



D. R. TALMAGE in his discourse takes us with him on a journey to the Pacific and finds "the footsteps of the Creator" everywhere, as Hugh Miller found them in the old red sandstone; texts, Isaiah xxxv. 6, "Streams in the desert"; Psalms civ. 32, "He toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalayas or the Pyrenees or the Sierra Nevada poured through canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American greatness will be made an apple orchard, an orange grove, or a wheat field, or a cotton plantation, or a vineyard—"streams in the desert." My second text means a channel like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park or California. You see a hill calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger to the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors, "He toucheth the hills, and they smoke!"

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more I am impressed with the divine hand in its construction and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more I am thrilled with the fact that it is to be irrigated, glorified and Edenized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitoline hill said to the American Senate in regard to the water of this continent and to the regions of the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and swamps, of shifting sands and barren dunes? To what use could we ever put these great deserts or these great mountains, immense and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, rock bound, cheerless and uninviting and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is." What a mistake the great statesman made when he said that! All who have crossed the continent realize that the States on the Pacific coast will have quite as grand opportunities as the States on the Atlantic, and all this realm from sea to sea to be the Lord's cultivated possession.

A Cross on the Mountain.

Do you know what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the "Mount of the Holy Cross." A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances, that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the White Mountains. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the moving clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado, you cry out: "A cross! A cross!" Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? No! That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device or an accident of nature, as the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem or set up at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were veiled at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at his martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the crucifixion?

A Vast Domain.

I supposed in my boyhood, from its size on the map, that California was a few miles across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other. California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together, and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. And then all these newborn States of the Union, North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Each State an empire in size.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be a beam of sand on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts 100 miles apart, and the reason is that the water of the rivers and the opening of heaven, in what are called the rainy seasons, will be gathered into great canals and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. There is no desert here. Some parts of the territory which were so barren that no man could live there have been reclaimed in 100 years are now rich as Louisiana. Twenty States of Pennsylvania or New Jersey or New York or New Jersey. The water of the rivers and the opening of heaven will produce an

much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers or reservoirs and refresh their land whenever they will.

The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over 400 lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them. Under the same process the Ohio, the Mississippi and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of waters in times of freshet and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment.

Jehovah's Throne.

It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt. About 800,000,000 of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there exceptional lands may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists, but if the hoe fall to make an impression the miner's pickaxe will discover the reason for it and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. Godspeed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions, and the capitalists, and the new settlers, and the husbandmen, who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent. "Streams in the desert!"

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent I must remark it is not an immensity of monotony or tameness. The larger some countries are the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. Yosemite and the adjoining California region! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Caesar or Alexander, and the next 1,000 years will not shatter their scepter. They are the masto of the continent, their canyons spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the ages.

That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide and 3,000 feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a space as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither the foot of man could ever scale them, they stand in everlasting defiance.

He Toucheth the Hills.

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurried on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mount Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the waters come down. The Bridal Veil falls, dropping 2,034 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of these slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada falls, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rocks, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty and reshes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone park. My two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Monda route as we did this summer and save 250 miles of railroading, your state coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning Yellowstone park, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel it became the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over 5,000 years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and they descending into swirling rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Sunrise and Sunset.

Wide reaches of stone and intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, glisten as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetables of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off are foaming and frothing and impetuous

as a maniac in struggle with his keeper. But after you have wandered along the geyseric enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surprised himself. It seems a great gulch led down into the eternities. Here, hung up and led down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an Omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, sunrise and sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Hanging over one of the cliffs, I looked off until I could not get my breath; then, retreating to a less exposed place, I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of 500 feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light trembling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into sapphire. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras croaking among rocks.

Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park for the most part we held our peace, but after a while I flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades, "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it. Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days of the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

Christ's Dominion.

Oh, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget sound, its shores so bold that for 1,500 miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom! On one of my visits I said, "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Port Townsend and Vancouver and other cities of the Northwest region I thought to myself, "These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast." But after all this summer's journeying and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders to let you know the comprehensiveness of Christ's dominion when he takes possession of this continent. Besides that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Bering straits separates us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge. The thirty-six miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and they are also shoals which will allow piers for bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep.

The American-Asiatic bridge which will yet span these straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So you see, America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized, Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Your children will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pans of seasickness and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled, "there shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all gossiped? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore from the Santa Maria, and his second brother Alonso, when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother Vincent, when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

On the Columbia river we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait they will spring out above the flood of their sins and grooves to reach it. The Young Men's Christian association of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficent or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated it will cost about \$100,000,000 to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after awhile God will pour the floods of mercy so gathered pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs.

America for God!

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When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.—G. Macdonald.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How to Keep the Children on the Farm—Best Way of Making Corn Stooks—When to Harvest Beans—Pointed Poultry Pickings.

To Keep Children on the Farm.

We often hear it deplored that so many farmers' boys and girls leave the farm so early, but it is all in their bringing up, and nine times out of ten the parents are responsible. They do not make farm life attractive enough.

I heard a young man of twenty-three say that he wouldn't leave home for anything—that he considered it the prettiest spot on earth. Come to find out, that boy never had to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and work until sunset. He was blessed with parents who considered their children of more importance than overwork or money. Pleasures were furnished at home to keep the boys out of danger. Even Fourth of July was celebrated so splendidly at home that the boys had no desire to go anywhere. I went to one of those farm entertainments, and there was a picnic all day in the orchard, with swings and boat-rides on the mill pond, ice cream and fireworks. The farmer was not a rich man, either; he only looked out for the good and enjoyment of his boys.

Some farmers and their wives take time to interest their children in beauties around them, and set them to work making collections of flowers, leaves and grasses. They let them bring mosses and stones into the house and form little cabinets of their own. They encourage them to draw and paint pictures of all the birds and insects they see, to learn their names and become acquainted with their habits. Such children will not want to leave the farm. But the average farm is so dreary and monotonous, with its endless routine of duties, oftentimes accompanied with hurry and harsh words, no wonder the young people want to leave the farm and hunt up something more cheerful.

There is nothing in the world so sweet, so healthful, as farm life when carried on right, and "there's love at home." Let parents look to it that their children are entertained, and so many of them will not want to leave the farm, but will be satisfied to remain at home.—New York Tribune.

Making Good Corn Stooks.

Something about the best way of making the corn stook may be of interest. We never used the so-called "horse" which some used to advise for building the stook around, which was to be withdrawn after the top of the stook had been firmly bound. A good stiff hill of stalks, all the better if it had three to five ears to lean the cut corn against, was always chosen for the center of the stook. Then we cut hills on each side, standing them up opposite to each other and leaning slightly against the center hill. In this way the center became of less importance and could be cut away after the stook was finished without making it sag to either side. Where we were, storms mostly come from the west, so we piled up rather more stalks on the east side in order to prevent it from blowing over that way. For tying the top we usually had corn stalks cut three or four days before, and allowed to wilt. Most of these would bend readily, and by taking two to each stook the top could be bound so that it would not break. If the top band breaks the stook is sure soon to lean over or fall to pieces, which means falling on every side. An immense amount of corn is every year lost by defective stooking. The best of all bands is made from osier willow, and we think every farmer who grows much corn ought also to grow the osier willow for this purpose. One hand can be bound around the top, and another a foot lower down, banding it so tight that the stook may be hauled by it when it is necessary to load it on a wagon.—American Cultivator.

Harvesting Beans.

When the pods turn yellow and most of the green ones have nearly full-sized beans in them, it is time to harvest the crop. Pull the beans and put them in small-sized stacks. Drive two stakes down where the stack is to be made, and lay one or two stones, or a bunch of grass, between the stakes; then put the beans as pulled between the stakes, the roots out; press the beans down closely. The beans should be dried out before being hauled in. When dry haul in during the heat of the day and spread over the top of the mow. Beans gotten in free from rain will be free from spots, and can be sold for an extra price. The bean ground should be given a thorough harrowing and drilled to wheat. The bean crop is a very profitable one, as the demand is constant, and the price ranges from \$1.40 to \$1.80 per bushel. The beans can be "bushed, cleaned and assorted during the rough days of winter. The bean straw is excellent for sheep.—Baltimore American.

Feeding Apples to Cows.

We do not wonder that there is strong prejudice against allowing cows, and especially milch cows, to eat apples. For the most part it is well grounded. While it is possible to give a milking cow a few ripe apples without drying up her milk perceptibly, that is not the kind of apple she usually gets. If the cow is in an orchard where apples are falling, she runs every time she hears one drop and eats it greedily, however wormy, sour, green and bitter it may be. All apples have some malic acid in them even including those that we call "sweet." This malic acid, together with the tannin that is found in the apple

peel, and especially in green, small apples, contracts the cow's stomach. If she eats much of such fruit, it gives her the colic just as surely as it does the small boy. The cow's stomach was not made to digest such stuff, and so sure as it is put into her stomach, there is riot and rebellion. Every one knows that giving vinegar to cows, and rubbing her udder with vinegar, will dry her off. We believe that allowing cows to eat many apples, even if they are ripe, has a bad effect on their milk production.—Exchange.

Why Young Meat is Best.

Almost everybody likes best the meat of young animals. But the reason why does not appear to be so generally understood. It will be said, of course, that the young chicken is more tender and delicate, and has a sweeter flavor than the old fowl, and the same also of the young pig or lamb as compared with the old one of the same species. The truth seems to be that the young animals' meat is best because it has never been either pinched and starved, nor been surfeited by over-feeding. As proof of this we have seen runt pigs killed which had been stunted still more by overfeeding with corn, as every farmer knows is liable to happen. The pigs were sickly, or at least had so poor appetites that they would eat very little, and were at last killed, as it seemed impossible to make them grow. There was fat enough in such pigs, but it never seemed to us wholesome fat, and we would much prefer a cut from a thrifty pig that weighed 150 to 200 pounds. It is a lesson that all feeders have to learn, that only by keeping the digestive organs in good condition and making the animal fatten rapidly can gain be profitably made or the meat thus produced be wholesome and of the best quality.—American Cultivator.

Horses' Teeth.

When a horse does not appear to thrive, as he should, on his food, and the most careful observation fails to account for his condition, it is wise to have his teeth carefully examined, especially the backjaw teeth or molars. An irregularity of these is often the unsuspected source of the evil. The molars occasionally wear irregularly; sometimes the upper border overlapping the external surface of the lower, while the internal surface of the lower rises to a corresponding height within the mouth. In such cases sharp points are found where the wear has been slightest, and these roughnesses lacerate the inside of the cheeks and cut the sides of the tongue, so that mastication is performed not only with difficulty, but with pain. The consequence is that the food is not properly prepared for the stomach, and passes through it without assimilating to a full extent its nutritive principles.—Germantown Telegraph.

Clipping Wings.

The most convenient way to keep fowls from flying over fences is to clip one of their wings, but if this is not properly done the clipping disfigures the bird. The proper way to clip a fowl is to spread one of its wings as widely as possible and clip off the wide side of the primary or pinion feathers close to the shaft. Do this with one wing only, and when the bird tries to fly its wings will not balance and it can not fly over an ordinary fence. By clipping off the wide side of the feathers only the clipping does not show when the wing is folded in its natural position against the side. Cliplog notches in the wing feathers is also a good way to mark a fowl if identification is only to be desired for a short time. It will not do for a permanent mark, as the feathers are renewed every year.—Farmer's Voice.

Asparagus-Growing.

The Missouri experiment station has been experimenting for the past two years with asparagus growing, and has successfully grown asparagus in the open field in mid-winter by running steam into shallow funnels between the asparagus rows. The asparagus field was first covered with six or seven inches of heating horse manure, and the steam forced into the soil from the green house boiler. By this means a large yield of fine asparagus was obtained throughout the months of December, January and February; the finest quality being gotten in the middle of January, when the weather was coldest.

Poultry Pickings.

Too much corn will give young ducks the cramps.

Tobacco dust is excellent for dusting lousy fowls.

Beans are a good feed because they are nitrogenous.

Eggs sell better when sent to market in regular cases.

The laying hen consumes more food than one not laying.

The early pullets are the profitable winter egg producers.

Ten weeks from shell to market is the time allotted a chick.

Ten hens with one male make about the proper proportion.

Ten flocks, each consisting of ten hens, are enough for an acre.

Scatter the grain at noon among litter, so the fowls must exercise.

Egg shells ground to a powder make a good addition to the mash.

Green bone is a valuable food for growing chicks and matured fowls.

Ground oats, cornmeal and bran constitute proper foods for poultry.

Steeped clover, mixed with the morning hash, is a great egg producer.

Keep cabbage hanging in the house within the reach of the fowls.

After the second year the hen's value as a winter egg-producer lessens.

Fleeky quarters produce sickness, and sick hens will not produce eggs.

AMERICAN BATTLE CRIES.

Famous Words that Inspired Our Soldiers and Sailors to Victory.

"Remember the Maine" is not the first battle cry that inspired American soldiers in their battles. The last words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," when he fought the Chesapeake against the Shannon are historic, and these words fluttered from the flagship of Perry in the famous battle of Lake Erie, when he defeated the British and probably had much to do with the winning of the victory.

Capt. Jack Philip's call to prayers on the Texas after the naval battle of Santiago was paralleled by Commodore Macdonough's action in the battle of Lake Champlain, except that the latter call was before and not after the conflict. Macdonough ran up a signal for prayer, and he led on his ship, kneeling among his men. In the fight which followed, a British shot struck a hen coop, which was on our Saratoga, liberating a game cock, which flew into the rigging and crowed like all possessed during the remainder of the fight. At this the crew cheered and fought harder than ever.

There have been only two American battle cries in which the injunction "Remember" figures. One, and the earlier, was the cry, "Remember the Raisin." In the war of 1812, Harrison was surprised at the River Raisin in the Northwest Territory on the morning of Jan. 22, 1813, and he surrendered to a body of British and Indiana. Many of the prisoners were abandoned to the Indians and outraged and tortured before being released by death. But this was fully avenged in the fall, when Harrison won the battle of the Thames. Strongly re-enforced he pressed forward to the watchword, "Remember the River Raisin." In the fight Tecumseh was killed and the Indian power in the northwest was broken.

The other "remember" war cry was "Remember the Alamo," and it inspired the Texans in their struggle for independence from Mexico.

Madcap Anthony Wayne used a singular battle cry at the taking of Stony Point, up the Hudson. The fort had been captured from us, and Washington was exceedingly anxious to regain it. Wayne had said to him once, "I'll storm hell, if you'll only plan it, general," to which Washington replied with a smile, "Hadn't we better try Stony Point first?" Wayne did try. He advanced at midnight of June 15, 1779, his troops in two columns. It was arranged that at the instant that the British saw them the Americans should cry all together, "The fort is ours." The cries, and the cheers, and the determined assault won.

An Interested Spectator.

A dog was once the cause of a representation of King Lear coming to a precipitate end. In Garriek's time dogs were not rigorously excluded from the theater, as they are now; and on this particular night there happened to be a fat beagle accompanied by his bulldog, sitting close to the stage. The beagle had sat through four acts and two scenes of the fifth, and being more affected by the heat than by Garriek's acting, had fallen into a peaceful slumber. The point in the third scene had been reached where Lear enters with Cordelia in his arms and exclaims:

"Howl, howl, howl, howl; oh, you are men of stone," etc. Garriek had deposited the prostrate Cordelia on a couch, and was proceeding with his lament, when the Duke of Albany was perceived to be choking with laughter; a moment later the Earl of Kent was similarly affected. At the same time all the bystanders began to giggle, and even King Lear was observed to smile. Meantime the dead Cordelia opened her eyes to see what was happening, and immediately was so overcome by what she saw that she involuntarily rose from her couch and left the stage, closely followed by the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Kent. Yet all that had happened was merely this: The bulldog had become interested in the play, and had stood up on his master's chair and pined his forepaws on the orchestra rail. There he stood gravely watching Garriek. Meanwhile the beagle, feeling the heat, had taken off his wig, and, still half asleep, had placed it in the nearest support within reach—his dog's head. The dog, quite undisturbed, continued to concentrate his attention on King Lear and Cordelia. The appearance of this canine spectator in the beagle's wig upset the actors at a critical moment and turned a tragedy into a comedy.

Fashions in Dolls' Eyes.

The majority of English dolls' eyes are blue. Like everything else they are ruled by fashion, and the reason of the preponderance is that when the Queen ascended the throne she was very fair and had blue eyes. Consequently every doll-maker in the country began to send blue-eyed dolls from their factories, and during the reign have continued to do so. Every nation has its own standard of doll beauty. For instance, in Italy and Spain, where all the celebrated beauties have dark eyes and olive skins, a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll of native manufacture is practically unknown. In Japan the eyes of the dolls are small and are set slant like the natives.

Mother-in-Law in Abyssinia.

Abyssinia's social code provides for a fair chance to young married couples by forbidding the bride's mother to visit her daughter till a year after the marriage.

The Earth's Curvature.

Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.90 inches to the statute mile.

Talk as men shoot: make everything that you see hit the mark, or don't waste your ammunition.