John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled With Blood," "do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means smply that Christ's life was given for our life Hence all this talk of men who say the bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call "slaughter-house religion," only show their incapacity of unwillingness to look through the figure of speech to-ward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow and the side and the hands and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared; and if a man had depended on the literal application of the blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries. In order to understand this red word

of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the Idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solltary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to 500 cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an in-somnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be diffi-He is simply the champion of a homestead for which the wins bread, and thought, not to say of reward or ac wardrobe, and education, and prosper-knowledgment, or even of recognition ity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power

hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; and most of the houses from base to top are as though uninhabited. merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning and cutside on a window casing a glass of pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much nor too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, but she has buried three children with the same disease and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in and one day she leaves the convalescont child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three departed ones kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps a mother lingers long road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But he goes right on, look ing carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again. and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they sels, belgium, we arrived in about an can catch but three words: "My poor hour on that famous spot. A son of one The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life, Substitution!

southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible press. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies, o one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part | tracts. of the length, and breadth, and depth, than 12,000,000.

and height of anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died, Life for life, Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What that monument in the cemetery? t b the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended to in these orthern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and eaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-way train. Before he gets to the infectd regions he passes crowded railway trains, regular and extra, taking the dying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until fellow physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, un-til some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has ouched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him whom said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life Life for life. Blood for blood, Substitu-

tion! In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice, in 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. I., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept with a constables. The control of the community could be kept him only by armed constables. No attorney wanted to sacrifice popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go lawyer with feeble voice, that could and hack at their voices, not for the among the places of busines sor toll hardly be heard outside the bar, pale purpose of execution, but simply to and thin and awkward. It was Will memorize what they might quite as find men who by their looks show you liam H. Seward, who saw that the that they are overworked. They are prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, prematurely old. They are hastening and ought to be put in an asylum, rapidly toward their decease. They rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emo-My child, with an affectionate tion. smile, disarms my carrworn face of its cult to extract any amusement out of frown whenever 1 cross my threshold. that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? as I pass. My dog caresses me with No; a few hundred dollars would meet horse recognizes me when I fill his manber. What reward, what gratitude, manber. What reward, what gratitude, man is enduring all that fatigue and manber. What reward, what gratitude, exasperation, and wear and tear, to what sympathy and affection can I exkeep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from around you. Listen to their ill-supthat scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is tell me where among my neighbors or the secret of that business endurance. myfellow men, where, even in his heart, a santiment as I can expect to find a sentiment, a knowledgment, or even of recognition. Gentlemen, you may think of this evi-Of ten business men whom I bury nine dence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asservate before heaven and you, that, to the best of of resistance, and they are gone. Life my knowledge and belief, the prisoner for life. Blood for blood. Substitu- at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls At I o'clock tomorrow morning, the on you instead of his own.

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was seen in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitu-

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilhypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a colley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt." Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of 24 years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essay on art the world ever saw, or ever will see-John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and brokenheartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo the cruelties towar him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through weary and uncompensated enough to see a son get on the wrong months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misan thropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and what ever he may say that he sught not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent, as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christ'an detence of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for

bleed. Substitution! It was a most exciting day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Bruswho was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied About thirty-eight years ago there the whole scene recited, accompanied went forth from our northern and us over the field. There stood the old liougomont chateau, the walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape shot and cannon ball. There is the well in which 300 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant hrist shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English, and the 250 guns of the Fernch. Yonder the Hano verian hussars fled for the woods.

> Last year the Society for the Pro pagation of Christian knowledge (conected with the Church of England) issued 142,205 bibles, 22,995 Testaments, 324,426 books of common prayer and 8,588,902 other books, nearly 3,500,000 the total amounting to more

MELBA ON VOCAL CULTURE.

Pose Your Voice Save the Vocal

Muscles--Practice Planissimo. It is so generally admitted that Melba is the possessor of one of the most wonderful, if, indeed, not the most wonderful, voice in the world, anything she may say on the that Bulject of vocal culture is sure to prove of interest. Mme. Melba has written an article on the subject, and it is given

ere. The great singer says:
"I have always sung. When I went to Marchesi, in Paris, without one vocal lesson, I sang as well as I do today, but for one break in my voice. Marchesi corrected that at once, posed my voice properly, and if this had not been done I should have totally lost the power of song. That is the reason why so earnestly advise young singers to look after the proper posing of the voice above all other things. They will know themselves where the break lies in their registers, and if a teacher tries to force the voice over a break there is sure to be something wrong. It will result probably in permanent ruin of the voice, and the career of many a promising young singer is often thus ruined in the first stages of tuition.

"It is quite possible to sing as an artist, and yet to be an exception to the ordinary rule as to the place where the register changes. A natural peculiarity in this should not be disregarded. I myself carry my middle register to F sharp, half a tone beyond the pre-scribed limit. If I were a teacher and advocated this in any special case, I would have the whole fraternity swooping down and abusing me. I know my own voice, however, and I am a living

example that exceptional register changes may be a success. "Many critics have done me the honor to allude to the freshness and spontanelty of my singing. There is no secret about the freshness of my I save it all I possibly can, but I save none of my other muscles correspondingly. I take lots of physical exercise and save my voice for the public.

"The greatest economy sel? role to the piano, and instead of com-his mitting it perfectly to memory without employing the voice at all, they immediately begin to sing with it. They hack memorize what they might quite as well do with their fingers on the keyboard. No one shall ever catch me sim-ply memorizing on my voice, what can done quite as well on a musical instrument. When the music is firmly engraved upon my mind I use my voice upon it; not before. When I do sing, with the exception of my rehearsals at the theater, I invariably practice pianissimo. I strictly deprecate the habit of forte practicing, and I can not impress too strongly upon my sin-cere friends, the young and ambitious singers, the damage—and the irrevoca-ble damage at that—which accrue from the unwise, not to say criminal, habit of loud practicing. If you practice forte you cannot sing planissimo afterward. Always reserve your forces. Sing planissimo in private, and the forte will come all right in public.

"There is another point I would urge with all lihe power at my command. Use the voice less, the general muscles more. Half the young singers sit or stand by an instrument almost all the day, wearing their voices to where open air exercise would do infinitely more for its development, creating a sound body from which alone a sound voice can proceed. I take abundant walking exercise; I rely on its healthfulness as much as I rely upon my knowledge of my voice itself. eating I do not restrict myself, except, on the day I sing, when a light dinner at 2-with meat, a few vegetables and a glass of wine-is the last thing I take before going to the theater. On this day I also run a few scales with full voice in the morning, and just before I go on I try my voice a few moments just sufficiently to warm it. I think beaten egg and sherry an excellent tonic for luoricating the throat.

"Nothing would induce me to go out the night before I sing. I talk as little as possible on the day itself. On my return from the theater after a performance I always have a most substantial supper. I consider this absolutely harmless after my fast through the day and my exertions of the evening

'One thing in conclusion, and a word of advice to young singers upon the subject of tone production. It is, of course, not naturally given to every young singer to produce the tones as I was fortunate enough to be able to do: leaving only a guiding hint, the most valuable voices are often obscured by difficulties, which it is the teacher's mission to remove. Often, even when a Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in voice is properly posed, there is a Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The marked weakness where the registers change. Bad teachers insist on prolonged practicing of this particular section of the voice, with the idea of en-larging the tone. I say, exercise the voice equally all over. It will in turn become equalized in time. Even if there be a natural defection, better retain your voice with a small spot of weakness than risk its ruin through the bad art of taxing it where nature tells plainly enough that it is not fit for taxing.

"In conclusion: While the average voice is being developed, scales, sol-feggi and vocalism over its full compass are essential. But once the voice has obtained its growth, my experience has been that if you sing in public you should save it completely in pri-

He Loved to Tell the Story.

Thar' was a period of three y'ars when Ichabod Hastings was bowed down to as the champion liar of Squan Creek. He begun in a humble way, lyin' about clams and oysters and crabs, and in a y'ar climbed to the top of the ladder and had the best of credit at all the stores. It was a delight and a pleasure to hear Ichabod Hast-He had a serious, earnest face, and when tellin' a lie about anybody bein' drowned his lip would tremble and his eyes fill with tears. The minister let him go on for a y'ar and a half, and then called on him one evenin' and said:

"Ichabod, I don't want to hurt yer feelin's, but it 'pears to be that you orter tell the truth once in awhile fur change.'

"Hain't I tellin' the truth every min't "Not skassly. The fact is, you hev becum the awfullest liar in all New Jersey, and if you expect to go to heaven you must quit it. The bible is agin a liar.

"Jest pint out one single lie I ever tol" "I kin pint out a thousand. Didn't you say that you saw a lobster down at Cat Island with claws twenty feet

'Yes, I seen that lobster," said Icha. "Fact is, I measured his claws with a tape line, and they was twenty-the ends of the cars. He suggests also two feet long. I knocked off the two that was a whoppin' big lobster. If he was put on top the biggest table you ever seed, thar' wouldn't be room fur him, and I calkerlate thar' was meat

"Mas! Ichabod!" said the preacher with a groan. "Didn't you tell around that when you was throwed overboard from an oyster pirate fourteen miles at sea a whale riz up under ye and carried ye to dry land?"

"Of course I did, and it was so! I can pint out the very spot whar' I waded ashere! The whale was comin" up to blow as the pirate throwed me over, and bein' as he was a good natured whale and comin' my way, he didn't object to givin' me a lift. I don't see nothin' 'bout that to make me a Har!

'Mebbe that wasn't a lie 'bout that shark eatin' up a beyy buoy down the bay?" said the preacher, as he grew

"Sartinly not," replies Ichabod. "He was a shark as had probably cum from Yurup, and didn't know nothin' bell buoys. He made a rush to bite off my legs, and when he couldn't find 'em he snapped up that buoy and chanked away and spit out the pieces and I've seen sharks bite off the flukes of anchors more'n a dozen times."

"Wall, it's sunthin' awful!" said the preacher, as he rose up to go. "Providence won't let a liar keep right on lyin' forever. Ichabod Hastings, I wouldn't be in your shoes fur all the lobsters in Squan Bay. When ye find yerself gallopin' to the grave on the pale hoss of death, Jest remember that

warned ye!" Ichabod felt hurt in his feelin's, but next day he was tellin' a story 'bout hearin' a dog-shark whistle "Yankee Doodle," and what the preacher sald only seemed to spur him on the greater endeavors. Things went on this way fur a y'ar or more; then one day he rolled off the roof of his house as he was fixin' the chimney and was so badly hurt that the doctor said that he ouldn't live. When this was known the preacher called on him and said:

'Ichabod, I'm no hand to hold a club over anybody, but the fate of the liar is allus sartin. Providence will put up with a good deal, but thar' comes a day when she kicks. So ye fell off the

house, did ye?" "No, sir," says Ichabod, "I was fish-in' down in the bay and a whale riz under my boat and sent her sky-

high!" The preacher's hair stood up and his eyes hung out and he would hev gone away, but fur Mrs. Hastings. She asked him to sit down and see if he couldn't make the dyin' man own up to all his lies and git furgiven. So he drawed a cheer up to the bed and said:
"Ichabod, Dr. Foster says ye hain't
got over half a day to live. Mebbe

thar's sunthin' on yer mind ye want to speak about?" thar is," replied the victim. "When I was down to my lobster pots 'tother day I seed a red shark sixty feet long spookin' around. If the boys kin kotch him he'll sell fur a hundred

dollars up in New York."

"Lies on top o' lies!" moaned the preacher, as the tears stood in his eyes. "Ichabod, don't ye want to own up and ask fur furgiveness fur lyin' about them porpoises that jumped clean over Light House reef. It was a jump of a quarter of a mile, ye know?"
"But they did it, sir! Thar was for-ty-two of them in the school, and they

took that jump one arter the other as slick as grease. I aint sayin that every porpoise could do it, but them fellers had bin greasin themselves agin the sides of a tank steamer, and had got limbered up. I wish ye could hev bin thar and seen 'em jump!" "May the Lord have mercy on ye,

pore man! I was in hopes ye'd own up and ask furgiveness. How about the oyster, Ichabod—that oyster who had a shell made of boiler iron and carried an electric light in his bows? Hain't ye

goin' to own up that that was a lie?"
"How can I?" 'asked Ichabod, "Didn't I watch him fur more'n two hours one evenin', and didn't he turn that light till I could see dead men at the bottom of the bay? It ain't right nor fair that ye should come here and worry me in my last hours. I did tell one lie six or seven y'ars ago, and I'm willin' to own up to it. I found an overcoat button in the road, and I told Abraham Jones it was a silver dollar. Yes I lied about that, and I'm mighty sorry,

"But you sed when you said you saw a clam tackle and kill a whale sixty feet long," continued the preached,
"Never!" exclaimed Ichabod, "I was
right thar when the clam riz out of

mud and grabbed that whale by the throat and rolled him around and shook the life out o' him. They splashed water over me till my boat was almost sunk, and I cum home as wet as a drowned rat. I'm willin' to say it was a thumpin' big clam, and that he got sich a sudden holt that the whale had no show, but I ain't goin' to say I lied about it." 'And that story about soft-shelled

crabs-you'll own up that was a lie?" "I couldn't possibly do it. I counted em as they cum out of the water and marched along down the shore towards Crab Island. Thar' was over 3,000,000 'em, and purty nigh haif of 'em carried mags and mottoes. They was goin' to hold a convenshun, I s'pose, In the middle of the purcesshun was a band of 1,000 crabs, and if they didn't sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' they crawled along, then I'm a liar! Ye know that the boys went down to the beach next day and found the tracks, and that we didn't cotch a single softshell crab the rest of that season

It was no use for the preacher to talk to him. We sent Philetus Tompkins, Absalom White and David Taylor, and when they had shed tears and begged for Ichabod to own up and die happy the dyin' champion replied:
"If I'd ever told a lie but that one

about findly' fifty cents in the road I'd be glad to own up, but I've allus stuck to the truth and lost a heap o' fun and money by it. Farewell, wife-farewell, boys-farewell, old world! If I was to live my life over agin I'd begin lyin' as as I could talk, and keep it up till I drawed my last breath!"

Henry M. Stanley reports that last year Uganda had twenty-three English Protestant clerymen, 699 native teachers, 6,905 baptized Christians, 2,591 com-municants, 57,380 readers, 372 churches and a cathedral which can hold 3,000 worshipers.

Just as the frost is going out of the ground is a good time to repair fences. When the ground is soft, and too many posts are not gone, they may be sharp-ened and driven with a maul. Study the corners and see why the wire is slack. Study how it can be improved.

A new racing sulky which will pre-vent collisions has only one wheel, mounted in the center of a short shaft at the rear end of the thills, which also supports the seat.

A new rubber for wet weather wear does not extend around the hest, but is fastened to the narrow part of the shoe sole by spring clips to hold it in place.

Wrappers of gum are out on a strike feet so as to keep within the truth. Yes, jawing as usual.

A BEE TREE AND TWO BEARS

I was out on the Cumberland mountains one day with the old 'possum hunter of Tenessee, and as we sat ing on a rock a honey bee alighted for

a moment between us. "Ho's from a bee tree over yan, two miles away," said Zeb, as he closely regarded the insect. I've been at that tree three or four times, but thar' ain't much honey to be had. One of the funmest things I ever seed happened nigh that tree last spring.'

He stood up to "line" the bee and fill his pipe for a smoke, and presently he

was ready to say:
"That bee tree is the stub of an old chestnut, and the knot hole by which the bees git into the holler is up about fifteen feet. I was passin' that way just as winter was over, and the fust thing I knowed I run across two old b'ars. They'd bin lyin' up among the rocks nigh by durin' the winter. and had cum out mighty lean and ugly tempered. They'd already began to shed their fur, and I could see patches here and thar', I knowed from the fust they wuz goin' to tackle that bee tree, and I also knowed that'd be sum fun if they did. My old dawg wuz at my heels and gittin' excited, but I gives him a cuff on the head and sez:

"'Yo' jest hang on to yo'rself, and yo'll see a circus yere, and it won't cost

"Them bees," continued Zeb, "was all ready fur bizness. The only way a man | gen. kin tackle a bee tree is to smoke the insecks out. When a ba'r is purtected by his full coat, as in the fall, the bees kin only git at his eyes, and he takes mighty good care of them. Mebbe them ba'rs were over hungry, hevin' just cum out, and mebbe they didn't know much about bees. As I was sayin' they was both feelin' ugly and ready fur a row, and about the fust thing they did was to pitch in and hev a scrimmage. didn't see no blood, but they pulled out a heap mo' fur, and as the old dawg began to growl and gnash his teeth, I whigpers to him;

"This ain't none o' yo'r fout, and yo' keep still. Bimeby when I give the word yo' can go in and git revenge fur the ear yo' lost last year, but let them

bees cum fust." "The fight lasted about five minits, and when it wuz over one o' the b'ars looked up at that knot hole fur a while and then began to climb up. The 'toth-er one sat down and licked his chops, and seemed to be in a great hurry to git a taste of the honey. Right up to the knot hole went the b'ar, and arter squintin' in he began clawin' and goin' away at the wood. The bees wuz com-in' and goin' by the hundred, and it wuzn't very long before they got mad and pitched into the varmint. He just dozen stingers went in, but a b'ar has heaps o' grit, you know. He hung and bit and clawed fur a few minits, but they was too many fur him and he let go with a 'woof!' to make yo'r h'ar stand up. The old dawg wanted to git at him, but I holds him back and sez:

This circus ain't hardly begun yit, and yo' kin afford to wait. Lordy, but see 'em a lovin' each other.

"Was it another fight?" I asked.
"It was, sah. The one who went up
he tree sort o' got the idee that the one below was shootin' nails into him, and when he struck the airth he was redhot fur revenge. It was a rippin' ol' fight fur ten minits, and the fur that was torn loose would hev filled a bar'l. Bimeby they got tired of it and backed off, and when they had got their breath back both of them started in to climb to the knot hole. The bees was sailin' around with their teeth on aige and their eyes blazin' fire, and as soon as the b'ars reached the knot hole the commoshun begun. They was grit, them varmints was, but a b'ar without his overcoat on hain't got no bizness with a bushel o' wild bees. Both of 'em had to let go and drap to the airth, and I had to hang on to the old dawg and

"'It's gittin' mighty interestin', but

thar's mo' fun ahead."
"So thar was," laughed the old hun-"Them b'ars sort o' mistrusted each other, and when they struck the ground they begun fightin' agin. They fit fur a good quarter of an hour, an' yo' never heard such growlin' in all yo'r bo'n days. Mebbe one or 'tother of them would hev bin killed, but bimeby the bees took a hand in it. They cum down like a cloud o' gnats and settled on them two b'ars, and though I laughed till I was sore I couldn't help but pity the poor varmints. I never did see such a performance in all my life. Them b'ars must hev thought the jedgment day had cum fer suah. They rolled over and over-they riz up and tumbled down-they rubbed agin trees and bushes an' hollered fur mercy; and if my old dawg didn't laugh with me, he made a good show at it." 'And didn't the bears run away?"

"Not fur a right-smart while, sah, They wuz feelin' ugly and hated to give up licked. I reckon thar' must hev bin 500 bees arter each one-mebbe a thousand-and if the sting of one bee kin lift a mule off his four feet the stings of a hull bushel orter make it purty lively fur a b'ar. Bimeby the bees went about their bizness and them b'ars was sittin' up lookin' at each other, and sighin' and groanin' and sheddin' tears, when I gives my old dawg a shove and says: "Now, then, go in and work the rheu-

maticks outer yo'r legs and chaw b'ar-"He went. He'd bin used to purty rough work two or three times by var-mints and he wanted to git even. The

way he tumbled them b'ars around fur a few minutes made another circus, but he got tuckered out, and they finally made off. Fur a hundred feet around that tree it looked as if a drove of hawgs had bin rootin' fur chestnuts week. "And so that was the end of the in-

"Wall, skassly. Two days later the old woman was goin' down to the spring fur water, and she cums rushin' back and sez: "'Zeb White, cum and take a look

at two strange varmints down yere. They ain't b'ars, nor calves, nor hawgs. The Lawd only knows what they gin

"'I went back with her," said the old man, "and the minit I clapped eyes on them I knowed it was them two b'ars. They was all swelled up with the pizen—their eyes was closed and two sich homesick lookin' critters nobody ever saw befo'. They was arter water at the spring, and could only jest drag slong. I throwed 'em meat and let 'em go, and when they got so they could see agin they went over on 'tother side of the mounting, I reckon, for I never saw them no mo'.

celebration of his coronation. Cardinal Mertel, who is 92 years of age and the senior cardinal in length of service, having been cardinal deacon for forty years, had himself carried to the vatican, but was unable, after the pope's address, to join in the defile past the throne. The pope, noticing this, stepped down from his throne and, walking to Cardinal Mertel, wished him many more years of life,

LIQUID AIR.

Scientists Awestruck- It will Revelutionize the Mechanical World.

Liquid air now comes forth as the greatest wonder of the century. Scientists say it is more marvellous than

the Roentgen ray. Mechanical engineers believe that it is a more revolutionizing power than steam or electricity. The whole sci-entific world stands amazed at the achievement of a New York inventor, Charles E. Tripler, He is the first man to produce liquid air in quantities for practical use

Scientists have long known that IIquid air could be made. But up to twenty years ago it cost \$1,000 to make one drop of it. Last week Mr. Tripler demonstrated that he could make one gallon in eight minutes at a cost of 60 cents a gallon.
Liquid air is ordinary air compress-

ed to 1-781 of its normal bulk and reduced to a temperature of 320 degrees below zero. It has an expansive power of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. It has a latent force 100 times greater than has

steam. As a motive power it is believed to be superior to steam, electricity, com-pressed air or any known force in nature. As a medicine it is regarded as the most wonderful tonic ever discovered, exceeding even ozone and oxy-

Owing to its intense frigidity, it can be used for all kinds of cooling and refrigerating purposes, easily changing torrid heat into Klondike cold. Ice is so hot in comparison that liquid air boils when it comes in contact with ice, as if placed on a fire.

The latent explosive power of liquid air is such that it can be applied to firing huge guns, the difficulty in its use in this way being to cast guns in such a way as to resist its terrible ex-

plosive force. The maker of this wonderful chemical agent organized the Tripler Liquid Air company to manufacture and dis-tribute liquid air for commercial pur-

In three months Mr. Tripler expects to be able to furnish it in any quanti-

ties at about the price of common ice.
It is kept in large tin cylinders, like milk cans, which are wrapped around with felt to prevent the warm air caus-ing too rapid evaporation of the liquid. Over the top is laid a loose felt covering. Around these cans the air is intensely cold, yet their contents are seething and boiling.

When a small quantity of the liquid air is needed for experiments on the laboratory table it is taken out in a long-handled dipper and turned thro squealed right out when the fust half a funnel into a glass not unlike an in-dozen stingers went in, but a b'ar has candescent electric light bulb. This is really a double glass with a vacuum between the inner and outer sections. The vacuum acts as a non-conductor of heat and cold, so that the built can be handled freely without injury to the hands, though the substance within the glass is cold enough to freeze the hand solid in a few seconds without this protection.

ICE CREAM IN FIVE SECONDS.

In his workshop laboratory Inventor Tripler performs wonderful experi-ments. He freezes mercury into solid bars by applying a few drops of liquid air to it. In the same way he freezes pure alcohol, although this requires a temperature of 200 degrees below zero.

A burning match at the end of a foot of wire is dipped into the liquid. stantly the wire begins to burn, scintiliating beautifully.

But the simplest and most popular experiment which Mr. Tripler performs is the making of ice cream in five seconds. On the table is a cup of plain cream, merely sweetened and flavored. He holds a bulb of liquid air over it and allows a drop or two to fall into the cup of cream. There is a boiling and sputtering as if hot metal had been poured into it. An attendant stirs the mixture briskly with a spoon. In an instant it is as stiff and firm as if it had been in a freezer for an hour.

Another dramatic experiment is performed. A billiard ball is dipped in the liquid and then held up in a dark corner, where it glows with a bright, phosphorescent light.

BOILING IN A CAKE OF ICE. The way Mr. Tripler illustrates its force as an explosive is by putting a small quantity in a copper cylinder closed at one end. A projectile is then rammed down upon it and the tube pointed upward. In two or three sec-onds there is an explosion and the projectile is burled 150 feet into the air.
If this be done on a large scale, the inventor says there is no limit to the capacity of this kind of liquid powder. Another way to make it act as an explosive is to combine it with felt or other similar substance and fire it like any ordinary combustible by a cartridge

or match. The navy should be equipped at once, according to Mr. Tripler, with air compressors and liquefiers, and each vessel made to provide its own powder in this way just as it is needed.

Mr. Tripler says it is perfectly safe as long as it is allowed to stand unconfined. Its expanding gases pass off harmlessly. It is only when confined or under pressure, like a boiler with the safety valve closed, that it becomes ex-

Mr. Tripler declares that liquid alv dacks, in Canada, the White Moun-tains or the Rocky Mountains, and shipped in jugs to the cities. set free in a house the whole atmos-phere will speedily be changed into the bracing ozone of the mountains.

The simplest and yet the most im-

pressive experiment which Mr. Triples performs is with a common tin tea kettle. Filling this with liquid air, he holds the cover down firmly, sputters furiously, and the vapor rushes out of the nose with greater force than steam over a hot fire. "What is the force of steam compared with the power confined in this tea kettle!" says the inventor enthusiastically. "Here is a power for another Watts to harness and run the machinery of the world without a spark of flame or artificial heat."

This brings the inventor up to the point where he grows most enthusiastic. He says that up to 100 pounds pressure steam yields but one pound of power for each degree of heat used in producing it. With liquid air nineteen pounds of power is produced for each degree of heat used in making it. It works as effectively at 300 degrees below zero as does steam at 300 degrees above zero. Mr. Tripler says that this proves that liquid air is twenty times more powerful than steam.

While the inventor is as enthusiastic Pope Leo was able to show deference to an older man than himself at the chine for cold storage houses. will be charged with liquid air the same as the present freezing apparatus is charged with ammonia.

When this system is perfected so as to take the place of ammonia machines Mr. Tripler intends to build a plant sufficiently large to supply the demand for liquid air in quantities for scientific and other uses. Thus far he has given his product away as freely as