

SPRING IS AT HAND.

Mrs. Hippo and Mme. Leo Preparing for Easter Parade.

Zoological Garden Has Its Vanity Fair No Less Than the Smart Set on the Other Side of Central Park.

[Special New York Letter.] MR. DOHONG wrinkled his brows in a very distressing manner. He had partaken of his third cup of tea and he looked at the sky quite anxiously. Indeed, the groundhog must have known his business, for there was every indication of an early spring. Having, evidently, made a satisfactory meteorological survey, Mr. Dohong turned to his waiter and said somewhat impatiently:

"Cheny! Cheny!" Perhaps you don't know what "cheny" means in that case if you will turn to Prof. R. L. Garner's latest Chimpanzee dictionary, containing fully 25 words, you will see that all well-educated monkeys say "cheny" when they want something to drink. Mr. Dohong wanted his fourth cup of tea and he knew how to ask for it as well as you or I. Of course Mr. Dohong is a monkey. Otherwise he wouldn't have made that remark about "cheny." But in other respects he acted a good deal as a human might. At whose table manners are not exactly up to the standard of the Waldorf-Astoria set, but who on certain occasions can appear fairly civilized while taking his breakfast. I have known Mr. Dohong go through an entire meal in a very decent manner. Then again I have seen him, when his keeper's back was turned (Mr. Dohong thinks the man is his private waiter), grab up the teapot, utterly neglecting the cup, and swallow down the entire contents at one big gulp. As a usual thing, however, he sips his tea



MEASURING MR. HIPPO.

ture gets down about zero. Hundreds of the birds and animals that are natives of tropical countries would contract colds and pneumonia and consumption if the temperature in their houses were not kept perfectly even. The fires must be watched day and night and intelligent keepers are constantly in attendance. Then, too, the food must be prepared in a certain way and if any animal is the least indisposed he is given medicine and treated as tenderly as if he were a human being.

At the Bronx now there are about 1,000 animals, and in the Central Park menagerie about 400. Many of these animals are very expensive and in the event of their death would be hard to replace. The most expensive animal is the rhinoceros, which is valued at \$12,000. The one in Central park is 60 years old, but according to the best accounts of naturalists he has 30 or 40 years to live yet. If he reaches the full span of his existence. The price of an elephant varies from \$1,500 to \$2,500, and his longevity is usually placed at from 50 to 60 years. Lions are worth all the way from \$500 to \$1,500, and live to be from 20 to 30 years old. The ages of other animals run from 10 to 25 years.

Aside from the expense of acquiring two such menageries as those in the Bronx and Central park the cost of maintaining them is enormous. Many of the animals must have beef, and they must have it in large quantities, which at the present high price even for inferior cuts (but the quality must be of the highest), requires the expenditure of thousands of dollars during the year. Then there is a large corps of keepers, many of whom must be skilled in their line of work, the expense of heating and numerous incidentals that make a total sufficiently large to cause the tax dodgers to dodge all the harder. It costs over \$100,000 a year to maintain the animals in the



READY TO MOVE.

New York Zoological gardens and the Central Park menagerie. The two institutions are under entirely separate management.

The "Zoo," as it is commonly called, is already one of the largest menageries in the world. When completed it will be the largest. It is situated in the center of the great Bronx park, to the north of the city, and connected with innumerable trolley lines and the Third Avenue elevated railroad. The Bronx park is a mighty stretch of wild woodland for which the northern part of New York city is noted. It has been beautified and embellished, always with the care of retaining its wild luxuriance, till it is the most magnificent park in the world that is an adjunct to a city. The establishment of the "Zoo" in the heart of it has made it a most attractive amusement spot for hundreds of thousands of visitors during the months of seasonable weather. In the spring, summer and fall it is next to an impossibility to get a seat on a car going to or coming from the Bronx park. Of course Central park is always filled when the weather is pleasant.

It costs a pretty penny to keep them up. But few think of that. And the public demand is constantly for more animals. When we consider, however, the knowledge that the gain and also the pleasure they derive from seeing and watching these beautiful and interesting creatures, we will all agree that it is worth the while.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

His Judgment. "I've been told," said the amateur, "that I'm a good actor. What do you think of that?" "I think there are some awful liars in this world,"—Chicago Post.

Know the Sex. Wife—I found out something to-day that I promised never to tell. Husband—Well, go ahead; I'm listening.—Chicago Daily News.

A Perfect Angel. Gladys—So she married him just because he owned an "auto"? Penelope—Oh, no! Because he never got mad when it broke down.—Puck.

"AND AT MIDNIGHT."

Hour of the Church's Triumph, and Hour of the World's Woe.

The Foolish Virgins Forced to Endure the Peril of Tribulation—Sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.

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Chicago, March 15, 1902.

TEXT—"And at midnight there was a cry made."—Matt. 24.

SOME of the most tragic and most momentous events in the profane and sacred history have transpired during the quiet hours of the midnight hour. Man has frequently chosen that period to plot and to plan, to work and to execute, and God has often found it a convenient season in which to move among men and carry out His eternal purposes. The words of our text are taken from the parable of the ten virgins, and mark the advent of the Bridegroom as He comes to claim His bride and go into the marriage supper. But it must not be supposed that they fix definitely the hour of the second coming of Christ, for Christ Himself declared that "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," and so

"It may be at noon, when the day is waning. When sunlight through darkness and shadow is breaking. That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory. To receive from the world 'His own.' " "It may be at midnight, it may be at twilight. It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight will burst into light in the blaze of His glory. When Jesus receives 'His own.' "

But our text rather teaches the unexpected realization of the promise of Christ, and of the angel on Gabriel's brood who told the messenger of the birth of the Messiah, that "this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." The midnight hour is suggestive of the stillness and rest and oblivion of sleep. Nature seeks shelter under the cloak of darkness and waits patiently for the coming day. And in the parable before us we are told that the ten virgins who have gone forth to meet the Bridegroom rest in slumber as the darkness gathers and deepens. "And at midnight there was a cry made. It is a glad triumphant cry. Paul tells us in 1 Thess. 4:16, that 'the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.' There is no intimation that the cry reaches the ears of any save the ten virgins, or that it raises fear or dread in their hearts. The waiting church, the bride of Jesus Christ, represented by the ten virgins, hears the cry and trims the lamps in readiness to receive its coming Lord. The five wise virgins, with the oil of the Holy Spirit filling their hearts and keeping the flame of their faith burning brightly, pass quickly on to meet their coming Lord and go with Him into the marriage supper. The five foolish virgins, whose heads have received the truth in regard to the Christ, but whose hearts have not opened up to receive the Holy Spirit, find that the lack quenches the flame of their faith in the crucial time of the coming, and while they go in eagerness, apparently, to supply that deficiency, the door is shut and the wail of disappointment and anguish bursts from their lips.

"BUT," declares Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the eminent Bible scholar and exponent of the Scriptures, "we have no warrant for speaking of the foolish virgins as lost. The punishment to them is that they will have to pass through the tribulation from which the wise have escaped. This is no exception to the general rule of Scripture, by which oil is symbolic of the Holy Spirit. Those who will be ready to go in with the King to the marriage feast will be such as have a full supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ."

The tribulation to which Mr. Morgan refers is the period which elapses between the time of translation of the church and the return of the church with its Lord to rule over the world during the millennial age. The foolish virgins who were watching, but not ready, will be left behind in the world to endure the trials and distress of the tribulation period. But to pass on to the thoughts which we wish to draw from our text, for it is not our purpose to develop the plain lessons of the parable, which are the necessity of preparedness for the coming of Christ, and the absolute inability of one saint giving a part of his supply of the Holy Spirit to fill up the lack of the careless one who has failed to obtain the solemn admonition of Christ, with which he closes this parable, and WATCH. Elijah would never have been in the place where Elijah's mantle could fall upon his shoulders had he not been watching intently, and preparing unceasingly, for the going of the prophet into Heaven, and you will never be ready to step up to meet your Lord and go with Him into the banquet hall of Heaven, unless you are watching with the eye of faith, and have the oil of preparation of the Holy Spirit filling the lamp of your heart.

THE Midnight Hour.—It was at midnight that the Bridegroom came. Darkness, grimdarkness, sat on her throne, the conqueror of the day. Strange hour for the Bridegroom to come! It is not so with man. The king of day is at the zenith of his glory when the bridegroom of the fashionable church wedding comes to claim his bride at the altar. But Christ, the Bridegroom, is coming at the black hour of midnight to take to Himself His bride, the church. It is significant. It is declared of Jesus upon His first advent into the world that He came as Light into darkness, but "the darkness comprehended it not," and we sing: "The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin."

It was dark at Jesus' first coming. It will be the blackness of midnight which will wrap the world in its folds when He comes again. The morning light may be just breaking in the east, awakening the world to another day, but if it marks the advent of the returning Lord, it will be the midnight of the world's sin. The sun may have sailed majestically up the blue of the heavens and be riding gloriously in its midday splendor, but if the Lord, coming in the chariot of the clouds and heralded by the "voice of the archangel and the trump of God," shall then come, it will be the midnight of Satan's greatest triumphs over men. The birds may have caroled their last good-night to the mighty king of the day as gorgeously robed in scarlet and gold he withdraws into his palace behind the western hills, but if the hand on the dial of God's eternal purposes has moved to the hour set by the Lord for the return of Christ, the Christ will come winging upon the fullness of God's time to earth, and His advent will find the world wrapt in the midnight of its own thoughts and plans and purposes. "At midnight there was a cry made: Behold, the bridegroom cometh."

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WE CANNOT know the day on the calendar of time which will echo with the Heavenly shout and mark the flight of the triumphant church from the earth to meet its Lord in the upper air. We may not discover the wonderful secret by searching ever so long and diligently in God's Word, for it is not there, but is locked in the innermost recesses of the heart of God. We may not even dare to guess the hour, for when God says no man knoweth the day nor the HOUR, neither the angels, and not even the Son, but the Father only, it places the question solely outside the realm of human reason or the right to deal with in an effort to fathom its mystery. It is worse than folly to attempt to figure out a problem that the mighty angels of Heaven are not able to solve, and of which even the Son on the throne is kept in ignorance, and which He has no desire to know, as He abides in the will of the Father. It is enough to know that God knows, and that in the fullness of His time the joy and hope of the Christian heart will be realized. It is enough to know that this same Jesus is coming again, and that when He comes the dead in Christ will rise from their graves, and with the living saints will be caught up into the air to meet their Lord. It is enough for us to know this and to "comfort one another with these words." But let us heed Christ's warning word: "WATCH," and in faithful service be patient unto His coming. For, James goes on to say, "behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient; establish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

ALTHOUGH we may not know the day nor the hour, God in His Word has set certain sign posts which will indicate to the believing heart that the day is approaching. But, Paul declares, "that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." The disciples desired to know the sign of the coming of the Lord, and Jesus in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew outlined to them some of the conditions which would prevail in the world previous to His second coming, and closing with the declaration that "this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

And these words of Jesus open up to us two certainties in connection with the second coming of Christ which help us to more clearly understand the significance of the midnight hour as marking the advent of the Bridegroom, in the parable before us. First, the unbeliever of the world will be full, and second, the church, the body of Christ, will be complete. The preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ always does one of two things: It either brings salvation to the soul, or it hardens the soul to the point of at last finally rejecting the Christ.

THE same sun which melts the wax so that it may be molded into new form bakes the clay into the hardness of adamant. The miracles which were wrought by the hand of Moses in the land of Egypt softened the hearts of the Hebrew children so that they recognized God's claim upon them and were willing to be led out of their bondage, while at the same time they hardened the heart of Pharaoh to the point of final and absolute rejection of God's claims upon him, so that, notwithstanding every home in Egypt was a house of death and the land shook under the awful judgment of God, he dared to rush out with his great army to fight against God, and God's people. It was the hour of midnight which marked the close of Pharaoh's probation and sounded the terrible note of God's judgment. It was the midnight hour which revealed the power of the blood of the paschal lamb to the watching and expectant Hebrew children, and brought the light and joy of God's presence as He delivered them from their bondage. The point of Egypt's final rejection of God's appeal and the point of the Hebrews' full obedience to the will of God touched at the midnight hour. The midnight hour of the coming of the Bridegroom will be the point where the world as a whole has finally rejected the Christ and where the church of Christ has been made complete by the last possible soul in the uttermost parts of the earth being brought to a saving faith in Christ. It is for this that the Bridegroom tarries, and it is only God who knows when the world's unbelief will come to full fruition, and when the church, the body of Christ, will be made complete. THE World's Midnight.—It will be marked by two great circumstances or conditions, follows: The withdrawal of the Spirit of God,

in fulfillment of the early declaration of God in Genesis 6:3, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." And the unrestrained power of Satan which will lead him to "sit in the temple of God and show himself that he is God." What this will mean is hinted at in the Scriptures, and is referred to as the time of the tribulation. The expression "hell on earth" will then certainly have its full realization. Human wisdom, human virtue, humanitarianism, sociology, fraternalism, philanthropy and all the other lauded bulwarks of civilization will have their boasted strength tested. The deceitfulness of the human heart will be laid bare in the presence of the unrestrained power of the arch deceiver, for there will be nothing to hold him in check. The human arm will be shown to be too short and too weak to wrestle with the arts and devices and skill of the devil. Man is not yet ready to give up the task of overcoming and controlling the evil in the world. He still thinks he can succeed and will ultimately triumph, but if one will be honest with himself and read the newspapers he will have to admit that there are no present indications that success is any nearer than when the Babelites sought to build to Heaven and link the two in lasting union. But in the time of the tribulation the power of Satan will be manifested and realized, and man will see the utter folly of hoping to forge the chains which will bind him. Christ forged the chains during His forty days in the wilderness which alone are strong enough to bind Satan, and when He returns at the end of the tribulation period to rule with His saints over the world the chains will be put into full use and Satan will be bound in prophetic vision as this when he wrote: "And I saw an angel come down from Heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and east him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled." That will mark the dawning of a new day for the world. But the midnight must yet come bringing in the woes of tribulation before the millennial age can come.

THE Christian's Midnight.—It is bright with hope. It is filled with joy, for its stillness will be broken by the shout of triumph of the descending Lord; it will ring with the heavenly voice of the archangel, it will thrill with the awakening trump of God. The bride longs for the return of the bridegroom and rejoices exceedingly when she hears his hurried tread and feels his love clasp about her. The church, made up of the true believers, by whatever name or denomination called, is the bride of Jesus Christ. She is expectant of her coming Lord. Her joy will be complete when He does come and takes her to be forever with Him. Resting upon the promises of God, as the midnight darkness draws near, her heart can swell with music and she can sing:

"Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy beauty all-resplendent. In Thy glory all-transcendent. We'll wait and rejoice and sing: 'Coming! O my Saviour! Coming! In the opening east. Herald brightness slowly swells; Coming! O my Saviour! Hear we not Thy golden bells? 'Thou art coming! Thou art coming! We shall meet Thee on Thy way. We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee. We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee. All our hearts could never say! What an anthem that will be, Ringing out our love to Thee. Fearing out our rapture to Thee! At Thy own all-glorious feet! Glorified, adored, and owned!"

THE Shout, the Voice, the Trump.—"And at midnight there was a cry made." The ten virgins heard that cry, but there is no evidence that the bridegroom had come except as the five wise virgins who went in to the marriage supper were missed from their accustomed places. The waiting, expectant church will hear the shout of its Lord, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, but there is nothing in the Scriptures to lead one to believe that the world will be conscious of the music and the voices in the upper air. It will only know that those it had known are missing.

The delicately adjusted receiving instrument of the wireless telegraph will readily respond to the vibrations of the sending instrument across the ocean which is tuned to the same pitch, but all the instruments which are not so tuned would be as insensible to the other waves flashing over the ocean as a dead body is insensible to pain. The Christian heart which is tuned to the expectant hope of a returning Lord need not fear that the thrill of the midnight cry will not be felt. The shout of the coming Christ will set the chords of the true believers' hearts vibrating, and they will mount on the wings of faith to join their voices with the "voice of the archangel with the trump of God" in the shout of His triumphant music. Ah, at midnight, what hope to make the dark hours of waiting bright! Ah, what need of watchfulness, that the heart may be tuned to hear the cry! Ah, what sad disappointment to be among the five foolish virgins who are shut out of the marriage supper! Oh, Christian, WATCH YE! You may be ready to go in with your Lord when He comes if you will.

MRS. ARP OBJECTS.

Thinks Bill Ought to Quit Writing About the Negro.

Says the Matter Has Been All Settled at Atlanta-Talismanian Number in the Arp Wedding Anniversary—The Children.

My wife reads the papers more or less every day and keeps up with the sensations. Most of the time she sits in her accustomed corner and pines her needle and thread, making little garments for her grandchildren or new covers for the cushions or mending underclothes or darned stockings or something. When she gets tired she walks in the garden or goes down to see Jessie and the children. She went to town yesterday and bought some thread and some toilet soap and got weighed and asked the family all around to guess how much, and one guessed it, exactly one hundred and fifty pounds. She asked me to guess, but I said no—she had had her way so often and so long that I couldn't come near it, and she shook her fist at me. Good gracious! when I married her she didn't weigh a hundred and were number two shoes and stepped like a deer. "Tempus fugit." Next week will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding day, fifty-four—the talismanian number made up of nine or its multiple, as 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, 45, 48, 51, 54, 57, 60, 63, 66, 69, 72, 75, 78, 81, 84, 87, 90, 93, 96, 99, and 100. And soon our birthdays will come along again, the first and fifteenth of June, and time keeps rolling on.

My wife was reading the paper and suddenly stopped and spoke to me, saying: "Well, isn't it about time to quit writing about the negro?" "Why so?" said I. "Why don't you see that the whole business of the race problem was settled in Atlanta last Sunday?" The mayor and the preachers, black and white, all made speeches, and seemed to agree and everything is harmonious. So if I was you I would write about something else. Take up George Washington, for a change, and let Booker go dead." Well, they did play on the harmonicon right smart, and I hope the problem will take a rest, for everybody is tired of it. Even Crumpacker is tired, and says the negro must work out his own salvation. That's all right. When they call off the dogs, I'll quit. They are walking up to the true character of the negro. A Chicago man who has been visiting the prisons says there are about forty-six thousand negroes in that city, which is about two per cent. of the population and that the prison records as shown him by wardens, show the negroes to be thirty per cent. of all the criminals confined, and that the negro quarter of the city is the rendezvous and the refuge of nearly all the white burglars and thieves that infest the city.

But that's none of my business, as my wife says. Chicago needs them for municipal politics. But I have quit. Let the negro go along and evolve, as Crumpacker says. I had rather look out of my window and see two little girls coming up the walk hand in hand to see me than to write about anything. And the little boy is coming, too. His nurse is rolling him in his carriage and he will run to me as soon as he gets in the room, and will nestle on my knees, and say his little words, and my greatest comfort is that all of them love me and won't go home without kissing me a sweet good-by. That nurse is a copper-colored girl about twelve years old, and she loves that baby and watches him as carefully as a mother. She is the daughter of our sexton, who is the janitor of the public school. He and his good wife are exceptions to all the frailties of the race, and so are their children. If there were many like them there would be no race problem. Those three little children come to see me every day and make me to forget myself and my long illness, and I find myself whispering: "Suffer little children to come unto me." And a little child shall lead them." What a pity, they have to grow up and lose

STABLE BUILT ON ONYX.

Something Extraordinary in the Way of Foundations for a Common Structure.

Philadelphia boasts the most curious stable in existence. It puts to blush the pretensions of the palatial stables of ancient Rome or the luxurious quarters where the Croesus of the present day houses the thoroughbreds that bring fame to his thoroughbred for its very foundation are of Mexican onyx, reports the Press of that city.

More than that, there are two big freight carloads of this rich product of Mexico's mountains and plains buried underground to support the modest building that is at once Philadelphia's most unique abode for horses. And they are just ordinary working horses, too, that trudge through Philadelphia's streets with their burden from morning until evening and are then stabled in plain but comfortable quarters until the next day's call for work brings them to a realization of the fact that, though they live in a house whose very foundations are of rare value and rarer beauty, they are still just beasts of burden.

The story of how the Mexican onyx came to be used for the foundations of this particular stable is not uninteresting. The stable itself is a modest 2 1/2-story brick, of the plainest possible sort. It is practical and not ornamental. It occupies space near the center of the city, and if William Penn just turned his weather eye a little to the left as he looked over Philadelphia from his eminence at the top of the city he would be could look directly upon the roof of this particular stable. The company upon whose property the stable sets and for whose purpose it is employed is one of the largest importers of American onyx in America. Nearly five years ago their attention was called to an importation of onyx that came from Vera Cruz—the main Mexican port for the importation of the stone—and which lay on a steamer's deck in New York harbor. The entire consignment was taken to a lot belonging to them in the outskirts and lay for nearly five years. The stone was so hard it turned the

their innocence and see grief and trouble. How sweetly sad are the memories of our youth.

One poet says: Oh! would I were a boy again. When life seemed formed of sunny years, And all the heart then knew of pain, 'Twas wept away in transient tears. And another says: I remember, I remember, the house where I was born. The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. It never rose a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day, But now I often wish it night, Had borne my breath away. And so I remember the little window and the long happy days, but I have never wished that I had died in childhood, nor do I wish to die now. I wish to live for the sake of these same grandchildren, for I know I can do something to guide and comfort them along the journey of life, and they would miss me. A child without a grandpa and grandma has not had its share of happiness.

Last summer the little baby boy was sick. We feared he would die. As he lay upon a pillow in his mother's lap, the little four-year-old girl went up close and whispered to her mother: "Mamma, if baby dies, mayn't I keep him for a doll?" I never tire of their childish talk. It is always sincere, and that is truth, for sincere means without wax-unsealed, "sine cerum" no secrets, open and read if you wish. It is an old adage that "children and fools never lie," and this reminds me of George Washington who, tradition says, cut down a cherry tree, and when his father inquired who did it, replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." I don't believe that. It must have been a mighty little tree that a little boy could cut down with a little hatchet. And if he was bad enough to do it, and knew better, he wouldn't have made such a saintly speech as "Father, I cannot tell a lie." My history says that many of these little stories came from the lips of boys, but that he did, when yet in his teens, undertake to mount and subdue an untrained, blooded horse, and the horse reared, and ran, and plunged so furiously that he burst a blood vessel and fell dead with George on top. His mother was greatly grieved, and scolded him severely. I never knew until recently that he took the smallpox on Barbados island, and was slightly marked all his life. George says in his letters that his negroes gave him much trouble and great concern, for he had to be away on public business most of the time, and could not look after them. He inherited 140 and 600 acres of land, and his wife 150 more and 700 acres of land, and I reckon they did give him trouble. He never bought or sold any, and set them all free in his will.

Mrs. Robert E. Park, regent for the Georgia room of the confederate museum at Richmond, wishes me to give notice that next month (April) the confederate bazaar will be held there for the benefit of the museum and the Jefferson Davis memorial arch. Mrs. Park asks for special Georgia contributions to the Georgia room, and all the regents of the southern states ask for help from every man, woman and child, so that the entire south may share in the honor. The circular is much too long to be appended to my letter. And now please excuse my mention of a matter personal to an old soldier, W. F. Lee, a private of company D in Hampton Legion. He has lost his horn, a large, long, beautiful horn that while in camp below Richmond he dressed and polished and engraved with his name and a wreath. He took the horn from the head of a Texas steer at a butcher pen in the home of his grand wife's army. He sent it home in the fall of 1864 by his brother, who stopped over night at Columbia at the Wayside Home, and there lost it. He says: "Major, I am growing old, awaiting the blast of the last trump, but I would like to blow my own horn once more before I die." Do please somebody send him that horn, C. O. D., to Piedmont, S. C.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

edge of every cutting tool they had in their equipment, and they realized that as beautiful as the material was it was not practical for any commercial purpose.

When a new stable was planned one of the officials said: "Why not use the onyx for its foundations?" No sooner suggested than done. The blocks were of just the right size and there was no questioning their solidity.

Now—supporting that structure of common, ordinary Philadelphia red brick the Mexican onyx blocks are fulfilling a useful but humble mission.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Nathan Ballinger, of Newcastle, Ind., 80 years old, is cutting a new set of teeth, the third he has had in the course of his life. It is said that Chartran, the French artist, has made a striking portrait of President Roosevelt, one that suits even the painter, who is his own servant. Although Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, does not often attend the races nowadays, it was different during his early manhood. One day he and a chum slipped off together from school and on the way to the track came across their professor, who said in surprise: "Young gentlemen, what does this mean? You should be at your lessons." Elkins said: "Sir, we wanted to go to lessons and also to the races, so we tossed for it and it came down for the races." "What did you throw up?" "We threw a lump of coal up. If it stayed up we went to school; if it came down we went to the races; and here we are, sir." Congressman Cannon sometimes indulges in metaphor when addressing the house, and at such times he declines to be bound by any rule. As a consequence his metaphor sometimes is mixed. He was arguing against a proposition favoring a railroad one day. "The railroad has been before the senate on their knees praying and praying and praying," said Uncle Joe in his preacherlike tones, and then, stopping a moment and looking about the house, he concluded to finish with an expression that might better appear to the understanding of many members and added: "And, gentlemen, let us keep their hand."