THE PREACHER DISCUSSES A GREAT LAWSUIT.

The Indictment, the Testimony, the Comming Up and the Judgment-Graphic Report of a Trial for the Life of a Soul.

In the Courtroom.

The illustrations of this sermon are rawn from the scenes in a court room, with which Dr. Talmage became familiar ben he was studying law, before he studied for the ministry. The text is 1. John, ii., 1, "We have an advocate with he Pather, Jesus Christ, the righteons.

Standing in a court room you say to the arraigned; at this witness stand the the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pro-nounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any over and term mer or circuit or supreme or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you first what are the grounds of complaint, then who are the witnesses in the cause and lastly the are the advocates.

When a trial is called on, the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up dictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the Ten Commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when Gosl came down how the mountain rocked, and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trum pet uttered the words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty or not enilty? Do not not in a negative ples too quick, for I have to announce have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good. No, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not there-fore be too hasty in pronouncing yourself Bot guilty.

The Lawsuit.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the We got down on our knees and mid, "O Lord, I am thine now and for Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember It as well as if it were yesterday. know how the vision of the cross rose be You remember how from the bead, and the hands, and the side, and the feet there came bleeding forth two words, "Remember me." You recall how the curs of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it, and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean From that communion service with face chining as though you had been on the mount of Transfiguration, and the very Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and eter voiced than ever before, and you anid down in the very depths of your made him, soul. "Lord thou knowest all things thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have teen humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the ro? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself-we have broken the con

Still further. This lawsuit claims dam ages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing. We, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at time find some miserable old gossip. with imperfections from the crown of he head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blatch of sin herself, she will go tattling. tatiling, tattling all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent her-God save the world from the gos sip, female and male! I think the male are the worst. Now the chariot of Christ's asilvation goes on through the world, but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that plock up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing been lifted, "Hosanaa to the Son of

New you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on roomes will be called, and we shall the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: eyez, oyez, whosoever bath anything to this trial, in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the dedant, let him now step forth and give any in this solemn trial.

The festimony. first witness I call upon the stand half of the prosecution is the world. all critical and observant of Christian You know that there are peoand you who perpetually banquet know, if you have lived in the counthat a crow cares for nothing so much arrion. There are those who imagine make a bridge of boats across the m of death, and they are going 'o It: but also for the mistake! When detream, away will go the and down will go their souls to serd heart, come on the stand now serdy in behalf of the prosecution this Christian soul on trial. What how about this Christian man? out him. He talks about putting ea is a unde I ever hnew. He cant us to believe that he is a ed, but he is just full of imper-

PALMAGE'S SERMON. I am very glad to testify that this is a

Stop, O world, with the greedy eye and hard beart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evi-Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a varibetween the world and the church, and, while the world on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do. You may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is conscience. Who art thou, O conscience What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh, says conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advised him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right, and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God. It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must in behalf of him who will in no wise clear the guilty say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been world He has been neglectful. He has a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will

do, conscience. You can sit down. The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh, says the angel. "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have de fended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not. I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierce ness, and yet I have to testify to-day that ne has rejected my mission. He has no done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imper-fections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again among the sinless ones before the great white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him. 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost, Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the Third of a Saviour's agony, and you came forth | Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul he sometimes despised. I cans from the throne of God to convert and comfort and sunctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, neresisted, I would have

The Rebuttal. The evidence on the part of the prosecu Now let the defense tion has closed. bring on the rebuttal testimony. have you. O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes, Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Iyou not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interest ing part of this great trial. The evidence all in, the advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsi In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many menunesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield and Marshall and Story and Kent and Southard and William Wirt. The court room ha sometimes been the scene of very marvel ous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster hall of Warren Has tings, the despoiler of India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall, a place in which thir kings had been inaugurated, was onof the most famous audiences ever gath ered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scepe Amid all that pomp and splendor, and mid an excitement such as has seldon been seen in any court room, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower 'I impeach him in the name of the com mons house of parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient nor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose ountry he has turned into a desert. And lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as

he common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightler, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O thou Judge and Law-giver, this is thise own statute, and all the evidence in earth and interest and all the evidence in earth and interest.

that the man has sinned against these enits scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plend on thy side in so foriorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say, "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him? And some young man rises up and says "I will be his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see one rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see his countenance suffused with tear and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

O Christian soul, your case begins look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best advo-cate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise him, and he will plead for you for othing as earnestly as though brought a world of treasure to his feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you. and he has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great advocate rises to make his plea. He says: "I admit all that his been proved against my client. I admit all these sins -nye, more-but look at that wounded of mine and look at that other wounded hand and at my right foot and at my left foot. By all these wounds I and a fractured collar-bone?" plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane. by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned, to this heart he hath flown, in my tears he hath washed, on my rightcom ness he hath depended. Let him go free; I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph.

Judgment.

Well, the counsel on both sides have now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room, you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial-shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention, above, around, beneath! All the universe cries, "Hear, hear!"

There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for

I will not, I will not, desert to his fore. That soul, though all hell should endeavor

repose

to shake, I'll never; no, never; no, never, forsake. But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint, but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will ets for us." be at the plaw, the merchant will be in ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar plending the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the gospel, the drunkblasphemer with the oath caught between

Lo, the sun hides! Night comes down till then." at midnoon. The stars appear at awan today. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean oprearing cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and mean and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift engles. Great thunders best and boom and burst. shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear and the continents of dead spring to their feet. crying, "Time shall be no longer!" on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Chris tian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plend on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

Short Sermons,

Religion and Science.-Religion is the knowledge of life, science is systematic knowledge. Religion is separated from science only in the sense that you can speak of religion and sculpture or religion and history being distinct. Religion includes all knowledge in the world, so far as that knowledge is necessary for the worship of God or the betterment of humanity. Religion is not morality, although it includes it. Religion is not science, but it does not deny the usefulness of science.-Rev. A. W. Bostwick, Episcopalian, Dansville, N. Y.

Wealth Our Peril.-The peril of Amer ica to-day is its enormous wealth. We are becoming so absorbed in the pursuit after the material prosperity that we are neglecting our inheritance and allowing the country to become a hotbed of secular license and lawlessness God is drummed out of politics; the Bible is out of the schools from which must come our future citizens. We are so far from being good Christians that we are not even good Jews. The social and political regulations of to-day are not even an approach to the Ten Comnandments, which are the fundamental laws of the Mossic economy.—Rev. Dr. Magrader, Methodist, Cincinnati.



A FOOTBALL HERO.

worthy ambition. Their two older boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with highest honors, and Herace was making remarkable progress at the Scientific School; in fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more strik-

ing. For Roger was sadly unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent purpose of learning to play foot ball. kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his mother argued and expostulated with crowd stood walting spell-bound. him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," they argued again and again, "and are letting slip golden opportunities which, once gone, will never come back to you; and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrambling after a foot ball?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual "Why knows but I off-hand style: may be elected captain of the 'varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. Are you to go on playing foot-ball forever and ever, or what do you propose to make of your life? Perhaps you think that your reputation as a foot spoken, and there is only one more thing ball player will prove an 'open sesame' to all desirable positions? Do you suppose that anyone wants a fellow who has willfully wasted his best opportunities? I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional athlete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend, Wilkinson Smal-The judge rises and gives his decision, ley, but it's no use. Smalley wants never to be changed, never to be revoked, only young men of the highest promlse." and Mr. Bartlett sighed wear-

"It does no good to talk to Roger, he confided to his wife afterward, "for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of foot ball before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tick-

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her ausband able points. then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,' " Mr. Bartlett exclaimed warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some Insting benefit, or any abiding good. may be reeling amid his cups, and the that is to be derived from this relienloars game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett falled to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field. Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendelly to every emergancy, no one would have known him for the same slow. indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanlty who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

Not that Roger was by any means a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for the arch-enemy, foot

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasinm with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymnasion, was not very near the ball grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the rail road tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a mo ment or so longer than the others. reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the plat forms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half-way across the tracks, a figure pausing there in bewilderment.

"There's a train coming each way." somebody gasped; "why doesn't he get off the track?

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very desf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he was preparing to step upon the track nearest him he caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other downcoming express, when suddenly some thing very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the borrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure lu a

T WAS a great cross to Mr. and | much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was ap- out from among them, and clearing parently quite devoid of any the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful re gret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time." they breathed; "they will both be kill ed-oh, the pity of it!"

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground be tween the tracks, for all the world to college simply and solely for the quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field; then he dropped light-Apparently nothing else had power to ly on top of him and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered sluggish breast, and his father and past on each side of them, and the

In much less time than it takes to de scribe the episode it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved to be only a bit of melodrama after all; yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man on to his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his cars.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment

"Do let me get out of this." his brother responded impatiently, "they needn't make such a fuss because l knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymna-

Saturday night generally brought the cattered members of the Bartlett fam-Ily together, as the collegians always nade a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Sunday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the cene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoll his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it." mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing about the vital subject, and Fred looking at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams, and called attention to their most vulner-

be vawned, as he withdrew from the dining room, "I put pretty solid work into the last balf of that game," and he leisurely wended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his from the room.

At this Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's ath letic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it, the soon er we all go in for the game the better;" and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly. while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and sent his mother weening in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

"Dear Bartlett-I bear that Roger is going in for the law, and if so I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can hand him over to me, for be's just the material that I'm on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him.

"He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon, at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him. "With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me, ever your friend,

"WILKINSON SMALLEY." When Roger came home the follow ing Saturday, his father handed him the note, remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded. "Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."—Toledo Blade.

Watts-Been reading anything about these Cuban atrocities? Potts-No. 've got a box of them at home yet that my wife bought three months ago from an alleged smuggler.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

No wonder bees are profitable; they steal all they eat from the neighbors. | cuse for the sins of a gallant man,

A SPANISH FETE

One No Longer Hears the Guitar and the Castaneta

Another time we went down to a fete in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus; it might be the little affair of the egg. the discovery of America, or his own death, or anything else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water-carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous beating and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivarrambia. That was all, so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious.

But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantie than a man with an accordion, and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gypsies somewhere on the Albaycin; it is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay

in pesetas. But never once in Granada's open streets and courts, or in those of any other Andalosian town, did we hear the castanets and gultars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. "Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdygurdles?" Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet' strumming and mad fandango all the long Southern night under the stars .-Century. ..

Freaks of Photography.

I have read, with the comments thereon, the account of the spirit photographing of a child's foot upon a window glass, I have something equally strange to offer. My father-in-law, Emanuel Ryder, lives a trifle over two miles north and east of here. He and his family are stanch spiritualists. In the fall of 1879 they had a valuable horse called Nellie, which was quite a favorite. It took sick with colic, I think, and just before it died sat upon its haunchwith the forelegs hanging down, then dropped over dead. Although the day was clear the sun did not shine on that (the west) side of the house, a few rods from which, in front of a window, the borse died

About five months afterward the lowfather volunteered, as he disappeared er right-hand pane of glass in the lower sash of that window began to look smoky, and when the sun shone direct on the glass the correct picture of the horse was depicted in the strting posture mentioned. This remained so for ten years. In the fadl of 1889 the glass became clear and the picture faded away, and in place were five diagonal lines, which remained about six months and disappeared. The glass began to look cloudy or smoky again, and the profile of the horse appeared as before, and is there to this day. It does not look like a flaw in the glass, but as if pletured in the glass. When the sun does shine in a direct line on the glass the image cannot be seen, but in the night, if a light is held against the window, it can be seen by a person on the outside, and vice versa. This picture has been seen by bundreds and is apparently a mystery to everybody. The fact of this phenomenon remains just the same, but the query is open for answer: How, why and by what was the picture of that dying horse photographed on that window pane?-Nye, Ore., letter to the Progressive Thinker.

> Why Southern Towns Do Not Plourish "Southern towns do not flourish, in a great many lustances, merely on account of a selfish and old-fashioned government," says the West Point Forum, and it contends that city officers should comprise the most vigorously progressive business men of a townmen who realize that anything that is a public benefit is readily appreciated by an investor, consequently enhancing the value of all properties in the entire community. Many Southern towns are ten years behind what they should be, merely because officials try to be economizing, and are not of sufficient brain capacity to realize that a few hundred or thousand dollars spent would be a most economical measure.

The survey of the volcano Popocatepetl. Mexico, for the purpose of determining the best location for an aerial cable railway to the summit, has just been completed. This new railway will be a great attraction to the tourists, who will now be able to make the ascent to the summit, 18,000 feet above the sen, and also descend to the crater. where the process of extracting sulphur is being carried out.

The woman can always flud some ex-