young attorney at once mentally characterized "a gigantic tissue of falsehood." The principal witness was Woodruff, who testified that he had once heard the deceased say that he would disinherit Edith. witness, George sat cool and confident. He had supplied the motive for the disinheritance and the witness was received by the world with sur- man's aversion to counsel on the other

estate was a large one and side, who was paying his daughter atwas questioned at Burge. "Take

> ing man. was seated diractly behind him-s May, in the presence of many thouman who possess, a glittering pair of sands who had waited for hours to witeyes, which he like the steadfastly ness the spectacle. fixe I on the witness. "Is it all right, Jack?"

"Yes; I'm sure. Go slowly at first,

though. Jim turned to the witness

ris say that he would disinherit his with me?" The witness hesitated, and finally

answered in a bewildered way : "No; I'm not sure those were just his words."

"Did his words imply any such thing? "I can't say that they did."

George regarded the witness with front of him and threw out question after question. "Did you ever hear my name men-

tioned by Mr. Morris?"

"Now, did he as a matter of fact, ever say that he would disinherit his daughter?"

"Why did you say he did?"

"Because George Morris gave me \$10,000 to testify in this case. "It's a lie!" shouted that person. "Your honor," said Jim coldly, "I protest against interruption. This is their witness, your honor, and I assert that I am following a legitimate line of questions. I give your honor my word that we have not tampered with

on our side. "You may proceed," said the court. "Now, Mr. Woodruff, is it not a fact that Mr. Morris did not disinherit his daughter?"

"Is it not a fact that in the true

"It is." Here George whispered to his attorney : "That hound has sold us out." "Is it not true that you manufacture a will to suit your purpose?"

"This was a conspiracy between you and George Morris to defraud an innocent girl?"

"It was. "Where is the true will?"

"It is.

"In George Morris's possession." "Where has he con "iled it?" "In his trunk in his room."

Here ensued of scene of confusion. George spraug to his feet with the intention of making an assault upon the witness. Officers were sent to the room

It was a peculiar ending to a po-

and sees how happy they are in their married life he does not regret the part he took in the case, although he did hypnotize the principal witness for the other side. - Detroit Free Press.

### The Wonderful Eye of the Eagle,

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation can see its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty, says the Louis-ville Commercial. Yet the same bird can scrutinize with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance in a manner to which the human eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. In looking at a printed page we find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness, but if the page be moved to a distance of forty inches or brought within a distance of five inches we find it impossible to read it all. A scientific man would therefore call ten inches the focus, or focal distance, of our eyes. This distance cannot be altered except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of its eye just as it pleases. It has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course, the eagle knows noth ing of the wonderful contrivance that the Creator has supplied for its accommodation. It employs it instinctively, and because it cannot help it. to be there that her presence might The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates called sclerotic upon the jury, but she refused, dread- bones. They form a complete ring ing the publicity. In opening Jim and their edges slightly overlap each stated that he expected to show that other. When it looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; when it looks at a very near object the little bones press together and the is thus squeezed into a rounder or The best that he showed was that more convex form. The effect is very Edith's father was always kind to her, familiar to every one. A person with loved her and had no reason for dism- very round eyes is near-sighted and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, were exhausted the spectators in the can see nothing except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make that he had a poor case. He had its eyes round or flat and see with

#### The Vendome Column.

The Vendome column in Paris, which was destroyed by the Commune in 1871, was erected by Napoleon L. principally of cannon taken at Ulm. to commemorate the battle of Auster-During the direct examination of this litz in 1805. It was covered with 425 bronze plaques, moulded in bas-relief to display the chief incidents in the Austrian campaign in that year. They were each three feet eight inches high and formed a continuous band inclosing the column twenty-tcircled to the top, the enune agth of her without a penny. the spiral being 840 feet.

Instead of the Charlemagne, as at ald a story that was most first intended, it was surmounted by a statue of the first Napoleon in a Rotness," said the attor- man costume and crowned with laurel. After several postponements it was Jim con tilts with a gentleman who brought to the ground on the 16th of

Owing to some engineering difficulties in cutting the base it could not be brought down at the time originally fixed. The members of the Commune attended in state to witness the affair, "You are sure you heard Mr. Mor- and sentinels were posted about half way down the Rue de la Paix to predaughter if she did not stop going vent the crowd from approaching too close, as up to the last moment acci-

dents were feared. At 5.30 in the afternoon the ropes were tightened, and suddenly the column was observed to lean forward towards the Rue de la Paix, then finally to fall with a dull, heavy thud, raising as it did so an immense cloud of dust, consternation, and Jim strode out in Before it touched the ground it separated into three parts by its own weight, and on reaching the bed of dirt, and faggots to receive it, broke into at least thirty pieces.

The statue of Napoleon on reaching the ground broke of from its pedestal at the ankles, then at the knees, the waist and the neck, while the iron railings which surrounded the summit of the monument were shivered to pieces. Shortly after the column had fallen, spectators were permitted to traverse the place to witness the wreck, but were not permitted to take away any of the fragments.

## Nature's Hints About Flying Machines,

It is supreme folly to expect nature to furnish a guide in devising inventhis witness. If there has been any tions. A ship built on the lines of a wrong doing, I protest that it was not duck could not maintain its equilibrium in the water, and if so made and provided with a centre-board, while it would make a good floater, would not have the speed of a tub. There is not a creature in all creation which uses wheels as a means of locomotion, and on the other hand the step-movement, the most universal exposition of nature's motion, is the only mechanical form of propulsion which has never been a success as a means of transportation. In this way inventors have repeatedly tried to imitate the bird's style of aerial navigation, only to fall back on the use of gas as the sustaining power. A way in which success may be achieved is to make the body of the flying machine of the same proportionate weight and containing the same heat and buoyancy found in the body of the bird. This would then be only a short step in the right direction. As to materials, all inventors agree that aluminum will play a great part in the construction. - New York Recorder.

Finland is the least taxed country

# FUNERAL AT NAIN.

AN ONLY SON.

Lessons from the Beautiful Story of the Raising from the Dead.

TEXT: "Now when He came night to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not, and He came and touched the bier, and they that bore him stoot still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee arise! And he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and He delivered him to his mother."—Luke vit., 12-15.

The text calls us to stand at the gate of the city of Nain. The streets are a-rush with business and gayety, and the ear is deafened with the hammers of mechanism and the wheels of traffic. Work, with its thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills all the street, when suddenly the crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Between the wheels of work and pleasure there comes a long procession of mourning people. Who is it? A trifler says: "Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may have come up from the hospital of the city, or the almshouse, or some low place of the town," but not so, says

some low place of the town," but not so, says
the serious observer.

There are so many evidences of dire bereavement that we know at the first glance
some one has been taken away greatly beloved, and to our inquiry, "Who is this that
is carried out with so many offices of kindness and affection?" the reply comes, "The
only son of his mother, and she a widow."
Stand back and let the procession pass out!
Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure!
Let every head be uncovered! Weep with
this passing procession and let it be told
through all the market places and bazaars
of Nain that in Galilee to-day the sepulcher
hath gathered to liself "the only son of his hath gathered to itself "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

There are two or three things that, in my mind, give especial pathos to this scene. The first is, he was a young man that was being carried out. To the aged death becomes beautiful. The old man halts and pants along the road, where once he bound-ed like the roe. From the midst of immedi-cable allments and sorrows he cries out, "How long, Lord, how long." Footsore and hardly bestead on the hot journey, he wants to get home. He sits in the church and sings, with a tremulous voice, some tune he sang forty years ago and longs to join the better assemplage of the one hundred and forty and four thousand who have passed the flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last alcep! Push back the white locks from the wrinkled temples. They will never ache again. Fold the hands over the still heart. They will never toll again. Close gently the

res. They will never weep again. But this man that I am speaking of was young man. He was just putting on the armor of life, and he was exulting to think how his sturdy blows would ring out above the clanger of the battle. I suppose he had a young man's hopes, a young man's ambitions and a young man's courage. He said:
'If I live many years, I will lead the hungry and clothe the naked. In this city of Nain, where there are so many bad young men, will be sober and honest and pure and maganimous, and my mother shall never be ashamed of me." But all these prospects are blasted in one hour. There he passes iffeless in the procession. Behold all that is left on earth of the high hearted young man

of the city of Nais.
There is another thing that adds very wuch to this scene, and that is he was an only son. However large the family flock only son. However large the family noce may be, we never could think of sparing one of the lambs. Though they may all have their faults, they all have their excellencies that commend them to the parental heart, and if it were peremptorily demanded of you to-day that you should yield up one of your to-day that you should yield up one of your would be confounded and you could not make a selection. But this was an only son, around whom gathered all the parental expectations. How much care in his educa-How much caution in watching his He would carry down the name to mes. He would have entire control other times. He would have entire control of the family property long after the parents had gone to their last reward. He would stand in society a thinker, a worker, a phil-anthropist, a Christian. No, no. It is all anthropist, a Christian. No. no. It is all ended. Behold him there. Breath is gone.

Life is extinct. The only son of his mother. There was one thing that added to the pathos of this scene, and that was his mother was a widow. The main hope of that home had been broken, and now he was come up to be the staff. The chief light of the hous hold has been extinguished, and this was the only light left. I suppose she often said. ooking at him, "There are only two of us Ob, it is a grand thing to see a young man step out in life and say to his mother: "Don't be down hearted. I will, as far as possible, take father's place, and as long as I live you shall never want anything." It is not always that way. Sometimes the young people get tired of the old people. They say they are queer; that they have so many aliments, and they sometimes wish them out of the way. A young man and his wife sat at the table, their little son on the floor play-ing beneath the table. The old father was very old, and his hand shook, so they said. ou shall no more sit with us at the table. And so they gave him a place in the corner, where, day by day, he are out of an earthen bowl—everything put into that bowl. One day his hand trembled so much he dropped it, and it broke, and the son, seated at the elegant table in midfloor, said to his wife, "Now we'll get father a wooden bowl, and that he can't break." So a wooden bowl that he can't break." So a wooden bowl was obtained, and every day old grand-father ate out of that, sitting in the corner. One day, while the elegant young man and his wife were seated at their table, with chased silver and all the luxuries, and their little son sat upon the floor, they saw the lad whittling, and they said: "My son, what are you doing there with that knite?" "Oh," said he, "I -I'm making a trough for my father and mother to eat out of when

But this young man of the text was not of that character. He did not belong to that school. I can tell it from the way they mourned over him. He was to be the companion of his mother. He was to be his mother's protector. He would return now me of the kindness he had received in the days of childhood and boyhood. Aye, he would with his strong hand uphoid that form already enfeebled with age. Will he do it? No. In one hour that promise of help and companionship is gone. There is a world of anguish in that one short phrase, only son of his mother, and she a

Now, my friends, it was upon this scene that Christ broke. He came in without any introduction. He stopped the procession. He had only two utterances to make—the one to the mourning mother, the other to one to the mourning mother, the other to the dead. He cried out to the mourning one, "Weep not," and then, touching the bier on which the son lay, He cried out, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" And he that was dead sat up. I learn two or three things from this sub-ject, and first that Chirst was a man. You

see now that sorrow played upon all the chords of His heart. I think that we forget this too often. Christ was a man more cer-tainly than you are, for He was a perfect man. No sailor ever slept in ship's ham-mock more soundly than Christ slept in that boat on Gennesaret. In every nerve and muscle and bone and fiber of His body, in every emotion and affection of His heart, in every action and decision of His mind He

ras a man. He looked off upon the sea just as you look off upon the waters. He went into Martha bouse just as you go into a cottage. He breathed hard when He was tired, just as you do when you are exhausted. He felt after sleeping out a night in the storm just like you do when you have been exposed to a tempest. It was just, as humiliating for

Him to beg bread as it would be for you to become a pauper. He selt just as much insulted by being sold for thirty pieces of silver as you would if you were sold for the price of a dog. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot He was a man. When the thorns were twisted for His brow, they hurt Him just as much as they hurt your brow if they were twisted for it. He took not on Him the nature of angels. He took on Him the seed of Abraham. "Ecce Homo!" behold the man!

But I must also draw from this subject

But I must also draw from this subject that He was a God. Suppose that a man should attempt to break up a funeral obsequy. He would be seized by the law, he would be imprisoned, if he were not actually slain by the mob before the officers could secure him. If Christ had been a mere mortal, would He have a right to come in upon such a procession? Would He have succeeded in His interruption? He was more than a man, for when He cried out, "I say unto thee, arise!" he that was dead sat up. What excitement there must have been thereabout! The body had lain prostrate. It had been mourned over with agonizing tears, and yet now it begins to move in the shroud and to be flushed with life, and at the command of Christ he rises up and looks into the faces of the astonished spectators.

"Oh, this was the work of a God! I hear it in His voice; I see it in the flash of His eye; I behold it in the snapping of death's shackles; I see it in the face of the rising slumberer; I hear it in the outery of all those who were spectators of the scene. If, when I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning with the bereaved, I put my hands on His shoulders and say, "My brother," now that I hear Him proclaim supernatural deliverances, I look up into His face and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Do you not think He was a God? A great many people do not believe that, and they compromise the matter, or they think they compromise it. They say He was a very good man, but He was not a God. That is impossible. He was either a God or a wretch, and I will prove it. If a man professes to be that which he is not, what is he? He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. That He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. is your unanimous verdiet. Now, Christ professed to be a God. He said over and over again He was a Go', took the attributes of a God and assumed the works and offices of a God. Dare you now say He was not? He was a God, or He was a wretch. Choose

Do you think I cannot prove by this Bible that He was a God? If you do not believe this Bible, of course there is no need of my this Bible, of course there is no need of my talking to you. There is no common data from which to start. Suppose you do be-ileve it. Then I can demonstrate that He was divine. I can prove He was Creator, John 1. 3, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." He was eternal, Revelation exil., 13, "I am Alpha and Omega, the be-ginning and the end, the first and the last." It can prove that He was omnipotent, Hobrews i., 10, "The heavens are the work of Thine hands." I can prove He was omniscient, John ii., 25, "He knew what was in man." Oh, yes, He is a God. He tieft the sea. He upheaved the crystalline walls along which the Israelites marched. walls along which the Israelites marched. He planted the mountains. He raises up governments and casts down thrones and covernments and easts down thrones and marches across nations and across worlds and across the universe, eternal, omnipotent, unhindered and unabashed. That hand that was nailed to the cross holds the stars in a least of love. That head that dropped in the bosom in fainting and death shall make the world quake at its nod. That voice that groaned in the last pang shall swear before the trembling world that time shall be he longer. Oh, do not insult the common sense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man in whose presence the sense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man in whose presence the paralytic arm was thrust out well, and the devils crouched, and the lepers dropped their scales, and the tempests folded their wings, and the boy's satchel of a few loaves made a banquet for 5000, and the sad procession of my text broke up in congratulation and bosophal

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you, this was a city funeral. In the country, when the bell tolic, they know all about it for five miles around, and they know what was the matter with the man, bow old he was and what were his last experiences. They know with what temporal prospects he has left his fam-There is no haste, there is no indecency in the obsequies. There is nothing done as a mere matter of business. Even the chiliren come out as the procession passes look sympathetic, and the tree shadows seem to deepen, and the brooks weep in sympathy as the procession goes by. But, mark you, this that I am speaking of was a city funeral In great cities the cart jostles the hearse, and there is mirth and gladness goes by. In this city of Nain it was a comon thing to have trouble and bereav Christ saw it every day there. Perhaps that very hour there were others be-ing carried out, but this frequency of trouble did not harden Christ's heart at all. stepped right out, and He saw this mourner, and He had compassion on her, and He said

Now I have to tell you, O bruised souls, and there are many everywhere—have you ever looked over any great audience and noticed how many shadows of sorrow there are? I come to all such and say, "Christ meets you, and He has compassion on you, and He says, 'Weep not.' Perhaps with some it is financial trouble. "Ob," you say, "It is such a stilly thing for a man to cry

over lost money ! Is it? Suppose you had a large fortune, and all luxuries brought to your table, and your wardrobe was full, and your home was beau-tiful by music and sculpture and painting and thronged by the elegant and educated, and then some round misfortune should strike you in the face and trample your treasures and taunt your children for their faded dress and send you into commercial circles an underling where once you waved a scepte of gold, do you think you would cry then? I think you would. But Christ comes and meets all suchto-day. He sees all the straits in which you have been thrust. He observes the sneer of that man who once was proud to walk in your shadow and glad to get your help. He sees the protested note, the un-canceled judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the heartbreaking exasperation, and Hesays "Weep not. I own the cattle on a thousar hills. I will never let you starve. From M hand the fowls of heaven peck all their food. And will I let you starve? Never, no. My child, never!

Perhaps it may be a living home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhap-piness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is eruel, or a father that will not do right, for years there may have been a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there to day feeling it is worse than death. It is, It is worse than death. And yet there is relie'. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse Go I and die, look up and hear the voice that accosted the woman of the text as it says, "Weep not."

Farth bath no sorrow That heaven cannot cure.

I learn, again, from all this that Christ is the master of the grave. Just outside the lances, and when the young man rose Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrec-tion. Oh, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started and how her heart throbbed as she said, "Oh. my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be re-peated. It is going to be repeated 10,000 times. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command. "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" As the child shakes off the dust of the tomb and comes forth fresh and fair and beautiful, and you throw your arms

around it and press it to your heart, and to angel will repeat the story of Nain, "a delivered him to his mother." Did you as tice that passage in the text as I read "He delivered him to his mother." Oh, troubled souls! Oh, ye who have lived see every prospect biasted, peeled, scatters consumed, wait a little! The seediting there will become the wheat harvest. It consumed, wait a little! The seedtime of tears will become the wheat harvest. It clime cut of no wintry blast, under a spalled by no hurtling tempest and amid a deemed ones that weep not, that part not that die not, friend will come to friend, as kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gowill lift up their palms as again and again is announced that the same one who came the relief of this woman of the text came the relief of many a maternal heart and a the relief of many a maternal heart and a peated the woaders of resurrection and a livered him to his mother." Oh, that we be the harvest of the world. That will the coronation of princes. That will be the Sabbath of eternity.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

Said to Be the Finest Building in World.

One of the most wonderful mon ments in the world is the Taj Maha built near Agra in India by Sha Jahan as a mausoleum for himsel and his wife. She was of Persia birth, of excellent family, but i moderate circumstances. She w



THE TAI MAHAL

the love of Shah Jahan before came to the throne. The match not considered a desirable one they were kept asunder. She married to another. When St Jahan became Emperor he caus her husband to be killed and ma her his wife. The name she is know by in history is Mumtaz Mah which means "Pride of the Palac When she died the Emperor built her this unrivaled mausoleum. has been repeatedly called by co petent judges the finest building the world. It has been said of that it was "designed by Titans finished by jewelers." It is not o the finest building in the world, it has the handsomest setting. visiting it we first enter a spaciouter court, inclosed by beauti buildings, crowned by springi domes. We pass through a lofty gi of red sandstone ornamented w white marble.

Everywhere are masses of m wonderful and delicate carving white marble, and slabs of cornel and other valuable stone line t Jahan and his wife and these two elaborately ornamented.

The Ta) was begun in 1630 venteen years to finish. the designer was is unknown.

One Man's Mining Outfit.

Henry Spencer, a Colorado mi is fitting out a small naphtha lau for a novel prospe ting tour. He tends to work the bottom of Sa ramento River above Redd and he is confident that his vent will prove sun essful. The laun forty feet long and propelled wit eight horse-power engine. In bow of the boat he has paice peculiar pump, whi h was onstru from his own design. The pump be operated by the engine, and cal ulated to -u k up the mud ! the bottom of the river and thro on aslui e whi h runs the full leng the boat above the cabin and ext far enough over the stern to th all the refuse back into the ri The pump is powerful enough to s up a good many cubic yards a just how many the inventor co not say, but he expected that by ning at full speed it should be so where near a thousand. If the mining apparatus saved half the from half that amount of earth

the bed of the river near Reddin

should be a paying venture, say

eral miners who know the coun

and they are watching Mr. Spec

mining enterprise very closely .-

Francis o Examiner.

When Colors Are Mingled A blue dress or necktie intenthe blue of the wearer's eyes, sh they be of that color. A wo with remarkably red lips clad in heliotrope, with amethysts, has the coral taken from her mo which wears instead a light heliot tint, and with this the pink of cheek is also touched. An ordi or even sallow cheek never look beautifully white as over a w dress, which seemed to threate darken it. And beautiful as "esthetic" colors were in their they quenched and dimmed ! wearers to their own tone. Th not to be easily explained by ke wby turquoise blue darkens dark and adds to their brightness. fact remains that it is so, and of fact the wise will take advantage

Savages and Iron.

The Baluban tribe of Central rica are famous for their skil asting and forging iron. They struct tall cylindro-conical furt of clay with tuyeres of clay and ingeniously devised wooden bell They make arms for hunting at war, and collars and bracelets of The neighboring natives resorthem in great numbers to exchange their own products for the man tures of the Balubans.