

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NEW JERUSALEM, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

There Will Be No Parting from One Another in the Heavenly Kingdom—Its Glories Surpass Human Power of Comprehension.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Text, I Corinthians ii, 9, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The city of Corinth has been called "The Paris of antiquity." Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such wonder today. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge hauled machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipation. Columns and statues and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which from apertures at the side there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthian, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overturned, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics, who had never seen anything grand, that Paul uttered this text. He had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing." These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Beyond Our Conception.
You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate: That after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for you. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmeticians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleuritis, no consuming fever, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swing in the air, health flowing in all the streams, health blooming on the banks. No leadaches, no side aches, no back aches. That child that died in the

agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again. That night when the needlewoman rained away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

No Separation There.
In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car windows and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lip it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by"—and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down—good-by! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet, that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by, good-by. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions, but no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from circles of earth to join in little voices to join in the anthem, little hands to take hold in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place? If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented.

Reunion Beyond the Grave.
Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but blessed be God we have a Bible that tells us differently. We open it, and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

What a place of explanation it will be! I see every day profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in 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. 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 was written on the Jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind, and Joseph that he was cast into the pit, and Daniel that he was humped, and David that he was driven from Jerusalem, 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. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands and scorched backs and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old Psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house! They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

The Music of Heaven.
When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus and city church and sailor's bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the accepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away, then, with your stargazing thoughts that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza!" And when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer? "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all."

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join in—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany redeemed will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices. I wish in our closing hymn today we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens today to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilate voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise

with them, and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chimes, and the dark apparel of our mourning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the mercy of our Lord Jesus we may all get there!

MONKEYS OF MAURITIUS.
Keep Their Wise Human-Looking Heads Moving.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the view from the back veranda at "Reduit," as the fine country government house built by the Chevalier de la Brillane for the governors of Mauritius more than a century ago is called. Before you spreads an expanse of English lawn only broken by clumps of gay foliaged shrubs or beds of flowers, and behind that again is the wooded edge of the steep ravine, where the mischievous "jacks" hide, who come up at night to play havoc with the sugar canes on its opposite side. The only day of the week on which they ventured up was Sunday afternoon, when all the world was silent and sleepy. It used to be my delight to watch from an upper bed-room window the stealthy appearance of the old sentinel monkeys who first peered cautiously up and evidently reconnoitered the ground thoroughly. After a few moments of careful scouting a sort of chirrup would be heard, which seemed the signal for the rest of the colony to tumble tumultuously up the bank. Such games as then started among the young ones, such antics and tumblings and romps! But all the time the sentinels never relaxed their vigilance. They spread like a cordon round the gambling young ones and kept turning their horribly wise human-looking heads from side to side incessantly, only picking and chewing a blade of grass now and then. The mothers seemed to keep together, and doubtless gossiped, but let my old and perfectly harmless skye terrier toddle round the corner of the veranda, and each female would dart into the group of playing monkeys, seize her property by the nearest leg, toss it over her shoulder and quicker than the eye could follow should have disappeared down the ravine. The sentinels had uttered their warning cry directly, but they always remained until the very last and retreated in good order, though there was no cause for alarm, as "Boxer's" thoughts were on the peacocks, apt to trespass at those silent and unguarded hours, and not on the monkeys at all.—Cornhill.

QUEER FOX-HOUNDS IN MAINE.
Peculiar Breed Evolved by the Needs of Aroostook County.

The three chief products of Aroostook county, Maine, are said to be potatoes, politicians and red foxes. A year ago Charles E. Oak of Caribou, Land Agent and Forest Commissioner for Maine, told a legislative committee that his country could furnish 100,000 fox pelts a year for ten years without diminishing the supply. Hunters from Boston and Worcester, Mass., who have shot and trapped foxes in Aroostook, say that Mr. Oak's estimate is too low by half. The great wine-red fox that will run for days without tiring; that doubles and turns to laugh at the dogs, and then goes on refreshed from the exercise, reaches fullest perfection in Aroostook county. Of the 20,000 or 30,000 foxes taken in Aroostook this winter, more than half were caught in traps. Nearly all the others were shot while running before the patient and slow-footed hounds that abound in northern Maine. The Maine foxhound is a hunting machine that was developed for a certain purpose. The result of fifty years' breeding is a short-legged, deep-chested, slow-running race of dogs that will run day and night without tiring, a breed that will annoy foxes and cause them to run in more or less restricted circles, and frighten them enough to cause them to hole. The Maine hound to be of value must also be taught to hunt singly, so that if a hunter takes out a half-dozen dogs for a day's hunt every dog will pick up a track of his own and follow it to the death. It is not a surprising feat for a hunter with six hounds to go out in the morning and return at night with ten or twelve pelts. As the skin of the Aroostook red fox is worth anywhere from \$1.25 to \$2.50, the occupation is profitable as well as pleasing.

Anthropology of the War.
A correspondent who is interested in anthropology sends us the following notes: Looking to the mixed origin of the British people, it is interesting to note the types of distinguished generals and others in the war. Lord Roberts has an Irish face, not easy to analyze racially, but with features of the true Gauls, who were accounted the best soldiers of antiquity. Sir Redvers Buller has a Devonshire type of face, which, like that of Gen. Kekewich, is rather Celtic than Saxon, though probably partaking of both characters. Gen. French has more of the Anglo-Saxon type, but his deep-set eyes are not a characteristic of that type in its purity. Lord Methuen and Gen. MacDonald have Scotch faces, the latter typically Highland, with a "dimple on his chin," and with traits of the Scandinavian type so common in the Highlands. Sir George White might be either Scotch or Northern Irish, and seems to show both Cymrian and Scandinavian traits. The bugler Dunn and his father have Irish types of face, like so many of the Manx people.—London News.

The Rummage Sale.
The ladies in charge of the rummage sale stated that yesterday there were more generous contributions than for some weeks past, owing, no doubt, to ladies having commenced to clean house. Pieces of bric-a-brac, antique and beautiful, yet those of which they have become weary, and have replaced by those of newer style, have been sent. The rummage sale will be open next Friday at the Dexter building, and people will find some rare bric-a-brac, rugs and curtains. The proceeds will be for the Ohio hospital.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A fur cap trimmed with lace is like a hot plum-pudding with ice cream sauce.

MYSTERY IN HIS LIFE

HALL WAS A SCHOLAR, RANCHMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Self-Exiled from Native Land—He Died in Texas, Where He Studied the Plains With Towers, Ornamented Asylums and Constructed Chapels.

(San Antonio Letter.)

A remarkable character passed away when Col. William Hall, scholar, ranchman and philanthropist, died a few days ago in Texas. Much was promised to art in Texas by this strange man, whose hobby was architecture. Under his supervision old Anglo-Saxon towers were beginning to stud the plains of West Texas, ornamenting the asylums that he gave to the poor, and the chapels he gave to the church. At the time of his death he had mapped out the restoration of the old medieval Spanish towers of San Antonio, and when dying he left a handsome bequest for the execution of the project with which he was busied up to his last moments.

But stranger than all of his life in Texas was his life in his native England. It is the story of the polished scholar and barrister breaking into parliament, participating in an intrigue, held up to his constituents as a political forger, defeated, ruined, and finally self-exiled to what he believed to be socially the farthestmost end of the world.

Colonel Hall was educated at Oxford and his attainments were those of a scholar and lover of art. His professional training was that of a barrister, in which he rose to eminence among the brightest men of his time. Under Gladstone's second administration he served both Lord Justice James and Lord Justice Jessel as a parliamentary counsel. He was not only successful as an attorney at law, but he was an ardent and practical politician as well.

His record in office is a most strange one, from what can be learned. This is how his political hopes were blasted. There was a villainous political intrigue, and he knew all of its secrets. The forgery of letters that were to blast a great reputation was born of the intrigue. When he contested Woodstock with Lord Randolph Churchill, the secret leaked out, and Colonel Hall was charged with the



HALL AND ONE OF HIS CHAPELS.

forgery. He protested his innocence, but he went down in ignominious defeat.

The wife of the barrister and politician did not survive the stigma of the exposure. When she died, which was 16 years ago, Colonel Hall began to close up, as far as practicable, his estate. His seven children scattered to all parts of the world, each with a sum of money calculated to start him or her on an honorable business career. Three settled in various parts of England, one went to Australia, and three came to America.

As soon as he could do so Colonel Hall left the scenes of his triumphs and reverses and emigrated to Texas. That was 11 years ago. His available bank account approached \$200,000, with landed estates in Essex, London, and the West Indies. Southwest Texas as appealed to his fancy, and in the variegated country hills, dales, and rolling prairies in Kimball county he settled down for a new life.

A tract of land 59,000 acres in extent was acquired by him. This he stocked with cattle that required the care of 60 cowboys and ranch hands. Then he began the construction of his country home—a mammoth brownstone building, covering one acre of ground. To it he gave the name of Brambletye, and an architecture in which the ancient Saxon towers of Brambletye and Sompting are strangely blended with Norman castles of later feudal days.

Brambletye, however, appealed to the benighted denizens of the West Texas ranches, not in an artistic sense, but in a philanthropic light.

The cowboy, the farmer, the beggar from the little out-of-the-way country places barely observed the moat or the draw-bridge, nor did the solid old towers mean more to them than a momentary subject for surprise. They knew only that the brownstone walls inclosed a hundred rooms, in almost any of which they could find shelter when they needed it, and food and medicine from the hands of the "queer old Englishman." All that was required in exchange was a little light work on the ranch. In times of drought and in the mid-winter months, Brambletye was a veritable pauper settlement, under the mild but eccentric rule of this strange man.

The lord of this brownstone mansion lived like the poorest in his charge. Not a bedstead was permitted in the house, but each room had a mattress and clean bedding, and cowboy, master and pauper went from vespers in the chapel to his respective room, whiled away an hour or so by a dim oil light, and then retired to the couch on the floor.

In his will his first bequest was to his 60 faithful cow boys. To each he gave double the entire amount that each man had received in wages while in his employ. To his ranch foreman he bequeathed a 3,500-acre farm and \$500. Brambletye and one-half of the ranch went to his son, Fred Hall, now living on the ranch. His son-in-law, a Mexican named Morales, fell heir to 18,000 acres of the Texas estate.

The last paragraph in the will dealt

with the political secret that stirred his native country and took from him his hopes and ambitions, and robbed him of all the happiness with which his prestige and power at home were fraught.

"I have sealed and stamped," he said to his lawyer, "an envelope addressed to Judge —. I will enclose it in the will, and you can direct that it shall be mailed immediately upon my death. I will carry the secret to the grave, but this letter will tell England who forged those letters. The culprit is named right here, and the invalid thumped the sealed envelope."

AT THE SHAGGERIES.

How Cormorants Feed Their Young in New Zealand.

Along the coast of New Zealand certain rocky islets are the home of vast breeding colonies of cormorants, termed "shaggeries." One of these is Rurima Rock, near Auckland; and in his magnificent work on the ornithology of New Zealand, Sir Walter Buller describes how each of the scores of great stick-built nests contained two fledglings, each swaying its head from side to side and "squinting" at the top of its voice. To these impatient youngsters came the old birds up from the sea, with their flexible pouches beneath their bills distended by a weight of small fishes. As soon as a parent, thus laden, alights upon the edge of the nest, the young birds, craning their necks almost to the point of dislocation, scramble expectantly up beside her. Then the mother in a loving way opens wide her mandibles and the young shag, with an impatient guttural note, thrusts his head right down the parental throat, and draws forth from the pouch, after much fumbling about, the first instalment of his dinner. No sooner has he swallowed this than he begins to call for more, resisting his brother's effort to take his turn, and coaxing his mother by caressing her with his big beak in a very amusing way. As this sort of thing is going on in a hundred houses at once, and all the neighbors' young ones are squawling and squealing, while the old ones crow and struggle for new nesting material, or unite to mob some hated bawler or jager, the noise and turmoil are deafening, and suggest something very different from the usual notion of domestic bird life.

WOAD AS A DYE.

Blue is the Usual Extraction, Sometimes Green.

Most of us have a slight acquaintance with woad from early childhood, having been taught that the early Britons smeared themselves with this dye either for the purpose of terrifying their enemies or beautifying their persons. Curiously enough, the Latin historians differ as to the color, one pronouncing it to be blue, another black, a third green. As a matter of fact, they are all correct. Though blue is the usual extraction, sometimes the material will come out green, while the hands of the woodworkers become as black as negroes' hands, and are only restored to the natural hue with the change of skin. In the middle of the sixteenth century came the importation of indigo, and, in the interests of the home trade, these attempts were only partially and temporarily successful, and eventually indigo superseded woad, both being a cheaper and more brilliant dye. But now a curious thing happened. It looked for all the world as if woad had been crushed out of existence, and could never raise its head again. And, indeed, most of the factories had to put up their shutters, so that nine people out of ten are probably ignorant of the fact that woad is still used by dyers. Experiments, however, proved that the addition of a certain percentage of fermented woad to indigo produced a much faster dye, and consequently all the best blue materials, such as policemen's and naval officers' uniforms, are dyed with a mixture of woad and indigo.—Notes and Queries.

A Perilous Descent.

Teresa Falcioni, a woman of Znamara, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which nestles in a valley, is a high, wooded mountain. To it, says the New York Herald, it has been her custom to go for fire-wood. To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain-top. A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood, prepared to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet. Half-paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley. But the children found their mother entirely unharmed. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

Rose Branch in Her Teeth.

A young woman giving the name of Helen Gray was found shortly after 1 o'clock this morning in a shrubbery in Golden Gate Park suffering from the effects of poison she had taken with suicidal intent. She was taken to the receiving hospital and the poison pumped out. The girl, who was very well dressed in a tailor-made gown, refused to say anything except that her name was assumed and that she came from Indianapolis seven months ago, where her aunt resides. Everything about her shows that she has been used to luxury. A peculiar feature of the young woman's attempt to end her life was the finding of a rose branch which was held between her teeth and bound into its place as the bit of a bride might have been, with the gold chain which had been attached to her glasses.—San Francisco Special in Chicago Inter Ocean.

LIVING DOUBLE GIRLS

TWO SISTERS FROM BRAZIL GROWN TOGETHER.

Genuine Xiphopages Described Here Are Rare in Science—Such Double Monsters Are Curious—Girls Ten Years of Age Inseparable.

(Special Letter.)

The first living double monster that moderns know much about was described by Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and consisted of the twin sisters, Helene and Judith, who were born in Hungary in 1701 and died in 1723. The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, attracted much attention in their time and were exhibited in all parts of the civilized world. They were born in 1817, were married and had children, and died at an advanced age. The two brothers were connected by the back. Later on, the two sisters, Millie and Christine, who were born in Columbus County, S. C., in 1851, were exhibited in Europe. These twins were connected by the back. Recently there have been presented to the Academy of Medicine of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, two sisters connected with each other in front, and thus belonging to the category of what are now called xiphopages. By this term are designated two well-developed individuals with one umbilicus in common and connected with the lower extremity of the sternum to the navel. Such double monsters are curious. There are some that are provided with a thoracic cavity proper to each individual. These are genuine xiphopages. In others the independence of the thorax is limited to the upper part of the thoracic



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cavity. The true xiphopages are rare in science. In fact, the number of those born living and that have been observed does not appear to exceed seven or eight, and several of those have not lived longer than a few days or even a few hours.

In 1892 there was exhibited in Europe the two sisters, Rodica and Doodica, who were born in the English Indies in 1839. They were three years and some months old when they were exhibited in Brussels. The two sisters, Rosalina and Maria, have just been exhibited in Brussels. The two sisters are ten years of age, and were born at Cachaeiro de Itapemerim. The parents were anxious to know whether or not they could be separated. That all depends upon the nature of the junction. Three xiphopages have already been operated upon, two of them with success, and all were of the female sex.

With radiography, it will be easy to ascertain whether the two bodies are absolutely consolidated, or whether they are independent. If the latter is the case, a surgical operation might be performed with a considerable chance of success.

AFTER SUCCESS.

Death Came Too Soon For Him to Profit by It.

"The big cotton claim which was left as a legacy to the Touro Infirmary and Jewish Orphans' Home reminds me of a curious story," said a prominent New Orleans lawyer. "One of the many people who lost cotton through confiscation during the war was a Mississippi planter, whose name I would rather not mention, for fear of hurting the feelings of somebody now living. He had been a rich man, but after peace was declared his bill against the government for his cotton was practically paid, and he went on to the capital to press the matter personally. He found it a bigger job than he anticipated, and eventually he became one of the great army of chronic claimants who form such a pathetic element in Washington life. I used to encounter him during occasional visits, and he always assured me that he was on the point of securing a settlement. I think he had a small income from the remnant of his estate—just enough to keep soul and body together—and it was easy to see that he was desperately poor, but he was a gentleman to his finger tips, and he never made the

slightest reference to his straitened circumstances. Fully 15 years went by in hope deferred, and the old man was beginning to fail rapidly in health, when at last, in 1884, a special commission appointed by President Arthur ordered a compromise of his claim at \$22,000 cash. That was less than a fifth of what he asked, but he immediately drew the entire amount in currency to the Treasury. I suppose he wanted to feel the actual money in his hands, and if so it was the only good it ever did him, for that very evening, while he was unlocking his bedroom door in a cheap Washington boarding house, he dropped dead of heart failure. To cap the climax of utter futility, the money for which he had waited so patiently and bravely for so many years was stolen in the confusion that followed and never recovered. Poor old fellow! Whenever I think about the case it seems to me that destiny went to work deliberately to perpetrate a grim practical joke."

CAPE NOME.
"The New Klondike" and Its Geographical Location.

One of the most interesting contributions to the history of gold and gold mining has undoubtedly been discovered in the region of Cape Nome, Alaska, during the past summer. Vague reports have from time to time, for a period of a year or more, been sent from the bleak and inhospitable shores of Bering sea of the discovery there of rich deposits of placer gold, and of the almost fabulous wealth acquired by a few fortunate prospectors—a new Klondike on American soil—but these gained little credence beyond the portals of transportation companies and the organizers of "boom" en-



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terprises. A few of the more credulous and those unmindful of adventure and hardship took practical action on the receipt of the reports, and prepared to buffet the still ice-bound waters of the Pacific to gain early access to the new land of promise. In a brief period the fame of Golovin Bay had been spread by broadcast, only to be again dimmed by the later announcements that the earlier reports of "fads" were only "fakes." Making and unmaking are a part of all new mining centers and in an incredibly short time all manner of conclusions are arrived at regarding the possibilities of a location. The geographical position of the Nome region is the southern face of the peninsula of Kotzebue Sound on the north from Bering Sea on the south, and terminates westward in Cape Prince of Wales the extent of the North American continent. In a direct line of navigation, it lies about 2,500 miles southwest of Seattle and 170 miles southeast of Siberia. The nearest settlement of consequence to it prior to 1899 was St. Michael, 100 miles to the southeast, the starting point for the steamers for the Yukon river, but during the year various aggregations of mining population had built themselves up in closer range, and reduced the isolation from the civilized world by some 60 miles. The Nome district as settled centers about the lower course of the Snake river, an exceedingly tortuous stream in its tundra course, which emerges from a badly degraded line of limestone, slaty and schistose mountain spurs generally not over 700 to 1,200 feet elevation, but backed by loftier granitic heights, and discharges into the sea at a position 13 miles west of Cape Nome proper. Three miles east of this mouth is the discharge of the Nome river. Both streams have a tidal course of several miles.—Popular Science Monthly.

Couldn't Help Remembering.

Chairman (of investigating committee)—I am compelled now to ask you how much your campaign cost you. Victorious Candidate—It cost me \$39.78. Chairman—How does it happen you remember the odd cents? Victorious Candidate—From the fact that \$19.78 is what the new hat cost that I promised my wife in case I was elected.—Chicago Tribune.

The helm is but a little thing, yet it governs the course of the ship.