A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY THE REV. L. H. CASWELL.

Subject: "A Little Inquiry Into Tribulation" — A Pathetic Figure is the Shilly-shally Youth Cuddled in Luxury and Shrinking From Life's Combat.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—For his Sunday sermon, in the Tabernacle M. E. Church, Greenpoint, the pastor, the Rev. Lincoln Hollister Caswell, took as his subject "A Little Inquiry Into Tribulation." The text was from Romans v: 3: "But we glory in tribulations." Mr. Caswell said:

Unto each the ever recurring questions come. Whence the mission of adversity? Why the existence of trouble? Do pain and pleasure proceed from kindred laws? How is it that while our earth in its orbit keeps symphony with the host of heaven, it yet bears the undertone of anguish in its bosom?

Snall we answer by impeaching Infinite justice, by declaring the tryranny of pain, by asserting the bondage of suffering? Not so. But rather inquire for the mission of trouble and learn the utility of adversity. It is clear to the student of ethics that there is an unknown quantity in the formula of suffering. In this question x equals life—life of service or of idleness; of force or of weakness; or grand or of mean proportions. Adversity either makes or ruins a man, his individual character alone determining whether he shall be crushed or exalted. Opposing forces stimulate to heroic action. A man may choose to dwell in luxury, but he must do so at the expense of the stronger forces of character. It is hard to endure pain, it is far harder to resist ease, but by resisting and by enduring are wrought out those princely qualities which are attributes of the ideal man. And so we are placed amid forces, rude and contrary, that we may gain the glory of breaking and bridling them. If nature and environment should befriend and never oppose, gratify and never grieve, satisfy and never smite, life would become immeasurably less noble.

It is not uncommon to think that suffering, as well as sin, comes fleet footed from Tartarus, whereas, suffering is not dependent upon sin. There is a ministry of suffering, but there can never be a ministry of evil. Is hatred the cause of love; revenge of forgiveness; selfishness of generosity; vice of virtue? Humility is not the daughter of pride, nor is error the propagator of truth. It is not true for a man to hold that because he has sinned he is capable of reaching a higher holiness. Give not evil the credit of befriending humanity. Sin alienates, debases, ruins. Behold how suffering rises above evil! Evil is infamous; suffering may be glorious. Evil merits antipathy; suffering often deserves praise. Evil swears fealty to the infernal; suffering never, but repeatedly vows allegiance to the Infinite. To punish evil is suffering's smallest province. It exists for a higher purpose than retribution—for a stimulating, educating, atoning purpose so that "afflictions are but the shadows of God's wings."

Upon material things a literature is written. Read it! It tells of strife, struggle, contention. The law of dissolution cooperates with the law of growth. The rock dies that the vegetable may live; the plant withers that the animal may grow; the body decays that the spirit may expand eternally. Counter forces make the life of the universe. The meteor gleams because of resistance; the shimmering constellations that glow upon the brow of night are but fire balls from the furnace of the sun; light itself, resplendent and vitalizing, comes from combustion, antagonism and chemical conflict. Adversity enters into the very nature of things. Earth's living forms once slumbered in the granite rock, and would still have slumbered but for adverse forces active within. Chemicals were there to disintegrate, earthquakes to shatter, fires to fuse, glaciers to grind. There were corrodings, consumings, erosions, decayings, witherings and washing until the solid granite unfolded its treasures to make possible organic life.

What mean the expressions, "natural selection," "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest?" They indicate that all life is an extended conflict, where each order preys upon the next below and grapples with the next above for mastery.

The life of nations is no exception to this law. Civilization may boast of her attainments, but revolt and revolution are the arbiters for her progress. She may exult in the "evolution of government," but turmoil, violence, bloodshed cry out, "We are factors in thy prosperity."

What people were more oppressed than the ancient Hebrews? Rameses enslaved them in Egypt, hardship harassed them in the wilderness; the Land of Promise pledged but little more than shock on shock of battle. That was the nation—buffeted, defeated, tried—that became the safe depository of truth, and gave to the world as its consummate flower Diety Incarnate.

What has been the discipline by which our own nation has attained its present strength? It had indeed a wonderful parentage. The brave little Netherlander whom the Council of Blood, the Inquisition and the Holy See could not down; the glorious Huguenot fresh from hearing the blood cries of St. Bartholomew; the sturdy, psalm-singing Puritan who wrung Magna Charta from John, who served Hampden to resist the king, who animated Cromwell and his Ironsides at Marston Moor and Naseby, who taught Vane how to die, who struggled amid overwhelming forces for religious liberty; these, whom the American is proud to own as worthy ancestors, are all sons of hardship and endurance, conquerors in the nobler fields of battle. Thus out of milleniums of struggle with the myriad-headed hydra of persecution arises the America of to-day. The nation's birth was marked by pain. Speak, ye noble slain of Bunker Hill! Ye patriots clashing arms with an alien foe! Shout, ye pallid lips of the blood stained snow of Valley Forge! And tell us that freedom is gained by devotion to death; that liberty rides triumphant over a road macadamized by the bones of its devotees; tell us that the advancing stages of national life are heralded by conflict and hastened by the presence of a martyr host!

Passing into the realm of the intellectual it is found that the power of incisive intellect is purchased with the hard coin of struggle. The product of genius is dearly bought. No pioneer of philosophy, or science, or religion ever blazed his way through untrod forests who was not confronted by poverty, prejudice or hardships innumerable. Not in courts of ease; not in rich classic halls; not in the midst of fame and loud huzzas are deepest emotion engendered, rarest truths found nor sublimest conceptions begotten. From a cup of hemlock in Athens; from the cross in Jerusalem; from an apostle's dungeon at Rome; from the chamber of a blind bard in London have come the thoughts that have swayed the world.

Why is the sacred page so filled with tenderness, pathos and comfort? It was not written with a golden pen in an easy chair, in a scholastic library. For ink, there were tears of a multitude of weepers. For pens, there were fishermen, shepherds, bedouins of the desert, slaves, convicts and martyrs. For libraries, there were desolate rocks, caverns, mountain sides, sea shores and prison walls. Out of such harsh and unfavorable conditions came the volumn which through all the years has been coveted by the bereaved, sought by the lonely, loved by the troubled. Excellence of thought comes by way of toil, endurance, denial.

Mind, capable of Infinite thoughts, has its Gardens of Gethsemane. Mind wears the crown of thorns in the very hour of lofty achievement.

It is said that Ole Bull ascended the rough mountains of Norway, there he saw the majestic storm, heard the weird wail of the pines, listened to the roar of the cascades, and from these he caught those rapturous tones with which he charmed the heart of the world. Thus it is because men have climbed some craggy Matterhorn of chilling adversity, descended into some vale of shadows, lingered by some wave battered cliff; because they have braved opposition and hardship; because they have had passages in their lives where they have experienced the extremities of anguish and dsolation that they have become heralds of truth, have marked the advance of civilization, have been high priests of science, refiners of society, reformers of faith.

What is it that places this premium on grief? Why are the great doers also the great suffers? What is it that vitalizes pain, glorifies sorrow, and makes dead men's bones walk the earth clothed with tremendous influence? Let Moses answer from the mount of immeasurable glory: "I rejected a regal palace and the treasures of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God that I might be a statesman for the oppressed, liberate a nation of slaves, endure to be vexed, tried and discouraged through forty weary years that at last I might stand illumined in the transfiguration of the Son of God." Let David answer with his wail of anguish: "O, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" It was in the depth of his mourning that he sung those poems which have comforted the aching heart for ages. Let Joseph and Daniel answer as from a prison and a den they ascend the steps to royalty and fame. Let Savonarolo answer loving the red hot iron of martyrdom more than the red hat of a cardinal. Let Bruno answer, let Galileo, let Newton. Let Luther answer, and Wickliff and John Huss, and Wesley, and Francis Asbury. It is a noble company. But there are some whom reverses have ruined, whom afflictions have spoiled, who refuse to be sublimated by suffering or ennobled by calamity. I see yonder a Napoleon, of surpassing genius, the world's autocrat. He builds a throne of steel only to see it rust and crumble e'er he dies. From his pinnacle of power he falls and lies prostrate in defeat. His failure is ignominious because his spirit is ignoble. Upon the barren rock of St. Helena he wanders, a lion at bay, a soul cowed, a phoenix like in hopeless despair. By his side and towering above him rises Washington. He comes to the government when there is nothing to govern. He becomes commander of the American Army when it is small and defeated. Without navy, without money, without munitions, with traitors and Tories abundant, with generals conniving for position and grossly slandering his character, he meets and defeats the most thoroughly equipped and appointed government of the world; and then, notwithstanding the importunities of a people he has freed, he refuses a royal crown and passes into history—an embodiment of unselfish service.

Far in the past I see corrupt Nero lolling in his chariot of regal magnificence; dying by inches a loathsome death, a victim of the very luxury and extravagance in which he delights. Rolling over the Appian way on toward the city, he passes the Roman guard leading a prisoner to execution. Unto the prisoner the Emperor gives but a contemptuous glance. That is all—and yet not all. That captive commands the gaze of mankind. The name of Nero is a synonym for vice and shamelessness, while the name of Paul wields a mightier influence with each succeeding century. Paul still lives! Die he cannot! It is true that for this purpose Nero led him forth from prison. But see! Does he tremble? Does he shrink from his last enemy? Does this spiritual hero who fought with beasts, struggled with waves, was scarred by the lash, incarcerated, smitten, stoned and left for dead, does he who, when each stroke of the "tribulum" fell upon him, shouted, "None of these things move," does he now flinch?

The block is there. The blade is ready. The headsman speaks, "Prepare!" Where is the tremor in the aged form? With radiant brow and stately mien immortal he stands. With eve flashing in hope, with voice strong and confident, hear him declare, "I am now ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Nero's axe cleaves his head and Paul, the hero, is crowned with the abundant life.

How has the ministry of the Christ been wrought out? In all the centuries of sorrow whose grief compares with that of Him who is at once the Author and Saviour of mortal man? With uncovered head bow we before the sublime sufferer. Behold! Out of the anguish of the garden, out of the gloom of the tomb He of the riven side, He of the thorn crowned head, He of the broken heart walks down the ages elevating sorrow until it grows with a heavenly hallow, lifting the burden of woe from bruised and staggering humanity. This is He who exalts the lowly and raises toil to nobility, declaring that pain shall no longer be accursed, but that life shall be triumphant in adversity. Is this our life? Not vacillating, meagre, indolent, but sturdy, unflinching, enduring, overcoming, decisive—a triumphant life? This only is life with deathless possibilities, and he only who lives for the future catches the secret of the present and its trials. Look we beyond diurnal revolutions gauging the sweep of the planet in its course around the sun. Trials and tests, slanders and betrayals, desertion and opposition are for to-day; character for eternity. If man in the future expects to rest upon his knowledge of truth, he must find some trial to test it now. If character is to count forever, some sharp and merciless criticism must prove its integrity now.

There is no more pathetic figure in the world of to-day than the shilly-shally youth cuddling in the lap of wealth and shrinking from life's combat. We are not wooden dummies, but must be men of granite, against whom the leaping waves and mountainous surges shall beat only to recoil in impotent fury. The need of this hour is strong manhood. Perseverence is the characteristic that wins. Expect not to glide through easy seas, with silken sails tense in the breeze of favor. You must steer through narrow straits; here a whirlpool of doubt, there a hidden rock of skepticism, where adverse currents would strand the bark high on the barren beach of despair. You must sail by the Siren Isle of insinuating desire; must resist enchantments which lull to the sleep of voluptuous death; must feel the grip of eternal realities; must move on and out to the unfoldment of the soul with an iron determination to wrest victory out of defeat, and weave a garland of praise out of the failure of friends, the malice of enemies, the contempt of rivals and the hardship of life.

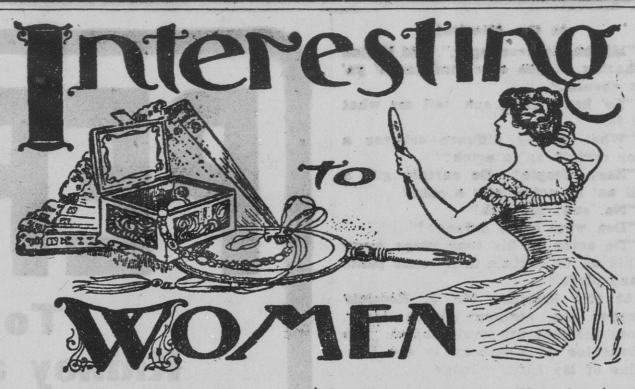
The Treasure of Kindness.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.—F. W. Faber.

The Only Safe Road.

Accident does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.—Samuel Smiles.

Interesting to WOMEN



Oriental Customs.

If the fond American mother had to go through the with all the formalities that must attend the placing of a child in school in the Orient I am afraid there would be a sad falling off in attendance at our public schools. An authority tells us that among the eastern nations the beginning of school life is a critical time for the child. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea, or Chutze, a pig, or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese school boy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag containing a brass tag with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and in a gay bag upon his arm is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.—Pittsburg Despatch.

Perfumes for Women.

Comparatively few new perfumes have been added to those available for extracts during the last four or five decades. Far and away the most widely sold scent of the present day is that of the Parma violet, which, in its highest and most refined type, is produced from the flowers grown on hundreds of acres on the shores of the Mediterranean, and especially in the vicinity of Grasse.

But this is a decidedly costly and somewhat elusive perfume to manipulate for trade purposes, even with the orris root, which is an uncertain crop and is at times excessively expensive. Chemistry has therefore stepped in, and with a substance brown as "ionone" provides a crude and rank substitute.

Japan has given us one or two slightly different odors in recent years, but European taste does not greatly care for the distinctly Oriental perfumes. To most people of the west, the strong, clinging redolence of sandalwood oil, so gratly loved in the zenanas of India, is really disagreeable.

At the present moment, so far as can be judged, scents that are largely coming into demand are those distilled from old-fashioned garden flowers, like honeysuckle, heliotrope, verbena and stock, which must be the subtlest and most delicate odor.

Many women nowadays affect one scent as peculiarly their own, and by means of sachets set within their wardrobe, tiny tablets concealed somewhere in their dress, a fragment of powder strewn over note paper or personal belongings, suggest a dainty but scarcely definable exhalation of characteristic fragrance.

Anything strong or overpowering is in the worst possible form, and is never now adopted by women of refined or fastidious tastes. The late queen of England always showed a marked dislike for powerful scent.

The Ladies of Japan.

The Japanese woman have always had a peculiar fascination for the westerner. From the crown of her blue black head to the tips of her dainty white socks Mimosa San is a quaint little personage; gentle, quiet, and unassuming, and as great a contrast to the "modern woman" as one could possible imagine," says an English woman.

The new woman movement, if it exists at all in Japan, is in its babyhood. Although there are actually women doctors the emancipated woman is a rare phenomenon; and it will take the Japanese longer to recognize the rights of their women kind than it has taken them to build a navy.

In the large hospitals, which are managed after European methods, the little, white-clad nurses have proved themselves both capable and reliable. I visited the Red Cross hospital at Tokio last summer, where the quaint little nurses are dressed in white, with huge white mob caps adorned with the Red Cross decoration.

They are a very domesticated little people in the Land of Sunrise, and the women are at their best in their homes, dispensing tea to their friends with a grace and politeness never seen in any other country in the world. They serve tea at all times and in all places in Japan.

You go shopping and before any business is touched upon, tea in small cups without handles is served, which you must drink if you wish to please the little merchants. The tea is a bright yellow color, made by pouring boiling water over the green tea leaves, and is innocent of either cream or sugar.

One rarely sees ladies of the upper classes about the streets, and in their own homes they are generally quietly dressed in dark silks. It is only at state functions and entertainments that one has an opportunity of seeing how magnificently they can dress. I have in no other country seen such exquisite silks as some of the women wear.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Care of the Skin.

For generations it has been told ostensibly to comfort the homely girl, that beauty is only skin deep, that handsome is as handsome does, and other tiresome maxims, yet down in every girl's and woman's heart is the desire to be outwardly beautiful and a sane, natural wish it is, too. Although all may not have regular or classic features, it is possible for every one to have a good complexion and that counts many points in a beauty contest. Every baby has a skin like satin and a roseleaf complexion, and it certainly is not a cardinal sin or an indication of weak character to wish to preserve what we were given. But no one can have a good complexion who is not wholly healthy. Good, wholesome food is essential to beauty, but especially in the spring of the year it is desirable to fast occasionally. As Epictetus, the wise old Stoic philosopher, puts it: "Practice sometimes a way of living like a person out of health that you may at some time live like a man in health."

The theory that it is necessary to take some medicine in the spring has been superseded by a new one—take more exercise and eat less food. One cannot eat too much spinnach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion and carrots; they are guaranteed complexion beautifiers. If girls would eat more fruit and less meat, their skins would grow velvety. And besides more fruit, more water is needed to wash the impurities from the system. Every grown person should drink not less than three pints of water a day. Coffee and tea taken in moderation will hurt no one; but there is food for reflection in the vegetarian's statement that these beverages will in time inevitably reproduce in the complexion their tawn-brown tints. A sallow complexion, indicating some disorder of the liver, needs internal treatment. One of the best agents for clearing the system and giving a fine skin is the onion. Oranges and grape fruit in the morning (never at night) are well recommended as well as the daily consumption of a crisp, juicy apple. The acid of a lemon acts directly upon the liver and for an actually bilious person the juice of a lemon in a cupful of hot water, without sugar, is prescribed as an early morning drink. Of course when there is indication of acute liver or bowel trouble, a physician should be consulted without delay.

Fashion Notes.

Braiding of all kinds is used extravagantly.

Fur trimmed house gowns are the latest thing.

Oriental silks and embroiders are distinctly fashionable.

The new combs of oxydized metal set with colored stones are very handsome.

Lace shirt waists, lined with colored silks and made perfectly plain, are charming.

The guimpe, the bertha and the wide round yoke have returned to favor for bodices of the dressier kind in cotton goods.

The introduction of the stripe in figured materials, marks the difference between last year's diaphanous stuffs and this season's.

Glace and irridescent shades are favorite effects in evening materials. These are obtained in a variety of ways. One of the expedients is the veiling of one diaphanous weave with another of a contrasting or harmonizing tone.

A good many skirts of thin materials are cut straight and gathered into the girdle and for several inches below it. But the suppleness of the fabrics and the skilful manipulation of the makers save them from anything like bouffantry at the hips.

Most of the heavy wash materials are designed for shirtwaists, and women who like the deliciously clean feeling which a freshly laundered shirt waist donned each morning gives, even in winter, are buying them and having them made up for immediate wear.

Shirtwaist suits, it would seem, are to have the same tremendous run this summer that they have had for several seasons past, if the relatively large number of linen reps and plain muslins are any indication. All shades seem to be popular, although there is a leaning towards the darker colors.

BREED CARRIER PIGEONS

INFINITE AMOUNT OF PLEASURE GOT FROM TRAINING THE BIRDS.

Popularity of the Homing Variety Has Been Greatly Enhanced by the Annual Races—Some Birds Worth $300 Each.

The popularity of the homing, or carrier, pigeon has been greatly enhanced in the last few years by the annual races held in different parts of the country. At the present time fanciers are arranging for a race during the coming summer, which will eclipse anything heretofore attempted. The race will be for 500 miles from Spartanburg, N. C., to Philadelphia, and over 2000 birds are expected to enter the contest. It will be held on July 4, and in all probability most of the pigeons will cover the distance in ten hours. The present record for the flight is 1603 yards in a minute, which in a 500 mile race should enable birds of ordinary speed to finish within ten or twelve hours.

The event will be one of a series of contests which have been held in the past ten years; but it will be the first 500 mile one in which anything like so many birds have started. In the 300 mile race of several years ago from Orangeburg, Va., 1500 birds were liberated. In 1896 a smaller number of birds were started in the race. In this race two birds flew 614 miles in one day, and several have covered 600 miles a day with apparent ease. The pigeons are carried to the starting place in baskets arranged especially for them, and liberated directly from the baskets if the day is favorable for an immediate start. Pigeon sheds are made to accommodate the birds for a prolonged stay in the event of unfavorable weather. The birds are shipped to the scene of the race by special cars under the direct care of the Pigeon Flyers' Protective Association. Hundreds of birds have been lost in the past races through theft, and many owners of fine homing pigeons have consequently been reluctant to enter their birds in the contests for fear of losing them. In the present race a uniform style of lock for the baskets will be adopted, and only the caretakers will be provided with keys. If the locks are opened or picked, and pigeons stolen, the association will investigate and prosecute the offenders.

There is no more delightful sport than pigeon racing of this character, nor any more enthusiastic sportsmen than the breeders of the homing pigeons. Clubs devoted to raising and improving the carriers are scattered in every state in the Union, and their memberships are all large, but there are tens of thousands of individual breeders who do not belong to any association. Thousands of these breeders enter their home-raised pigeons in the races and sometimes win prizes which the professionals fail to capture.

The best carrier pigeons are worth several hundred dollars in the market and some cannot be purchased at any price. During the annual pigeon show at Madison Square Garden last year, $200 and even $300 were refused by owners for some of their choicest pets. The average exhibited were valued at $25 and $50. Prices, however, do not stand in the way of the pigeon fancier of today, for excellent homing pigeons can be purchased for $5 and less. One can start a loft with half a dozen breeders, and within a few seasons have all the birds desired. The loft is a simple affair where only a few birds are raised. The breeding quarters are separated from the living quarters, and a place large enough for the birds to stretch their wings is provided. The wonderful instinct of the homers is made apparent at an early age, but it is something that is partly due to training and development. A carrier pigeon that has never been released from its loft until full grown cannot find its way back over a long route. The process of training is necessary when the pigeons take their first flight.

"Home," to the carrier pigeon, is where it was born. There is no other home, although they have been trained to adopt a second home in some instances. When born in the loft it is an easy matter for the breeder to teach the pigeon to return to it. The process of training consists simply in releasing the bird when first able to fly a short distance from the loft. The pigeon will jump into the air, and after a few circles fly straight to the loft. In the second flight the distance is increased, and so on until the bird's education is complete. This education must be conducted by the breeder with gentleness and due consideration for the bird's feeling. If the distance for the first flight is too great for the pigeon, it will get confused, and it is liable to prove less accurate in its future flights. Each progressive step must be made for the purpose of establishing the bird's sense of distance and direction, and not to see how far it can be removed from the loft without losing the way in returning. A lost homing pigeon is never quite the same, even after being rescued and taken home. After the bird gains full maturity and its education has been completed by the process described, it seems capable of finding its way home from almost anywhere. Birds released in Jacksonville, have flown a thousand miles north to their homes without being lost.

When released a homing pigeon does not fly continuously unless the distance is short enough to enable it to reach home without stopping for rest. If the distance can be covered in ten or twelve hours, the pigeons apparently take little rest, but fly almost continuously until they reach their loft. In the few 1000-mile races conducted years ago on the Atlantic seacoast from Florida to New York and Philadelphia, a number of the birds were lost, while others stopped on the way several times to rest; but the choicest birds which finished the long course were apparently on the wing most of the time, stopping possibly a few hours on the way to get food and rest. These long flights are not encouraged to any great extent any more, for the birds are not only frequently lost, but they cannot always get proper food along the route to sustain their powers. The birds have been weakened, and the effect on their health has proved permanent. The 500 mile race is the favorite for long-distance birds, and 200 and 300 mile courses for the younger birds that have not yet won their laurels.

Besides being bred as pets and desirable companions, the homing pigeons are now being used for various services. It looks very much as if their services as war messengers would soon be dispensed with, for wireless telegraphy has made the pigeons superfluous, and the extensive pigeon lofts in the military and naval services of European nations will probably soon become useless.

In peaceful pursuits, however, the homing pigeons have in recent years become of great service. Country physicians have in many instances adopted them as messengers. A physician raises a loft of carriers for the pleasure of it, and when he visits a patient four or five miles away he carries with him a basket containing one of his birds. If dangerous symptoms arise in the night or the following day, the pigeon is released with a message. Some physicians with long country routes carry a half dozen or more of these pigeons on their rounds, and leave one at each place. A daily report of the different cases can thus be obtained by pigeon service at no cost to physician or patient. This service has also been extended on the large western farms. Some farmers receive daily reports of the markets from the city in this way. There are no telephone or telegraph wires to send the messages, but the pigeons answer the purpose satisfactorily. All that is required is a trip to the city once a fortnight to carry back the birds and some one in the city to write the reports and release the birds. —Scientific American.

TORPEDOES AND BATTLESHIPS.

The Results of Recent British Experiments at Portsmouth.

The question of submarine mines or topedoes, their effect on warships, the chance of hitting, and their general efficacy in the defence of harbors has always been an interesting one because the history of recent wars has added very little to the literature of the subject.

In order to obtain some reliable data for use in war, Great Britain recently subjected the Beilleisle (already famous for the trial of fire to which she was subjected a year or two ago) to still further experiments. A Whitehead torpedo was exploded against the ship's bottom, and as a result she heeled over and sunk in 20 minutes.

There was a depth of water ten feet under the keel of the Belleisle, which had ben moored in Porchester creek, at Portsmouth, England. A compartment, filled with corn pith cellulose, had been built outside the port bow below the water line, the torpedo was lashed by divers under the compartment, and fired electrically from the Vernon.

When the torpedo exploded a spray rose about 40 feet into the air, the explosion not only smashing the special compartment and blowing the cellulose into the air, but also tearing open the side of the ship and leaving a hole eight feet by twelve.

The experiment proved conclusively the destructive power of the torpedo and incidentally showed that the plugging power of cellulose was not what theory had ascribed to it. It was altogether one of the most important experiments ever carried out with the Whitehead torpedo since the ship had been so strengthened below the belt that she really was superior in resisting power to any warship afloat.

Admiral Fremantle, in commenting on the results of the experiment, says that if the damage done to the Belleisle was as great as he had been informed it was, the power of the torpedo had been underestimated in the past.

Of course, there is always the difficulty of torpedoing a ship when steaming at high speed by means of a submarine. The extreme range of the torpedo is but 2000 yards, and its maximum speed thirty knots, so that it will be very difficult to strike a ship moving at 18 knots speed. Submarines when submerged have a speed of only eight knots, and with that frequently have difficulty in getting within range of ships in motion. Their menace to vessels at anchor, however, does not admit of question.

Moreover, the efficacy of submarine mines planted in channels is also unquestioned, and in consequence the above experiment is a matter of great satisfaction to the coast artillery, which has charge of the submarine mine defence.—New York Sun.

Cheerful Liar.

She (angrily)—"Sir, I understand you said I had a face that would stop a clock."

He (calmly)—"So I did. Any well-regluated clock would pause and hold up its hands in admiration at sight of your lovely face."—St. Louis Star.

In German markets California prunes and apricots are rapidly supplanting the products of France and Italy. The California fruit is cheaper, and its flesh brighter and more solid.