

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. W. T. BEST.

"Faded Leaves," the Subject of a Helpful Talk—The Endless Variety of Leaves—All Must Come to the Storms of Life—Alike and Come to the Same End.

CHASM FALLS, N. Y.—The following sermon, entitled "Faded Leaves," was preached here by the Rev. William T. Best. He took as his text "We all do fade as a leaf."—Isa. 41:6.

Nature has never been derelict of her green foliage, "and the Stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the Turtle and the Crane and the Swallow have gone to a warmer region. While looking from my study window, I noticed the leaves falling and the children playing among the dead leaves that lay upon the ground. I then began to think of the past year as I remembered distinctly its birth when we knelt together in the Watch-meeting and consecrated ourselves to the Master. The thoughts of its youth revived those pleasant memories that can be appreciated only by one living in the Adirondacks. But, oh, how changed everything appears to-day! The same river glides by the door and the same mountains are on either side of the house, yet a cloud of sadness hovers over me as I watch the leaves fall from the trees. These are harbingers of approaching storm, and indicate that another summer's warmth and beauty is about to be succeeded by the chill desolation of winter.

It is so difficult for us to understand religious truths that God was obliged to draw them out in diagram upon the natural world. Therefore a minister may go to almost any branch of nature and find a sermon. "Go to the zinnia," says the wise man Solomon. Consider the "Lilies of the field," says Christ. Bush and brook, beast and bird are full of the changing seasons; all abound with spiritual lessons, and the faded leaves, blown wildly about by the wilder winds of autumn, whirl up in our faces, and before our doors, seeming to say, "What about us? God has commissioned us to carry a message to man, and mingling with the dirge of autumn, comes the sadder dirge of the Prophet Isaiah, "We all do fade as a leaf."

I. The Endless Variety of Leaves. Though there are so many different kinds of leaves in the world it is doubtful if there are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all leaves are not found on one tree. The king of white oaks may be centuries 600 years of Canadian history; the California pine may have existed centuries before "Leif the Lucky" discovered Vinland; the Parliament Oak is seen 1500 years of European progress; the cedars of Lebanon date their birth from the time of the building of the tabernacle of Senegal claim to be over 600 years old; yet the leaves they have scattered are but as a drop to the ocean compared to the number that have fallen to the earth.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and though there are so many different races of mankind it is doubtful if there are two men of any race exactly alike. They differ as do the leaves. Especially is this true from a religious standpoint for all men do not hold the same religious belief. The main thing, however, is for all to belong to Christ. Let the fig leaf utter its voice of warning, the maple suggest its sweetness and the olive bring its message of peace; yet there are times in every life when naught can be found but the weeping willow.

Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call us; Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of Him! We are so weary, so heavily laden, And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

II. Some Leaves Are Higher Up in This World Than Others. But All Must Stand the Storms of Life Alike and Come to the Same End. Some people are determined to go up in this world, even if they go down in the next. Men lose their health trying to get wealth, and then lose their wealth trying to get health. God has made it so that in this world, whether it be in the ministry, at the work bench, or following the plow, let each man find his right place and there be at his best for every man we are there to be content with his lot. Let us learn, therefore, in whatsoever state we are there to be content with our lot, running with patience the race set before us, and we shall as surely hear the "well done" as the man with the greatest number of talents.

The millionaire can wear but one suit of clothes, sleep in one bed and eat but one meal at a time. In many respects it is a mistake to suppose that he is not subject to many of the disappointments common to men. On the other hand, let us not try to throw a romance about the poor man's lot. Poverty and responsibility, unrelenting. But as surely as the different kinds of weather are a necessity to the leaves, so surely are the storms of life necessary to our life.

"If all were easy, if all good, for Where would the cross be? Where would the night be? But in the hardness, God gives to you, Chances of proving that you are true."

Death places the leaves all on the same level. Said a widow who had been bandaged by a drunkard's grave, as she stood by the grave of the wealthy saloon keeper who had taken his money: "Ah! you are on a level with my husband now." Yes, death places us all on a level. Where are now the vast armies of the Assyrians, Grecians, Persians, Romans? As with the warrior so with the peaceful. As with the rich so with the poor. Millions, as with the millions more are on their journey. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave, Await alike the inevitable hour, The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

III. The Decay of the Leaf is Sometimes Hastened by External Circumstances. It may be affected by insects, excessive moisture, excessive cold, etc., etc. Then often the leaf is plucked from the tree while in full bloom.

"The wicked shall not live out half their days." God gives every man so long to live, if he takes care of his body (which is the temple of the Holy Ghost) he will probably live out his appointed days. Yet how often we see people called from time into eternity just at the moment when their brightest hopes are about to be realized. Moses has led Israel through the wilderness. He has borne up under their murmurings and backslidings, and at times he has had to stand alone when it seemed as though his shoulders could not carry the care and responsibility placed upon them. Yet he has looked forward to this glad moment as the time when his character shall be vindicated and he shall lead the people triumphantly to the promised land. But now the command comes from heaven, "Moses, ascend Nebo to die!" Ah! this

is tragedy surpassing anything Shakespearean, yet it occurs almost every day. A vessel is wrecked at sea, a train has jumped the track, a hotel has taken fire and men and women just on the eve of realizing their highest ambitions are snatched from this into another world.

IV. The Leaves Fade in Concert Though They Fall One by One.

"One cannot count the number of plumes which those frosts are plucking from the hills." The aisles of the woods will be covered with a beautiful carpet of many colors. The imagination can scarcely comprehend the number of leaves that are falling. The grave is the great city. It has the largest population, the longest streets, the greatest number of hands, billions of eyes, though they see not. Kings and queens are there, orators, statesmen, yet it is the great city of silence. Neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom are there. The multitude of the dying and the dead are as the autumnal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. There are but one, one by one, we shall soon, yes soon be there."

V. Let Us Proceed to Inquire, How Do the Leaves Fade?

1. They fade naturally. It is what constantly occurs. After the summer is gone and the fruits are fully ripe, they change their color, lose their interesting hue and drop in rapid succession to the ground. "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death," and science teaches us that we are more apt to die than to live, all our tendencies are toward death, and it is one continual struggle to keep soul and body together. Where are the builders of Babel? Abraham and his seed? David and Solomon? Daniel, the prophets, the apostles and the great men of the past? Only remembered by what still speaking. The serpent comes to the sinner, coils about his body, presses his heart tightly, and then comes the awful sting. The same serpent comes to the Christian. But oh, how changed! The Christian, as he looks him in the eyes, can cry out: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? I have been dying for many years, now I shall begin to live."

2. They Fade Gradually. The different periods of life are compared to the revolving seasons of the year. Childhood and youth when life is all expectation and hope, are like a beautiful May morning when the sun shines brightly, and the dew is upon the flowers, and everything is beautiful and lovely. Nature is bursting her bars and is giving promise of the unfolding splendor of a summer's glory yet to come. But oh, how quickly time passes by! The boys and girls of yesterday are the men and women of to-day. Then, for none of us is there such a thing as an everlasting manhood. "We pursue our course, from childhood, with its vigor and beauty, to age and its feebleness and decay, with the unending continuance of the revolving seasons. Our march is an uninterrupted one from the cradle to the grave." But, oh, how we shrink at the thought of going from the western horizon of our physical strength! The leaves, which a few days ago felt the first touch of the frost have day by day been changing in tint. The work was not completed in a day. No, it has been going on gradually, and after awhile, leaf after leaf, they will fall to the ground. So with you and me. The work was not completed in a day. Change, but the frosts have touched us.

VI. There is a Greater Beauty and Glory Attached to the Leaf in Its Fading and Dying Condition Than at Any Time in Its Life. Along the lake shores and river banks, and up the slopes of the mountains, there is an inexpressible mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now so brilliant in drab and maroon, now flaming into soldier and scarlet. In the morning the forests look as if they were transfigured, "and in the evening hour . . . as if the sunset had burst and dropped across the river." Some of the mountains appear to be all on fire, as if they were submerged in the glory of the Lord. Said Rev. C. C. Townsend, as he stood by the promenade gate and looked upon the scene: "Isn't that beautiful? I must bring my wife up here to see that foliage." How often while driving along the road we notice a tree where the leaves have faded at the first touch of the frost, all turning a russet brown. "No one stops to study there. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. No one cares anything at all about them. Such is the death of the wicked. They do not live out half their days, but pass away into darkness, and darkness, and despair without a ray of light to cheer the gloom. But, thank God, such is not the death of the Christian, for "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." What a beautiful sight it is to behold a father and mother in Israel who have spent their lives in the service of Christ come down to cross the river. Oh, what halo of glory there is about them! What words of peace and joy and comfort proceed from their lips, and how strangely near the Holy Spirit is as the Angels gently loose the silver cord.

"Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is Mine." And the fading beauty and falls downward as the leaf, while "the spirit returns to God who gave it." Oh, that in this sense, too, we may all fade with the beauty and glory of the leaf.

VII. The Leaves Fall Only to Rise Again. It is one of the laws of nature that nothing is really lost. Things change their condition, but exist in another form. In the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the South wind will blow the resurrection and more unto the perfect day. So with our loved ones who sleep in Jesus. They shall not all sleep, but they shall be changed. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so shall they which sleep in Jesus. Who will God bring with Him. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and shall be with Him forever. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

VIII. In the Heavenly Jerusalem the Leaves Shall Never Fade. "Soon will the shadows of earth's life be past, Sorrow and partings he over at last; Soon shall we meet in the Mansions of Day. Meet where our loved ones can never fade away."

When Ezekiel foretold the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom he spoke of them under the figure of trees growing on a bank whose leaves should not wither, but be for medicine. When John saw in apocalyptic vision the heavens opened, and the new Jerusalem descending down from God out of heaven. He saw in the midst of the street and on either side of the river, the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. "There the sun never sets and the leaves never fade. There the righteous forever shall shine like the stars. In that beautiful city of gold."

Alcoholism is extremely rare in the Italian army. In 1901, the latest for which figures are available, only twenty-five cases were admitted to the hospitals.



FOR THE FAIR

Horse and Wheel Out.

The women of Berlin have tired of the wheel and horseback riding, and are now devoting themselves energetically to athletic exercises.

"Blanche Plumes."

Henry of Navarre himself need not have disdained the new brilliant white ostrich plumes which decorate our dress hats this season under the name of blanche plumes. The toque is of crin, glistening gray, pearl color, soft brown in many shades, dark blue or black. With a singular unanimity of choice the hat is trimmed with a single long and wide curling ostrich feather, stationed in the middle of the crown and curling forward so as to form a complete circle or loop.

High Heels Are Barbarous.

Addressing the co-eds of the Northwestern University the other day, Professor J. Scott Clark said:

"Of all the barbarous, senseless, idiotic customs that of wearing high-heeled shoes is the worst. We think it is horrible for the Chinese to bind the feet of baby girls, but that custom is not so barbarous as is the custom practiced by many American women of wearing shoes with lofty heels. The Chinese custom is uncomforable and barbarous, but they often injuriously affect the health for life."

Lace Medallions for Ankles.

A pair of lace medallions, left over from the summer frock, can be put to excellent use in trimming stockings to match the gown. For instance, with a pongee gown piped with lace medallions, a plain pair of tan lisle stockings were made very smart by the use of lace medallions, one just above each instep. They were first applied on the stockings with silk thread, in very fine stitches, then the lisle beneath was cut away, and the edges of the stocking buttonhole stitched closely and finely to the wrong side of the medallion. Worn with brown suede shoes, they gave a dainty finishing touch to the costume.

Patriotic Finnish Women.

Patriotism in Finland is not confined to the men. Daughters, wives and mothers are active in the cause of liberty. For example, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, nearly all the secret agents of the National party are young women of the best families, and it is they who outwit the Russian censors and assume the risk of distributing forbidden literature. The prohibited writings are printed in Stockholm and London, and the women go after the papers, bring them into Finland in their trunks at great hazard, and distribute them throughout the country. To be discovered in this work would mean deportation to Siberia with the hundreds of other women thus banished for less cause.

A Chinese Lady's Toilette.

Chinese dress does not call for any great ingenuity on the part of the makers, for in form it is always the same. A lady's first garment is a plain piece of silk fastened round the waist to form an apron, which laps over at the back. In the place of this, poor women wear a sort of cotton "front" which covers the chest, but has no back. Next come the under-jacket and the overjacket, the trousers, the apron, and the footgear. The last consists of bandages and tiny shoes for the "little foot" or a "cotton boot" and shoes of sensible size for the uncrippled peasant woman. In cold weather the number of jackets worn is increased, the heaviest being outermost, which is padded and quilted or fur-lined. For outdoor wear a sleeveless overjacket, known as a "front and back" is used.

Daintiness in Taste.

A girl should study what style of dress and what colors are most becoming to her. Daintiness of taste in dress is one of the most charming of feminine qualities. Even if you are very poor, or the conditions of your life are harsh, or indeed, rather because of these things, cultivate as much charm as you can, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The girl who dresses tastefully, even in the poorest cloth, who puts, perhaps, a flower at her belt, who arranges her hair softly and becomingly, is expressing outwardly some inner sense of beauty. The pity is that many so-called honest and practical natured people discourage this kind of thing in girls. There are some mothers and older sisters that know who are so dyed in their own drab-colored opinions that they are ready to criticize the youngest daughter when she comes down to tea with a little creamy lace at her wrists, a pretty ribbon at her throat, a rose in her belt, or pinned softly in her hair. To make our girlhood rich, to make it count for the most, is the thing that is important and worth while for us; and I know of nothing which enriches the days more than beauty and the love of it.

Heart of Rose.

A beautiful deep pink is known as "heart of rose." It is seen in the new and soft fabric silks intended for evening gowns.

Heart of rose comes in Messaline silk, in peau de crepe, in the tribe of

gauzes, chiffon and silken tissues generally, and in the taking "Cinderella" silks," intended for little gowns, not very formal toilets. Cinderella silks resemble taffetas with a glace surface, but are soft to the touch and more flexible and supple than many pieces of silk sold by the name of taffetas.

A pretty gown is of heart-of-rose chiffon, plaited and gathered. There is a transparent shoulder yoke of white lace cut in one with the high-shaped neckband. This is bordered with very narrow insertion of the same lace, through which is run narrow black velvet ribbon. Three inches below the pointed yoke another row of lace and velvet ribbon follows the same lines, thus trimming the plaited blouse, which fastens in the back. A shaped girdle of the pink chiffon is trimmed with velvet ribbon threaded in the bands of lace insertion. The sleeves consist of three graduated puffs, a large one from shoulder to elbow, the medium-sized middle puff and a smaller one near the wrist. The puffs are separated by bands of lace and velvet ribbon. The full skirt shows a graduated flounce headed by two rows of the "beading," or lace insertion through which velvet ribbon is run. This makes a deep point in the front of the skirt, and rises toward the middle of the back, an arrangement of lines supposed to make the woman who wears the gown look taller.

Winning in Beauty's Race.

The pretty girl must learn animation. The sad-eyed girl will not win in beauty's race, nor the girl who only half listens to you; the girl who interrupts you with irrelevant exclamations; the girl who lacks animation, wit, vivacity—none of these girls will win in the race for beauty. Of course, the sharp-tongued girl will never do. She is the exception to all rules; she is the girl who is absolutely barred out of the race; the woman who, above and beyond all others, cannot compete in the race which all women run with time and beauty, says Marian Martin in the Cincinnati Commercial Advertiser. The woman who is to be called beautiful, the pretty woman, must be well groomed. When in the first flush of youth a girl may get along without grooming. She may be able to draw her hair back and be neglectful of her best points. But the age at which she can do this passes away at 18. After a woman has reached 18 she must take care of her own. The pretty woman will have a clear complexion, be it an olive or a peach-blossom. She must possess a nice pair of lips, which are curved properly. She must have delicate nostrils, not necessarily Grecian, but at least refined. And she must own a pair of eyes that are always at their best. Eyes that are at their best will be arched with brows that curve prettily; eyes that are at their best will not be imbedded in fat; eyes that are at their best will not be surrounded with red lines, but will be clear and pretty. Eyes that are at their best will be bright eyes. These few points can be controlled, and every woman can have eyes that shine, that are of fair size, arched with nice brows and that are not red, weeping eyes.

Fashion Notes.

More handwork than ever is the vogue. Many little dashes of orange help the effect. Big, droopy bows on stocks are to be seen. One or two flounces are on almost every summer skirt. Loops instead of buttonholes are on some of the new blouses. Directorie styles are more and more favored by fashionable women. Tan shoes with brown gowns seen on the street—and they are very effective, too. Madras waists in pastel effects of pink and blue, with medallions of linen lace, are new and becoming. A green parasol has a green stick, the end of the handle finished with a duck's head in the same green and with a black bill.

For applique lace the fine branch with cone and leaves has been adopted as a model and this pattern is much favored by the Parisian modiste. Chiffon in light and dark hues is much in evidence for evening dresses, gauging forming the principal trimming with a lace yoke or berth. A flat straw hat is trimmed with a circle of flat birds' heads in white, with bright red bills, looking at a little distance as if cherries were dotted over the white.

A pale blue silk stock, hand made, has set in the front a butterfly of gold and in the end of the little stole piece pendant from the stock a star of gold, and other stars are set in at the sides of the collar.

On street gowns one finds often a single puff of slightly more than elbow length finished by a wide flat cuff band or drooping slashed cuff from under which escape frills or a puffed undersleeve reaching to the wrist.

Another sleeve well liked for the street frock is long and plainly fitted over the inner arm, but into the outer side of the arm is set very full width of material tucked horizontally or trimmed with tiny plaitings or frillings.

GETTING RID OF MOSQUITOES.

Texas Town Shows It is Possible to Exterminate the Pests.

Laredo, Texas, is proof that it is possible to rid a town of mosquitoes. In order to do this concerted action is necessary. The people of Laredo are working on this theory, and it costs a citizen of that border town a fine of from \$5 to \$20 every time young mosquitoes are found about his premises.

It is pretty well established that the germs of yellow jack are carried by mosquitoes. Mosquitoes are bad enough, but yellow fever is worse, and the health authorities in this little Texas town believe that both can be avoided by enforcing certain simple laws of sanitation.

The people of Laredo have learned that a swamp or a marsh is not necessary to the propagation of mosquitoes but that the insects are hatched in a thousand and one places not ordinarily thought of.

Your next-neighbor throws a tin can into the back yard, and rain water accumulates in the can and remains there for even a few hours, the result is likely to be a small swarm of mosquitoes on your premises. Cisterns and barrels of water, pools of rain water standing in gutters or in flower-pots are favorite places for mosquitoes to breed. The obvious advice is: Get rid of the water or cover it with a screen.

The difficulty is, of course, that it is impossible to secure concerted action to fight mosquitoes according to this method, except under stress of great public danger. In Laredo there would be no crusade against mosquitoes were it not for the fact that the health authorities and the people generally are convinced that the insects transmit the germs of yellow fever.

It has been declared by the city council of Laredo that all wells, cisterns, tanks, reservoirs and other water containers which are not either coated with oil or protected by screens are public nuisance, and the persons on whose premises they are found are liable to a fine in the police court.

Moreover, the law is being enforced. The result is that mosquitoes are practically unknown in that town. The same is true in several other Texas towns along the border.

Walking With Broken Legs.

Experiments have recently been made by the London Hospital with new splints which enable a person with a broken leg or thigh to go about his business within a few days of his accident. The invention hails from the continent, where it has been in use for some years. The principle of the splint is that round the seat of the fracture is fastened a hardened leather case, which fits the leg closely everywhere, and prevents any movement of the fractured bones. The weight of the body is then carried by jointed steel rods attached to another case fastened above or below the knee, according to the place of fracture. With this appliance the patient is enabled to walk before the broken bone is joined, and there is none of that after trouble with stiff joints which comes when a limb has been held rigidly for weeks.

The method of applying the splint is to first take a cast in plaster of the broken limb, from the plaster casing to make a model of the leg, and upon this to build up, in leather strengthened with steel bands, a case which exactly fits the limb. Along each side are clamped strong and adjustable steel supports, which carry the weight of the body from the last-mentioned ankle and foot to a steel sole piece and ankle, which receives the other end of the jointed support.

This a man who has had the misfortune to break his leg may in a few days be out and about his business, since the appliance is concealed by his clothing. The only indications that anything was wrong would be stiffness in walking and the necessity of using a stick.—London Hospital Gazette.

Yukon Hay Fever.

A good hay farm in Yukon valley is a better paying proposition than an ordinary gold mine. This fact has been demonstrated by a Dawson freighter, who is farming a large tract of native hay at Gravel lake, on the trail between Dawson and the Duncan district, Stewart river. Last fall this man put in an immense quantity of fine hay, enabling him to bale more than 600 tons this winter. Besides wintering his own large herd of stock, he has had considerable feed for sale, receiving \$140 a ton. At this price his crop was worth \$84,000. He clears a profit of at least 100 percent. Winter weather has not prevented continuous work. A crew of ten men has been employed and two six-mule teams to collect the bales and carry them to market. His entire crop was cut with scythes and handled in a primitive manner. Next season he will replace these methods with modern farming implements, greatly reducing the cost of handling the crops.—San Francisco Chronicle.

To Exploit Victoria Falls.

A company has been formed to exploit Victoria Falls, in the Zambesi, and will build a hydro-electric generating station, with the expectation of supplying power to the Waukie coal fields, Bulawayo, the Kwele, Sebake and Hartley gold fields, all of which are within 300 miles. The falls are over 400 feet high, and while the total amount of energy running to waste at Niagara is 7,000,000 horsepower, the corresponding figure for the Victoria Falls in the wet season is 25,000,000. The railway has now been completed to within 70 miles of the falls, and will reach them before the end of March.

A GIFTED CROW.

Black as the Wings of Night and Chatters the Live-Long Day.

That the American crow can converse freely in his own language is a statement oft repeated by naturalists, but that he can also learn to talk dog English is a fact not generally known even to his best acquaintances. In one case, however, a common black crow learned considerable English. The bird is a well known resident of Cameron, Mo., the property of Homer McGee, son of a carpenter.

The bird is in the habit of greeting persons whom he meets in the streets in a loud voice, though, aside from a few words, his vocabulary is little known to the ordinary citizen. But at home he becomes loquacious and his owner is sometimes compelled to insist that crows shall be seen and not heard.

One gray-haired woman relates that she was leaving home one afternoon when she heard a cry of "Grandma! Grandma!" She looked everywhere, thinking that her little grandson had come, but presently saw the crow peeping mischievously from the house top.

The bird calls members of the family, "Papa," "Ma," "Nora," and "Homer." His interrogative, "What for?" is scattered through the conversation, with laughable results.

He calls chickens to their food, clucks like a hen, and mews like a kitten. It is said that he enjoys a dog fight above all else, encourages it in the beginning by shouting "Hi-hi-hi!" and adds fuel by spirited ejaculations of "Sick 'em!" and "Lick 'em!"

He plays with children, but fights if they disturb him. He is neat in his habits, taking a bath frequently, and using as a tub any vessel which happens to contain enough water. He takes great pleasure in scattering over the floor any nails which he may discover. He allows nothing to grow in his owner's garden after its head has once appeared above soil.

The Caspian Sea.

One of the most remarkable physical features of the globe is the deep and wide depression in the hollow of which stands the Caspian Sea, and near to it the Sea of Aral. The Caspian is nearly as large as France, and its surface is 94 feet below the level of the Black Sea. The Sea of Aral is nearly as large as Ireland, and is very little over the sea level. Within recent geographical times the vast expanse in which these lakes are found was sea. Its floor has been gradually raised, and the waters filling the depressions are all that is left of an ancient Mediterranean. A strange feature of both bodies of water is that, although they receive large rivers, especially the Caspian, into which the Volga, the Ural River and scores of streams from the Caucasus flow, both have for many years been getting shallower. Evaporation, for they have no outlet, exceeds the inflow. But for some climatic reason probably, like Lake Aral and its neighbor, Lake Balkhash, have since 1891 been increasing in depth. "Nature" reports that M. Berg visited Lake Balkhash last summer, and found that the level was rising with comparative rapidity. Whereas the Caspian, like the Dead Sea, is very salt, owing to the rate of evaporation, Aral and Balkhash are brackish only. These remnants of what was once a great sea opening into the ocean, as the Mediterranean does now, still contain marine fish and seals. Some of the latter survive in the Aral and Balkhash lakes, having gradually become fitted for their habitat though it is no longer salt, but merely brackish, and in the case of Balkhash, actually fresh water.—London Telegraph.

Motor Omnibuses.

Motor omnibuses manufactured in Edinburgh have been introduced in some cities and towns of England and Scotland, experimentally, for street-passenger traffic, but a sufficient time has not elapsed to make it clear whether or not they are adapted to this purpose.

Motor Omnibuses.

In a paper read before the Scottish Automobile Club Mr. John Sterling, of Granton said: "Tramways, with their huge cars, constitute a perpetual street obstruction. They run on their fixed lines and altogether traffic must make way for them. As time goes on the congestion and attendant street dangers will multiply unless a remedy be found—and a remedy must be found. Alongside the growth and development of electrical engineering, and especially that department of it relating to locomotion, there has been arising and advancing steadily a new competitor which promises to become at no great distance a serious rival to the tramways. This is the evolution and perfecting of the motor omnibus. It is possible that those interested in tramways may smile at such a prediction, but I make it in all seriousness; the self-propelled omnibus will be adopted in many places instead of tramways and will yet displace existing tramways in crowded cities."

Veteran of Mexican and Spanish Wars

Only one veteran of the Mexican and Spanish wars has thus far applied for a pension from the government. The one applicant is C. B. Hunt, who was once a resident of Massachusetts. Any veteran of the Mexican war who survived to fight against Spain must have been nearly three score and ten years old, the allotted span of life, and the man who enlists at the age of 70 must needs be patriotic and well fortified with a strong constitution in order to undertake the fatigues of a second campaign.—Boston Advertiser.