

BY THE BEAUTIFUL DANUBE.

In Vienna, the gem of the beautiful Danube,
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A TIGER IN THE TENDER.

A Startling Adventure in India—
A True Story.

I was within five minutes of starting
when my young wife
"Good morning" and
left her standing in
the doorway of our
bungalow, and
walked toward the
"house" in which
was panting the iron
steed that I was to
drive through a section
of one hundred
miles along the route
of the Great Punjab
railway that crosses
Hindustan, from
Bombay to Calcutta.

I had been in the East Indian employ for
some time, and had become familiar with
its people and their customs, with its
jungles and their inhabitants, but it re-
mained for this trip to introduce me to the
most ferocious of wild beasts, the royal
Bengal tiger.

Whether it was on account of my engine
being named the "Tiger," or the fact that
there were two plump Hindoos beside one
white man in the cab that induced the
ravenous creature to pay us a flying visit,
I can not say, but certain it is that he did
make us a call, and in the following manner:

My native fireman had every thing in
readiness, with a good head of steam up,
when I clambered into my seat and started
her out.

We were to carry three passenger coaches
and one mail car: it was only the work of a
few moments to hitch on and start, and we
were soon thundering along over the rails
toward Delhi.

We made but three stops during the run,
and when I hauled up at Budzapore, the
second station, a section train was standing
on the siding to allow us to go by, and her
engineer came over to have a little chat
with me.

"I lost one of my coolies yesterday," he
said. "We were down the road here a
piece, just in that jungle beyond the bridge
over the little creek, when we were startled
by hearing something between a snarl and
a roar, and we saw a tiger coming towards
us on the fly, jumping twenty feet at a leap.
There was no time to scatter, and one of
the fellows who was right in his course
went down, and before we could do any
thing to assist him the tiger had him be-
tween his jaws and was off into the brush
the other side of the track.

the glance that I cast over my shoulder re-
vealed a sight which served to augment,
rather than allay, the fear which had taken
possession of me.

For there, crouching within ten feet of
where we sat, was a monstrous tiger, the
largest of its species that I had ever seen.

His mouth was open, as he emitted a
short snarl, and his formidable teeth
gleamed and glistened as the foam dropped
from them, while his eyes scintillated with
rage and excitement.

I distinctly remember seeing, at the first
glance, his back and tail waving and sway-
ing with that peculiar undulating motion of
the feline race when about to spring upon
their prey, and it seemed as though I was
the particular object of his wrath.

My two coolie firemen with a cry of horror
sprang from the cab and went tumbling
down the bank.

How in that moment of supreme peril I
could think of a means of defense has al-
ways been a surprise to me, but acting on
the impulse of self-preservation I clutched
the chain attached to the furnace door and
threw it wide open; a jet of flame flashed
forth.

This seemed to appal my terrible antag-
onist for an instant, which gave me time to
seize the shovel and fill it with blazing,
livid coals, which I hurled full in the face of
the enraged and maddened beast.

That my hands were terribly burned I
headed not, but turned and drew forth a
second shovelful of almost liquid fire, but
I had no occasion to use this against my
deadly foe, for he did not wait for a contin-
uation of my hospitality (I), for as the fire
fell upon his head he gave vent to a roar
that, although the engine was now rattling
at a lively pace over the rails, fairly shook
the old machine, and with a bound my un-
welcome visitor cleared the tender and
disappeared in the jungle.

When I saw him go I shut off the steam
and whistled for brakes, and when the con-
ductor came hurrying forward to inquire the
cause of the halt, I was sitting alone in the
cab, trembling and speechless with fright.

THE CHRISTIAN TRUST.

Dr. Talmage on Faith as the Only
Means of Salvation.

Earthquakes That Are Liable to Occur in
the Life of All—Faith in Christ—
Grand Trust of the Re-
deemed.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn,
in a recent sermon at St. Paul, Minn., dis-
coursing upon "The Earthquake," and
took for his text "Believe on the Lord
Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."
Acts xvi. 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dull, damp, loathsome places
even now; but they were worse in the Ap-
ostolic times. I imagine to-day we are
standing on the Philippian dungeon. Do
you not feel the chill? Do you not hear
the groans of those incarcerated ones who
for ten years have not seen the sunlight,
and the deep sigh of the women who re-
member their fathers' house and mourn
over their wasted estate? Listen again.
It is the cough of a consumptive, or the
struggle of one in the nightmare of a great
horror. You listen again and hear a cul-
prit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in
his dreams, and you say: "God pity the
prisoner." But there is another sound in
that prison. It is a song of joy and glad-
ness. What a place to sing in! The music
comes winding through the corridors of
the prison, and in all the dark wards the
whisper is heard: "What's that? What's
that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They
can not sleep. They have been whipped,
very badly whipped. The long gashes on
their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat
on the cold ground, their feet fast in
wooden sockets, and of course they can
not sleep. But they can sing. Jailers,
what are you doing with these people?
Why have they been put in here? O, they
have been trying to make the world better.
Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph.
A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furna-
ce for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wes-
ley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon.
A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while
we are standing in the gloom of the Phil-
ippian dungeon, let us hear the mingling
voices of sob and groan, and blasphemy
and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake!
The iron bars of the prison twist, the pil-
lars crack off, the solid masonry begins to
heave and all the doors swing open.

The jailer, feeling himself responsible
for these prisoners, and believing, in his
pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable
—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato
killed himself, and Cassius killed himself
—puts his sword to his own heart, propos-
ing with one strong, keen thrust to put an
end to his excitement and agitation. But
Paul cried out: "Stand still! Do thyself
no harm. We are all here." Then I see
the jailer running through the dust and
amid the ruins of that prison, and I see
him throwing himself down at the feet of
these prisoners, crying out: "What shall
I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer:
"Get out of this place before there is
another earthquake; put handcuffs and
hopples on these other prisoners, lest they
get away?" No word of that kind. His
compact, thrilling, tremendous answer,
answer memorable all through earth and
Heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus
Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake
in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in
Caracas; but we live in a latitude where
severe volcanic disturbances are
rare. And yet we have
seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man
who has been building up a large fortune.
His bid on the money market was felt in
all the cities. He thinks he has got be-
yond all annoying rivalries in trade and
he says to himself: "Now I am free and
safe from all possible perturbation." But
in 1837 or in 1837 or in 1873 a national panic
struck the foundations of the commercial
world and crash! goes the magnificent
business establishment. Here is a man
who has built up a very beautiful home.
His daughters have just come from the
seminary with diplomas of graduation.
His sons have started in life, temperate
and pure. When the evening lights are
struck there is a happy and unbroken
family circle. But there has been an ac-
cident at Long Branch. The young man
ventured too far out in the surf. The tel-
egraph hurried the terror up to the city.
An earthquake struck under the founda-
tions of that beautiful home. The piano
dropped, the curtains dropped, the laughter
hushed. Crash! goes the domestic
hopes and prospects and expectations.

So, my friends, we have all felt the
shaking down of some great trouble and
there was a time when we were as much
excited as this man of the text, and we
cried out as he did: "What shall I do?
What shall I do?" The same reply that
the Apostle made to him is appropriate to
us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ
and thou shalt be saved." There are some
documents of so little importance that
you do not care to put any more than
your last name under them, or even your
initials; but there are some documents of
so great importance that you write out
your full name. So the Saviour in some
parts of the Bible is called "Lord" and in
other parts of the Bible He is called
"Christ," but that there might be no mis-
take about this passage all three names
come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want
me to trust in and believe in? Men some-
times come to me with credentials and
certificates of good character, but I can
not trust them. There is some dishonesty
in their looks that makes me know I will
be cheated if I confide in them. You can
not put your heart's confidence in a man
until you know what stuff he is made of,
and am I unreasonable to-day when I
stop to ask you who is this that you want
me to trust in? No man would think of
venturing his life on a vessel going out to
sea that had never been inspected. No,
you must have the certificate hung amid-
ships, telling how many tons it carries,
and how long ago it was built, and who
built it, and all about it. And you can not
expect me to risk the cargo of my immor-
tal interests on board any craft till you
tell me what it is made of, and where
it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is
you want me to trust in, you tell me
he was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe
his whole appearance as being splendid.
There was no need for Christ to tell
the children to come to Him. "Suffer little
children to come unto me," was not spoken
to the children; it was spoken to the dis-
ciples. The children came readily enough
without any invitation. No sooner did
Jesus appear than the little ones jumped
from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of
beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did
not ask John to put his head down on His
bosom; John could not help but put his
head there.

Why, when they saw Christ coming along
the street they ran in their homes, and
they wrapped up their invalids as quick
as they could and brought them out that
He might look at them. There was some-
thing so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering
in every thing He did, in His very look.
When these sick ones were brought out,
did He say: "Do not bring these sores; do
not trouble me with these leprosy cases?"
No, no, there was a kind look, there was a
gentle word, there was a healing touch.
They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character,
there was a firm momentum. How the
kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a
plain man with a few sailors at his back,
coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to
the palace of the Cæsars, making that
palace quake to the foundations, and ut-
tering a word of mercy and kindness
which throbs through all the earth, and
through all the heavens, and through all
ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it
was not effeminacy or insipidity of char-
acter; it was accompanied with majesty,
infinitude and omnipotence. Lest the world
should not realize His earnestness, this
Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why
not let Him take some deadly potion and
lie on a couch in some bright and beauti-
ful home? If He must die let Him expire
amid all kindly intentions." No, the world
must hear the hammers on the heads of
the spikes. The world must listen to
the death rattle of the sufferer. The world
must feel His warm blood dropping
on each cheek, while it looks up into
the face of His anguish. And so the
cross must be lifted and a hole is dug on
the top of Calvary. It must be dug three
feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the
ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon
it and the nails are pounded through
nerve and muscle and bone, through the
right hand, through the left hand, and
then they shake His right hand to see if it
is fast, and they heave up the wood, half
a dozen shoulders under the weight, and
they put the end of the cross in the mouth
of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the
weight of His body coming down for the
first time on the spikes; and while some
hold the cross upward others throw in the
dirt and trample it down, and trample it
hard. O, plant that tree well and thor-
oughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no
other tree ever bore. Why did Christ
endure it? He could have taken those
rocks and with them crushed His crucif-
fers. He could have reached up and
grasped the sword of the omnipotent God,
and with one clean cut have tumbled them
into perdition. But no; He was to die.
His life for your life.

In a European city a young man died on
the scaffold for the crime of murder.
Some time after the mother of this young
man was dying, and the priest came in,
and she made confession to the priest that
she was the murderer and not her son; in
a moment of anger she had struck her
husband a blow that slew him. The son
came suddenly into the room, and was
washing away the wounds and trying to
resuscitate his father, when some one
looked through the window and saw him
and supposed him to be the criminal.
That young man died for his own mother.
You say: "It was wonderful that he
never exposed her." But I tell you of a
grandier thing. Christ, the Son of God,
died not for His mother, nor for His
father, but for His sworn enemies. O,
such a Christ as that—so loving, so pa-
tient, so self-sacrificing—can you not
trust Him? I think there are many under
the influence of the Spirit of God who are
saying: "I will trust Him if you will
only tell me how; and the great question
asked by thousands is: "How? how?"
And while I answer your question I look
up and utter the prayer which Rowland
Hill so often uttered in the midst
of his sermons: "Master, help!"
How are you to trust in Christ? Just as
you trust any one. You trust your part-
ner in business with important things. If
a commercial house gives you a note pay-
able three months hence you expect the
payment of that note at the end of three
months. You have perfect confidence in
their word and their ability. If you will
you go home expecting there will be food
on the table. You have confidence in that.
Now I ask you to have the same confi-
dence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says:
"Ye believe I take away your sins and
they are all taken away." "What?" you
say, "before I pray any more? Before I
read my Bible any more? Before I cry
over my sins any more?" Yes, this cry
out. Believe with all your heart and
you are saved. Why, Christ is only wait-
ing to get from you what you give to
scores of people every day. What is that?
Confidence in those people whom you
trust day by day are more worthy than
Christ, if they are more faithful than
Christ, if they have done more than Christ
ever did, then give them the preference;
but if you really think that Christ is as
trustworthy as they are then deal with
Him as fairly.

"O," says some one in a light way, "I
believe that Christ was born in Bethle-
hem, and I believe that He died on the
cross." Do you believe it with your
head or your heart? I will illustrate the
difference. You are in your own house.
In the morning you open a newspaper
and you read how Captain Bravheart
on the sea risked his life for the salvation
of his passengers. You say: "What a grand
fellow he must have been! His family de-
serve very well of the country." You
fold the newspaper and sit down at the
table and perhaps do not think of that
incident again. That is historical faith.
But now you are on the sea, and it is
night, and you are asleep, and you are
awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You
rush out on deck. You hear amid the
wringing of hands and the fainting
cry: "No hope! We are lost! We are
lost!" The sail puts out
its wings of fire, the ropes
make a burning ladder in the night
heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in
the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes
out its banner of smoke and darkness.
"Down with the lifeboats!" cries the cap-
tain. "Down with the lifeboats!" Peo-
ple rush into them. The boats are about
full—room only for one more man. You
are standing on the deck beside the cap-
tain. Who shall it be? You or the cap-
tain? The captain says, "You." You
jump and are saved. He stands there and
dies. Now, you believe that Captain
Bravheart sacrificed himself for his pas-
sengers, but you believe it with love, with
tears, with hot and long-continued ex-
clamations, with grief at his continued joy
in your deliverance. That is saving faith.
In other words, what you believe with
all the heart and believe in regard to your-
self. On this hinge turns my sermon;
aye, the salvation of your immortal souls
turns on this hinge. You are not know-
ing anything about you. Do not know
what material it is made of, but you come
to it and walk over it and ask no ques-
tions. And here is an arched bridge
blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and
built by the architect of the whole uni-
verse, spanning the dark gulf between sin
and righteousness, and all God asks you

is to walk across it; and you start, and
you come to it, and you stop, and you go
a little way on and you stop, and fall back
and you experiment. You say: "How do
I know that bridge will hold me?" instead
of marching on with a firm step asking no
questions, but feeling that the strength of
the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so
cheap as pardon and Heaven are offered to
you? For how much? A million dollars?
It is certainly worth more than that. But
cheaper than that you can have it. Ten
thousand dollars? Less than that. Five
thousand dollars? Less than that. One
dollar? Less than that. One farthing?
Less than that. "Without money and
without price." No money to pay. No
journey to take. No penance to suffer.
Only just one decisive action of the soul.
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and
thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell
you what it is to be saved? I can not tell
you. But I can hint at it. For my text
brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be
saved." It means a happy life here, and
a peaceful death and a blissful eternity.
It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night
and to get up in the morning and to do
business all day feeling that it is all right
between my heart and God. No accident,
no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no
sword can do me any permanent damage.
I am a forgiven child of God, and He is
bound to see me through. The mountains
may depart, the earth may burn, the light
of the stars may be blown out by the
blast of the judgment hurricane; but life
and death, things present and things to
come, are mine. Yea, further than that—
it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans,
Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost
all the poets have said handsome things
about death. There is nothing beautiful
about it. When we stand by the white
and rigid features of those whom we
love, and they give no answering
pressure of the hand and no return-
ing kiss of the lip, we do not want any
body posturing around about us. Death
is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the
wringing of the heart until the tendrils
snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ
shall be with me. I would rather go down
into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of
repiles than into the grave, unless Christ
goes with us. Will you tell me that I am
to be carried out from my bright home
and put away in the darkness? I can not
bear darkness. As the first coming of the
morning I must have the gas lighted, and
the further on in life I get the more I like
to have my friends' round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of
years in a dark place with no one to speak
to? When the holidays come and the
gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to
the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy
New Year"? Ah, do not point down to
the hole in the ground, the grave, and call
it a beautiful place. Unless there be some
supernatural illumination I shudder back
from it. My whole nature revolts at it.
But now this glorious lamp is lifted above
the grave and all the darkness is gone and
the way is clear. I look into it now with-
out a single shudder. Now my anxiety is
not about death; my anxiety is that I
may live aright, for I know that if my
life is consistent when I come to the
last hour and this voice is silent and
these eyes are closed and these hands with
which I beg for your eternal salva-
tion to-day are folded over the still heart,
that then I shall only begin to live. What
power is there in anything to chill me the
last hour if Christ wraps around me the
skirt of His own garment? What darkness
can fall upon my eyelids then amid the
heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not
fear thee. Back to thy avers of
darkness, thou robber of families. With this
battle axe I bow thee in twain from me to
sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all
over the earth and through the heavens:
"O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave,
I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the pres-
ence of Christ. You know when Jesus
was upon the earth how happy He made
every house He went into, and when He
brings us up to His house in Heaven how
great will be our gladness. His voice has
more music in it than is to be heard in all
the oratorios of eternity.

Talk not about banks dashed with effere-
scence. Jesus is the chief bloom of
Heaven. We shall see the very face that
beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take
the very hand that dropped blood from
the short beam of the cross. O! I want to
stand in eternity with Him. Toward that
harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run.
I shall be satisfied when I awake in His
likeness.

O, broken-hearted men and women,
how sweet it will be in that good land to
pour all your hardships and bereavements
and losses into the loving ear of Christ
and then have Him explain why it was,
best for you to be persecuted, and why it
was best for you to be tried, and why
He pointed to an elevation proportionate
to your disquietude, saying: "You
suffered with Me on earth, come up now
and be glorified with Me in Heaven."

Some one went into a house where there
had been a good deal of trouble, and said
to the woman there: "You seem to be
lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely."
"How many in the family?" "Only
myself." "Have you had any children?"
"I had seven children." "Where are
they?" "All gone." "All?" "All
dead." "All?" Then she breathed a
long sigh into the loneliness, and said:
"O, sir, I have been a good mother
and so there are hearts
here that are utterly broken down by
the bereavement of life. I point you to
say to the eternal balm of Heaven. Are
there any here that I am missing this
morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid!
your heart's sorrow poured in no human
ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will
be when Christ shall disband all your sor-
rows and crown you queen unto God and
the Lamb forever! Aged men and women,
fed by His love and warmed by His grace
here when you come to look face to face
upon Him whom having not seen you love?
That will be the good shepherd, not out in
the night and watching to keep off the
wolves, but with the lamb reclining on
the sunlit hill. That will be the captain
of our salvation, not amid the roar and
crash and boom of battle, but amid his
disbanded troops keeping victorious
festivity. That will be the bridegroom
of the Church coming from afar, the bride
leaning upon his arm, while he looks down
into her face and says: "Behold, thou art
fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

—English tourist (to American
friend)—"No, can't sleep in your
Fullman coaches. Don't have such
stuffy things at home, ye know."
American friend—"Of course not. By
the time you would close your eyes
the train would be at the other end of
your eight-by-ten island."—Golden
Days.

TRAVELING SALESMEN.

Their Annual Expenses Equal to the Na-
tional Debt.

"The money used in a single year to
foot the salary and expense bills of the
traveling salesmen of the United States
would pay off the entire National debt
and leave a few dollars over."

This rather startling statement was
made by a junior member of one of the
large dry goods houses of this city,
who has a force of about fifty travelers
under his immediate charge. As proof
of his assertion he presented these partic-
ulars: "There is hardly a wholesale,
jobbing or commission house in any
line of business in the United States
that does not have at least a single
traveling representative, and from one
loam man the traveling force ranges up
as high as 125 or 150 men, and there
may be one or two houses with even
more. The average of the most reli-
able estimates places the total number
of commercial tourists in this country
at 250,000; and, mind you, this does
not mean peddlers, but only those who
sell goods at wholesale.

The railroad fares, charges for
carrying sample baggage by freight or
express, hotel bills, and numerous inci-
dental traveling expenses of these men
will range between \$4 and \$12 per
day, but some men will spend \$25 in a
single day for these purposes without
recourse to any extravagance. Take,
for instance, some of the carpet, cloth-
ing or fancy goods men who carry ten
to fifteen trunks full of samples, take a
porter with them, and hire a hotel
porter to display their goods whenever
they open their trunks. But the num-
ber of these men is comparatively
small, and \$6 a day will fairly repre-
sent the average expenses of the 250,-
000 men. There you have \$1,500,000
per day for expenses, alone. Multiply
this by 365, and you have \$547,500,000
as the amount expended in one year.

The item of salaries is nearly as
large. Few men are paid less than
\$900 per year. The largest number re-
ceive between \$1,500 and \$2,500,
either in salaries or commissions. A
lesser number are paid from \$3,000 to
\$5,000—those receiving the latter
amount being comparatively few. But
there are traveling salesmen who are
always in demand at \$10,000 to \$15,000
a year, but they are few and far be-
tween. The lower salaried men pre-
dominate, as might be supposed, and
an average of \$1,800 per year is not
far out of the way. Figuring 250,000
men at an average salary of \$1,800 per
year gives a total of \$450,000,000 ac-
cording to my arithmetic. To this add
\$547,500,000 for expenses and you have
\$997,500,000 for these two items.

But there are other items to be
charged against the salesmen's account.
It is impossible to give any accurate es-
timate of the cost of trunks, samples, and
other requisites of the traveling men,
but the items as we figure them in our
store will give something to judge of.
Our fifty men require 150 trunks, cost-
ing \$8 each, or \$1,200. These men re-
quire two sets of samples yearly—one
in the spring and one in the fall. The
cost of these two sets of samples is
about \$1,000 per man. Of this \$50,000
worth of goods which are required for
samples every year a considerable por-
tion is lost, while most of it is so soiled
and damaged by constant handling that
it has to be sold at a heavy reduction
from the actual cost or else given away.
To cover this depreciation we make an
allowance of 33 1/3 per cent. upon the cost
of samples, or about \$17,000 per year.
Trunks do not need renewing every
year, but repairs and replacing lost
ones form quite an item of expense.
From these figures it is evident that the
similar expenses of greater or lesser
amount borne by every wholesale house
will swell the salary and traveling ex-
pense item of \$997,500,000 far beyond
\$1,000,000,000 per year."—Philadelphia
Record.

THE SAHARA DESERT.

Why It Is by No Means So Black as It Is
Painted.

The Sahara as a whole is not below
sea level; it is not the dry bed of a
recent ocean, and it is not as flat as the
proverbial pancake all over. Part of
it, indeed, is very mountainous, and all
of it is more or less varied in level.
The Upper Sahara consists of a rocky
plateau, rising at times into consider-
able peaks; the lower, to which it de-
scends by a steep slope, is "a vast de-
pression of clay and sand," but still for
the most part standing high above sea
level. No portion of the Upper Sahara
is less than 1,300 feet high—a good deal
higher than Dartmoor or Derbyshire.
Most of the Lower reaches from 200 to
300 feet—quite as elevated as Essex or
Leicester. The two spots below sea
level consist of the beds of ancient
lakes, now much shrunk by evapora-
tion, owing to the present rainless con-
dition of the country; the soil around
these is deep in gypsum, and the water
itself is considerably saltier than the
sea.

That, however, is always the case
with fresh-water lakes in their last
dodge, as American geologists have
amply proved in the great Salt Lake of
Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers
a large space in both divisions of the
desert, but according to Sir Lambert
Playfair, our best modern authority on
the subject, it occupies not more than
one-third part of the entire Algerian
Sahara. Elsewhere rock, clay and
muddy lake are the prevailing features,
interspersed with not infrequent date
groves and villages, the product of
artesian wells or excavated spaces or
river oases. Even Sahara, in short, to
give it its due, is not by any means so
black as it's painted.—Cornhill Maga-
zine.

—At an industrial establishment in
Quakertown, Penn., a sign is posted
reading as follows: "No loafing here,
Employes do enough."