

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Her Little Laughing Face—Kitty's Party—She Knew the Difference—Telling the Truth—Mother's Tears—Pathetic Story of Heroism on the Part of a Boy.



IKE a tiny glint of light piercing through the dusty gloom. Comes her little laughing face through the shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears her prattling tread, While her prattling treble tones chase the thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave, one who loves her and obeys. For she rules her world of home with imperious baby ways.

In the dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the pages of my books, Thrones herself upon my knee, takes my pen with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers upside down, Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear of any frown.

Drumbles all my verses up, pleased to hear the crackling sound. Makes them into balls and then—flings them all upon the ground.

Suddenly she flits away, leaving me alone again. With a warmth about my heart, and a brighter, clearer brain.

And it chances, as I write, I may take a crumpled sheet, On the which, God knoweth why! read my fancies twice as sweet.

—Victor Hugo.

Kitty's Party.

Gladys and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kiddy, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten, but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat. But they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other, somewhat anxiously, a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kiddy had run away and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced, as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina. "It wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, papa and mamma looked very mysterious and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other, but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once and mamma followed them—and what do you suppose?

There, in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens!

She Knew the Difference.

The story is told of a little girl who came to the conclusion not long ago that she wanted a bicycle. She had always been taught by her mother to pray for what she wanted, and for two or three nights in succession there was a good deal about wheels in her supplications. So her father and mother put their heads together to try and arrange to have the prayers of the little miss answered. After a long discussion they agreed that a tricycle would be more suitable and less dangerous for one of her age, as well as less expensive. A tricycle was accordingly purchased, and the little girl found it waiting for her one morning when she got up. She seemed the least bit disappointed when she saw it, but said nothing. Most of the day was spent in wheeling about near the house, but when it was time for her to go to bed at night her fond parents were somewhat startled and shocked to hear her begin her prayer as follows: "Oh, Lord, don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Telling the Truth.

The following story, from the Young People's Paper, is an excellent illustration of the power of truth in the moment of death:

Mr. Birch, an English evangelist, tells of a dying infidel whom he visited by request. The man had long been ill and in great need. Mr. Birch, with Christian liberality, had supplied his wants, and now the dying man told him he had sent for him, not to speak about religion, for he didn't believe in it, but to thank Mr. Birch for his great kindness to him and his. Mr. Birch then said:

"Will you answer me one question?" "Yes," said the dying man, "provided it is not about religion."

Lifting his heart in prayer to God, Mr. Birch said: "You know I have to preach to-night; many will be gath-

ered to hear—mostly poor people, who will soon have, like you, to face death; I ask you what shall I preach about?"

Silence for awhile; then, with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice, the unexpected answer was given; "Mr. Birch, preach Christ to them; preach Christ." And then, utterly broken down, the dying sinner sought mercy from God for his own soul.

Mother's Tears.

When Cyrus Hamlin was a small boy he had seven cents given him by his mother to celebrate mustersday. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. "Perhaps, Cyrus," said she, "you will put a cent or two into the missionary contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's."

As he trudged along he began to ask, "shall I drop in one cent or two?" I wish she had not said "one or two." He decided on two. Then conscience said, "What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls.

When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger; and, smiling through tears, she gave him a royal bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asks, "What was the meaning of mother's tears?"

Where the Colors Come From.

Few people—even artists themselves—know where the colors used in the arts come from. It is an interesting fact that one small paint box will often represent the four quarters of the globe, and all sorts of materials, animal, vegetable and mineral. The cochineal insect supplies the carmines and rich crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the devilish cuttle fish. Indian yellow is from urine of the camel and ivory black and bone black from ivory chips. Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate, an accidental discovery. Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Turkey red is derived from the madder plant of Hindostan. Gamboge is a yellow sap of a tree, which the people of Siam catch in cocoon shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from Sienna, Italy. When burned it is burnt sienna. Amber is from Umbria. India ink is burnt camphor. Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine there is little in the market, as it is made from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a big price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury and native vermilion comes from quicksilver ore.

"Teddy" in the Pound.

For more than seven years a cur dog has walked about the grounds of Bellevue hospital, and nobody seemed to pay any attention to him. Wednesday the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals carted the animal away, and suddenly every one connected with the institution decided that the dog must be valuable.

Until a year ago the animal was known simply as the "Cur." But then an attendant christened him "Teddy Roosevelt," and the name has clung to him.

"Teddy" went out in Twenty-sixth street and it was then that he was nabbed. It was not ten minutes before a subscription list was going the rounds. Deputy Superintendent Rickarts started it, and soon enough money was secured to get "Teddy" out of the pound and buy a license for him.—New York World.

How the Katydid Sings.

Everybody is familiar with the rasping notes known as the katydid's "song." It is the male only that is sounds, and he does it in a most peculiar manner. His "vocal organs" are at the base of his wings, and consist of two flat excrescences of thin dry membrane. It is the rubbing of these two membranous plates together which produces the "song." If your shoulder blades were so loosely put together that one could be slipped under the other, and the under side of one and the upper side of the other were so rough that the operation of slipping them past each other would cause a rasping sound, you could imitate the katydid's musical efforts very nicely.—St. Louis Republic.

Helping the Minister.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend. "It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

True Love.

A cry of "fire" was raised at a children's entertainment. Amidst the confusion and terror a lad sat quietly in his place, with a smaller child in his arms. When the danger was passed, he was asked, "Why did you not try to escape like the others?" and the beautiful answer came, "I couldn't carry baby through the crowd, and I couldn't leave him—he's my brother." Commenting on this, the Occident says: "The Bible tells us of a friend who both can and will carry us safely through a danger, never leaving us alone to face it."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CAVALRY CHARGE," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: Kings, 2:18-23—"I Will Deliver Thee Two Thousand Horses If Thou Be Able on Thy Part to Set Riders Upon Them."



U P by the water-works, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation.

Though General Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says, "You have not two thousand men who can manage horses. Produce two thousand cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of two thousand cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem two thousand men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text, "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave, Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the port-holes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition, armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they cannot tell, to work in a way that they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north, we will take them from the south. If they expect us at twelve o'clock at noon, we will come upon them at twelve o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood has such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than fifteen thousand newspapers on this continent, I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information. Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing, was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking-glasses, and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, he shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the Gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the Gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount and guide them? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the Soldiers' Home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the

carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandias led twenty thousand mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt, fifty thousand cavalrymen rode through the parted Red Sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ, Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine,

and stirrups were unknown until about four hundred and fifty years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war-chargers in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks reinforced the Russian snow storms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old war horse, Copenhagen, turned out in best pasture, and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhagen's

hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley: he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver ratteth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Standing as I do, in this National Capital, let me say that what we want in the Senate and House of Representatives and the Supreme Court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two Congressional prayer-meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent Senators and Representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic—the one Congressional prayer-meeting in 1857, and the other in 1866. The record is in the hand-writing of the philanthropist, William E. Dodge, then a member of Congress. There are now more Christian men in the National Legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next President, shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in Congressional circles will establish the Capitol prayer-meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them? Here also are opportunities all ready for those who would enter the kingdom of God. Christ said that the kingdom of heaven was to be taken by violence. By one flash you may enter. Quicker than any equestrian ever dashed through castle gate you may pass into the pardon and hope of the Gospel. As quickly as you can think "Yes" or "No," as quickly as you can make a choice, so quickly may you decide the question of eternal destiny. No one was ever slowly converted. He may have been thinking about it forty years, but not one inch of progress did he make until the moment of assent, the very second in which he said "I will." That instant decided all. Bring out the worst two thousand men in all the earth, and here are two thousand opportunities of immediate and eternal salvation. "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the rattaplan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth-month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste and they wear out their nerves, and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation, and small-like movements in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates, "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee: neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

Oh, my friends, if all right for the next world, the years cannot gallop past too rapidly. If it were possible for the centuries to take the speed of the years, and the years the speed of the days, and the days the speed of the hours, they could do us no harm. The shorter our life the longer our heaven. The sooner we get out of the perils of this life, if our work be done, the better. No man is safe till he is dead. Better men than we have been wrecked, and at all ages. Lord and Lady Napier were on horseback on a road in India. Lord Napier suddenly said to Lady Napier, "Ride on and fetch assistance, and do not ask me why." She sped on and was soon out of sight. The fact was a tiger's eyes glared on them from the thicket, and he did not dare to tell her, lest, affrighted, she fall in the danger and perhaps lose her life. From all sides of us, on this road of life, there are perils glaring on us, from tigers of temptation, and tigers of accident, and tigers of death, and the sooner we get out of the perils of this life the better. Let 1897 take the place of 1896, and 1898 the place of 1897, and our souls will be landed where there shall be "nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness."

The Struggling Young Author.

"About six weeks ago," said the struggling young author, "I sold an article, the first I ever sold. Instead of having the manuscript returned I got a check. It was only a little article, and the check was not for an enormous amount, but you can scarcely imagine the delight it gave me, or you may have had the same experience yourself."

"Then, of course, I wanted to see my first article in print. The next succeeding number of the publication appeared in about three days. Of course I knew that there wasn't one chance in a thousand that my article would be in that, but I bought it just the same. I didn't mean to take any chances at all. It was not there, but as I hadn't expected it I wasn't disappointed. I did expect to see it in the next week's number, but it didn't appear there. Then I thought surely it would be in the next week, but it wasn't, and it hasn't appeared yet."

"Maybe they're holding it for the Christmas number, or the midwinter number, or the midsummer, or the Fourth of July number next year, or possibly for the grand centennial number in 1900. I don't know, but I think I'd have liked it better if they'd printed it right away."—Ex.

A New Leg.

A European experimenter has produced an artificial leg. It is nearly resembles a human member as any that can be devised. This artificial leg is a curious contrivance of hinges, screws and elastic bands. Extending downward from about what in the human leg is the ankle, to a point midway between the heel and the instep, are two steel rods, placed one in front of the other. One rests on a sort of roller hinge, and allows the foot to give or bend with each step. The other serves the purpose of bringing the foot back into place after the step is taken. Any lateral movement of these rods is prevented by the sides of the slot through which they move. A screw and a nut at the top of the rod also prevent the rod from turning, and thus giving trouble in walking. An artificial heel tendon is placed within the foot, behind the ankle joint, and extends loosely through a hole in the leg, where it connects with a nut at about midway of the limb.

Sea Monster.

A strange sea monster was recently met with by the good bark Loongana as she was drifting about in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz group. It was a gruesome beast, very like a whale at its nether end. Its body was 30 feet long and 11 feet wide, dark in color and spotted with white, with a head containing a mouth large enough to take in twelve men. Alarmed at the advances of the beast, the crew had recourse to a Winchester rifle. But the monster was invulnerable in the body. Its weak spot was the head. After two wasted shots a third was skillfully planted in the skull, and with one sweep of the tail the monster disappeared.

LINCOLN'S VIEW OF THE MOON.

Couldn't Understand Why the Moon Looked Upside Down.

From 1862 to 1866 Professor Asaph Hall worked on the nine-and-a-half-inch equatorial at the naval observatory under James Ferguson, making observations and reducing his work. One night, while he was working alone in the dome, the trap door by which it was entered from below opened and a tall, thin figure, crowned by a stovepipe hat, arose in the darkness. It turned out to be President Lincoln. He had come up from the White house with Secretary Stanton. He wanted to take a look at the heavens through the telescope. Professor Hall showed him the various objects of interest, and finally turned the telescope on the half moon. The president looked at it a little while and went away. A few nights later the trapdoor opened again, and the same figure appeared. He told Professor Hall that after leaving the observatory he had looked at the moon, and it was wrong side up as he had seen it through the telescope. He was puzzled and wanted to know the cause, so he had walked up from the White house alone. Professor Hall explained to him how the lens of a telescope gives an inverted image, and President Lincoln went away satisfied.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S LETTER.

She Writes of Thackeray and of Macready's Acting.

One of Charlotte Bronte's letters from a recent biography of her, is as follows: "On one occasion I met a party of my critics—seven of them. Some of them had been very bitter foes in print but they were prodigiously civil face to face. These gentlemen seemed infinitely grander, more pompous, dashing, showy, than the few authors I saw. Mr. Thackeray, for instance, is a man of quiet, simple demeanor. He is, however, looked upon with some awe and even distrust. His conversation is very peculiar, too perverse to be pleasant. It was proposed to me to see Charles Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mesdames Trollope, Gore and some others, but I am aware that these introductions would bring a degree of notoriety I was not disposed to encounter. I declined, therefore, with thanks. Nothing charmed me more during my stay in town than the pictures I saw. One or two private collections of Turner's best water-color drawings were indeed a treat. His later oil paintings are strange things—things that baffle description. I twice saw Macready act—once in 'Macbeth' and once in 'Othello.' I astonished a dinner party by honestly saying I did not like him. It is the fashion to rave about his splendid acting. Anything more false and artificial, less genuinely impressive than his whole style I could scarcely have imagined. The fact is, the stage system altogether is hollow nonsense. They act farces well enough; the actors comprehend their parts and do them justice. They comprehend nothing about tragedy or Shakespeare, and it is a failure. I said so, and by so saying produced a blank silence—a mute consternation. I was, indeed, obliged to dissent on many occasions and to offend by dissenting. It seems now very much the custom to admire a certain wordy, intricate, obscure style of poetry, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes."

GOT EVEN WITH THE CLERK.

How a Country Guest Made the Hotel Official Pay Up.

A country guest at a certain London hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a £20 note to be put in the safe, says Comic Cuts. Asking for it next day he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer.

"Get another £20 note," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk for your mistake. Say it was a defect of memory. Attribute it to absent-mindedness. Deposit the second £20 note in the presence of your friend and come back to me."

The mystified ruralist observed instructions to the very letter.

"Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for your £20 note. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it he will give you back the second one. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that £20 note and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second note he will be forced to return that also." The ruse proved completely successful, much to the gratification of the countryman.

True Test of Oysters.

"The best oyster experts that I know of," said the captain of an oyster boat, "judge an oyster by the smell instead of by the taste. There is something about the smell of an oyster that indicates its condition to me much plainer than does the taste. People buy them and eat them probably on account of their taste. So, also, do they buy tea, coffee and the various grades of whiskey and brandy for their taste, but all experts on those things pass upon them entirely by their smell. The professional tea taster or whiskey taster, so called, never tastes them, but simply arrives at their taste by their peculiarities of flavor, or, to speak plainly, smell."

"I can tell what price a load of oysters will be rated at when they arrive at the wharf here by opening up the hold of the boat and smelling. In eight cases out of ten I am right. It strikes the oysterman as strange when they see persons going about from boat to boat, as they lie at the wharf, tasting oysters before they conclude to buy. Taste is all right, but if they don't smell right they will never taste right."

You Cannot Count a Trillion.

It is impossible to count a trillion. Had Adam counted continuously from his creation to the present day, he would not have reached that number, for it would take him over 9,512 years. At the rate of 200 a minute, there could be counted 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, and 105,120,000 a year.

Licorice.

The licorice plant is chiefly grown on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, in localities where for three months, during the prevalence of hot winds, the temperature reaches 104 degrees, and for three months often registers 30 degrees below at night.

Many hundred poor families in New York will mourn the death of "Mother" Sherwood, who for twenty years past has given her time, labor and money unceasingly to their service in the name of Christ. She was 65 years of age, and was a sister of ex-Gov. Phineas Lounsbury, of Connecticut. Her quiet, unostentatious, Christian life of helpfulness was a blessing to the whole city.