

A SCATHING REPORT.

SECRETARY SMITH ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

The Dawes Commission Denounces the Present System of Dealing with the Five Civilized Tribes—Narrow-Minded Oligarchies in Complete Control—Treaty Rights Long Voided—Congress Should Act.

The Five Civilized Tribes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—By far the most important feature of the annual report of Secretary Smith of the Interior department, so far as the Southwest is concerned, is the report of the Dawes commission in regard to its negotiations with the five civilized tribes of Indians in the Indian Territory. This presents the correspondence of the commissioners with the chiefs of the five tribes and an account of the methods by which the chiefs came to unite in presenting an opposing front to any effective negotiations of any sort.

The failure of the commission being thus detailed, the report proceeds: "In connection with the official interests here briefly outlined the commission availed themselves of every opportunity of conference with private citizens of several nations, men of character and influence among their people. By visits to the various localities they familiarized themselves with the conditions of life and the opinions and prejudices which prevail in the different sections and adapted the methods of their attempt at negotiation to these conditions. But thus far they have met with no favorable response among those holding power and controlling the political machinery in the governments existing in the Territory. It is otherwise with those believed to be a large majority, who in the machinery by which affairs are administered are without voice or participation in the policy or laws by which they are governed. The causes, which thus far have proved unsurmountable in all the efforts at a peaceful solution of the problem by negotiation, can only be understood by a thorough knowledge of the conditions into which these people have been permitted to fall by the indifference and non-interference of the national government.

The present conditions are not treaty conditions. There is not only no treaty obligations on the part of the United States to maintain or even to permit the present conditions of affairs in the Indian Territory, but, on the contrary, the whole structure and tenor of the treaties forbid it. If our government is obliged to maintain the treaties according to their original intent and purpose it is obligated to blot out at once present conditions. It has been most clearly shown that a restoration of the treaty status is not only an impossibility, but, if a possibility, would be disastrous to this people and against the wishes of all people and government alike. They, therefore, of those who have brought about this condition of affairs, to be let alone, not only finds no shelter in treaty obligations, but is a plea for permission to further violate those provisions.

"The commission is compelled by the evidence forced upon them during their examination into the administration of the so-called governments in this territory to report that these governments in all their branches are wholly corrupt, irresponsible, and unworthy to be longer trusted with the care and control of the money and other property of Indian citizens, much less their lives, which they scarcely pretend to protect. There can be no higher obligation incumbent on every branch of the general government than to exert its utmost constitutional authority to secure to this people in common with all others within our borders, government in conformity with constitutional authorities. The government cannot abdicate or transfer to other shoulders this duty as to any portion of territory or people in the land. It cannot escape responsibility if the dark record, which has now been brought to light, is permitted to continue. Delay can bring nothing but increased difficulty or danger to peace and good order in the Territory. The situation calls for prompt action.

These considerations lead but to one conclusion. It is in the judgment of the commission, the imperative duty of Congress to assume at once political control of the Indian territory. They have come with great reluctance to this conclusion, and have sought by all methods that might reach the convictions of those holding power in the territory to induce them by negotiation and mutual agreement to consent to a satisfactory change in their system of government and appropriation of tribal property. These efforts have failed; and the commission is driven to the alternative of recommending abandonment of these people to the spoliation and outrages perpetrated in the name of existing government or the restoration by Congress of the power thus abused.

Venezuela Not Believed.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Times publishes the following dispatch from its correspondent at Caracas, Venezuela, under date of November 1: "It is officially stated that the revolutionary outbreak is of no importance. No British ultimatum has yet been received, and many of the influential Venezuelans urge an amicable settlement. The government is afraid the tendering of an apology would be equivalent to recognizing the right of England to the disputed territory. Otherwise it is ready to give satisfaction. A considerable party favors a direct settlement of the frontier question without reference to the United States."

Senator Nelson Announces His Colleague's Candidacy for the Presidency.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Minnesota has a candidate for President—Cushman K. Davis—and will push his claims in the convention just as long as he has any possible show of getting the nomination," said United States Senator Knute Nelson last evening. He continued: "But there is no telling what the convention will do. All the candidates, McKinley, Reed, Morton and Allison, are strong men. If we have to let Senator Davis out of the race then I think the Minnesota delegation will be eventually divided between McKinley and Reed."

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

Secretary Smith's Report Devotes Much Space to the Indian Question.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Secretary Hoke Smith, of the Interior department has made his annual report to the president. It reviews the varied work of the department, beginning with the Indian service, and calls attention to the strict enforcement which has been given to the civil service reform, both as to the places covered by the classified service, and those to which the rules of this service do not apply. The secretary dwells upon the necessity of eliminating politics from the management of Indian affairs, and of conducting each reservation upon strictly business principles, the object being to make every Indian who remains upon the reservation self-supporting and ready, as soon as possible, to assume the duties of citizenship and be freed from the maternal care of the government. The Secretary is of the opinion that if the resources of each reservation are treated intelligently and the Indians required to labor in those pursuits which are adapted to particular reservations, in a few years practically all the Indians can be made self-supporting.

Allotments should be made long before reservations are opened. Each Indian should be settled upon his homestead and be self-supporting before citizenship is conferred upon him. When citizenship is conferred, the Government ought to let him alone and allow him to take his place, surrounding him with no more restraint and giving him no more help than is accorded to other citizens. Under the present system, Indians to whom allotments have been made and upon whom citizenship has been conferred still receive enormous gratuities and need every dollar they receive.

After reviewing in detail the work of the land office during the past twelve months, the secretary takes up the question of the disposition of the arid lands and the preservation of the forests. He urges that these two questions are closely allied, for the quantity of arid lands far exceeds the present water supply, even if it were all utilized for irrigation. The increase of the water supply must depend upon the growth and preservation of the forests. Attention is called to the failure of the Carey bill to accomplish the results expected; the secretary attributes this to the fact that the bill intended that money for the irrigation should be raised upon the arid lands given to the States. This has been impossible on account of the fact that sufficient control over the lands was not given to the States to make them available as security for the money expended in their reclamation. The secretary suggests the advisability of patenting these lands to the States after it is fully determined that the selections made by them under the Carey act are arid lands.

CRAZED ON A TRAIN.

An Aged Woman and Her Grandson Both Insane—The Woman Kills Herself.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 30.—As the north bound train on the Northwestern road reached Shopper last night, an elderly woman, traveling with her 10-year-old grandson, suddenly became violently insane and caused a panic among the passengers. The conductor locked the woman and the boy inside the car, but when the train arrived at Evansville, the woman was missing, she having leaped through a window. The boy remained in the car and it was found that he, too, was demented and could give no account of what had transpired. This morning the woman's body was found beside the track three miles south of Janesville. She had evidently been killed instantly.

TRAIN ROBBERS FOILED.

Texas Bandits Hold Up an Express, But Fail to Open the Safe.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 30.—Five miles north of Childress, at 6:30 o'clock last evening, a north-bound train on the Fort Worth and Denver was held up by two men. The robbers got nothing, as the messenger could not open the through safe.

Guarding "Sny Scrapers."

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Chicago firemen, yesterday demonstrated at the Masonic temple their ability to cope with fires in the upper stories of the tallest buildings. Engine No. 1 of the fire department pumped a stream of water through 500 feet of hose and stand pipes to the roof of the building, where there was sufficient force to drench the roofs of neighboring buildings. The water pressure at the building was 240 pounds. On the roof at the same time the pressure was fifty-four pounds to the inch.

Fraker's Health Precarious.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., Nov. 30.—A fellow prisoner of Dr. G. W. Fraker has written to Captain J. L. Farris, Fraker's attorney, that the doctor's health is precarious and that his doctors in Richmond report that he is afflicted with an incurable case of Bright's disease. The letter says that at times Fraker is out of his mind. He has asked that Dr. J. M. Allen of Liberty be called to see him. His attorney here will see that the request is attended to.

China Will Build Her Own Railways.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Special dispatches from Shanghai say it is reported there that no railway concessions have been granted to foreigners in China and that the Chinese government intends henceforth to keep the railway building in its own hands.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Two dead bodies were found in the ruins of the Volkes building at New York.

Murderer Willis King, a life convict, escaped from jail at Gatesville, Texas.

Jesse Wimp, a supervisor of Dallas Township, Illinois, was killed by a C. B. & Q. train.

A call has been issued for a caucus of Republican senators, to be held next Monday.

Rabbi Gries preached a sermon against Thanksgiving as a Christian institution at Cleveland, O. his.

YOUNG MAN BEWARE!

THE PITFALLS POINTED OUT BY DR. TALMAGE.

Make the Home Pleasant for the Boys—Keep Holy the Sabbath Day—Teach Industry and Integrity Always—Glories of Virtues.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1895.—In his sermon today, Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from 2 Samuel 13: 33: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun, David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided; the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance, the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh! no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs to his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "Oh! Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the King, asked in regard to his son, is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going, must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and overturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words, and petulance, and scolding may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness, and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough-hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering-place or country-seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house, and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress, does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it, and you on the other; she gone fifteen years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred forever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home." Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great city. He is seated in his room at a rent of two thousand dollars a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copies of other merchants' signatures! Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ex teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that place, I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sickness, and pour into his cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death, and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhymes. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut, or a St. Mark's Cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymer's "botch. Out of one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine have no life-plot. Battered and spurred and capered, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh! young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life-plot. Alas! that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port. They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh! young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the stout heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul? There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place

of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequalled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say: "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh! young man, cheer up, I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life, and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I get a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the Gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the sermon a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said: "Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home, and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the Gospel. I am the other young man."

Electricity in Art. Electric lighting is to be applied to art in Brussels. On the Anspach memorial St. Michael is represented on horseback slaying the dragon. The sword will be made to blaze like a sword of fire, lights will be put in the saint's eyes and in the insides of the dragon.

RAM'S HORNS. The worst deception is self-deception. A good thought planted in good soil will grow. The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right. It is impossible to love God until his word is believed. When bad men are elected to office the devil rules the city. We can't keep away from other people and know ourselves. The man who never gives away anything, cheats himself. It is hard to please the man who never knows what he wants. As soon as Eve took the forbidden fruit the devil had an army. Don't go security for the man who runs his boots down at the heel. The sermon that most pleases may not be the one that most helps. The recording angel never gets any information from a gravestone. The more a Christian grows in grace the less he thinks of himself. He is not very good who is not better than his friends imagine him to be. God can say much to the poor that he cannot make known to the rich. A lie trembles all over whenever it discovers that truth is on its track. Love to God and neighbor is the only law needed for the good of men. Try to count your mercies, and many of your troubles will be rubbed out. If we have only given Christ a second place, we haven't given him any. The poorest man in the world is the one who gets rich by selling whisky. A fool will be all his life in learning what the wise can see at a glance. In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it, he is superior. Before Jesus taught his disciples to pray, he taught them how to give.

Talmage in Washington.

Still Interested in New York Affairs—Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars for Charities—What He Thinks of Certain Books.

Everybody knows that the illustrious divine, who made the Brooklyn Tabernacle famous throughout the world, has recently been called to a pastorate in Washington. His church is the First Presbyterian church of that city, and while in former years a very prominent institution, it latterly had been favored with but small audiences, composed principally of men



T. DeWitt Talmage and women who remained loyal to the old church even though now surrounded largely by business houses. A marvelous change, however, has suddenly come over this time-honored landmark, and to-day the First Presbyterian church of Washington, owing to the wondrous eloquence of its newly installed pastor, is every Sunday besieged by multitudes, many of whom stand there frequently hours in advance of the opening of the service in hopes of being able to wedge their way in somehow or other, and to listen to the matchless eloquence of America's foremost pulpit orator.

People all over the country are wondering whether Dr. Talmage, in moving to the National Capital, and in exchanging his Brooklyn residence for a house in Washington, has actually divorced himself from all connection with the east. Dr. Talmage was recently interviewed on this subject by a reporter of this paper, and the reverend gentleman said that as long as his editorial chair had two legs in New York and two legs in Washington he could never be considered as having severed all his connections with the metropolis. "The Christian Herald," he said, "with its wide circulation, is a tremendous power for good," and as long as the Lord gave him health and strength he would write for that paper—in fact, he would be in his editorial chair at the Bible House more frequently now than ever. Continuing, the genial preacher said: "There is no paper in America that gives a more potent influence for good than The Christian Herald, with a circulation of nearly two hundred thousand copies weekly. Nothing but death shall separate me from it. Dr. Klopsch, its proprietor, is a man of extraordinary enterprise. This year besides printing The Christian Herald every week in beautiful colors, a veritable enchantment for the eye, he offers as a premium a complete library, consisting of ten splendid volumes, full of interest and full of entertainment, with an elegant bookcase, delivered free of all expense, together with the paper itself, fifty-two times, for the moderate sum of \$3. Hereafter let no home in America be without a library.

I asked Dr. Talmage whether he could recommend the library to people who contemplated securing it, and he said unhesitatingly, "I know every book. They were carefully and thoughtfully prepared, either specially written or compiled by most eminent literary men, and there is not a weakling among them."

"How are the people to secure this great library, and this wonderful paper of yours?"

"Simply by sending \$3 to The Christian Herald at 888 to 895 Bible House, New York City, and by return mail they will be delighted with the result. Ever since my boyhood, I've had a passion for books; I love them still—couldn't live unless surrounded by them. So I'm something of a judge of good literature. And in my whole life I have never seen a better selection in small compass than these ten books which Dr. Klopsch has had prepared for his subscribers. It's a perfect library of information, entertainment and amusement, and is the climax of the wonderfully enterprising and far-seeing management that has placed The Christian Herald ahead of all competitors as a Christian home journal. Do you know," continued Dr. Talmage, "that this paper has in less than six years expended nearly \$700,000 in various beneficences at home and abroad?"

Just then Miss Talmage came in to call her distinguished father to dinner, and the interview ended.

Remember the address, 888 to 895 Bible House, New York City.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Mentally only, man is the superior animal.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

Every good and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—Emerson.

To endure is the first thing a child ought to learn, and that which he will have most need to know.—Rousseau.

I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—S. Rutherford.

Where Christ brings his cross, he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.—Mrs. Browning.

ODD, QUEER, CURIOUS.

Flying frogs are numerous in Borneo. Sunflower stocks are now converted into paper.

The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt.

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

Edison's Laboratory costs \$20,000 a year to maintain.

The pay of an admiral in the British navy is \$9,125 a year.

Queen Maria Pia of Portugal is a