# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

# "SPLENDORS TO BE UNROLLED" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Pext; I. Corinthians, Chapter XIII., Verse 12, as Follows: "For New We See Through a Glass, Darkly; But Then Face to Face.

The Bible is the most forceful and pungent of books. While it has the sweetness of a mother's hush for human trouble, it has all the keenness of a scimitar; and the crushing power of a lightning-bolt. It portrays with more than a painter's power, at one stroke picturing a heavenly throne and a judgment conflagration. The strings of this great harp are fingered by all the splendors of the future, now sounding with the crackle of consuming worlds, now thrilling with the joy of the everlasting emancipated. It tells how one forbidden tree in the garden blasted the earth with sickness and death; and how another tree, though leafless and bare, yet, planted on Calvary, shall yield a fruit which shall more than antidote the poison of the other. It tells how the red-ripe clusters of God's wrath were brought to the wine-press, and Jesus trod them out: and how, at last, all the golden chalices of heaven shall glow with the wine of that awful vintage. It dazzles the eye with an Ezekiel's vision of wheel, and wing, and fire, and whirlwind; and stoops down so low that it can put its lips to the ear of a dying child and say, "come up higher."

And yet Paul, in my text, takes the responsibility of saying that it is only an indistinct mirror, and that its misnion shall be suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven, fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say, "How poor a light it must have given compared with our modern lamps!" So I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done, there will be no use for the scaffolding.

The idea I shall develop today is that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the majesty of a king, and the love of a mother. We hear about him, talk about him, write about him. We lisp his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. Take the attribute of mercy. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word-mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God; of the sure mercies; of the great mercies; of the mercy that endureth forever; of the multitude of his mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are | Perhaps I might, if things were othermost indefinite, one-sided and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall But there is no complete solution of the fly open, and we shall look directly upon him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at daybreak, and go up on a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let past a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom, and hang pendent from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make nathway of inlaid nearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this Scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning, that will be the morning itself. Again: my text is true of the Saviour's excellency. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antithesis, Christ is set forth-his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthrallment, we mount up into high experience of his love, and shout until the countenance glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated, "I have found him!" And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into his outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefigurement. That will be a magnificent unfolding. The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency, the coming again of a longabsent Jesus, to meet us-not in rags, and in penury, and death, but amidat a light, and pomp. and outbursting foy such as none but a glorified intellgence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated. upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us

kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering; to say "This is my Jesus! He gave himself for me. I shall never leave his presence. I shall forever behold his glory. shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more

to embrace him, to take his hand, to

looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness But, as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see thee Jesus of my choice; Jesus of my song: Jesus of my triumph-forever and forever-face to face!"

The idea of the text is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say, "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it," You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means "He means to teach me this. I think he means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of But after all, it is only a guesslife." a looking through the glass, darkly The Bible assures us there shall be satisfactory unfolding. "What do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart

beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if he meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fibre of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall. bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem -as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right-all right.

Here is a man who can not get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens; his income is increased. But that year his family are sick, and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says, "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. wise, be tempted into dissipations." mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explana-Yes; God will take that man in tion? the light of the throne and say, "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise-your misfortune in 1857; your disaster in 1867. This is the explanation." And you will answer, "It is all right." I see, every day, profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Oak Hill and Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he was denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that sewingwoman that she could get only a few pense for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauger children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod carriers will sing it. those who were once the off-scourging of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping tears, and aching heads and exhausted hands, and scourged backs and martyred agonies. Again, the thought of the text is just when applied to the enjoyments of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infideia aav: Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, In horrible crucifixion; to feel of him. the majority of men will be destroyed." | cherry tree scandal, after all."

I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospital today, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people in the city, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in comparatively the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

Take all the congregations that have today assembled for worship. Put them together and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffoldings, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brick yards, and Gideon's thrashingfloor. Those, thousands of years ago, slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulchre.

A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field glass, and sees, in the great distance, multitudes approaching. but has no idea of their numbers. He says, "I can not tell anything about them. I merely know that there are a great number." And so John, without out attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can num-

We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities are emptied into it; and the banks are torn; and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it; and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in heaven.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback-all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister-did we not lay away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast, and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all herefe's perils over? The Jord and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!" No more breaking of heart strings. but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents, over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face. Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel themes; but they only saw through a glass, darkly-now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you foundering in the darkness. You stand wonder struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed, and of him who carries them in his bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh, that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say. like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim, walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak!" or. like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God. saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian class/es: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb"

# A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE pity!" A peal of laughter answers his OLD DAMASCUS BLADE. supplication. And the same voice con-

tinued:

you look behind you."

plumage waited not for a second in-

junction. He sped on his course, pro-

pelled forward by the fresh morning

breeze, and a slight crack of a whip

which descended on his shoulders, as

he was turning the first corner. He

received the following morning by the

"Considering you as much a coward

as a swindler, I contrived last night to

set my two journeymen, Paul and Kir-

mann, across your path, each furnished

with a chocolate pistol. You might

have supped of them. I had them pre-

viously attested by my worthy friend,

the commissary of police. You pre-

ferred restoring the clothes with which

I had furnished you, and for which you

had refused paying me; you have done

right, for we are now quits. Get angry,

if you choose, and receive the felicita-

RECEIVE QUEER REQUESTS.

Funny Experiences Related by the Offi-

cials of the British Museum.

(From the London Mail.)

singular application to the authorities

of the British museum. He asks: "Will

you please get and send me a piece of

the ruins out of the great London fire

which has lately occurred. I wish

to put it into my curio cabinet." This

is not the first time that requests of

an equally humorous nature have been

received at the British museum, Sir

Edward Maunde Thompson, K. C. B.

the principal librarian, recently told a

story of a letter containing numerous

questions sent him by a German gentle-

man, who, in apologizing for their in-

ordinate number, explained that "we

Germans are a questionable people."

Another of the officials remembers the

advent of a man who wanted to see

interrogated, added, "the original San-

scrit what all the languages come

from." On being shown a Sanscrit

manuscript he inquired: "Is this what

all the languages come from?" "Well,

not quite all; but most of them," was

the reply; whereupon he ejaculated,

"Oh!" and walked away, perfectly sat-

isfied. On one occasion a man asked

the manuscript department to see the

in the temple." He was promptly re-

ferred to the keeper of the Oriental an-

tiquities, with what result is not stated.

There is also the anecdote of the in-

quirer who asked an attendant whether

the roll of the Pentateuch exhibited un-

der a glass case in one of the galleries

of the manuscript department was the

identical thing "that Moses chucked

accent it is still doubtful whether he

was intending a joke or not. But the

most remarkable instance of the ig-

norance under which the museum offi-

cial suffers, and over which he makes

merry, is perhaps that in which a rad-

a copy of the English constitution.

Conceiving that this important abstrac-

tion had been grievously infringed by

a tory government, he came to examine

the ministers of the crown.

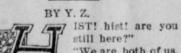
"roll of the law which Esdras found

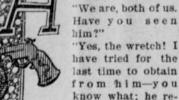
"the original Sanscrit" and, on being

An American collector has made a

tions of your very humble servant."

earliest post a billet, thus penned:





100 Yes, the wretch! I have tried for the last time to obtain from him-you know what; he received me no better

than usual. So now, extremities have become indispensable, let us proceed as agreed upon. Kirmann, courage, my boy! 'Tis close upon the stroke of twelve; he will then go out; follow, till you see him entering a dark and deserted street, then pounce upon him, hand to wrist, and make him deliver up the objects in question. No pity, my friends! swear that you will have none." "We swear!"

"'Tis well; I shall be near at hand

and watch the result!" Three individuals thus conversing, did not present the ordinary resemblance to malefactors. One of them, he who would appear to direct the enterprise, seemed to be a good sort of citizen, well clothed, healthy, of honest dimensions, and such a one as you may see every day in any frequented street, with a full handkerchief under his arm, or an empty one in his hand. Something observable in the gait, starched look, and apparently disjointed haunches, would lead you to believe that this man employed himself at some very common trade, which, that we may make no mistake, we shall not yet name.

The smaller of the remaining two had one of the most grotesque faces you can conceive. His projecting proboscis trussed up between the eyes, might prove that nature had not forgotten to make some noses for the convenience of spectacles; his mouth was encircled with scanty and large teeth, and add to all this-he was humpbacked. By the unsteady glimmer of a lamp swinging in the night wind, it was not impossible to perceive that the keen sight of the dwarf glanced with delight upon a pistol which he

held in his right hand. The third personage, owing to his physical conformation, partook in some manner of a relationship between his two associates. Gaunt, withered, and cadaverous-looking, his left arm raised, as if to point his weapon at the breast of a giant, it gave him no distant resemblance to a gibbet. Ever and anon he was quaking. Was it from cold or fear? It was midnight.

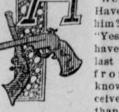
From a house well known in the quar. ter of St. Martin, slowly poured out nearly a dozen men; the two suborned



"Away with you, and beware how GIVEN BY THE CZAR TO PRF DENT JOHNSON. The bird so strangely plucked of his

> It Helped to Build Kingdoms-The Hill Is Made of Horn Ornamented with Twisted, Wire-The Scabbaid Is Made of Wood.

I P. Farmer, the county surveyor of Columbiana county, Ohio, who resides at Lisbon, has in his possession one of the rarest historical specimens in existence. It is an old Damascus blade, which, it is claimed, is over two thousand years old. It is of crude design and workmanship, and was made entirely by hand, the irregularity of its lines proving more conclusively than anything else its antiquity. Shortly after the assassination of President Lincoln an unsuccessful attempt was made upon the life of the Czar of Russia. A fleet of American warshins was sent on a cruise across the ocean, and incidentally carried a message of congratulation to Russia's ruler from President Johnson. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox accompanied the squadron, on board the Miantonomah, commanded by John J. Coruwell, of Lisbon, Ohio. Secretary Fox was presented with the sword by the Czar in person, as a token of his high esteem, accompanied by the following speech: "I present to you, sir, as the representative of one of the foremost and mightiest of modern nations, this sabre, as a material appreciation of your nation's high regard for my welfare and safety. Through ages it has been treasured in the archives of my fathers as a semblance of the mighty races that swayed the destinies of future generations on the shores of the Mediterranean; it was carried through scenes of carnage which marked the upbuilding of the powerful sovereignty of Western Asia and has outlived the kingdoms it helped build." The ancient treasure was accepted by the secretary, with an appropriate response, and as the fleet steamed out of the Russian port he presented the sword to Commander Cornwell. While the fleet was off Toulon, France, Commander Cornwell died suddenly of heart failure. The vessels pulled in at the port and a telegram was sent to Paris for a burial casket. A squad of marines, under command of a lieutenant, was sent on shore to receive the casket from the train and convey it aboard the dead commander's vessel. The casket missed connections, but the sailors, who were unaware of that fact, hustled a casket which arrived on the train off to the ironclad. The fact that the box was quite heavy did not excite the suspicion of the sailors, and after it had been taken to the cabin the mate opened the cover. Consternation about." As he spoke with a Scottish reigned on board when there was disclosed the body of a beautiful young lady, buried in a wealth of flowers. The lid of the casket was hurriedly restored to its place and preparations were promptly made to return the body to the depot in Toulon. But the story ical member of parliament asked at of the alleged seizure had spread, creating intense excitement in the French the center desk in the readingroom, for port, and a city official was preparing to board the American warship with a search warrant. Explanations were made, but the mistake came near causing an international disruption. The it with a view to an impeachment of French newspapers characterized the actions of the American sailors in the most scathing terms, assuming that the taking of the body of the young lady was a prearranged plan. Commander Cornwall was buried at Toulon and the old sword was given into his widow's keeping, and she in turn presented it to her brother-in-law. Mr. Farmer. The blade is twenty-two and one-half inches long and one inch wide, tapering to a point. The hilt is made of horn, ornamented with twisted brass wire, and is as hard as adamant. The cross pieces are of leather, tipped with sheet brass. The scabbard is as interesting as the blade. being fashioned from wood, with a sheet brass covering. It was ornamented in crude style by indents of a pointed tool. Near the hilt, on the blade, are a number of odd characters, resembling ancient Hebrew inscriptions.



### Not No Warm.

Hixon-"I understand you had a fire in your library last night. Much of a Jons?"

Dixon-"Oh, no; only a few unbound volumes of smoke."

#### In After Years.

Diggs-"It is said that George Washington was once a book agent." Higgs-"Then he did live down that individuals, ever on the alert, were issuing at intervals, for the purpose of reconnoitering, from the dark alley, which they had chosen for concealment; they were obliged at least twenty times to go back and wait anew.

At length they espied the being of their search. It was a kind of fashionable animal, frizzed, scented and adopting a neculiar tie of the cravat. He street, shivering and humming an air. and was soon lost in one of the narrow cross-streets. He walked on rapidly, as if to avoid coming in contact with another wayfarer, whose heavy footto that of boldness, he suddenly stopped short, and allowed sufficient time for those to come up who were effectually pursuing him.

"Halt!" cries one of them; "money or life!"

Eh? what? eh?"

"Money or life!"

And the mouths of two pistols were presented, the one at his hat, the other at the hight of his stomach.

"Speak a word and you are a dead man," chimed in the two voices.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, have nothing to give. I possess but this watch, and 'tis a pinchbeck one.' "In that case, then, off with your clothes!"

"Do, kind gentlemen, be content with my hat. I have of late made the dearest sacrifices to clothe myself. My poor, aged mother dealed herself her little earnings to pay for my outfit."

"Liar, off with your cost, and no delay, or elze----. Ah, to commence, throw away that switch."

"There, then, gentlemen; there is my twenty france for it anywhere, if the plied: "The missus, sir." tailor has not deceived me."

"Now your yest." "Would you send me away on che-

mise?" Now off with the rest."

I possess; for pity's sake, gentlemen, for | than \$2 or \$3,-Indianapolis Journal.

NO WONDER BILLY'S RICH. The Way He Does Business Is Very Lawyer-Like.

"You know that he's rich now," said the pioneer business man of an inland town while they were sitting about his office stove discussing a former resident who fills a very important public position, says the Detroit Free Press. "Yes, Bill's rich. We used to call him Billy. When he first came here and hung out his sign as a lawyer he was so bright and busy and willing to work that I threw everything his way that I could. I had a lot of tough old accounts that I didn't think worth very much, but Billy was a screamer in the collection crossed over to the other side of the line and I concluded to give him a chance at them. So I made out a schedule of all these notes and bills and made half their value over to him. 'Now, Billy', I said, 'half of each one of these accounts belongs to you. I steps sounded not far off; but changing call that a liberal percentage. See what all at once from the disposition of dread you can do with them.' It wasn't long until some old customers who had quit me began to come back and I made up my mind Billy must have been fixing things up with them. So I drops into his office one afternoon. Yes, he had been doing very well with the accounts, better than he expected. 'Then I suppose you can turn over something to me, Billy; I'm a little pressed for money just now.' "There's nothing to turn over,' answered Billy, coolly, 'I've only been collecting my half. There was no use trying to get it all; you know that,' 'But I don't understand.' 'Of course, you don't. You're no lawyer. I am one. If you care to pay for an opinion in the matter I'll give it to you.' A dread of being laughed at kept me quiet, and I guess Billy knew that

# Greater Even Than the Bishop. "Now, Thomas," said a certain bish-

it would."

op, after taking his servant to task one morning, "who is it that sees all we do and hears all we say and knows all we think and who regards even beautiful superline black coat and yel- me in my bishop's robes as but a vite vet collar; you can get a hundred and worm of the dust?" And Thomas re-

A Light Touch. Wickwire-1 like Timmins' stories. He has such a light touch. Simmins-Yes, that's one thing in Timmins' fa-"Oh, merciful heaven! the sole pair | yor. He rarely strikes one for more Stone Soles for the Shoes,

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.

### Forest Law in Wisconsin.

Ernst Bruncken, the secretary of the forestry commission of Wisconsin, is making zealous efforts to secure the reforesting of the cut-over lands of the state with pine trees. He announces that the "pine-kings" have promised to replant their cut-over lands with trees. a year old if the state will see that the fire law pertaining to forests is strictly enforced.

# Footing the Lordly Plumber.

Freezing will not injure a newly na tented water pipe, which has a yielding core in the center, strong enough to withstand the force of the water under natural pressure, but which collapses as the ice expands, and prevents bursting, the core enlarging again as soon as the water thaws and the pressure is removed.

# Hirds in Cohorad

A Colorado ornithologiat computer that 363 species of birds are to be found in that state.