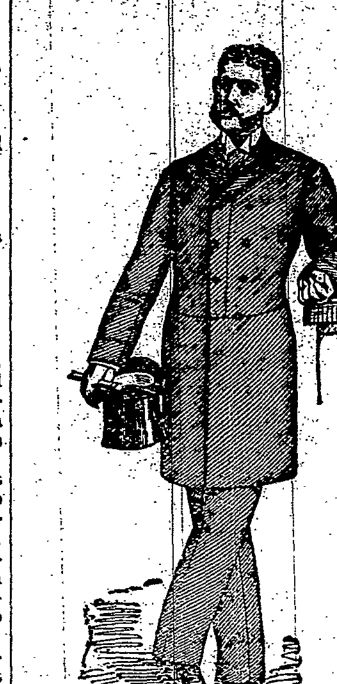

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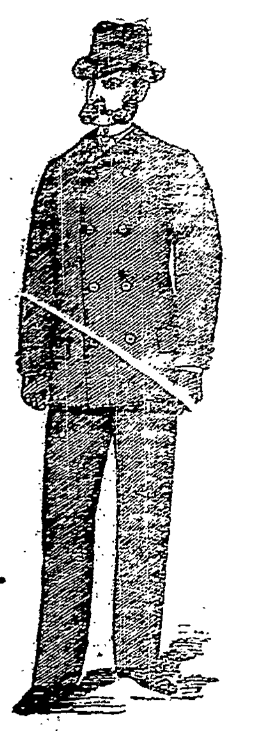

ROAD TO HEAVEN.

DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON IN ENGLAND.

"The King's Highway" to Eternal Life and Happiness in the Next World.

Timely Admonitions to Those Seeking the Path to Glory on High—Visit to the Place of the Puritans' Embarcation.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—Dr. Talmage has completed another remarkable week of his great pulpit tour. He addressed wonderfully large crowds at Bristol, Exeter and Swansea, spoke four times in Plymouth to the greatest audiences ever seen in that city.

Before he left Plymouth its mayor at a public meeting thanked Dr. Talmage for his discourses in awakening its people. On the day of his departure Dr. Talmage went to the wharf and surveyed the flight of stone down which the pilgrim fathers went when they embarked on the Mayflower to seek the new world.

The sermon selected for today is entitled, "The King's Highway," the text chosen being Isaiah xxxv, 8-10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men; though fools, shall not err therein. 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, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are thousands of people here this morning who went to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at crossroads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that they are many of you here who realize that there a thousand wrong road, but only one right one and I takes it for granted you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard to regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macademized. The horses hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry "Whoa! whoa!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn this morning and see it we cannot find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side the road was a path for rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure excepting a ruin. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too,
Pursued this road while here below;
We therefore will, without dismay,
Still walk in Christ the good old way.

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. 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, and sorrow and sighing shall fly away."

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath; under projecting rock; along by dangerous precipices; through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by government authority. Well, my Lord the king decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It would span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty, it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages" and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The King sent his son to build that road. He had put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed, waved his blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifteen million francs for the building of the Simplon road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy but our King, at a great expense, has built a road for a different purpose—that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love, and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done!

Still further—this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out, "Create within me a clean heart!"

If you have no such aspirations as that it proves that you have mistaken your way, and if you will only look up and see the fingerboard above your head you may read upon it the words "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness and yet get to the end of the Christian race you are so awfull mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein"—that is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he was a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughingstock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven and it swings open, while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet he has not been able to see the Morning Star.

Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent and yet did not know the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everthing is plain.

He who tried to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says, "Come to me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now, what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to London, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed out the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you, and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way burying his head deep between his paws, and then when the right moment came, under the fearful spring, the man's life was gone and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel this morning your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Fixed as the ground where David stood
Or where the rock abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation.

There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanvent on the other, I opened my bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so is the Lord around about them that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The scriptures assure us the Lord will provide.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gave a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, Oh child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of you fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to hear it."

I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh, this king's highway! Trees of life on either side bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this king's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings the tune comes rippling out on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel, "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made white with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you may put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord comes to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken; Babylon fell; but those walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we should study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now Dr. Dick may have his mathematic for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me. O garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! O banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste, and whose guests are kings forever! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! O palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of his reign! O song louder than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

When my last wound is healed, when the last heartbreak is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let the harpers take their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

THE FOOD OF PLANTS.

Why Careful Tillage is a Necessity in Successful Farming.

The substance principally used by plants as food is carbon, and yet it is the cheapest of all substances on the farm, for the reason that the plants derive it from the atmosphere. The atmosphere is almost four-fifths nitrogen, and it is now believed that plants also have the power partially to derive nitrogen from the air as well as carbon. The nitrogen in the atmosphere is always in a free (or uncombined) condition, but carbon exists in a state of combination, principally as carbonic acid gas, in which condition it is united with oxygen.

When the leaves of a plant absorb carbon from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere the oxygen is set free. In that manner the leaves purify the air by lessening the amount of carbonic acid and liberating the oxygen. The carbon is then utilized by the plant as food, and is converted into many other substances, such as oil, starch and sugar, according to the characteristics of the plant. From the plant the animals derive their carbon as food, and they, in turn, convert the carbon into some other product. Carbon, which costs the farmer nothing, therefore is the prime substance of his butter, lard, fat pork, and of many of his crops. Butter takes little or nothing from the soil, and the same may be said of lard.

Plants derive the greater portion of their nitrogen through the agency of their roots, and in the form of ammonia or nitric acid, although nitrogen is so abundant in the atmosphere. If plants were capable of deriving the whole of their nitrogen from the atmosphere (as with carbon), there would be no necessity for manures or fertilizers, except for the mineral elements, and bread would be the cheapest of all substances; yet many of the foods derived from carbon are cheaper than those more nitrogenous, owing to the labor required in their production. If the leaves and roots can convert the carbonic acid of the air into foods and derive from the rains that which is brought down in the form of nitrogen compounds, the farmer's duty is to promote rapid growth of the roots and leaves of his plants, in order to increase their capacity for deriving these substances. An early start given the plants, by preparing the ground properly, makes the cost of production less by enabling the plants to procure a portion of their food, and in this respect they do not differ from animals, as the more favorable the conditions the lower the cost and the greater the increase.

A Substantial House For Swine.

As many farmers have requested a description of my hog-house, I will answer the request. The house is built for eight brood sows in the spring, or fifty pigs in the fall, and furnishes

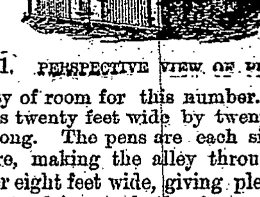

FIG. 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF PIGGERY.

plenty of room for this number. The size is twenty feet wide by twenty-four feet long. The pens are each six feet square, making the alley through the center eight feet wide, giving plenty of room to drive a load of corn under cover of the roof, to unload in the fall. Four of these pens are on each side, and one swill trough, eight feet long, answers for two pens. Over each trough is placed a swinging door three by eight feet so that any litter which may be rooted into them can be easily cleaned out, and the pigs can also be shut back until the swill is poured into the troughs, a great advantage, as any feeder knows.

There are little doors from each pen into the alley, also into the yards on the sides of the house. These yards should have a board floor, unless the ground is very sandy and well drained. A small pen near a hog-house becomes a mortar bed after every rain, and the objects of the small yards outside is to give early pigs sunshine and more chance for exercise than a six by six pen affords. Over each pen under the upper roof is a small window to admit air and light. This slides on the scantling which supports the lower roof.

The outside posts are only four feet high, and the center posts eight feet. The roof is boarded and shingled. The house is inclosed with No. 4 boards, then paper and drop-siding are put on to keep out frost in the winter. Large doors at each end can be opened when occasion requires, but for every day use

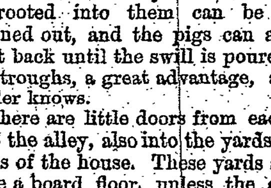

FIG. 2. GROUND PLAN OF PIGGERY.

a small door, thirty by seventy-eight inches, is placed at either end. A well and pump should be placed where most convenient so that no delay will occur when feeding time comes. There is but little trouble to provide places for grain and meal, but a bountiful supply of water is quite as important and often neglected. The cost of the house with lumber at twenty dollars per thousand, and shingles at three and one-half dollars is about one hundred dollars. Several loads of sand or gravel may be profitably dumped into the pigyards each year.—A. Sheldon, in American Agriculturist.

If a farmer will go in debt the best things that he should become in debt for are manure and fertilizers.

IF THE RAINS CEASE.

How the Farmer may Mitigate the Effects of Drought.

As no one can anticipate the weather, the farmer is compelled to face all risks and meet difficulties as expected liabilities. He may have his crops deluged with rain, or they may be scorched by the dry heat of midsummer. These difficulties can not be prevented, and the drawbacks depend largely upon the location of the farm and the character of the soil; but much depends upon the method of farming, for while the farmer can not control the elements, yet he can, to a certain extent, greatly lessen the injurious effects of excessive moisture or prolonged droughts.

Not only is it by underdrainage that the water passes from the soil, but also by evaporation from the surface. When the soil is hard and dry the moisture from below ascends through capillary attraction and is dissipated into the dry air. This is sometimes imperceptible and appears almost impossible, yet it is a well-known fact that when a plot of ground is exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays and the drying influence of the winds the loss of moisture continues. This may be demonstrated by covering a plot with a piece of old carpet or a few boards. Even in the periods of severe drought the covered plot will contain moisture and contain innumerable earthworms (which prefer damp soil), an indication that the plot is being benefited by the shade, as well as conserving moisture. The farmer can not cover his farm with carpets or boards, but he can cover it with an inch or two of dry dirt by making the top soil dry and fine and at the same time breaking the capillary tubes to the depth of the earth thus loosened, thereby arresting the escape of moisture. Dampness will not penetrate the fine, loose earth, and the roots of plants will seize the moisture as it rises instead of allowing it to escape.

If the moisture is insufficient for a single crop it is certainly more so for two. When the weeds seem to grow more rapidly than the plants of the required crop it demonstrates that the weeds have greater feeding capacity of roots, which search more widely, and also lower down, for water. The loss of moisture pumped from the soil by weeds and thrown off to the winds is sometimes enormous. Weeds not only deprive the plants of food, but of moisture also, and the farmer cannot afford this loss of moisture through the robbery of weeds. As weeds are more easily destroyed during times of drought, every effort should be made to cultivate the soil by using not only the cultivator, but the harrow. It is not sufficient to cultivate and loosen the soil. The top soil must be fine—as fine as dust, if possible, and the harrow is the most important implement, as it should always follow the cultivator during times of drought.

STOCK AND DAIRY.

That cooking the food renders it more easily digestible is admitted, but the labor and cost of fuel are the obstacles to overcome.

Keeping an animal until aged may result in a loss. The greatest gain is when an animal is young. After it reaches maturity it may lose in weight or gain but very little.

It is just as easy to make a hog weigh heavily and produce meat that contains a fair proportion of lean as to feed the hog so as to secure mostly lard. Instead of depending wholly on corn for fattening hogs, let the diet be varied.

We can not influence the market price. But any man can raise himself from being a 10-cent-a-pound man to being a 25-cent-a-pound man, by sending to the market just the butter for which the people will pay 25 cents.—Professor J. W. Robertson.

When breeding to improve, no mistake will be made if the male is pure bred. If he is not the best to be found he will at least be far superior to the scrub. If every farmer would aim to grade up his stock every year he would soon double the value of his flocks and herds.

During the winter season, when no work can be done outside, the labor can be profitably employed in cooking the food, but what is wanted is an invention that will lessen the cost of heating the food. Warm food is invigorating, and for that reason it may be made to pay, as increased production of milk is often obtained from cooked food.

The individuality of each animal in the herd must always be considered. Each has its preferences and dislikes, and to secure the best results the wants of each animal must be supplied. To feed a herd so that all must eat the same kind of food may be to surfeit one animal while another may not be supplied. There is no fixed rule for feeding any class of animals.

If good stock is the object the food should be of the best quality. It is not economical to feed musty meal or damaged grain to cows. It is a saving of time to use the best of food in order to realize as large product as possible. A cow is a producer, and every advantage should be taken to have her give a large yield. A loss of only one quart of milk per day becomes quite an item in the course of a year.

The solids in milk vary from 12 to 15 1-2 per cent, and after the water has been removed from the milk there will still be no uniformity in the solids, as they vary in their relative proportions of fat, caseine, sugar, and mineral matter. There is probably no substance so lacking in uniformity as the milk from different cows in a herd, so far as quality is concerned. To adopt a uniform standard for milk is a very different matter.

The *New Orleans Picayune* says: In Russia, where blinders are never used, a shying horse is almost unknown. Care, of course, should be used in taking them off horses accustomed to them.

Now that the Sullivan-Corbett fight is over the American voter will be able to give some attention to politics and hear discussed the tariff and other issues in this presidential campaign.

Working His Mother.

First Boy—Didn't your mother tell you to get nutmegs?

Second Boy—Yep.

"Then what did ye get cloves for?"

"'Cause she'll want me to go back an' tell 'em I made a mistake an' want nutmegs. Then I'll say I'm orful tired an' don't wanter go back, an' then she'll give me five cents to buy candy."—Good News.

At the Seaside.

Heroic Girl—What has become of the handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued that little boy from drowning?

Friend—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl who screamed and fainted.—From the New York Weekly.

Had Some Depth.

"The trouble with Tompy is that he is shallow."

"Tompy? Nonsense. If you had ever tried to fill Tompy with champagne you'd have changed your mind about that."—Truth.

PEARY'S PARTY SAFE.

The Expedition a Success—Peary Gets Within 550 Miles of the Pole—Mrs. Peary Safe—Mineralogist Verhoeff Perishes in the Ice.

A dispatch from St. John, N. F., announces the arrival there on the rescue steamer Kite of Lieutenant Peary, with his wife, and all the party who set out with him in 1891 except Mr. J. Verhoeff, the mineralogist, who was lost in the ice just before the expedition set out to return.

The party are all well. Lieutenant Peary furnishes an account of his journey from McCormick Bay up the coast of Greenland and in the interior. He pushed to within about 550 miles of the North Pole and made many important discoveries.

The rescue steamer Kite, under command of Richard Pike, master, arrived at the head of McCormick Bay on Aug. 4, and a landing was made, and a reconnoissance party set out inland toward Peary's winter camp. On Aug. 6, Lieut. Peary and young Astrup were encountered, returning from a 1,300 miles tramp on snow shoes toward the pole. They had been absent from the main camp for three months.

The party returned to the Kite, and next day reached the winter camp at Redcliffe House, where Mrs. Peary and all others were found well. As the party was making ready to return on the Kite, Mr. Verhoeff, the mineralogist of the expedition wandered off on a scientific search, and was precipitated in one of the numerous glacial crevices that abound in the region. After a search of several days and nights, his footprints and some rock specimens were found at the edge of a huge glacier, forming a barrier of crevices and hummocks, studded with treacherous snow holes, and here it was evident that the unfortunate man had met his fate.

It is believed the main result of the expedition has been to point out the true way to the pole.

The object of the expedition was carried out almost to the letter of the original programme. The convergence of the Greenland coasts above the 77th parallel, the deflection of the main divide to the northwest above the same parallel, the termination of the Continental ice cap below Victoria Inlet and the existence of large glaciers in all the great northern fjords, are among the discoveries. The expedition brings back much ethnological material including tents, costumes, sledges, kayaks and dogs of the Northern Eskimo, meteorological and tidal observations and a large number of photographs of natives, dwellings and costumes and Arctic scenery.

JUST HOME FROM THE WAR.

John Bisbing Reads his Name on a Soldiers' Monument.

A despatch from Norristown, Pa., states that as John Bisbing, of London, O., sat in the public square reading the names of fallen heroes inscribed on the soldiers' monument, he was startled to find his own name among the rest. Bisbing went to the war in 1861, was wounded at Antietam and sent to a hospital. After the war he went to London, O., where he has since lived. He came to Norristown to visit old friends for the first time since the war. He says he never knew until this visit that the people of Norristown thought him dead, and can not explain how the report became current.

Steel for the New Navy.

Early in November the Secretary of the Navy will invite proposals for furnishing the steel to be used in the construction of the armored cruisers provided for at the recent session of Congress. The officers of the various bureaus, under whose direction the new navy is progressing, are now engaged in preparing the specifications for bidders. These are being made in such a way as to invite the bids of the smaller establishments of the country instead of allowing a few of the larger works to enjoy a monopoly of Government patronage. It is estimated that 7,000 tons of steel will be necessary to carry on the work on the ships now in course of construction and also the new cruiser to be built.

The White Squadron No More.

The White Squadron has been consolidated with the North Atlantic Squadron and has ceased to exist as a separate squadron. Rear-Admiral Gherardi's flag will be hauled down on the Philadelphia and Admiral Walker's will take its place. Admiral Walker's flagship, the Chicago, will be attached to his new command. Admiral Gherardi will go to San Francisco to command the vessels on that coast. He will bring them to New York to take part in the naval review, of which as ranking officer he will have command.

Borup's Agent Sentenced.

M. Grenier, the French Navy Department clerk, who was arrested in June last, charged with selling information about French defences to Capt. H. D. Borup, then military attache of the United States Legation in Paris, has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, to be followed by twenty years' banishment from France.

End of the Andover Case.

The Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary has refused to institute a new trial of the charges against Prof. Smyth, and dismissed the case on the grounds that the complaint does not deal with the present state of affairs, and that the best interests of the Seminary do not require a reopening of the case.

Thirty Thousand Dead in Persia.

Advices from Teheran are to the effect that the cholera epidemic has ceased and the bazaars are open again. The mortality in the city from cholera is estimated at 18,000. Six new cemeteries have been peopled with the dead. In all Persia there have been about 30,000 deaths from the epidemic.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The largest bicycle rider in the world, John Lother, of Mulhouse, Mass., weighs 472 pounds.

Count Tolstoi says that meat-eating and morality are incompatable, and only vegetarians are good.

Bjornsterne Bjornson gets a pension of $450 from the Norwegian Strothing. He writes politics with poetry.

The Sultan is coming under the suspicion of being a consumptive. His mother died of it, and he showed symptoms when he was twenty-two.

Professor Asaph Hall discovered the two moons of Mars. He named them Deimos and Phobos, after the two Homeric attendants of the god of war, from whom the planet takes its name.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Stockbridge, who is at the head of the list of chaplains in the United States Navy, is the only one who has the rank of Commodore. He has been in the service over fifty years.

George Shiras, Supreme Court Justice, is a giant in stature, of dignified yet affable manners, particularly courteous to younger members of the bar, and possesses a fine voice and a ready wit.

It has been noted that Mr. Shiras is the fifth Pennsylvanian to occupy a seat on the Supreme Bench. It is a fact, however, that he is the first native Pennsylvanian ever named for that bench.

William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) has written altogether more than 100 books for boys, and is now busy at work with another. Mr. Adams is seventy, but well enough preserved to last for thirty years to come.

Mrs. Robert Anderson, the widow of Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, lives quietly in Washington, D. C. Among her most cherished possessions are the flags that were on Fort Sumter when Major Anderson defended it.

Tricoupis, the great Greek Premier, dresses like a New York broker. He has a broad, bold brow, a magnificent dark eye, and a heavy, drooping mustache. He thinks he will live to see English the universal language. M. Tricoupis was Greek Minister to London for several years.—N. Y. Tribune.

Ex-United States Senator Kennedy was the first and only member of the Senate of the United States who ever represented the Know-nothing party, and, although a central figure in politics in his day, at the time of his death both himself and the party he once represented were almost wholly forgotten.

The honor which the Pope has bestowed on Eugene Kelly, the banker—that of Secret Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape—is a rare one, and has been but twice previously conferred on Americans. Mr. Kelly thus becomes a member of the papal household, the *famiglia pontifizia*, and thereby of high social position in Catholic countries.

General Casement lives at Painesville, Ohio, now, but is well remembered west of the Missouri as the builder of the Union Pacific Railway, which he pushed along at the rate of five miles a day—a previously unprecedented achievement. The General was an intimate friend of the late Sidney Dillon, whom he characterizes as a "warm-hearted, honest Irishman, true to his friends, plain in his ways, and indifferent to show, a plain, blunt man, to whom many millionaires of to-day owe their fortunes."

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A Perfect Success.
The Rev. A. Antoine Rafagio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.
Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.
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