

## GARDENS OF THE SEA.

Dr. Talmage Goes Beneath the Bilow for a Subject.

The Glorious Flowers of the Submarine World, Whose Beauties We May Learn Through the Appliances of Man.

The following discourse upon "The Gardens of the Sea" was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle on the text:

"The weeds were wrapped about my head—Jonah ii. 5."

The botany of the Bible, or God among the flowers, is a fascinating subject. I hold in my hand a book, which I brought from Palestine, bound in olive wood, and within it are pressed flowers which have not only retained their color, but their aroma; flowers from Bethlehem, flowers from Jerusalem, flowers from Gethsemane, flowers from Mount of Olives, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, buttercups, daisies, cyclamens, chamomile, blue bells, ferns, mosses, grasses and a wealth of flora that keep me fascinated by the hour, and every time I open it is a new revelation. It is the New Testament of the fields. But my text leads us into another realm of the botanical kingdom.

Having spoken to you in a course of sermons about God everywhere—on the astronomy of the Bible, or God among the stars; the ornithology of the Bible, or God among the birds; the ichthyology of the Bible, or God among the fishes; the mineralogy of the Bible, or God among the amethysts; the conchology of the Bible, or God among the shells; the chronology of the Bible, or God among the centuries, I speak now to you about the botany of the Bible, or God in the gardens of the sea. Although I purposely take this morning for consideration the least observed and least appreciated of all the botanical products of the world we shall find the contemplation very absorbing. In all our theological seminaries where we make ministers, there ought to be professors to give lessons in natural history. Physical science ought to be taught side by side with Revelation. It is the same God who inspires the page of the natural world as the page of the scriptural world. What a freshening up it would be to our sermons to press into them even a fragment of Mediterranean sea weed. We should have fewer sermons awfully dry if we imitated our blessed Lord, and in our discourses, like him, we would let a lily bloom, or a crow fly, or a hen brood her chickens, or a crystal of salt flash out the preservative qualities of religion. The trouble is that in many of our theological seminaries men who are so dry themselves they never could get people to come and hear them preach, are now trying to teach young men how to preach, and the student is put between two great presses of dogmatic theology and squeezed until there is no life left in him. Give the poor victim at least one lesson on the botany of the Bible.

That was an awful plunge that the recreant prophet, Jonah made, when, dropped over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, he sank many fathoms down into a tempestuous sea. Both before and after the monster of the deep swallowed him, he was entangled in seaweed. The jungles of the deep threw their cordage of vegetation around him. Some of this seaweed was anchored to the bottom of the watery abyss and some of it was afloat and swallowed by the great sea monster, so that, while the prophet was at the bottom of the deep after he was horribly imprisoned, and he could exclaim and did exclaim in the words of my text: "The weeds were wrapped about my head." Jonah was the first to record that there are growths upon the bottom of the sea, as well as upon land. The first picture I ever owned was a handful of seaweed pressed on a page, and I called them "The Shorn Locks of Neptune." These products of the deep, whether brown or green or yellow or purple or red or intershot of many colors, are most fascinating. They are distributed all over the depths and from Arctic to Antarctic. That God thinks well of them I conclude from the fact that He has made six thousand species of them. Sometimes these water-plants are four hundred to seven hundred feet long, and they cable the sea. One specimen has a growth of fifteen hundred feet. On the northwest shore of our country is a seaweed with leaves thirty or forty feet long, amid which the sea-otter makes his home, resting himself on the buoyancy of the leaf and stem. The thickest jungles of the tropics are not more full of vegetation than the depths of the sea. There are forests down there and vast prairies all about, and God walks there as we walked in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day." Oh, what an enhancement, this sub-aqueous world! Oh, the God-given wonders of the seaweed! Its birthplace is a palace of crystal. The grade that rocks it is the storm! Its grave is a sarcophagus of beryl and sapphire! There is no night down there. There are creatures of God on the bottom of the sea so constructed that, strewn along, they make a firmament bespangled with stars, constellations and galaxies of imposing luster. The sea-feather is a lamp-lighter. The gymnosis is an electrician, and he is surcharged with electricity and makes the deep bright with the lightning of the sea. The gorgona flashes like jewels. There are sea anemones ablaze with light. There is the star fish and the moon fish, so called because they so powerfully suggest stellar and lunar illumination. Oh? these midnight lanterns of the ocean caverns; these processions of flame over the white floor of the deep; these illuminations three miles down under the sea; these gorgeously upholstered castles of the Almighty in the under world! The author of the text felt the pull of the hidden vegetation of the Mediterranean, whether or

not he appreciated its beauties as he cries out: "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

Let my subject cheer all those who had friends who have been buried at sea or in our great American lakes. Which of us brought up on the Atlantic coast has not had kindred or friend thus sepulchred? We had the useless horror of thinking that they were denied proper resting-places. We said: "Oh, if they had lived to come ashore, and had then expired! What an alleviation of our trouble it would have been to put them in some beautiful family plot, where we could have planted flowers and trees over them." Why, God did better for them than we could have done for them. They were let down into beautiful gardens. Before they had reached the bottom they had garlands about their brow. In more elaborate and adorned place than we could have afforded them they were put away for the last slumber. Hear it, mothers and fathers of sailor boys whose ship went down in our last hurricane! There are no Greenwood or Laurel Hills or Mount Auburns so beautiful on the land as there are banks and terraced and scooped and hung in the depths of the sea. The bodies of our foundered and sunken friends are girdled and canopied and housed with such glories as attend no other Necropolis.

They were swamped in life-boats or they struck on Goodwin sands or Deal beach or the Skerries and were never heard of, or disappeared with the City of Boston or the Ville de Havre or the Cymbric, or were run down in a fishing smack that put out from Newfoundland. But dismiss your previous gloom about the horrors of ocean entombment.

When Sebastopol was besieged in the Anglo-French war Prince Menschikoff, commanding the Russian navy, saw that the only way to keep the English out of the harbor was to sink all of the Russian ships of war in the roadstead, and so one hundred vessels sank. When, after the war was over, our American engineer, Gowan, descended to the depths in a diving-bell it was an impressive spectacle. One hundred buried ships! But it is that way nearly all across the Atlantic ocean. Ships sunk not by command of admirals, but by command of cyclones. But they all had sublime burial, and the surroundings amid which they sleep the last sleep are more imposing than the Taj Mahal, the mausoleum with walls encrusted with precious stones, and built by the great mogul of India over his empress. Your departed ones were buried in the gardens of the sea, fenced off by hedges of coraline. The greatest obsequies ever known on the land were those of Moses, where no one but God was present. The sublime report of that entombment is the book of Deuteronomy, which says that the Lord buried him, and of those who have gone down to slumber in the deep the same may be said: "The Lord buried them." As Christ was buried in a garden, so your shipwrecked friends, and those who could not survive till they reached port, were put down amid iridescence—"In the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre." It has always been a mystery what was the particular mode by which George G. Cookman, the pulpit orator of the Methodist church and the chaplain of the American congress, left this life after embarking for England on the steamship President, March 11, 1841. That ship never arrived in port. No one ever sighted her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for fifty years been questioned what became of her. But this I know about Cookman, that whether it was iceberg, or conflagration, miasma, or collision, he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than if, expiring on land, each of his million friends had put a bouquet on his casket. In the midst of the garden was his sepulchre.

But that brings me to notice the misnomer in this Jonahitic expression of the text. The prophet not only made a mistake by trying to go to Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but he made a mistake when he styled as weeds these growths that enraptured him on the day he sank. A weed is something you throw out from the garden. It is something that chokes the wheat. It is something to be grubbed out from among the cotton. It is something unsightly to the eye. It is an invader of the vegetable or floral world. But this growth that sprang up from the depths of the Mediterranean, or floated on its surface, was among the most beautiful things that God ever makes. It was a water plant known as the red-colored Alga, and no weed at all. It comes from the loom of infinite beauty. It is planted by heavenly love. It is the star of a sunken firmament. It is a lamp which the Lord kindled. It is a cord by which to bind whole sheaves of practical suggestion. It is a poem all whose contos are rung by Divine goodness. Yet we all make the mistake that Jonah made in regard to it, and call it a weed. "The weeds were wrapped about my head." Ah! that is the trouble on the land as on the sea. We call those weeds that are flowers. Pitched up on the beach of society are children without home, without opportunity for anything but sin, seemingly without God. They are washed up helpless. They are called ragamuffins. They are spoken of as the rakings of the world. They are waifs. They are street Arabs. They are flossam and jetsam of the social sea. They are something to be left alone, or something to be trod on, or something to give up to decay. Nothing but weeds. They are up the rickety stairs of the garret. They are down in the cellar of that tenement house. They are sweeter in summers when they see not one blade of green grass, and shiver in winters that allow them not one warm coat or shawl or shoe. Such a city missionary found in one of our rookeries, and when the poor woman was asked if she had sent her children to school, she replied, "No, sir, I never did send 'em to school. I know it, they ought to learn, but I couldn't. I try to shame him sometimes (it is my husband, sir), but he

drinks and then beats me. (Look at that bruise on my face), and I tell him to see what is comin' to his children. There's Peggy, goes sellin' fruit every night in those cellars in Water street, and they're hells, sir. She's learning all sorts of bad words there, and don't get back till twelve o'clock at night. If it wasn't for her earnin' a shillin' or two in them places, I should starve. Oh, I wish they was out of the city. Yes, it is the truth; I would rather have all my children dead than on the street, but I can't help it." Another one of those poor women, found by a reformatory association, recited her story of want and woe, and looked up and said: "I felt so hard to lose the children when they died, but now I'm glad they're gone. Ask any one of a thousand such children on the streets: 'Where do you live?' and they will answer, 'I don't live nowhere.' They will sleep tonight in ash-barrels, or under outdoor stairs, or on the wharf, kicked and bruised and hungry. Who cares for them? Once in awhile a city missionary or a tract distributor or a teacher of ragged schools will rescue one of them, but for most people they are only weeds. Yet, Jonah did no more completely misrepresent the Red Alga about his head in the Mediterranean than most people misjudge these poor and forlorn and dying children of the street. They are not weeds. They are immortal flowers. Down in the deep sea of woe, but flowers. When society and the church of God come to appreciate their eternal value there will be more C. L. Braces and more Van Meters and more angels of mercy spending their fortunes and their lives in the rescue. Hear it, oh, ye philanthropic and Christian and merciful souls; not weeds, but flowers. I adjure you as the friends of all industrial schools, of all homes for friendless girls, and for the many reformatory and humane associations now on foot. How much have they already accomplished? Out of what wretchedness, into what good home. Of twenty-one thousand of these picked up out of the street and sent into country homes, only twelve children turned out badly. In the last thirty years a number that no man can number of the vagrants have been lifted into respectability and usefulness and a Christian life. Many of them have homes of their own. Though ragged boys once and street girls, now at the head of prosperous families, honored on earth and to be glorious in Heaven. Some of them have been governors of states. Some of them are ministers of the Gospel. In all departments of life those who were thought to be weeds have turned out to be flowers. One of these rescued lads from the streets wrote to another, saying: "I have heard you are studying for the ministry; so am I." My hearers, I implore you for the newboys of the streets, many of them the brightest children of the city, but no chance. Do not step on their bare feet. Do not, when they steal a ride, cut behind. When the paper is three cents once in awhile give them a five cent piece, and tell them to keep the change. I like the ring of the letter the newboy sent back from Indiana, where he had been sent to a good home, to a New York newboys' lodging house: "Boys, we should show ourselves that we are no fools, that we can become as respectable as any of the countrymen, for Franklin and Webster and Clay were poor boys once, and even George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And now, boys, stand up and let them see you has got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say: 'There, that boy was once a newboy.' My hearers, join the Christian philanthropists who are changing orphans and street Arabs and cigar girls into those who shall be kings and queens unto God forever. It is high time that Jonah finds out that that which is about him is not weeds but flowers."

## BOSE IN HARD LUCK.

The Big Dog Made the Mistake of Not Knowing It Was Loaded.

A sample rat-trap was in Gerrish's drug store in Lewiston a few days ago, waiting for a customer. It was a new-fangled rat-trap which someone had left there for fun or sale, or to be called for.

The trap was set and was in the open shop, where it could be seen. About half past ten o'clock a big dog came in with a little girl, or vice versa, although the dog was bigger than the girl. The little girl bought something and the proprietor was tying up the package, while the dog went prowling around after the manner of dogs and was in a moment forgot.

"Please, thir, has you got any car—"

"Just then, 'Whoop! Rip-p-p. s-s-t-boom-ah. Ki-yi-yi,'" out came the dog with about seven inches of tongue protruding, to which dangled a rat trap, full size, hanging to the tongue with a fifty-light-dynamo grip. In an instant there was fun in the apothecary shop. You have seen a dog-fight with eleven dogs in it? No? Well, may be you have seen a rooster with his head cut off? No? Then you haven't any idea the way this hog did up the drug store. Why, he fairly owned it. Over the boxes, in behind the counter, out again, seven laps around the stove, three trips into the back shop, kicking up his heels until the dust flew, knocking over bottles, opening up cases of last year's almanacs, howling like a calloppe, clanking like a threshing machine. For about two minutes they gave him full swing. The clerk tried to corner him, but it was no use.

"Bothe! Bothe!" cried the little girl, but Bose didn't know her. He regarded her as an utter stranger. He had a nearer and closer attachment than any mere family affair. He had too much business to bother with little girls. He was too much "in it" to waste his time in responding to mere friendly calls. Twice he dashed at the door, but it was shut and the proprietor didn't want to lose the trap.

"He'll run a week," said a man who was climbing into a chair in order to give the dog more room.

"Chloroform him," said the newspaper man from behind the soda fountain.

"Give him a dose of fly powder," shouted the clerk.

"Snap!" The dog had stopped suddenly, had shaken his head and the trap had been flung three feet away, taking with it a dainty morsel of his tongue.

"Poor Bothe," said the little girl, as she opened the door, but Bose never ever wagged his tail, as with one despairing look on the inside of the store so that he could remember it next time, he fled like a wild whooping demagogue wench on a broomstick down Lisbon street. And he may be going yet—Lewiston Journal.

## AN EXACTING CRITIC.

She Knew the Kind of a Lecture She Wanted.

"Appearances are often deceptive," said Theophilus Greathead, as he settled himself comfortably in his chair and lighted a fresh cigar. "I have lived much as other men have, and pride myself on being an exceedingly keen observer. I must admit, however, that there are times when I make most serious errors in judging persons and things. I was in a large art room the other day, when a young woman of most distinguished appearance entered. She had come to the place in a handsome equipage, and a footman had accompanied her as far as the door of the establishment. Her maid followed at a respectful distance. There was such an air of noblesse oblige, admixed with even hauteur, about the young woman, that I at once felt that I was in the presence of a person of the most aristocratic pretensions. Involuntarily I rearranged my necktie, adjusted my coat, and took a survey of myself in a convenient mirror. The majestic creature seemed greatly interested in the works of art about her, which she surveyed through her lorgnette in the most critical manner. There was a frown upon her aristocratic features. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'here is a young woman who has so high an ideal of the great in art that the splendid paintings here seem to her to be but mere tawdry.' The superb woman turned and, stamping her foot petulantly, said to the proprietor: 'Them is all very fine, but I wants a oblong picture.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

He Took a Sensible View.

A young, tired, honest and kindly-looking couple sat beside me on the boat the other morning, exposition bound, and they had much to say to each other.

I overheard this:

"Frank, how much money you got left?"

"Thirty-eight dollars."

"What? Do you mean to tell me, Frank Whipple that it cost us sixty-two dollars already?"

"That's what I mean."

"Oh, Frank, and we could have bought that lovely parlor set."

"Oh, confound the parlor set, Myra. Why we've seen enough here to last us all our lives in thinkin' and talkin'. I'd rather sit on a tub o' butter 'n' eat my meals off the top of the sink than to have missed this."

And I applauded Frank very quietly for his good sense.—N. Y. Recorder.

At the exhibition at Antwerp next year, for an original feature, after the manner of the Eiffel tower and the Ferris wheel, two captive balloons will be put together and form a stationary aerial castle big enough to hold one hundred and fifty guests about one thousand feet above the earth. It will be held to the ground by four stout cables. It will be reached by two smaller captive balloons which will go up and down every quarter of an hour.

A Bombay newspaper calls attention to the virtues of the castor-oil plant as a means of protection against mosquitoes.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Affection Grows Stronger More Often Than Weaker After Marriage.

Depend upon it, as you grow older you will see more and more instances and proofs of the reality and the depth of the love of husbands and wives for each other in the most ordinary, commonplace couples. I have heard of marriages where love has died out of some canker or selfishness or worldliness at its heart; but I have oftener seen unexpected proofs of a love stronger than death in all sorts of people in whom I had never before discovered any signs of sentiment or romance. Nor must we forget the many loving couples in whose case love has come after a marriage which seemed to have had no higher than prudential motives of one kind or another.

Love, indeed, must be kept alive by love—love deep in the heart, yet coursing through the minutest veins, and giving to every power of life a new and double power. Love must show itself living in the great occasions of life, in some supreme moment calling for mutual sympathy in a great joy or grief; it must show itself in all the thousand little daily and hourly thoughtfulnesses, courtesies and forbearances of common life. These things, the reflection of which we call good manners, the manners of the lady and the gentleman, should have with husband and wife a reality as of sunlight compared with moonlight. For alone can know and share these things in their fullness, and they should be to them as the atmosphere they breathe.

I think the author of "Obiter Dicta" says the husband and wife should take care to have and to keep up a common interest in some subject of reading or action which they can always share together. It is good, practical advice. To many it may be unnecessary, and especially to those who have children as the objects of their common love and care. I once heard a noble-minded lady say sadly, "We were very much in love with each other," speaking of the old days of courtship; and she added, "and it might all come back again if only he would show me some love." They were not selfish or ungenerous, but their life was cold and dreary because they had not learned rightly the arts of wedded love. A wise and prudent reserve in all other affairs of life is so right and needful that there is always danger of its growing up in the one relation in which there should be no reserve; and so it may grow and harden till it becomes an impassable barrier between the hearts that should be one.

When Maurice was asked whether we shall know one another in the life to come, he answered, in his favorite sonnet: "Do we know one another here?"—Sir Edward Starchey, in Atlantic.

## IN THE NEW FOREST.

Strange Superstitions Entertained by the Peasants of England.

There is scarcely a village or hamlet in the New Forest but has its piny field or mead, or its piny's cave. That mischievous spirit, which is known under the name of "Laurence," still obtains possessions of those whom "the Gods wish to ruin." "Laurence has got on him," they say of one who is lazy. A tricky fairy, the forest folk believe to this day, tempts their rough native ponies to stray. Also, they say that he lives in bogs, into which he entices the unwary. "Colt pixies" such as he re-termed; only the firstborn may consider themselves to be free from his spell. The caterpillar is known, as in the days of the first translation of the Bible into English, as the "palmerworm." A woodlander talks of feeling

leer-like when he is hungry, using a corruption of the word "learnes," old English for emptiness, which reminds one of the German "leer." But one might fill pages with examples showing how much nature, in "humans" as well as in wild life, has been allowed to remain as she was so many generations ago. There is a potent charm about this old-world state of things which seizes on one, and seems for a time to fill one who enters the forest precincts with a sense of rest that is soothing to both heart and brain.

The poor little shrew is considered to be a creature of ill omen by the peasants here; yet the shrews are supposed to die instantly if they attempt to cross a road where man has been, just as a witch is judged to be incapable of crossing running water. The bite of a female shrew in young is considered most dangerous, and even if she but runs over the limb of a horse or a cow it will, they say, cause paralysis. If this catastrophe befall a beast, the forest farmer, as soon as possible, drags the afflicted animal through a loop of bramble—that is, a long spray that has rooted itself, or been rooted so intentionally, by the end of a trailing branch, being trodden into the ground by the hoofs of passing cattle.

Another remedy is to rub the parts affected with the branches of a shrew ash, that is, an ash tree that has been, in many cases, planted purposely near the farm steading, into which, when the trunk is large enough, a hole is bored with an augur, and then the thrush little live mouse, or shrew is thrust into this with many senseless incantations. The hole is plugged up and the shrew thus buried alive.—The Cornhill Magazine.

The state school appropriation made by the last Pennsylvania legislature was \$5,379,618. This exceeds any previous appropriation by over \$2,000,000, the figures for the year 1891 having been \$3,389,659. This great sum must be divided among 2,358 districts in the state, representing 38,496 schools, with the cost of tuition computed at \$7,796,657, and in Philadelphia, where there are 4,748 schools maintained at a cost of \$1,738,857. The number of pupils is given by the June returns as 877,528 for the state and 114,858 for the city.

## BUNIONS WON FAME.

It Was of a Lowly Sort and Not Unaccompanied by Embarrassment.

He was a cur of lowest degree and abhorred of all save the incipient voter contingent that had gallantly rescued him when rudely wafted from a "side-door Pullman" by the delirious joyous imbibers of strong waters—a free and accepted disciple of Weary Watkins—en route deadhead to bleeding Kansas.

With boyish aptitude for rigid though brutal candor they had dubbed the treasure trove "Bunions" on account of the numerous ridges that adorned his lumbering frame, and which with the fall-like tail—that one engaging tot of two invariably utilized as a perpetual motion lever—rendered the nomad uniquely ugly enough for a Voodoo fetish.

For two years had the rescuers, after arduous efforts, gingerly produced in mutilated images of poor Lo and vainly vouched for "sinker" nickels the requisite ransom whereby the four-footed abettor of untold mischief was allowed to exist and proudly sport a brass tag numbered and revited onto a repossess collar, procured from sister's Skye terrier by the acknowledged leader of that budding statesman.

But the fair was the wielder of potent pinks, and the traditional burnt pockets of small boys became mended and able to hold securely the pennies and nickels—zealously saved for that bourne of pleasure. So it was that Bunion's chances of having liquidated his dog tag became fewer, though the hopeless one dreamed not of impending doom.

The guileless summer girl was in the zenith of success. Attired in all the bewildering glory of folderols and furbelows, she graced the sylvan scene—fourteen of her more or less. Sweetly demure maidens and staidly cultured ones, winsome, merry "graduates" and appallingly literary disciples of Browning, all adorned the spacious, velvety lawns of the ingeniously confiding "reduced lady" who "took in" a few—very few—congenial ones of the "not reduced."

Chatter and flirtations galore more or less brisk were progressing, while kindly criticism and blitheous, musical laughter were continuous.

Suddenly there fell a silence—augmented when the more morbidly delicate maidens retired, violently affected.

"Seem's if Kitty's burning bones—bushels of 'em," crisply ventured a recuperating molder of the young ideal, possessing, as is usually the case, in trepid courage of her convictions. "It's disgusting, and we're off"—as the handsome bicyclers vigorously put space and greensward between themselves and pungency.

But the climax of fragrance was attained when the abhorred and missile-scattered Bunions projected his huge head into the midst of the dream of lovely women, gravely deposited a curiously spotted object, and plaintively awaited reward.

After an amount of honeyed snavity that would have sweetened a cask of butter-proof vinegar, "Dolphus, the shon-hued, swathed in cambrous robes and dripping spirits of camphor, finally induced the redolent car to migrate.

"He's the ugliest dog I know of, and always my special object of hatred—thus the 'reduced' to a berry of pale-faced summer girls—but the manner in which he settled that slunk—the plague of my life—wipes out all scores. I'm Bunion's ally henceforth, he boards free for a year, and I'll get his license also, were he twenty times as big a thief."—Chicago Times.

## AN ACID DIET.

There Are Various Reasons Why It Is Advisable.

Acid is death to the cholera germ. That that monster on a neighboring island down the bay it is advisable to vary the diet with sour dishes made of lemon and vinegar. It is almost impossible to refrain from drinking raw water. Every mother knows that the present supply is unwholesome, but even in wealthy families it is often inconvenient to have cooked and properly-iced drinks. If the raw water is drunk the danger will be lessened by adding a little lemon juice, not more than a teaspoonful to a glass of water. For convenience, particularly in the morning when everybody in the family wants a drink, the lemons might be quartered and sent to table in a covered glass bowl or dish.

People who prefer more lemon juice should take the bitter draft through a straw for the protection of the teeth. Tea, hot or cold, is better just now with lemon instead of milk. Lemons are cheap, and until the water supply improves, Swinburne island is vacated and the cool weather arrives, they should form part of the decoration of every dining table and sideboard. Haricots, lettuce, beets, chicory or tomatoes, with plenty of sharp dressing, should follow every dinner.

Too much lemon juice and vinegar is not advisable for children, but they should have a little. Lemon ice will do them no harm. Housewives who are in the habit of serving cold meals will show their wisdom by a change of programme. "Steaming hot food and drink" is the advice given by the health commissioners of New York until all danger of the scourge has passed.—N. Y. World.

Parteously Safe.

"You deposit in Spiddlecomb's bank? I never heard of it. Is it safe?" inquired the friend.

"Everything a've got in 'it is safe enough," replied the young man under the Ferris Wheel hat, with a yearning, faraway look in his eye. "It's one of these—er—ah—collateral loan banks."

—Chicago Tribune.

Not Mechanical.

Billy Brusham—I want er bottle of alcohol.

Careful Druggist—Is it for mechanical purposes?

Billy Brusham—Now, Artilatic. Want to mix it wid shoe blackin'.—Good News.

## SUN HEAT.

Some Curious Speculations in Regard to Our Solar Luminary.

So far as our present knowledge goes, it would seem that the brightness of any sun-like body is to be attributed solely to the transformation in some fashion of mechanical power into heat. To take our own sun as an example, it is now an assured doctrine that the heat so necessary for our welfare is sustained by the gradual contraction of the solar volume. The energy available for transformation into heat in this process seems sufficient to supply the radiation of the sun, not only for ages such as those which we reckon in the human period, but even throughout a lapse of time so vast that which geology demands for the formation of the earth's crust. But it is certain that the quantity of possible light and heat to be dispensed by the sun is limited in amount.

The sun can not shine on forever. A time must assuredly come when the mighty orb that presents so brilliant, will have no more potency for the radiation of light than is at present possessed by the earth or the moon. In like manner it can be shown that the materials constituting the sun have not always been luminous. We can not indeed say with certainty by what influence their brightness was kindled. It probably arose from a collision, or an approach to a collision, between two dark masses which happened to come to an encounter with enormous velocities in their progress through space. It is, however, plain that the ages during which the sun has been brilliant form only an incident, so to speak, in the infinite history of that quantity of matter of which the solar system is constituted.

Notwithstanding the millions, or thousands of millions, of years for which that matter has existed, it has, perhaps, only once become so heated, owing to circumstances which we may describe as accidental or casual, as to have acquired the ample light-dispersing power of a sun. It is, however, possible that such periods of light-radiating capacity should have occurred more than once—they may possibly have occurred several times throughout the ages of time past. Nor is it likely that the last phenomena of this kind have yet arrived.

The sun, after the lapse of uncounted years, will lose all its heat and pass into a black, dark mass. In that form it may endure for an epoch so protracted that the spell during which it has acted as the luminary of our system will appear but a moment in comparison with the dark ages which succeed the solar splendor.

But we can conceive that the darkness, which is the doom of our system, need not necessarily be eternal, so far as its materials are concerned; it may be that again in the course of its wanderings through space the tide of chance may at length bring the dark and tremendous globe so near some other orb that another collision should take place with appalling vehemence. The solid materials shall again become transformed into a stupendous glowing nebula, and then, in the course of the tedious contraction of this nebula, another protracted period of brilliance will diversify the career of this great body, and may last long enough for the evolution of planets and of whole races of highly-organized creatures. The essential point for our present consideration must not be misunderstood. A little reflection will show that any periods of brilliance must be regarded as exceptional periods in the history of each body.—Sir Robert Ball, in Fortnightly Review.

## LIMITATIONS OF OUR SENSES.

These Place Perfect Knowledge as an Inevitable Remove from Us.

We gain our experience of the world through our senses. Man is born with intellect, and through the senses the intellect is trained. The newborn baby possesses already some knowledge of touch acquired before birth, and this knowledge he afterward rapidly expands by constantly feeling his body over and over, as if in exploration of unknown territory. Later he acquires the faculties of hearing and seeing, and likewise of tasting and smelling. Now, these senses, five in number, are they which train the intellect. They are all very imperfect. Sight: but the greater part of the solar spectrum is invisible—that is to say, more rays which come to us from the sun are invisible than those which our eye can see: Hearing; but there are sounds so low and sounds so high that they are inaudible. Taste and smell: very imperfect. Touch; but there are millions of particles of dust to the square inch of the hand which we can not feel. Yet, even with these imperfect means of education, many men have reached the conclusion satisfactory to themselves that they are clever; but the wisest man knows nothing in comparison with perfect wisdom.

The whole of the known universe consists of matter in motion. All sensation, everything we know of the outside world, comes to us through motion. The motion sets up a movement in the nerve ending, on the skin, on the retina of the eye, or wherever the proper ending capable of receiving the particular motion may be situated. This motion is carried from the nerve ending along the nerve to the special central organ of the brain where it is interpreted. Light, sound, touch, taste and smell are the only forms of motion we are capable of appreciating, because for each of these forms of motion we have a special apparatus which can receive, transmit and interpret. There are other forms of motion which we can not appreciate—magnetism, for example—and this simply because we have no nervous mechanism which responds to that kind of motion. In like manner there can exist around us forces in infinite variety of which we have absolutely no knowledge whatever.—Prof. Graham Lush, in Popular Science Monthly.

A fool is about the only man who knows as all times just what he believes.—Galveston News.